THE HOLY COURT IN FIVE TOMES:

The First, Treating of

MOTIVES,

Which ſhould excite men of Qualitie to Christian Perfection.

The Second, Of the

Prelate, Souldier, States-man, and Ladie.

The Third, Of

MAXIMS of CHRISTIANITIE AGAINST *PROPHANESSE*,

Divided into Three Parts, viz.

DIVINITIE, GOVERNMENT OF THIS LIFE, & STATE OF THE OTHER WORLD.

The Fourth, Containing the

Command of Reason over the Passions.

The Fifth,

Now firſt publiſhed in Engliſh, and much augmented according to the laſt Edition of the Authour;

Containing the *LIVES* of the moſt Famous and Illuſtrious *COURTIERS*; taken both out of the Old and New Testament, and other Modern Authours.

Written in French *by* Nicholas Caussin, *S. J. Tranſlated into Engliſh by Sr.* T. H. *and others.*

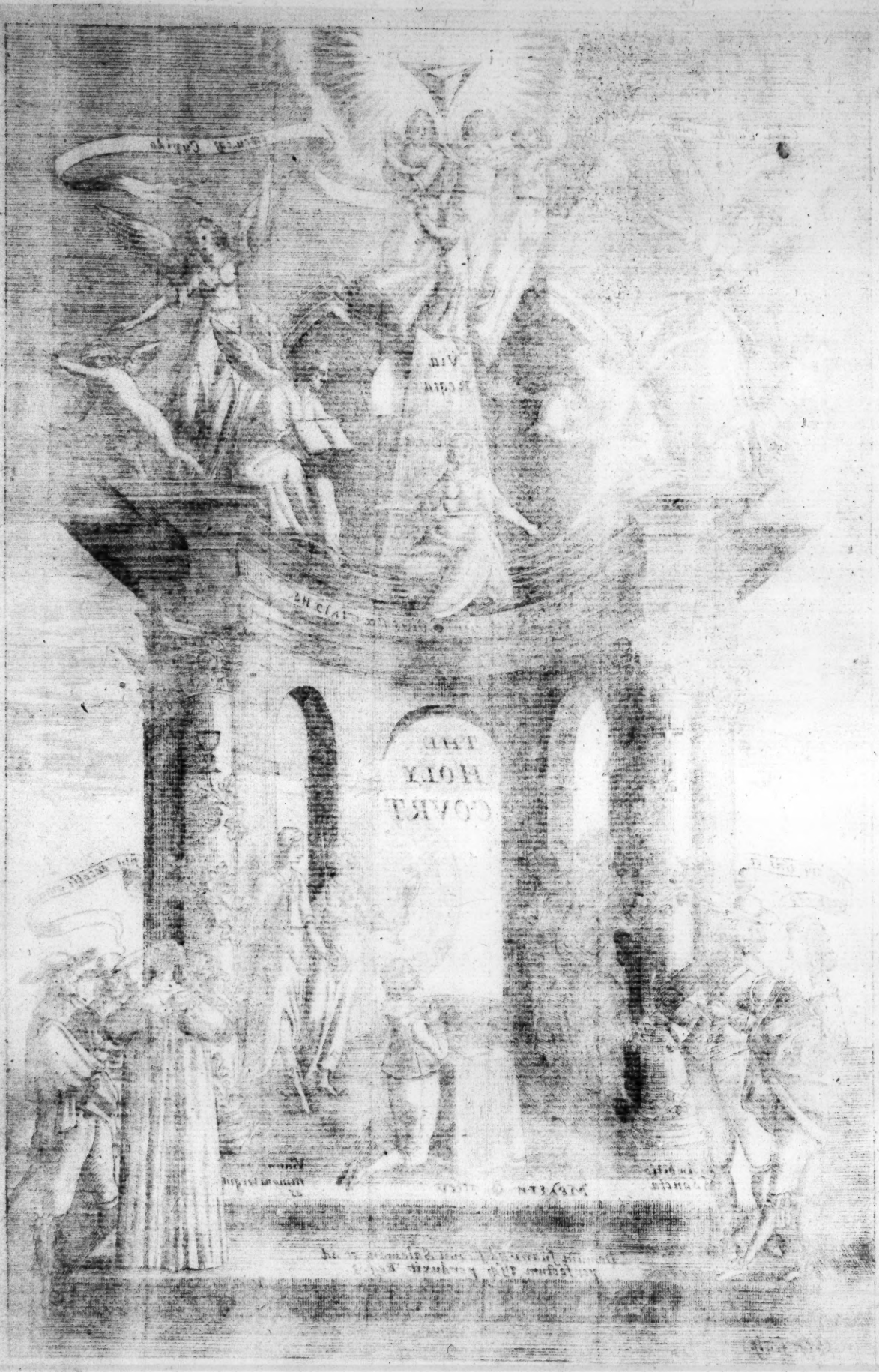
LONDON,

Printed by William Bentley, and are to be ſold by John Williams, in Pauls Church-yard. cIↃ IↃc L.

THE HOLY COURT.

SOL ET SCUTUM DEUS EST NOBIS

THE
HOLY
COVRT



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THE

X8843C31
Oc. ER
1650

To the

MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY

OF

HENRIETTE-MARIA,

QUEEN OF

GREAT BRITTAIN.

A COURT adorned with virtue, and ſanctified with pietie, is here, moſt EXCELLENT QUEEN, to your view preſented; which having once already in pure and Native colours received light and life from the bright eye of your Royal BROTHER, would gladly at this time, in a harſher language and ruder garment, adventure your gracious acceptance.

The ſubject is ſerious, the diſcourſe uſefull, and proper for thoſe, who in Court ſo ſerve Princes, that they neglect not an humble acknowledgement to a more tranſcendent Greatneſs.

It hath pleaſed GOD, as a ſingular favour to this Kingdom, to affoard us in your MAJESTIE a pious Queen, who exemplarly maketh good, what diffuſedly is here handled. Let then leſſer lights borrow beams of radiance, from your greater Orbs; and perſiſt You, Glorious Example of virtue, to illuminate and heat our Northern Clime with celeſtiall ardours. Adde to earthly Crowns, heavenly Diadems of Piety.

Here

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Here ſhall a Holy Court be found fairly delineated; nor can I ſee how it will be in the power of perſons of beſt eminence, to plead ignorance, and pretend inability; they having ſuch a Book to direct them, and ſuch a Queen to follow.

Lead then with alacritie, moſt Sacred Majestie, and may propitious Heaven ſo proſper your holy deſires, that the Greateſt may have matter to imitate, and the whole Nation to admire.

TO

TO THE

KING

OF

FRANCE.

SIR,

THis Treatiſe of the Holineſs of Courts, before it be publiſhed, comes forth to behold the great and divine lights, wherewith God hath environed your Majeſtie, whom he hath choſen out to ſanctifie the COURT, by means of two reflections, which are, the Example of your virtues, and the Authority of your Laws. As for example, You ſupply as much as in a Prince may be deſired, who hath brought innocency into the Throne of Majeſtie, as an earneſt-pennie of Royaltie, and whitened the very Flower-de-luces, by the puritie of your heart and hands. This argument, in my opinion, ſhould powerfully operate in the hearts of French-men: For it would be a diſorder in Nature, to ſee bad ſubjects under a good Prince, to plant vice in the Kingdom of Virtue, and to have a bodie of morter, and feet of clay, affixed to a head of Gold. It is fit impudence ſhould be extreamly ſhameleſs, not to bluſh, when the ſparkling luſtre of a Crown caſteth into the eyes the glimmering flaſhes of ſo great a Pietie.

Where example cannot reach, Kings have Laws, which are given them from Heaven, as hands of gold and iron, to recompence merits, and chaſtiſe crimes. And as your Majeſtie, SIR, from your moſt tender years, hath ſhewed a ſingular propenſion to the deteſtation of Impietie, and maintenance of Juſtice, that cauſeth me to ſay, Your Majeſtie hath great means to make the COURT eſſentially holy, which the diſabilitie of my pen cannot expreſs but on paper. It is a work worthy of a Chriſtian King, who ſtandeth in the midſt of Kings, and Nations, as heretofore the ſtatue of the Sun in the midſt of publick paſſages.

Royal hands cannot be better employed, than to erect the Tropheys of Sanctity. That is it which all the firſt have done; CONSTANTINE in the Roman Empire, CLODOVÆUS in France, RICAREDUS in Spain, ETHELBERT in England, CANUTUS in Denmark, WENCESLAUS in Poland.

All thoſe, who have taken that way, have been glorious in the memory of men: whileſt others, that have prepared Altars and Tables to Fortune (as ſaith the Prophet Iſaiah) erecting Monarchie on humane Maxims, have built on the quick-ſands of imaginary greatneſs, which hath ſerved them to no other purpoſe, but to meaſure their fall. Vice and Voluptuouſneſs cannot immortalize men; ſince they have nothing laſting in them, but the ſorrow of their infancie, and the infamie of their name. All the greatneſs and happineſs of a Prince, is to make in his virtues a viſible image of inviſible Divinitie, then to imprint the ſame on his ſubjects, as the Sun doth his brightneſs on the Rain-bowe.

SIR, Your Majeſtie knoweth it by proper experience; God hath made you to read the decrees of good ſucceſs, written as it were, with the rayes of your pietie. By how much the more you are affected to the ſervice of the great Maſter, ſo much the more the good ſucceſs of affairs hath followed your deſires. You have ſeen your battels end in bays, and the thorns of your travels to grow all up into Crowns. And as we are ever in this world to merit, ſo we ought to hope, that ſo many worthy acts, will alſo with time take their juſt increaſe; and that you ſhall ſow new virtues on earth, to reap felicities in Heaven: Laſtly, that he, who hath given you the enterance of Solomon into the Kingdom, will grant you the exit of David. This is the vow which offereth to God

SIR, *Of Your* MAJESTY,

The moſt humble, moſt faithfull, and obedient Subject,

N. CAUSSIN.

TO THE NOBILITIE OF FRANCE.

SIRS,

THis Work, as it is composed for your sakes, offereth it self to your hands, without bearing any other ornament on the brow, but the reflection of Truth, any other recommendation, than the worth of the subject. It is not the abundant store of sanctity in the Courts of our Age, which maketh this stiled the *HOLY COURT*; but this Frontis-piece onely carrieth the name, because this Book beareth the model. which verily with more ease is moulded on paper, than printed on the manners of men. Yet we may affirm, that God, who draweth the sons of *Abraham*, from the midst of flints and rocks, doth in all places reserve Saints for himself: and he that will consider it well, shall find that in all times the Courts of zealous Princes, have had their Martyrs, their Confessours, their Virgins and Hermits.

I have a purpose, when my leisure will permit, to divulge the lives of Kings, Princes, Lords, men of state, and likewise also of Queens, Princesses, and Ladies, who in the course of the world, have flourished in much sanctity, beginning from the Court of *David*, and then concluding in our Age; to the end the multitude of examples may place the Sun in full splendour before their eyes, who take the greatness of their condition, for pretext of their remisness.

For the present, because Reason should carry the torch before History, I will satisfie my self, with publishing this Christian Institution, which treateth of the MOTIVES and OBSTACLES men of Qualitie have to Perfection, with the practise of virtues, most suitable to their condition; the whole attended by two books of Histories, that very amply contain the good and evil of Courts. I consecrate this small labour, at the feet of the Church, among so many worthy Writers, which make her wholly radiant in gold, not unlike that Bird, which, as the Kings of *Asia* contributed great treasure to the building of a Temple, she having no other wealth, went thither to present her Feathers.

It remaineth, SIRS, that you make the COURT holy, and you shall sanctifie the world: your examples may do much therein; when you shall advance the standard of piety, a plentifull Train will follow. Behold how all those, that have framed their fortune upon vice, have built on abysses; they have sowed wind (as saith the Prophet) to reap tempests; their hopes are crackt, as clouds swoln with the vapours of the earth; and their felicity like a golden statue hanged in the Air on a rotten cable, hath melted upon their head. Never any man hath had good fortune in impiety. He that looseth his conscience, hath nothing else to gain nor loose: Nothing to gain, for that nothing remaineth for him, but unhappiness; and nothing to loose, because he hath lost himself. So many crimes and impieties daily float on the face of this Age, that you must stretch out your arms against iniquity. If you have your hearts fixed where God planted them, you shall place the confidence of well doing, in the life of the most timorous; and shame of ill doing upon the brow of the most impudent. Your hands shall always be in a readiness to overthrow vice, and your feet shall not walk, but on Palms of victory.

The Church extendeth her hands out to you, and imploreth the aid of your authoritie, and good examples. You are in the house of God, as *Joseph* in that of the Lord

of

of *Egypt*. The Maſter hath put all into your hands, defile not the honour of his bed, ſince with his finger he hath imprinted the luſtre of his glory on your fronts. If you be among men, as Mountains over valleys, be Mountains of perfume, of which *Solomon* ſpeaketh in the *Canticles*; and not thoſe hills of the Prophet *Oſee*, which have nothing but ſnares, and gins, to ſerve for ſtumbling-blocks to thoſe, whom they ſhould enlighten. If you be elevated in the world, as cliffs above the Sea, be watch-towers, not rocks. If you be Stars, be Suns, to be the Chariots of light and life, and not comets, to pour malignity on the four quarters of the world. Be ye aſſured, that how much the more you are united to God, ſo much the greater ſhall you be; the more conformable you are to the will of the Sovereign Maſter, ſo much ſhall you behold the earth in contempt under your feet, and Heaven in Crowns over your heads.

The

The DESIGN and ORDER of the Book.

TO ſpeak properly, *we have but two great Books, the* Heaven *and the* Bible, *which never periſh; The others have an Air, and a certain continuance amongſt men, and at the laſt arrive unto their period; But the moſt part of thoſe who at this day do write, do come into the world, as drops of rain into the* Sea, *of which the Ocean takes no notice, neither of their coming in, or their going out. In ſo great a croud of Writers, I have put forth my firſt Tome of the* HOLY COURT, *as under that conſideration, eſteeming that I brought but a little dew, into a great River, and having ſpoken ſome Truths by the way; I ſhould bury my ſelf, from my birth, in the Tomb of ſo many Books, which is excuſable by the law of neceſsity, and honourable by the multitude, and the qualities of thoſe that write.*

Howſoever, I ſee that GOD, who governeth our lives and our pens, hath been pleaſed that this Work ſhould be had in ſome reſpect, and having exceeded the merit of the Authour, it ſhould alſo exceed his hope, producing ſome fruit, and withal ſome comfort to my travels, which I cannot now judge to be ill employed.

This hath again put my pen into my hand, to follow the continuation of it, to which ſo many perſonages of Honour have brought ſo many reaſons to induce me, that having but little leiſure to undertake this ſecond Work, I have had the leſs boldneſs to refuſe it.

Thoſe who complain, that my pen hath not ſwiftly enough followed their deſires, are to remember, that though Slowneſs *be a mother a little to be blamed, yet her Children are not deformed; The bringing forth of good Books ought not to reſemble that of Birds, concerning which an Ancient writeth, that they come out of the Belly of their mother before they are born; we ought to give them form, and a long time to foſter them in the Mind, before they appear in publick; For in precipitation it is a poor attempt to be able onely to hope for nothing, but to erre haſtily, to repent at leiſure. I do more fear the Reproches of precipitation, than deliberation, for in this mortal condition wherein we live, our moſt perfect Actions are but heavy aſſays, and the moſt groſs proofs of perfection.*

This may be ſaid without any diminution to the merit of ſome celeſtial Spirits, who make promptitude and goodneſs to march together with an equal pace, it being not expedient, that thoſe who cannot follow them, ſhould glory in the infirmities contrary to ſo great abilities. For me, I content my ſelf with the approvement and admiration of other mens works, reſerving nothing but induſtry for my own. And though for all my pains I cannot of my ſelf find in my own work ſatisfaction enough to content the Readers, whom I acknowledge ſo favourable to me, yet ſo it is, that I find I have brought ſomething which bears ſome correſpondence with their deſires.

This I can aſſure them, that the contraction of the precepts which I have drawn into ſo few words, being able to ſtretch them into Volumes, are not without their profit, and that Hiſtories are made moſt choice of in that nature, where (beſides their majeſty which lays forth the moſt ſpecious affairs of the Eſtate of Empires, ſince the beginning of their Chriſtianiſm) they have a certain ſweetneſs with them, which ſound ſpirits will find to be ſo much advanced above all Fables and Romances, as the pleaſures of Truth do ſurpaſs all illuſions of Sorcerers.

You ſhall here perpetually obſerve a great Theater of the Divine Providence, where (God knows) I have no other Deſign, than to advance Virtue, and to beat down vice, without reflecting on any of the Perſonages of theſe times, no more than if I wrote under the reign of Charlemaigne *or S.* Lewis: *I muſt intreat theſe ſpirits of Application, which know not how to behold a work, without making it ſubject to their own fancies, imagining every letter to be the Ecchoes of their own thoughts, that if they have any Commentary to produce, they would rather make a gloſs upon their own Dreams, than on my Books. We live not yet (God be thanked) in an Age ſo miſerable, that we dare not ſacrifice to Truth without a diſguiſe, ſeeing it is the glory of our Grandees, that we may openly make war againſt Vice, as againſt an enemy, and not of our party.*

For, to ſpeak ſincerely, having laid my firſt Tome at the feet of the ſacred perſon of our great King, I conſidered what great and gliſtering lights there were in all their Orders within his Court, which might ſerve as Models for my Treatiſe, but to avoid the affectation of all compliance with this world, I did expreſly forbear it, my own nature and my long Robe having ſo far

eſtranged

eſtranged me from all worldly pretences, that it would be a diſeaſe unto me, but to ſalute a man, if he had not Heaven and the Stars to return me for it.

As concerning the manner of writing which I have obſerved, I ſhall eaſily confeſs unto my Reader, that it proceeded rather from my Genius, than from Art, and though I have been curious enough to obſerve whatſoever the Greek or Romane Eloquence hath happily brought forth, yet I muſt acknowledge, that there is a Ray of God himſelf, which entering into our ſpirit, and mingling with our nature, is more knowing and effectual, than all precepts whatſoever. And this I can affirm for the inſtruction of youth, to thoſe who have demanded my advice, concerning the qualities and conditions of ſtiles. It is true, I have peruſed variety of Books written in all Ages, and I have acknowledged that the moſt ſenſible amongſt them, have been raiſed both in their conceptions and their words, above the common reach, and alwayes without affectation. Others have been paſsionately taken with ſome fine niceties, which are the capital Enemies to perſwaſion, and above all, to be eſchewed in the Diſcourſes which are made of Piety, whoſe nerves they do infeeble, and whoſe luſtres they do foil; we may ſee that thoſe, who from the chair do ſpeak unto us, either by account or by writing, although it be with terms diſcreet enough, yet they leave a leſs impreſsion on our hearts, and ſometimes are ſo violently carried away to ſerve their own reputation, that they forget their engagements to the Truth. We may obſerve ſome, who through too much ſpirit, ſeek out by-ways of conceptions of common ſenſe, and extravagant words, and ſo ſtrongly adore their own thoughts, that they can ſuffer none but themſelves on their own paper, which is the cauſe, they ſeldom meet with the right uſe of humane underſtanding, being the true Citizens of Plato's Common-wealth, capable to controul all things, but to perform nothing. Others there are, who glory in a ſterility, and are willfully angry againſt God, becauſe in ſome part of the Heavens he placed ſo many ſtars. Theſe can endure nothing that is generous, without ſnarling or biting at it. They conceive Beauty and Light to be blemiſhes, becauſe they are above their capacities. Laſtly there are ſome, who in their continual Allegations, do ſo lay forth themſelves in the praiſe of others, that they make their Diſcourſes like thoſe pictures of Helena, which are all of gold: There is nothing but Drapery to be ſeen, you cannot diſtinguiſh the foot from the hand, nor the eye from the ear. But I will enter no further into the conſideration of our times, having learned rather to reſpect than cenſure the indifferent Works of our Writers. But to ſpeak ſoundly, I never thought it expedient, either to perſwade unto, or to follow the ſame faſhions. And as in this work I have not altogether renounced the learning and the ornaments, which I thought to be convenient, but have inchaſed them in it, ſo I would not fill my papers with Quotations and ſtrange Languages, this Labour being undertaken rather to perſwade the Great-ones unto Virtue, than to fill the Extracts and Annotations of the Students.

I have ſo moderated the ſtyle, without letting my ſelf looſe to the empty language of Complements, which had been beneath my Subject, that I conceive I have rendered it eaſie to be underſtood, even to thoſe apprehenſions which make no profeſsion at all of learning.

It is the onely Deſign that I have, to ſpeak ſo as to be underſtood, perſwading my ſelf, according to the ſaying of Philo, That Word and Thought are two Siſter-germanes, and that the youngeſt is born, onely to make the eldeſt known. I ſtudy more for weight of ſentences, than for ornament of words, pretending nothing to the glory of mundane Quills, which we ſee every day appear amongſt ſo many Authours of this Age, who would be more perfect, if they would apply themſelves to more grave ſubjects, and in ſome faſhion imitate the Sun, who being admired thoughout the whole world, doth not know how to admire it ſelf.

Nevertheleſs it often comes to paſs, but not to the more lofty Writers, who are ordinarily indued with more modeſty, but to certain men extreamly profane, to idolize their own inventions, to condemn all Treatiſes of worth, and to eſteem, that one cannot be eloquent in our tongue, if he writes not Vanity or Impureneſs.

Certainly, if a queſtion were made to judge of the French eloquence, the riches of Babylon are not ſo exquiſite, that they may ſtand in compariſon with the beauties of Sion. As long as letters and men ſhall continue, there ſhall continue the praiſes of ſo many excellent Books, which have come from the hands of ſo many Illuſtrious Prelates, and other qualified perſons, nay, and of the ſecular State, who have exerciſed their ſtyle on chaſte and honourable Arguments, and worthy all commendation. I ſpeak this by the way, having at this time no deſign to enlarge my ſelf on the recital of the number of thoſe able men, who have now the pen in their hands, nor praiſe thoſe of my own Robe, who have given their holy labours to the publick, and who I know may be followed by a great number of excellent Spirits of the ſame ſociety.

For that which concerns me, I am acquitted of my promiſe, and I conceive, that I have ſufficiently

ficiently expreſſed in theſe two Volumes, the whole reach of my Deſign; for the reſt, I conceive that the Books of Devotion which are to be made publick, ought to be rare, and to be very well digeſted, becauſe there is already extant ſo great a number of them, that the number of the Authours will ſuddenly exceed the number of the Readers.

Satiety will caſt a cloud on the brighteſt Beauties, and though a thing may be very good, yet we ought not to ſurfet with the exceſs thereof, for fear that good Offices be turned into miſpriſions, and Charity render it ſelf too importunate. But ſo it is, that we muſt confeſs that Pieces well wrought, are never ſeen in ſo great a number, as to bring any faſtidiouſneſs to them who do know their merit.

Here do I ſtop my pen, and if there appears any worth in this Volume, I look upon it as on the Mirrour planted on the wall of a Temple in Arcadia, *where thoſe that beheld it, in ſtead of their own face, ſaw the repreſentation of the Divinity which they adored.*

Even ſo in all this which may bring any profit to the Reader, I ſee nothing of my own, but I acknowledge the Father of lights, who is the Beginning and the End of all which we do make praiſe-worthy. And I beſeech him, if there be found any thing attractive in theſe Diſcourſes, that He will, like the Load-ſtone, draw up the Readers, and carry them to the love of their Creatour, to whom is due the tribute of all honour, as to him who is the Beginning of all Perfection. It is indeed the onely conſolation which we can receive from our labours. For, not to diſſemble the Truth, he that cares more to write than to live, flattering his pen, and neglecting his conſcience, ſhall have work enough to defend himſelf from the Scurf, the Rat, and from Oblivion. And when in a paſsionate life he ſhall carry with him the applauſes of the world, it ſhall be as a ſmall ſacrifice unto him of ſmoke abroad, to lodge a fire and tempeſt in his own houſe.

It is reported, that the Stars contribute their beams to enlighten the Infernals, and I can affirm, that all the lights of Underſtanding and Reputation, ſhall ſerve onely to inflame the torments of a reprobate ſoul, who ſhall ſhut his eyes againſt God, to open them onely to let in Vanity.

In the end, after many Editions of the Holy Court, *as I deſired here to put the laſt hand to it, I am now retired into the ſolitary place of* Quinpercorentin, *for the love of the truth; where the honeſty of the Inhabitants have made me to find it as my Countrey, which other men have taken for a place of baniſhment: There on the banks of the Ocean, at the feet of a Saint, who is the Tutelar of the Village, perceiving that God had ſweetened to me all the bitterneſs both of men and of the times, by the infuſion of his Paternal Conſolation, I have compoſed more Treatiſes, both of Doctrine and Piety, to render in ſome ſort, my ſilence profitable to the publick, of which one day I will give a good account unto my Readers, if God ſhall grant me life.*

Amongſt other things, I have digeſted into good order, this Work of the Holy Court, *and I have enriched it with a remarkable Augmentation of the Lives and Elogies of the Illuſtrious Perſonages at Court, as well in the* Old *as the* New Teſtament.

Now I do produce it to the light, after that by the ſingular favour of Heaven, the obſtacles are removed, and Truth acknowledged on the Throne of Lights, with which God hath round environed it.

THE

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THE HOLY COURT.

FIRST BOOK.

Of Reasons, which should excite men of qualitie to Christian Perfection.

That the COURT and DEVOTION are not things incompatible.

The FOUNDATION of this TREATISE.

THE wise *Hebrews* have observed a matter worthy of consideration for the direction of Great-ones, to wit, that between the bed of the Kings of *Judea*, and the Altar of God, there was but one single wall; and they adde, that *David*, one of the most holy Monarchs, had reserved for himself a secret postern, through which he passed from his chamber to the house of God, that is to say, the Tabernacle; which served as a sanctuarie for his afflictions, and an arsenal for his battels. They say likewise, he left the key of this sacred postern to his Posteritie, a key a thousand times more pretious than Fortune the golden Goddess of the *Romans*, giving to it the imitation of his virtue as an everlasting inheritance. *Achaz* was he, who stopping up the gate of the Temple, shut against himself the gates of Gods mercie, and thereby opened the passage to his own confusion. This is to instruct Princes, and all persons of quality, that as the element of birds is the air, and water of fishes, so the element of great spirits, if they will not betray their own nature, nor bely their profession, is piety.

The gloss upon *Isaiah* ch. 38. observeth also *Juxta parietem Templi Solomon extruxit palatium.*

A notable observation of the Hebrews.

Parali. 2. 28. *clausit januas Templi.*

Yet notwithstanding, it is a wonder how the Court, where the most noble spirits should reside, hath in all Ages been cried down in matter of virtue. You will say, hearing those speak who make many fair and formal descriptions of the manners of Courtiers, that the Court is nothing else but a den of darkness, where the heavens and stars are not seen but through a little crevis; that it is a mil, (as the Ancients held it) always skreaking, with a perpetual clatter, where men enchained as beasts of labour, are condemned to turn the stones: That it is a prison of slaves, who are all tied in the golden guives of specious servitude, yet in this glitter suffer themselves to be gnawn by the vermine of passion: That it is a list, where the combatants are mad; their arms nothing but furie, their prize smoke, their carreer glassie ice, and utmost bounds but precipices. That it is the house of *Circes*, where reasonable creatures are transformed into savage beasts; where Buls gore, Lions roar, Dogs worrie one another, Vipers hiss, and Basilisks carrie death in their looks. That it is the house of winds, a perpetual tempest on the firm land, ship-wrack without water, where vessels are split even in the haven of hope. Briefly, that it is a place where vice reigneth by nature, misery by necessity, and if virtue be found there, it is but by miracle.

An admirable definition of the Court drawn out of divers ancient Authors

Such discourses are often maintained, with more fervour of eloquence than colour of truth. For to speak sincerely, the Court is a fair school of virtue, for those who know how to use it well. In great seas great fishes are to be found, and in ample fortunes, goodly and heroick virtues. This proposition, which putteth an incompatibilitie of devotion and sanctitie into the life of men of eminencie, seemeth to me very exorbitant for three reasons. The first, for that it is injurious to God: the second prejudicial to humane societie; and the third sheweth it to be false by the experience of all Ages. To prove these three verities is to ruin it in the foundations; the proofs whereof are easie enough, which we will begin to glance at, that hereafter we may deduce them more at length. For as concerning the first, it cannot be denied to be a great injurie to almightie God, to strike at his heavenly and paternal providence. This is to touch him in the apple of his eye, and in the thing which he esteemeth most pretious. Now, so it is, this maxime which establisheth an impossibilitie of devotion, the first wheel of virtue, in the life of Great ones, imputeth a great defect unto the government of God. The divine providence is a skilful posie-maker, who knoweth artificially how to mingle all sorts of flowers to make the Nosegay of the elect, called in holy Scripture *Fasciculus viventium*. It constituteth the different manners of lives, different qualities, and conditions. It leadeth men by divers ways to the same port. It is that which maketh Kings to reign, and giveth them officers as members of their state, and by this means frameth the Court of Great-ones: But if after it hath so made and composed them as of the flower and choise of men, it should abandon them in the tempest, without pole-star, without rudder, without Pilot, were not this with notable deformitie to fail in one of the prime pieces of its work-manship? Judge your self.

The Answer.

The Defence of the Court.

1. Reg. 25. 29.

For the second reason, it is most evident, that to further this impossibilitie of devotion, in the course of Courtiers lives, is to cast them, through despair of all

virtues (which cannot subsist without piety) into the libertie of all vices, which they will hold, not as extravagant sallies of frailtie, but as the form of a necessary portion of their profession. And as the rank they hold, maketh them transcend other men, who willingly tie themselves to the manners and affections of those on whom they see their fortunes depend; that would be as it were, by a necessary law to precipitate mankind into the gulf of corruption.

To conclude for the third reason, this proposition is manifestly contradicted by an infinit number of examples, of so many Kings and Princes, of so many worthy Lords and Ladies, who living in the Ocean of the world as the mother pearls by the dew of heaven, have preserved, and do yet still preserve themselves for ever in admirable puritie, and in such heroick virtues, that they cannot gain so much wonder on earth, but they shall find in heaven much more recompence. This is it, which I intend to produce in this Treatise of the *Holy Court*, after I have informed the mind with good and lively reasons, which as I hope by the grace of the holy Spirit of God, shall make all persons of quality, to behold they do infinit wrong to take the splendour of their condition for a veil of their impieties, and imperfections. Virtue is a marvellous workwoman, who can make *Mercury* of any wood; yea should the difficultie be great, the victorie would be more glorious: but all the easieness thereof is in their own hands, and the obligations they have to tend to perfection, are no less important than those of Hermits, as I intend shall appear in the process of this discourse.

The first, MOTIVE.

Of the obligation which secular men, and especially persons of qualitie have to perfection, grounded upon the name of Christian.

A Great abuse is crept into the minds of secular persons, who hold vice in predominance and virtue under controle. It is, in that they esteem Christian perfection as a bird out of their reach and a qualitie dis-proportionable to their estate. *As for my self* (saith one of these) *I have made provision of virtue, according to my quality, I pretend not to be a* S. Francis, *nor to be rapt as a* S. Paul *to the third heaven. I find there is no life but with the living, and to hold time by the fore-lock while I can. Let our pleasures take that scope which nature presenteth to them: were we as wicked as* Judas, *if we have the faith of* S. Peter, *the mercy of God pardoneth all.* An impertinent discourse as I will hereafter declare. On the other side, there are women who chatter, and say: *I will not be a* S. Teresa, *it is not my intention to be canonized. I love better to see my diamonds in my life glitter on my fingers, than to carrie them after my death on my statues. I better love a little perfume whilst I yet breath air, than all the Arabian odours after my death. I will have no extasies nor raptures. It is enough for me to wallow in the world. I may as well go to Paradise by land as by water.* Such words are very impure in the mouth of a Christian, nay, so prejudicial to eternal salvation, that through the liberty of speaking too much, they take away all hope of doing well. For pursuing the tender effeminacy of that spirit, they take the measure of virtue very short and dis-proportionable, their intentions being infirm, the works are likewise the more feeble, not squarely answering the model of knowledge; from whence proceedeth a general corruption. I affirm, not all Christians ought to embrace the perfection of S. *Francis* and of S. *Teresa*. No. There are some whom the Divine providence will direct by other aims: But I say that every Christian is obliged to level at perfection, and if he hath any other intention, he is in danger to loose himself eternally. A bold saying, but it is the sentence of S. *Austin*: *You should always be displeased with your self for that which you are, if you desire to attain to that which you are not: and if you chance to say, it is enough, you are undone.* And who are you that dare limit the gifts of God? And who are you that say, I will have but such, or such degree of graces, I satisfie my self with such a sanctity, I have proceeded far enough in a spiritual life; let us set up our staff here? What wickedness is this? Is not this to imitate that barbarous and senseless King, who cast chains into the sea, to tie the Ocean in fetters? God hath given us a heart of a larger latitude than the heavens, which he will replenish with himself, and you will straiten it like a snail, to lodge him in narrow bounds whom the whole world cannot comprehend. Judge if this proceeding be not very unreasonable, and if you yet doubt, weigh two or three reasons, which you shall find very forcible, and by them you will conclude with me, you have no less obligation to be perfect, than the most retired Hermit that ever lived in the most horrid wilderness of *Egypt*.

Aug. Serm. 11 of the Apostle. *Semper tibi displiceat quod es si vis pervenire ad id quod non es. Si dixeris sufficit periisti.* A notable speech of S. Augustine.

Xerxes.

The first reason I propose to underprop this assertion, is drawn from the nature and essence of perfection. At what mark think you should one aim to arrive to this scope? If I should say, will you be perfect? bury your self alive in a sack, put a halter about your neck, go roast your self in the scorching beams of the Sun, go roul your self in snow and thorns; this would make you admire, your hair stand an end, and bloud congeal in your veins: But if one tell you, God hath as it were engrafted perfection with his own hands, upon the sweetest stock in the world, what cause have you of refusal? Now so it is, as I say, There is nothing so easie as to love: the whole nature of the world is powred and dissolved into love: there is nothing so worthy to be beloved, as an object which incloseth in the extent thereof all beauties and bounties imaginable; which are the strongest attractives of amity: yea it forceth our affections with a sweet violence: to love is natural, not to love is monstrous.

Perfection engrafted upon love.

Then here admire the charms of Divinity, which hath placed all the perfection of man, in the love of his Creatour and Saviour, to love an infinite good which one cannot hate, and not become a devil. S. *Peter Chrysologus* crieth out: *A more delicate warfare never was seen, than to conquer all by love.* Ask I pray, of all Divines, if charity be not the quintessence of perfection? Ask of all Religious men where they pretend to place it? in sack-cloth, or hair-shirts? They will answer you, No. In the vows of poverty, chastity, obedience? No. These are most undoubted wayes to perfection, but they are not properly perfection. In what then? In the love of God, which S. *Irenæus* expresseth by a most elate epithete: *Eminentissimum charismatum*, the most eminent of all the gifts of God.

Chrys. serm. 94. *Teneræ militiæ, delicati constitum est amore solo de cunctis criminibus reportare victoriam.* The warfare of Christians delicate.

Cap. 63. Iren. lib. 4. *Eminentissimum charismatum.*

The Master of the Sentences and some other Divines, have placed charity so high (in which we establish perfection) that they have presumed to say, it was the substance of the Holy Ghost, united and as it were incorporated to mans soul; adding, that as light is called radical light in the Sun, light infused in bodies transparent, colour in bodies which we call coloured: in like manner this charity as it is (say they) originally and radically in God, is the holy Ghost; as it is united to the substance of our soul, it is grace; as it maketh sallies out upon our neighbour, it is charity.

The excellency of charity.

This Doctrine is very subtile, and really giveth a very

Notable opinion of some Divines.

very high idea of the merit of Charity: but if we would wholly examine it according to the strict rigour of Schools, and weigh it in S. *Thomas* his equal ballance, we shall find Charity is not, to speak properly, the Holy Ghost, but as it were the first ray of Divinity, which bringeth with it self all perfections. This beam, if you will, is as it were in your power; God every day presenteth it unto you, as freely as the Sun doth his light; it onely behoveth to will, it behoveth seriously once to resolve to love an object so amiable, and then behold your selves perfect. Notwithstanding if you lay your hand on the bottom of your conscience, you shall ever find it in its proper interests, in humane respects, in intentions and affections nothing sincere, in the love of creatures. This is to coyn false money in matter of love; this is to put God under the Altar, and the love of himself above, that it may have the better part of incense. What think you of this indignitie? See you not the obligation of being perfect still remaineth, but the effect is ever pretermitted?

Imitation of Jesus Christ, abridgement of wisdom. Matth. 5. *Estote perfecti, sicut & Pater vester cœlestis perfectus est.* Greg. Nyssen. Κεφάλαιον τῆς ἀγθρωπίνης σοφίας. In the book of the life of *Moses.*

For the second reason, I say, the perfection of man consisteth in the imitation of God. *Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect*: and very well S. *Gregory Nyssen* assureth us, that this imitation is an abridgement of all wisdom. Now who is able to mount by force of wing, and flie into the bosom of the eternal Father, thence to draw a pourtraict of his holinesses? Certainly no creature can aspire thereto. And what I pray, hath God, all goodness, all wisdom, done? He hath imprinted all his perfections upon our Saviour, the true figure of his substance, as if one should impress a golden seal upon virgin-wax; which made *Origen* say, his most sacred humanity was as the foot-step and shadow of the Divinity, and agreed with it as equal well-made dyals with the Sun; whereupon the spirit of God calleth all Christians, and saith to them: Imitate couragiously, behold your Prototype, behold the model of your actions. He saith not, I have two Images of my substance, I have two Sons, I send them both upon the earth; one shall be for men of eminencie, the other for the multitude: Behold one delicately curious, crowned with roses for the nobility; behold another crowned with thorns for the vulgar. It is meer dotage to imagine it. And see you not, it is like sottishness since all Christians bear the same name, the same livery, participate of the same God, the same Sacraments, and pretend to the same Paradise, to think perfection is not appointed but for a silly handful of men, separated from secular life, and that others are excluded? Miserable creatures who to sooth their own remisness plant their own condemnation upon their foreheads!

Humanity of Jesus. An excellent conceit of *Origen. Origen* 2. περὶ ἀρχ. *Indeclinabiliter eo sæ motus suscipiebat.*

One same Jesus for the Nobles and plebeyans.

Briefly to conclude, the title and dignity of a Christian, draweth with it great and just obligations, which you cannot countervail but with an exact endeavour of perfection. Do you think one requireth too much of you, who have been nourished and trained up in the Church of God, if you be demanded (at the least) to shew resolution and courage to resist a sin, as some Heathens have done in their infidelity? And to produce in gross three examples, upon the three most ordinary temptations, behold with S. *Austine*, *Polemon*, who telleth you: *I was an infidel, a young man deprived of the knowledge of the true God, resigned over to all sort of intemperance; wine, love, play, rashness were the Chariot, which drew my youth to downfal. I was no sooner entered into the school of a Heathen Philosopher, as my self, but behold, I was wholly changed.* And thou, O Christian, dost thou think it will be lawful for thee amongst so many important and forcible instructions, so many enlightenings, so many inspirations, to play the smiths old dog, and lie sleeping under the anvile? This man here, upon the onely word of a man, layeth down his flowery crowns which he bare on his head, his drunkenness, his unthrifty riots, and where is there a worldly woman at this day, who at the end of a Sermon, enkindled with zeal, dissolveth one piece of her gaudy dressings?

S. *Augustine* Epist. 130. saith of this, *Non humano operi tribuerim, sed divino.* *Polemon* praised by S. *Augustine.*

Behold on the other side *Spurina*, who saith in S. *Ambrose*: I was a Gentile, bred in the corruption of an age, where virtue was in declination, and vice on the top of the wheel. I was endowed with an exquisit beauty, which by right of natural force gave me the key of hearts: and I seeing it was too much affected, and courted by wanton eyes, and served for a stumbling-block to chastity, I purposely made scars in my face, extinguishing with my bloud, the flames of them that sought me. For I loved better to seal my innocency, as with the seal of voluntarie deformitie, than to possess a beauty that served onely as a bait for anothers lust. O thou Christian woman, who dost paint thy self with an ill intention, seeking to gain that by imposture, which thou canst not attain by truth, and not satisfying thy self with adulterating thy beauty, spares not to discover among company a scandalous nakedness, to shew in thy breasts the impudence of thy forehead! Consider a little what thou wilt answer to this Paynim with all thy curiosity, when her bloud, her wounds, scars, her beauty disfigured, which served as a sacrifice to her chastity, shall accuse thee before the inevitable tribunal.

Spurina.

S. *Ambrose* in the exhortation to virginitie. *Deformitatem sanctitatis meæ fidem, quam formam irritamentum alienæ libidinis esse malui.*

Greatness of *Lycurgus.*

Behold likewise, *Lycurgus* is elected King of the *Lacedemonians*, if so his dead brother should leave no heir in his wives body. The perfidious and unnatural Queen, sendeth this message to the King new chosen: SIR, *I am with child, and according to the laws of the countrey, it may fall out the fruit of my body may snatch the Scepter out of your hands. I see the kingdom is a dainty morsel, hard for them to disgorge, who once have swallowed it. If you will be wise in your own affair, I know a means by a potion, to put your crown in safetie, and by anticipation, taking away the life of this little creature, settle your throne for ever. Onely be mindful of me your faithful hand-maid, who with loss of my own bloud, tender this grateful office.* Hereupon *Lycurgus* detesting in his heart the treacherie of this ravenous she-wolf, dissembleth, and answereth: MADAME, *Let the infant come into the world, be it male or female, it importeth not: we alwayes shall find means enough, whensoever we shall think good to dispatch it.* As soon as the child was born, which proved a boy, he took it in his arms, he assembled the Magistrates and people, and covering the little Creature with his royal Robe, saith: *Sirs, long live justice and loyaltie. Behold your King, I am but his vassal.* O Christian, what sayest thou to this Pagan, that would not purchase a Kingdom by the single sin of another? Yet many times a little interest makes thee neglect all that which is divine, in Faith, Justice and Religion. It is not required of thee thou shouldest be a S. *Antony*, a *Macarius*, an Angel of the desert. It is demanded of thee, that for Gods honour, thou shew some small resistance of sin, which these infidels have done for a shadow of virtue, and it shall suffice. Dost thou not behold, that thou art enforced not onely for good fashion, but for necessity to this Christian perfection, which thou imaginest to be far separated from thy condition?

Conclude (O ye Noble men) out of this discourse, that the obligation which you have to be perfect, is most evident, since you have JESUS CHRIST for a sharer, the charges ease; it consisting not but in loving a goodness, which one cannot hate, and which never any one can love, if he offer not the homage of his proper interest to his divine Majesty. Behold all perfection.

The second Reason.

Drawn from Nobilitie.

HAving in general declared the obligation all Christians have to become perfect, let us in particular behold the reasons which invite Nobilitie to perfection. I doubt not if you maturely ponder those which I have to propose, you shall find them no less obliged to the solid eminencie of all Christian virtues, than Hermits themselves, and this by the right of their condition: so as that which seemeth to enlarge their scope to a life of greater libertie, rather serveth as a bound of their dutie, and a bridle for their dissolutions. Let us take the first reason, which is their Nobilitie. It is an argument that cannot proceed but from a low judgement, or a spirit soothed with its own effeminacie, to say *he is Noble, he is a Courtier, he is a States-man, his qualitie tieth him not to perfection, his virtue must be measured by the ell of the world; if he were over virtuous, the excess of his sanctitie would be prejudicial to his fortune.* What an extravagant humour is it to fix ignominie upon the front of Nobilitie in the first beginning? He is Noble, he therefore should be the less devout, and less virtuous. Change the Gamuth, and say: He is Noble; he hath therefore the more obligation to be perfect. Nobilitie hath put the yoak of a happie necessitie upon him, which he cannot shake off without much cowardize. And to make you thereby behold that Nobilitie is a bond of Christian virtue in all eminencie, no man will deny but that by how much the more God giveth powerful and effectual means to man to arrive at a good end, so much more obligation he hath to carry himself with fervency of affection; and in case of failing, his neglect is made the more faultie. The servant to whom the Master hath given five talents to negotiate with, ought much more to profit and bring gain home, than he that received but one single talent. Who can deny this, if he will not belie the light of nature? Now so it is. Great men have many more talents of God, for the traffick of virtues, than others have; and behold the first of all, which is the happiness of their birth. An Oratour making a solemn Oration in the praise of *Constantine* the Great, in the Citie of *Tyter*, let fall these words: *The first and greatest gift of heaven, was to be born happy, and as soon to be in the lists of felicitie, as of nature.* The Scripture it self recommendeth Nobilitie in the persons of the three valiant children, held in the Captivitie of *Babylon*; in that of *Eleazar*, and others. It is a wonder how S. *Hierome* in the Epitaph of S. *Paula*, hath not omitted that she was descended from *Agamemnon*. Which would never have been mentioned, were it not that Nobility is valued amongst the temporal goods, which are distributed to us by the providence of Almighty God. Now that Nobilitie is a good instrument to conduct to perfection, appeareth by an irrefragable reason, which I intend to express. I will not say what might be proposed, and fortified by experience, that the bodies of Noble and Gentlemen are ordinarily better composed, and as it were more delicately moulded by the artful hands of nature; that they have their senses more subtile, their spirits more agile, their members better proportioned, their garb more gentile, and grace more accomplished: and that all these prepare a fair shop for the soul, to exercise her functions with greater liberty. Let us rather say with Petrarch: *If Nobilitie were not tied but to flesh and bloud, it were a small matter; since it is very difficult to distinguish between the bloud of Cæsars and Porters.* Nor yet will I touch what might pertinently be disputed, that the souls of men extracted from the treasures of Heaven, though they be all cast in one mould, and be of the same kind; may notwithstanding be created by God with qualities very different, as we behold in the flowers of a beautiful meadow, which are of the same name and nature, a very great dis-proportion in figure, colour, and other accidents: semblably between the stars and precious stones, which are of the same substance, one will have a lustre more sparkling, another more dull and blunted. This maketh us probably believe, that the souls of men, when they are infused into bodies, although they be essentially marked with the same stamp, may have some accidental perfections one above another; and that this great diversitie which we observe therein, making one man appear of gold, another of lead, doth not onely depend on the varieties of Organs. *Mercury Trismegistus* was of this opinion when under the bark of a fable, he represented souls unto us which before they entered into the bodie, drank in the cup of spirit, not all of them, but those which happily encountred that fortunate success. For he feigneth, according to the inventions of his brain, that God sendeth a messenger upon the earth, to wit, one of his Angels, who placeth a large cup as big as (it is to be supposed) that of *Semiramis* was, which as *Ælian* reporteth, weighed a thousand and four-score pound: and this cup is full of a celestial liquor, of power to make men subtile and spiritual: the messenger maketh his proclamation, and saith to every soul: *Up soul, drench thy self deeply, and drink with all thy force in this cup of spirit.* Thereupon they drink, some more, some less, which maketh a great diversitie of understandings. Some wholly abstain, who when they have entered into the bodie, have no other share but the gifts of reason, which necessarily is a prerogative of their nature: but as for spirit they are deprived, as being absolutely stupid, and extreamly shallow. It is a wonder how these ancient Sages have pleased themselves in these fabulous discourses. Needeth there so much outward cover to give us this maxime, that all souls have not one and the same relation to accidental qualities, though, as *Aristotle* teacheth us, they are in their own essence, as unchangeable as numbers in Arithmetick?

This diversitie of spirits presupposed, one may say that great and noble men are more priviledged from the time of their birth, and that with some probabilitie. So *Philo* hath given to Kings and Potentates, a double understanding, the one for the rule of themselves, and the other for the government of their estates. But not to sooth the Nobilitie with feeble and superficial reasons, it behoveth they know, that although one should admit this accidental diversitie in the Oeconomie of humane spirits, yet would the consequence not necessarily ensue, that they always thereby should be the better provided. God maketh no difference of persons in this distribution. There are spirits that have come into the world from among the cobwebs of a nasty cottage, who have filled Ages with admiration of their greatness. Others have been clothed in golden glitter and purple, who have been miserably stupid and dull: and although fortune doth still hold to the oar, who deserve to be at the stern; yea, and some be at the stern who merit to be at the oar, yet the providence of God doth mannage it as best pleaseth himself for certain ends, which our foresight cannot penetrate with the best light. What infallible motive shall we then derive, to establish the obligation which tieth the Nobilitie to virtue above others, since we rather seek weight of reason than colour? Behold one which cannot well be denied by a well-rectified judgement. It is, that as God hath given to women, I know not what instinct of shamefac'dness, which enforceth them as it were with a sweet violence, to the defence of their honour; and this in them

Nobilitie first gift of God. *Mihi Deorum immortalium munus & primum videtur & maximum, in lucem statim felicem venire.* Panegyr. Constant.

Nobilitie not tied to bloud *Omnis propemodum sanguis est concolor, si cubi forte alter altero clarior inventus sit non id nobilitatis efficit sed fortuna.* Petrarch. Lib. de remediis dialog. 16.

The souls of men different in qualities.

Mercur. Trismeg. in Crater. sive Monade Cup of spirit.

Βαπτιζόμενοι ἐς δύναμιν τὸν νοῦν λαμβάνουσι.

Double understanding.

Mens ipsa aurea quam de communi Deo plusquam unus hausisti. Ausonius *in panegyri Gratian*

Shamefac'dness of women.

them is so powerful a touch from Heaven, that they cannot discharge themselves thereof; rather they feel it in every part, unless they bewretchedly insensible. *Plinie* affirmeth the same, who saith their bodies after death, float in such posture upon the waters, that they hide the nakedness from humane eyes, whereof nature, during life, hath been so careful. Even as God hath ingrafted the love of modestie upon this sex, so likewise he hath affixed a spur of honour upon the spirit of Noblemen. This is the pourtraict of *Phidias* which cannot be taken away without breaking the *Minerva*. This is the character wherewith God will imprint virtue in them. They are all naturally sensible in the points of honesty, or else degenerate from their Nobilitie.

Plin. lib. 7.

Prouæ fluitant pudori earum parcente naturæ.

Where is the motive of virtue in the Nobilitie.

Behold, I pray you, the force and power of this spur which God hath used for the good of Nobilitie. They would flie if it were possible to Heaven, and penetrate the depths, to avoid the least stain of dishonour. What flames actually would not they go through, to what breaches, assaults, musket-shots, to what images of death, which make nature to tremble with cold fear, do not they expose themselves, to conserve or acquire reputation? The spirit of lies, seeing they cannot be altered in this spur of the inseparable honour of their condition, what doth he? Not being able to wrest it from them, he rebateth the point; nay rather he rebateth the brain, and makes them place the point of honour in infamie, knowing very well that this is an effectual means to ruin them without discoverie. A wonder! They rather will become Apostates from Christianitie, than from the spur of honour. They meet in the field, cut one anothers throat, and emptie their quarrels through the channels of their bloud, for that they think the thing is honourable. Judge now, and conclude what I am to say: if they would suffer this spur to pursue that course which God hath begun in their souls, perswading themselves what is most undoubted, that the most ignoble act which a Gentleman can do, is to serve sin, would not they quickly become perfect? would not they be invincible against all vices, and ever in possession of virtue? This argument is very strong, and will admit no evasion. Noble spirit, thou naturally lovest honour more than thy life, and therein thou dost well: Thou art a Christian, if thou wilt not renounce thy baptism and the bloud of thy Saviour; Christianitie teacheth thee that the highest and most solid honour thou canst ever pretend unto, is to put vice under foot, and virtue over thy head; why stayest thou to make resolution?

Against such as betray their Nobilitie.

Unworthy that thou art, if thou goest about to tie Nobilitie to flesh and bloud, or to some old rotten ruins, to some monuments, which cover a nothing under the golden traces of an Epitaph. Ridiculous that thou art, if with full mouth thou vantest a paper-Nobilitie, yea which is not thine: as if a blind man should boast his Grand-Father had had good eyes, and a stammerer that his great Grand-Father had been en excellent Oratour. Miserable that thou art, if after thy Ancestours have planted the French Lilies amongst the Palms of *Palestine*, sincerely led thereto with the zeal they bare to their faith, thou betrayest religion, virtue and conscience, by a brutish life drenched in wild passions, and framest to thy self under a head of gold, a foot of clay. God who breatheth on the intentions of men, reproveth such a Nobilitie: and though these mongrels should make themselves as white as Swans, God esteemeth them as black as *Moors*. All Nobilitie before this great Judge, is nothing in comparison of justice and perfection. Yea so it is, that in Holy Writ the Nobilitie of *Noe* is valued, *Hæ sunt generationes* Noe. Noe *vir justus erat atque perfectus*. Behold a marvellous manner (saith Saint *John Chrysostom*) to delineate a Genealogie. The Scripture beginneth and saith, Behold the Genealogie of *Noe*. It seemeth to make way through all the Patriarchs from whom *Noe* was descended. It seemeth to make a rehearsal to us of all their titles and signories, of their acts and atchievements: and presently endeth in saying, Will you know the Genealogie of *Noe*? he was a just man, and a perfect. Behold all his Nobilitie. On which subject S. *Ambrose* hath an excellent saying: *Nobilitie hath no better a character, than that of sanctitie: the race of men, are men, but the race of souls are virtues.*

Amos 9. *Nunquid ut filii Æthiopum vos estis mihi Israel?*

Nobilitie of *Noe*, wherein: Gen. 6. *Chrysost.* in Genes.

S. *Ambr.* li. de Noe & arca. Virtues the race of souls. *Probati viri genus, virtutis prosapia est: sicut hominum genus homines, ita animarum genus virtutes.*

Noblemen, if you desire to be esteemed worthy your rank, do not as the little Sea-crabs, who by chance finding the shels of great fishes emptie, enter into them without saying, by your leave, and make boasts of a borrowed habitation. Cover not the giddie fantasies and illusions of a spirit, drunk with self-love, under a vain veil of Nobilitie. Rather do as *Boleslaus* the fourth, King of *Poland*, who bearing the picture of his father, hanged about his neck in a plate of gold, when he was to speak or do any thing of importance, he took this picture, and kissing it, said: Dear father, I wish I may not do any thing remissly, unworthy of thy name. Rather do as that brave *Eleazar*, mentioned in the Book of *Machabees*, who being assaulted with all sort of batteries, blandishments, menaces and torments, to make him counterfeit but one sole sin against his own law, he fixed his eyes upon the true point of honour, upon the consideration of his Nobilitie. *Out alas* (said he to himself alone) *the whiteness of that venerable hair, with which thy head is covered, after it hath grown hoarie in the exercise of thy religion, hath it not yet taught thee where the point of honour lies? It is not enough for* Eleazar, *not to counterfeit impietie, but to profess virtue, even at the price of his bloud. Now God grant I may not serve as a stumbling-block to the youth of this Citie, since God will make this day a Theatre of my constancie. I will not belie the law of my Master, I will not dishonour the School in which I was bred and brought up. My soul shall flie out of this bodie, wholly innocent, discharged of infidelitie, into the bosom of my Ancestours, and the honour of my life shall be conveyed into the ashes of my Tomb.* These words mixed with his bloud, stopped his mouth and life with one and the same seal.

Notable Act of *Boleslaus. Cromer* lib. 5.

Nobilitie of *Eleazar.*

Excellent speech of a noble man. 2 *Machab.* 6. *Cæpit cogitare ingenitæ nobilitatis canitiem, atque à puero optimæ conversationis actus.*

Behold you not a Nobilitie worthy the sight of Angels, the imitation of great spirits, and the admiration of the whole world?

The third REASON.

Drawn from the greatness and dignitie of Gentlemen.

SAint *Augustine* hath spoken very prudently, discoursing upon the presence of God, to wit, that of necessitie it behoveth us to be virtuous, since we are perpetually discovered by the eyes of the great Judge, before whom neither the bottomless abyss, nor hell it self hath darkness enough to hide us. If this exercise of the presence of God were as familiar to us as it is effectual, it would be a powerful motive to cleanse all the impurities of our intentions and affections, and quickly would give us leave to arrive at the top of perfection. A wise *Hebrew* said very well, to extirpate sin from the earth, it behoveth every one to figure himself a great eye, always wakeful upon our actions, an ear always open to observe our words, a hand indefatigably ever writing and summing up the account of our works. But seeing our soul, while it is in this mortal habitation, folded up in flesh

Aug. Sol. 14. *Nobis magna indita est necessitas justè rectèque vivendi quia cuncta facimus ante oculos judicis cuncta cernentis.*

Wise Counsel Ribbi in Apotheg. Hebræ.

flesh and bloud, stirs it self but lazily to the consideration of things purely spiritual, expecting the senses by which she operateth, should give her the alarm; God, all-wise, all-good, serveth himself with an efficacious means to fix us in the contemplation of his presence, which is the consideration of men in themselves, the most perfect images of God that can be found in this great universe. By how much the more we are encompassed, and as it were shot through with the eyes of beholders who view, serving as witnesses of our actions; so much the more doth our obligation of perfection increase. The greater part of sins are committed for want of witnesses, saith very pertinently a grave ancient Writer. If *Venus* should make a veil of clouds to cover all her favorites, (as fables imagined) the earth would soon be filled with adulterers, and quickly become a *Gomorrah*. Nothing dismantleth vice so much as its own nakedness; take the mask from it, and you bereave it of the means of progression.

Maxima pars peccatorum solitur si peccatorum testis auferat. Sins committed for want of witnesses. *Senec.*

It is from this point I intend to draw the first reason, which bindeth the Nobilitie to great perfection, especially those who are of state and dignitie, seeing that how much the more they are eminent in honour, so much the more they are proposed as an aim to the eyes of all the world. If a little planet happen to be eclipsed, who can tell the news thereof, but some cold-foundred Mathematician, who perchance beholdeth it in the shadie obscurities of the night? But if the least change happen that may be to the Sun, every one lifteth his eye to Heaven; he cannot make a false step, but the numberless numbers of men which inhabit the four quarters of the earth, do observe it. The like thing is seen in the life of Great men, and private persons. If an Hermit in his Cell suffer himself to be transported upon some motion of choler, who knoweth it but his cat or table? And if it be a religious man in a Covent, his imperfections are manifested but to few, which would be of force to cherish their vices, if they did not take their aims rightly levelled towards God. But as for great ones, all the eyes of men are fixed upon them, nor can they suffer eclipse but as suns; so darkening the whole world with their shadie obscurities, that they, who in their own errour have eyes of moles, are *Arguses* and *Lynxes*, to see and censure the actions of men of qualitie. Great men vitious, resemble King *Ozias*; they all carrie their leprosie upon their forehead. Then I demand of you, this admitted, that they cannot hide themselves no more than the Sun, and that they all have honour in special recommendation, fearing the least blemishes of fame; do you not behold them between the desire of honour, and fear of contempt, as between the hammer and the anvile, enforced, as it were, with a happy necessitie to do well, since to do ill is so chargeable?

Life of Great men enlightened.

You will say unto me this intention were impure, to carrie ones self in praise-worthy actions by the paths of humane respects; to which I agree: But withal adde, it may easily be purged and freed, if you prefigure in your mind, that so many men as watch upon our actions, are so many messengers of God; if you consider them not as men, but as Angels of this Sovereign Majesty, who are assigned for the inquisition of your actions. This contemplation well imprinted in your spirit, shall by little and little proceed, rarifying the most gross thoughts, as the Sun-beams do the vapours of the earth, and you shall change this necessitie you have to do well, by the honest enforcement of those who enlighten you, into a will so free and dis-interessed, that you will ever after put on a resolution to remain in the lists of virtue, although all the world should be blind. You will resemble the Sun, who placed in Heaven by the Creatours hand, if happily he one day should chance to have no spectatours of his light, would shine as radiant for the eyes of a Pismere or silly Bee, as for the greatest King in the world. S. *Augustine* maketh mention of an old Comedian, who in his younger days, after he had a long time played in the Comedies, which those blind Idolaters had instituted to the honour of their gods, with the general applause of the people, the glory thereof did so intoxicate him, that playing for the gods, he acted all as for men: when he grew old, and not so followed by his ordinary troup of Auditours, he went to the Capitol, and made much ado to play his Comedies alone before the statues of his false gods: doing all (said he) then for the gods, and nothing for men. If this poor Pagan had not failed in the principles of true Religion, he had hit the mark. It is true, men many times serve to polish our actions; their presence is to us a sharp spur, which makes the spirit to leap, and bound beyond it self. The like whereof is seen in Oratours and Preachers, to whom their Auditorie sometime serves as pipes to Organs. Such penetrate the clouds, born upon the wings of the wind, who otherwise had low flagged in the dust, void of the estimation of men. It would be a miserable vanitie to have no other aim, than always to play for men, and never for God. It is fit that all these creatures should serve us for ladders, to mount up to Heaven. And this it is wherein men of state, who are in eminent place, have much advantage; they are in a great Theatre, which is to them a powerful spur to do well; yea so forcible, that it was a wonder admired by the judicious *Cassius Longinus*, to hear it said, that a Grecian Captain, seeing himself in a dangerous encounter, involved in night and death, desired not of God the safeguard of his life, but onely so much day as might suffice to see himself die valiantly.

Aug. de Civit. Dei. l. 6. c. 10. *Doctus Archimimus senex jam decrepitus, quotidie in Capitolio Mimum agebat, quasi libenter Dii spectarent, quem homines desi erant.* An observation of S. *Austine* upon a Comedian.

Longin. περὶ ὕψους, Ajax.

Behold the force of this motive, to give up a life the most pretious thing in the whole world, to enjoy one glimmer of a day-light, which could serve to no other purpose, but to enlighten his death. Then, Noble men who are seated in dignitie, I leave it to you to conclude, if you, perpetually being in the mid-day, and in the rays of so many as behold you, who illustrate your life, and make your death lightsom, have cause or not to slacken or grow remiss in the course of perfection.

For the second reason I say, the foyl setteth off the sparkling of the diamond, and greatens the lustre of virtue. How doth a man know what he is, if he see not himself in the occasions of good and ill? The triumph of virtue, as *Plato* said very well, is to have sin in power, and virtue in will. To be able to sin, to be thereunto sollicited by attractive pleasure, and yet not to commit it; this is all which a good man can do. A solitary life is not alwaies laudable, if it be not guided by divine and super-natural helps, as that of Saints. For what honour is it for a retired man, to have this Epitaph of *Vacia* inscribed upon him: *Here lyeth he, who fled from the world and the affairs thereof, confined to himself by the miserie of his passions, who could not endure any man to be more happy than himself: who hid himself for fear, who in present liveth not, either for another, or for himself, but for his belly, sleep and pleasure.* Behold a poor praise, and which well sheweth, virtue doth not alwaies consist in the flight from greatness, but in the conquest over passions, which is by so much the more glorious by how much the adversaries are more invincible. *Theophylact* said, that gold is like the river *Rhone*, for one cause; which is that anciently those warlike Nations inhabitants of *Germany*, used it to prove their children in, as we use to trie gold with a touch-stone. As soon as these little creatures were born, they carried them to the *Rhone*, and plunged them in that river, and then knew by certain signs given by the child, either in wrestling with the waves, or in shewing

Erit illi gloria æterna, qui potuit transgredi & non est transgressus. Eccl. 31.

Epitaph of *Vacia. Qui res & homines fugit, quem cupiditatum suarum infelicitas relegavit, alios felliciores videre non potuit, qui velut timidam, atque iners animal metu oblituit: ille sibi non vivit, sed quod & turpissimum, ventri, somno, libidini.* *Senec.* ep. 55.

Theophylact. in Collectan. Græc. Epi. An excellent passage of *Theophylact.* χρυσὸν τοῦτο φασὶ καὶ ἀκρατὴς καὶ ἀκήρατος ἔλεγχος.

ing much terrour and affrightment, whether he would be couragious or cowardous. He that bare himself bravely in this merciless element, was their true son. Men are not tried in *Rhene*, said this learned Authour, to see whether they be men, but in *Pactolus*, in a river of gold: place them in honours, reputation, in affluence of riches, this will procure you a never-erring judgement of their virtue. What knoweth one how he, who is born and bred all his life time amongst cobwebs, would use cloth of gold if he had it? What knoweth one how humble a man may be, who is as soon found in misery as in nature, by the course of his lineal extraction? Who knoweth how abstinent one would be in the full delicacies of a great feast, who hath never seen upon his table but cabages and turneps? Who knoweth how temperate another would be in commanding over men, who never hath exercised his power, but over dogs and calves? It seemeth all virtues, either are no virtues, or are stifled in a low condition, if we speak morally. But to see a man poor in spirit in abounding plenty of riches; humble in large trains of attendants, which he daily beholdeth prostrated at his feet; temperate in a thousand occasions of excesses which hourly are presented to him; moderate in a fortune ever upon increase; peaceful in the clattering clamours of affairs; uniform and equal in the vicissitude of humane accidents; a man who can do all he would, and will do nothing but what is reasonable; a man that suffereth not his appetites to flie like little butter-flies, fluttering amidst the concupiscence of creatures, but limits them in the lists of modesty, and not touching the earth but with the soles of his feet, fixeth the better part of himself in Heaven; this is to behold a perpetual miracle.

Great virtue of Great men

August. tract. 13. de verbo domini.

Magna virtus est cum felicitate luctari, magna felicitas à felicitate non vinci.

We must then necessarily aver, if we will not belie our judgement and reason, that in the greatest occasions of ill, is shewed the greatest reflection of good. Great felicities are so ticklish, that it is more easie to live on the dung-hil of *Job* with patience, than in the mannage of great Kingdoms with moderation. Saint *Bernard* said to Pope *Eugenius*, *He is truly great on whom fortune hath smiled, and not deceived him.* It is a heavie burthen to bear a great fortune. This is daily seen in the spirits of this Age: there needeth but a little sparkle of felicitie to dazle their eyes, to puff up their skin, to drench them in pride, in ingratitude, in tyrannie, in a deluge of dissolutions. One sole hour, which a favorite may have in the prosperitie of the Court, will make him forget a friendship of thirty years standing; a most evident mark of a weak spirit. On the contrary, to pass from a poor garden, into a Kings Palace, as *Abdolomin* did, and handle the Scepter with the same humilitie of heart, without prejudice of authoritie, that one would do a spade, is a virtue which rarely hath an example upon earth, but is admired in Heaven it self. It is a virtue which cometh to men from the treasures of God, not from their pedegree. It is the faireſt object, which the Sun drawing aside the curtain of the night, discovereth upon earth. And I doubt not, but the divine providence hath purposely held some religious Monarchs in the world, as our S. *Lewis*, for example to declare how high Christian perfection may ascend, which is to plant humilitie upon the diamonds of regal crowns; to lead in Court an Hermitical life; to command greatnes and humilitie, which seldom are of alliance, mutually to embrace as sisters.

Bernard. ad Eugen. l. 2. *Magnus cui præsens felicitas si arriſit, non irriſit.*

Abdolomin.

Adde for the third reason, which is received by the common consent of all men living in the world, that tribulation serves as a fornace for virtue: the more stout and masculine it is, the more it glitters in affliction. What knoweth a man that hath alwaies been bred in a lazie languishing life, as the trees of *Sodom* in the dead sea, with what measure perfection is measured? Prosperities are like a veil tissued with gold by the fingers of fortune, to cover the ulcers of vice: and adversitie is the Theatre of generous spirits, who feed themselves with afflictions, as the Sun with salt water. What a glorious spectacle is it to behold, saith S. *Cyprian*, an invincible courage counter-buffed with storms and tempests, on whom it seemeth Heaven will burst and fall in pieces, to behold him, I say, amongst the threats of the air, ruins of the world, alwaies standing upright, as a great brazen *Colossus*, scorning these as mists, and small flakes of snow?

Prosperitie.

Cyprian de mortal.

What a brave word is it, to hear a man say in a world of contrarieties, which oppose him, *God be praised, who hath deemed us worthy to serve as a trial of humane nature, to see to how high a pitch patience could mount?* What a Majesty it is to be able to bear this fair ensign, wherewith our *Lewis* the Twelfth, with a generous affection was much pleased, which was a celestial cup, advanced in rays of gold, amongst eclipses, with this motto, *Inter eclipses exorior.* And surely virtue never shineth so much as when she is in eclipse; which it seems the Holy Ghost would mysteriously signifie in these words of *Job*: *Thou brave spirit who struggleſt against tempests, thou ſhalt find thy noon in the evening, and when thou ſhalt eſteem thy ſelf annihilated, thou then ſhalt elevate thy ſelf as the morning-ſtar.* It is a wonder that in this passage, he useth an *Hebrew* word for two purposes, signifying two contraries, to wit, to shine, and to be darkened. It is to shew us, that obscuritie which cometh from adversitie is a true and perfect light.

Quanta ſublimitas inter ruinas generis humani ſtare erectum. Sen. de provid.

Digni viſi ſumus Deo in quibus experiretur quantum humana natura poteſt pati. Typotius in Symbol.

Quaſi meridianus fulgur conſurget tibi ad veſperam, & cum te conſumptum putaveris orieris ut lucifer. *Job* 11. 17.

עֵרֶב

A worthy letter in *Job.*

It then being admitted, which all mouthes do preach, and pens do write, that adversities are necessary to make up a great virtue; we will thereon conclude, that perfection will be more suitably accommodated to the lives of Great men, than any other though never so good, since they are those, who daily are exposed to the greatest hazards. The crosses of religious and private men, are but meer paper in comparison of those which happen to the Great men of the world. The learned *Sineſius* saith, they are illustrious on every side; one while they mount as high as Heaven, another while they descend even to the abyss; their change is never in the mean, and their fortune is pointed out in extremities: this manifestly declareth, that as their fortune hath no bounds, so they should not limit their virtues. O men of honour, it is a brave thing to see you courageous in disasters, as Eagles, who flie confronting that part of heaven where raging tempests most reign, not unlike Dolphins, who leap and bound with full carreer in the tumultuous waves; or as vast rocks, who erect their crests against the clouds, and mock at the foamie waves billow-beating their foot. This is truly the element of virtue, resembling the pretious stone, called *Ceraunia* by the *Grecians*, as one would say, the Thunderer, for it is bred among thunders, and is found in places, where Heaven all swoln with anger, hath cleft the master-piece of the worlds great magazin. So after the black vapours of obloquie, after the mistie clouds which have dis-coloured our reputation, after envie, rage, after brutish furies, after oppressions of innocencie, after the death of kindred, after faithlesnes of friends, after disgrace, after thunders shot from the Capitol; when you behold a heart firmly fixed in a fair situation, which enfoldeth it self within it self, and sucketh in the rateful sweetnesses of a good conscience, then behold a thunder-stone, which gladdeth Angels, and dazleth eyes fearful of his lightening flashes.

Sineſius de regno ad Arcadium.

Θαῤῥεῖ μεταπίπτει τὰ ἀδύνατα.

Ceraunia.

Conclude then upon this whole discourse, that greatnes is the very element of great virtue; and if you yet hereof doubt, learn the same from the authoritie of God, who hath judged greatnes so necessary an object for virtue, that he hath conducted

all his greateſt ſervants to perfection, if not by the enjoying of greatneſs, at the leaſt by contempt thereof; and never had they been ſo great, if ſtruggling with greatneſs, they had not ſcorned to be great. Our Saviour, to ſhew he was the example of perfection, would appear great in refuſing a world, which Satan had (as it were) unfolded before his feet. He would the virtue of the greateſt of all men, ſhould appear in the refuſal of the greateſt of all titles, when S. *John Baptiſt* denied the name of Meſſias. He ſheweth the greatneſs of his faithful ſervant *Moſes*, in the contempt of *Pharaoh's* kingdom. He gave *Nero's* Court to S. *Peter*, and S. *Paul* as the Amphitheater of their glorie. He likewiſe many times hath drawn Hermits from the unfrequented deſarts, to make them mannage great matters in the Cataſtrophe of their lives, in the palaces of Princes; ſo neceſſary it is to have to do with greatneſs, to act ſomething important. If God hath transferred to Court (as it were on the wings of impetuous winds) thoſe that were by birth and profeſſion alienated, to work wonders there; what Theatre (O ye Noblemen) expect you more ſuitable then this, to place virtue in her faireſt ſeat? Or what obligation can you have more ſtrictly binding to perfection, than your ſelves?

The fourth REASON.

Proceeding from riches.

IT was a thing very ſtrange amongſt the plagues wherewith *Ægypt*, ever bent to reſiſt the ſpur the more deeply to wound it ſelf, was chaſtiſed by the angrie hand of God, to behold *Nilus*, that great and goodly river wholly become bloudie: but yet more marveilous to ſee that from one and the ſame river, the *Ægyptians* drew bloud, and the *Iſraelites* a lively and chriſtalline ſtream. *Joſeph* Antiquit. Jud. l. 2. c. 5.

The like ordinarily is ſeen in the lives of good and bad rich men. The bad draw into their ſtore-houſes gold and ſilver, heaped one upon another by rapines and violence, as in a river conſiſting of the veins and bloud of the poor. The good, in the honeſt abilities which Heaven hath graciouſly given them, find pure water, which they ſuffer to diſtil for the publick good, as through the conduit of their liberalities. All that which the holy Writ and eloquent tongues of the Fathers thunder out, repleniſhed with threats, horrour, and malediction againſt riches, is not underſtood but of thoſe whereof the vices of men, and not the condition of the things, have made the uſe damnable. Such riches are deceitful ſhadows, which cover an apparent good under an undoubted evil: they are hands, that take their Maſter by the throat; they are poinyards with a golden haft, which delight the eyes with vain ſeemings, and pierce the heart with mortal wounds; they are precipices, furniſhed with precious jewels, ſuch as *Heliogabalus* deſired to illuſtrate his death with; they are hights, which are not meaſured but by their falls; they are deadly poiſons ſteeped in a golden cup. For this cauſe *Euſebius Emyſſenus* ſaid: Poor man, who admireſt thoſe that are on the top of the wheel of the favours and riches of the world, whereunto they have aſcended by iniquitie, are maintained by violence, and cannot deſcend but by headlong ruin! How blind are you to have thoughts ſo unmanly and unworthy of a Chriſtian? *Eſteem you a frantick man to be ſtout and couragious, who ſtabs himſelf with a poinyard? Say you, he hath a brave ſteddie hand, who hits his own heart right with a daggers point? Say you that man is happie who holdeth the ſhadow of good in his hands, to produce to himſelf an eternitie of evils? Who hath ever ſaid, He who nimbly mounteth on a rock to precipitate himſelf, was an able man? Who hath ſaid, ſeeing him on the ſteepie cliffs top ready to fall, This man is happie, all the world hath an eye upon him? Who hath ſaid of him, that hath a golden cup in his hand filled with poyſon, This man is fortunate to drink in ſo rich a goblet?* And you yet daily ſay the ſame, when you behold a man in the iniquitie of ill gotten goods covetous, ungrateful, diſloyal, perfidious to God and men; you think him happie, and ſee not that he twiſteth his own ruin in threads of gold and ſilver. Such riches are damnable. It is true. But who maketh them damnable? The perverſe diſpoſition of men. Take away vice which is not of the eſſence of riches, you will find they are a great prop to virtue, and a powerful motive to perfection, for thoſe that poſſeſs them. It is to you, Noblemen, to whom S. *Hierom* (a) addreſſeth this worthy ſaying: *To you it appertaineth to have riches, to tread them under your feet, and not carrie them on your head*: the more they are under you, the more they raiſe you, and the more they elevate you to perfection. The reaſons are manifeſt and pertinent.

(a) *Hierom.* Epiſt. ad Demetriadem. *Veſtri generis eſt habere & calcare divitias.*

Firſt, it is a matter very difficult to preſerve a great virtue in a great povertie, it being given but to very few ſouls; yea, and to thoſe of the beſt temper. The poorer ſort ordinarily have ſo much employment to think how to live, that little time remaineth for them to think how to live well. The bellie that hath no bread, hath no ears; and precepts of wiſdom are found very ſhort and inſufficient, among people perplexed and over-whelmed with want. A father of a family who beholdeth poverty in his houſe, beſides a multitude of children ranked like Organ-pipes, whom he muſt cloath, feed, and provide for; who ſeeth creditours attending on him at their day, ſergeants dogging him, proceſſes that afflict him, cattel caſually to die on the one ſide, his houſe utterly to ſink on the other ſide; his debts not payable but with bankrupting, and rents to fail him at a need, hath full enough to do to caſt time, as the proverb ſaith, behind his back. Neceſſitie many times is the mother of vice, and when one hath no more goods, he is in danger to do that which is not good. Behold why the Wiſe-man asked of God, if not great riches, at the leaſt exemption from povertie. You who have, be it great or indifferent means, are not brought into this penury, if you call not that a penury, when you cannot ſatisfie an exorbitant concupiſcence, which hath no other pleaſure than exceſs, nor other bounds but infinitie. You ſee in your houſe a ſettled eſtate far diſtant from the multitude of diſcontents, under which ſo many mortal men do groan; ought not this to ſerve you for ſome ſmall motive to perfection? See you not in *Geneſis*, how God, willing to exerciſe *Adam* in a contemplative life, cauſed him to find at his firſt coming, houſe, table, bed, and cloath laid? If it had then behoved him to take pains to get his dinner, and build himſelf a houſe, as little birds do their neſts, then had he had pain and care; but to the end he ſhould have full liberty for his Maſters affairs, God took all obſtacles from him, that he might have no cauſe to accuſe any man in his miſerable misfortune, but his own ingratitude. O you Noblemen, God uſeth you as *Adam* in terreſtrial Paradiſe, he ſuffereth you to eat the corn at eaſe, which others have ſowed, and the wine which others preſſed; he cauſeth your meat to come to your tables, as if it were born by certain inviſible engines; he holdeth the elements, creatures, and men in breath, not onely to ſupply your neceſſities, but your well-beſeeming accommodation: and can you then think he requireth a thing unreaſonable of you, if giving you all things above other men, he would have you virtuous as other men?

Difficulties of the poor in virtue.

Mendicitatem & divitias, ne dederis mihi, tribue tantum victui meo neceſſaria, ne neceſſitate compulſus furar, & perjurem nomen Dei mei. Prov. 30. 8.

Priviledges of Nobilitie.

Secondly I ſay, poor men, admit the caſe they be not

Euſebius Emyſ. Hom. de Sancta Epiphania niſi ſit Epiſcopus Rhegienſis. *An tu hunc hominem potentem & felicem vocas, qui in ſuam mortem fortis eſt? Cui proventuum fallax umbra præſentium æternorum congregat cauſas malorum? Quis beatum ſibi putet, qui tam diſerit validam in ſuum jugulum dexteram? Quis laudet velocem ad arcua præcipitia feſtinantem? Quis ejus miretur aſcenſum, quem de ſummo proſpicit eſſe caſurum? An illum felicem vocas qui gemmato atque auro ſibi poculo venena miſcet?*

not so pressed with painful necessities of life, and that time passeth with them a little more sweetly, they may perhaps deafly attend devotion in the silence of a little family, but their virtue is not strong enough in the wing, to take a long and distant flight, nor have they arm enough to undertake great enterprises. Their little authority maketh their words not to have much weight, nor their actions (how laudable soever) to be of power to draw others to imitate them. Besides, rich men sometimes have an avertion from doing well, for fear they should have virtue common with the poor, from whom they would (if it were possible) be separated even in elements; but great men are ever powerful to authorize good works. I leave you to think, if many not through malice, but by the servile slavery of complacencie, do praise even their vices and imperfections, what will they do with their virtues? For we must not suppose, (as saith the Wise-man) that the state of hell is wholly established upon earth, and good conscience eternally banished: many are vitious more through infirmitie (as not being able to resist the tyrannie of opinion and custom) than out of affection they bear to vice. If it happen, rich men advance the standard of piety, all the world rangeth themselves under their banner: some that were willing and not daring to do it; others though unwilling, were drawn along with a swinge of superiority, which they would not contradict. This is an argument which I will hereafter deduce more at large, when I shall speak of example. And from hence, O you rich men, judge, if God giving you such a liberty and reputation to do well, you make ill use thereof, what neglect you fall into, when you employ your authority to raise vice with a strong hand, and put virtue in dis-estimation. Anciently pearls were called ushers, because they made way for Ladies who were adorned with them. Rightly may now riches bear the like name; every where they are obeyed; every where they make place: it is a good reason, if all the world serve them for ushers, they do the same office for piety, without which all their goodly lustre will be but unjust pillage. Then shall they potently reign, when they have restored virtue to her throne.

Authoritie of great men to strengthen their devotion.

Pearls are ushers, saith *Seneca.*

Finally, to conclude with a third, and in my opinion the most formal reason, which evidently declareth how riches are absolute obligations unto you of Christian perfection: it is, that God seemeth to have enchased all in the charity which is exercised towards our neighbour: *Give alms, and behold your selves wholly pure.* This practice of giving alms is so excellent, that God hath chosen no other for himself. His nature is to give, and to do good, as fire to heat, and the sun to illuminate, saith the eloquent *Synesius.* And to speak unto you the richest word which ever came out of the mouth of a Paynim: It is *Plinie*, who after he had well wandred through all sects of Philosphers, describing the essence of God, pronounceth this goodly sentence, *That the greatest divinitie is, to see a mortal man oblige his like, and that it is the shortest way to arrive at eternal glorie.* We also see in the Canticles, the hands of the Spouse compared to golden globes, which in them hold the sea enclosed. These hands are of gold, to denote to us the munificence of God, by this symbole of charity: *His hands are globes made round*, there is nothing rugged, clammy, or bowed; nay they are smooth, neat, polite, to pour his blessings incessantly upon men. They always emptie themselves, and are always repleniished; for they are filled with a sea of liberality which never will be exhausted.

Luc. 11. 41. *Date Elemosynam & ecce omnia munda sunt vobis.* Alms the works of God

Ayaθoy ἐστὶ τὸ εὐεργετεῖν ὅμοιον τῷ θεῷ. *Synes.* in Epistol.

Deus est mortali juvare mortalem, & hac ad eternam gloriam via. Plin. l. 2. c. 7.

Cant. 5. *Manus ejus globi aurei, pleni mari.* Where our translation saith, *manus ejus tornatiles, aureæ, plenæ Hyacinthi.* Hands of God a golden bowl full of the sea.

God then having bounty so natural and intrinseal in him, will needs see it shine in his servants, and therein establisheth salvation and perfection. Which admitted, who seeth not, O you rich men, you have a particular obligation above all others, since God hath elected you to be the Stewards of his goods, the messengers of his favours, and the conduits of his liberality? Religious men, who have given the tree and the fruit all at once, have nothing more to give. The indifferently rich are ordinarily full of appetites, and produce no effects. You have power in your hands to discharge the duties of all the world, you have met with the Philosophers stone, you have the books of a heavenly alchimy in your coffers, you have a golden rod, which can turn the durty pelf of *India* into celestial substance. Consider what greater ties of duty can you have, what more pressing necessity to be perfect, than to have the instrument of perfection in your full power? Perswade your selves no longer that riches are impediments of glory and salvation; for this unhappiness proceedeth not but from corruption and ill custom; if you take them on a false byass, they are of lead, to drench and drown you; if on a good, they are feathers to bear and lift you up to Heaven. Prophane storie maketh mention of one *Sesostris* King of *Egypt*, who triumphantly rode in a chariot drawn by Kings, he was so swoln with the success of his prosperities. It was to take the way of hell in the chariot of pride, so to triumph; but you may in the chariot of charity, all glittering with gold and silver, harnessed out with poor men (each person whereof representeth the Sovereign King who raiseth all Imperial sceptres) take the right way of Paradise, and that by the means of riches. Then judge whether they lead to true felicity or no. *If you love these terrene things, you do well; love them boldly, but as the objects of your glorie, as the instruments of your salvation, as a gift of your friend, as a benefit from your Master, as the earnest-penny of your spouse, as the pledge of your predestination.*

Chariot of *Sesostris* applied to the rich. *Pharios currus regum cervicibus egit.* Luc. l. 10.

August. med. *Si ista terrena diligitis, ut subjecta diligite, ut famulantia diligite, ut numera amici, ut beneficia Domini, ut arrham sponsi.*

The fifth REASON.

Drawn from perfections of the bodie.

IT is a lamentable misery to behold, how sin hath so perverted the nature of things, that it not onely giveth ill under the appatance of good, but also sometimes evil effects to that which is good. Behold for as much as concerneth the perfections of the bodie, (not speaking here of health, or strength, wherewith the Great-ones are not always the best provided:) beauty, grace, or garb, which seem to be more connatural to them, they are so cried down by the corruption of manners, that one knoweth not what apt place to give them either among things good or evil. S. *Augustine* speaketh with indifferency in these tearms: *Beauty of bodie is a benign gift of God, but he bestows it often on the bad, that the good may not deem it a great good.* Not onely the writings of Saints, and of most austere religious, have made great invectives against beauty, but even those who at other times have with passion praised it, condemned it, as soon as they became wise. *Petrarch*, that worthy spirit, after he had adored a humane beauty, doth suddenly cast down the Altars thereof under his feet, and dis-avowed in ripe age, that which foolish youth had made him vehemently commend. For what saith he not in his book of the vanitie of the world, which he entituleth the Remedies of Fortune? *You who establish your glorie in the beauty of the bodie, know, you have an enemie under your roof, and which is worse, a flattering and with-delight-tempting enemie. You harbour a thief, who stealeth your repose and time, two the most pretious things of the world. You lodge an executioner,*

Lib. 15. cap. 22 de Civitat. Dei. *Pulchritudo corporis bonum Dei donum sed propterea etiam id tangitur malis ut magnum bonum videatur bonis.*

Beauty condemned by idolaters themselves. *Petrarch.* l. 6. de remed. Dialog. 2. *Habes hostem tuum domi detestabilem, & blandum: habes raptorem quietis, tortoremque perpetuum: Habes materiam laboris uberrimam,*

who

discriminum causam, fomentum libidinum, nec minorem quærendi odii, quàm amoris aditum. Habes laqueum pedibus, velum oculis, alis viscum, superficie tenus fulget decor multa, fœdaque tegens & horrenda levissimæ cutis obtentu, sensibus blanditur & illudit.

Who always will hold you to the rack and torture. You entertain a subject of toil and affliction, a motive of warfare and contention, an incendiarie of sensual appetite, which is no less capable of hatred than love. This deceitful beauty putteth a snare on your feet, a veil over your eyes, and bird-lime on your wings. It is a superficial grace, which covereth with the smooth delicacie of the skin loathsom and horrible stenches; so with her poison charming the drunken senses. Another (*a*) saith, it is the nurse of love, the spur of sin, and that virtue lodged with beauty, hath always a slippery foot, as being in the house of a dangerous hostess. S. *Chrysostom* (*b*) in an Homily which he made upon the vain beauty of women, hath delicate observations, not being able sufficiently to admire the sottishness of those cold-starved Amorists, who hasten to roast themselves in the ashes.

(*a*) Tab. d'inconst.

(*b*) *Chrysost.* homil. de vanit. pulchr. mulieb.

Κόνεως κάλλιον τὸ σῶμα. Defence of beauty as the gift of God.

Notwithstanding all these sayings of wise men, we must affirm that beauty and graceful comeliness of bodie, is a great gift of God, able to do infinit good, when they once hold correspondence with sincere virtue: and therefore they rather ought to be esteemed among the motives of well doing, than the instruments of mischief, it being unreasonable to condemn a benefit of God the Creatour, for the abuse of men, since no man blameth the candle that clearly burneth in the house, though butter-flies sindge their wings in it. For proof whereof I will produce three reasons onely, which seem forcible enough to convince the understandings of wise men, and evidently declare to all those that are endowed with corporal beauty, the injurie they do to God, when they abuse the beauty of the bodie to the hinderance of the soul, and drag the gifts of God along in the dust.

First it is undoubted, that to attribute the work of corporal beauty to any other original than that of the wisdom and goodness of God, were to apostatize from Christianitie, and to ranck ones self among the *Manicheans*. God necessarily approveth beauty, since he himself is the authour thereof. He hatched it in his bosom, as light in the East, and distributively spred it upon all the creatures of the earth, as the rays of a bright day. Man hath been from the beginning the best provided for, since God hath made him as it were a Scutcheon whereon he hath pourtrayed all the titles of the most excellent beauties of the world. *Origen* saith, he is fair as the firmament, which we see enameled with so many stars, that resplendently shine, as torches lightened before the Altar of the Omnipotent. S. *Chrysostom*, that the Angels are the morning stars, whereof mention is made in *Job*, who incessantly praise God, and men are the evening stars, fashioned by the hand of God, with the same beauty in proportion to do the same office. And S. *Ambrose*, that God the Creatour, for singular testimony of love, hath granted to man the same graceful habiliments with which he himself is garnished, all which are nothing but beauty. Behold whether this be not highly to raise the merit of beauty? I adde hereunto also two considerations very pertinent, which *Favorinus* hath judiciously observed in the book he composed of the excellency of man. It is, that the Creatour, who hath given beauty to man in proportion, hath by the same mean impressed in his heart a love so tender, that every well understanding man would rather desire to be reduced to nothing, (an estate which some have less accounted of than that of the damned) than to be translated according to the imaginations of *Pythagoras*, into the form and figure of some ugly and monstrous beast. The other reason is, that the wisest Nations (as he observeth) detesting the beastlinesse of those, who have clothed the Divinitie in shapes of beasts, have made expresse decrees, forbidding all painters, gravers, and image-makers to represent God in any other figure than of man. And the reason they give is very admirable: for you would say if you heard them, they had already some knowledge of this great alliance, which should be made between the Divine and humane nature, when they said, *That God was not a lover of horses or birds, but a true lover of men, and that he was much pleased to be conversant with those who were most virtuous and capable of his presence.* Ponder with your self whether this beauty (which God from the infancy of the world hath so carefully lodged in man) ought not to be esteemed an important thing, and a strong motive to virtue?

Natural beauty of man praised by Poets.

Origen in hæc verba. *Vocavitque Deus cælum firmamentum. Homo ipse cælum est.* Job 38. *Chrys.* in Genesim. *Quæ major dignitas quàm ipsam hominem vestibus indui, quibus ipsemet dominus, juxta illud: Dominus regnavit, decorem indutus est? Ambr.* l. de digni. human. condition. *Favorinus.* l. de excellentia hominis. Excellent observations of *Favorinus.*

Θεον δ' φιλιππου μεν ου φιλορνιν, αλλα φιλανθρωπον ὀντα τοις ζαφερωτατοις ἀγαθοις εθελειν συνειναι.

For the second reason I say, that God making use of it in good occasions, it is an infallible mark he approveth the nature thereof; for never doth he purposely make use of things unlawful, to make the greatness of his counsels and works succeed. Now it appeareth, that he oftentimes hath chosen beauty as an instrument of his wonders, a lightening-flash of his power, a bright torch of his victories. As when he purposed to stay the violent stream of *Olofernes* arms, he could with an omnipotent hand have touched the rocks, and made men to rush out in armed equipage, yet notwithstanding without stretching his hand to any other miracle, he railed the beauty of a widow, to triumph over the flourishing legions of the prime Monarch of the world, and himself added a certain air, or gracious garb of attractive parts in *Judith*, to surprise this barbarous commander, drunk with love and wine, in the snare of her eyes. He fought with the self same engine, with the same arms against the proud and insolent *Aman*; for when he was ready to command the throats of infinit numbers to be cut, as sheep marked for the slaughter, God set a frail beauty before him, which made him leap from the height of fortunes wheel, to the strangest calamitie that may be imagined, and changing in an instant King *Ahasuerus* from a Lion into a Lamb, confirmed the safety and liberty of her people.

Beauty an instrument of God.

Judith 10. 4. *Dominus hanc in illam pulchritudinem ampliavit ut incomparabili decore omnium oculis appareret.*

Esther. 8.

Would you have greater proofs, of the estimation which God maketh of beauty wedded to virtue, than his affording it so glorious triumphs? Hath not the Son of God consecrated the same in his own most illustrious Person, and in that of his most holy Mother, whom ancient traditions (joyned with the interpretation of the Fathers upon the texts of Scripture) shew to have been endowed with an admirable grace and singular beauty, to serve even as an adamant to captivate hearts, and sweetly range them under the yoak of the Gospel? I am not ignorant, that *Clemens Alexandrinus* thought our Saviour was willing purposely to deprive himself of corporal beauty, as from the possession of riches, searching out in all things the greatest lowlinesse; but in this proposition he hath grounded himself upon a passage of the Prophet *Isaiah*, which describing the Savior of the world, in the day of his passion saith, *We have seen him, and he had neither favour nor beauty.* This foundation is ruinous, and this Authour doth no otherwise than as a painter, who to represent the Moon in her proper nature, should delineate her in her eclipse. Other Authours, grounded on this passage of the Psalm 44. *speciosus forma præ filiis hominum*, assure us our Saviour expresly selected for himself an excellent beauty of body, and a supream grace of speech. *Nicephorus* relateth certain lineaments of his stature, colour, and proportion of his bodie, which he drew out of antiquitie, in all parts lovely and specious. And S. *Epiphanius* speaking of the beauty of the blessed Virgin, saith, She was Majesty it self. Judge, and behold, since God (voluntarily despoiling himself of honours, riches and greatness of the world, to give us an example of humility) would notwithstanding sanctifie beauty in himself and

Clemens Alex. pedagog. l. 3. c. 1. αἰσχρον τιν ὀψιν γε γενεσθαι.

Errour of *Clemens Alex.*

Isaiah 35. 2. *Vidimus eum, & non erat aspectus.*

Nicephor. l. 1. c. 40. Beauty of our Saviour.

and his Mother, what value you ought to set upon this Heavenly gift, and whether it be lawful for you to profane it. Moreover I affirm, that the Creatour hath not onely cherished beauty, but hath likewise held in account the instruments employed to the service thereof. It is a wonder that in Exodus he commanded *Moses* to make a brasen bason, with a foot to bear it, for the Priest to wash in, and to furnish and adorn it with looking-glasses, who kept (as it were) centinel before the gate of the Tabernacle: To what purpose was it to fasten these mirrours in a holy place, to this sacred vessel? *Theodoret*, Saint *Cyril*, and *Procopius* observe, that the Ægyptians went to the sacrifices of *Isis*, clothed with a linen garment, holding a scepter in one hand, and a looking-glass in the other, and that the *Hebrew* women afterward appeared in the desert in the same manner. But God, who would shew the spoils of *Ægypt* were reserved for his greatness, caused them to lay aside these mirrours, to consecrate the use of them in his own Tabernacle. The *Hebrew* Interpreters yield another reason, to wit, that the *Israelites* seeing themselves to languish in *Ægypt*, in the setters of a painful bondage, had resolved to abstain from the act of marriage, that they might get no children to inherit their misery. But God, who intended another web, different from that which the thoughts of men wove, stirred the women, who tricked and adorned themselves so well with these Ægyptian looking-glasses, that they enkindled the chaste loves of their husbands, buried under the ashes of their servitude, to produce a posteritie, by help whereof the Nations of the earth should be blessed. And this action of the women so pleased Almighty God, that he afterward caused these mirrours to be placed in his Tabernacle, which they had used to grace that beauty, which had been the cause of so much good. It then being so, see you not God hath made himself a favourer, and a protectour of corporal beauty; who then dare to condemn it?

Fecit labrum aeneum cum basi sua de speculis mulierum, quae excubabant ant ostium Tabernacli. Exod. 38.8. Mirrour for women. *Theodoret* in Catena Zephyr. *Cyrillus* de spiritu, & veritate. l. 9. *Procopius* in Exod.

Power of beauty.

In the third place, I adde, this command which beauty exerciseth over hearts, is not a thing due to human forces, to the end that nature become not ambitiously proud; it is God who (as it were) imprinteth with his finger upon the foreheads of men, and especially of great ones, the beams of grace and majestie, to make them more reverenced of the people, which he doth to excellent purpose; but the creature sinisterly abuseth the gifts of the Creatour.

Maximus Tyrius saith, that a fair soul in a fair bodie is as a river, that windingly creepeth with many wavie turnings within the enamel of a beautiful meadow, and ravisheth the whole world with the admiration of its excellency. A brave Oratour in a Panegyrike he made of *Constantine*, who was one of the goodliest Princes of the earth, saith that nature was sent of God as a gallant Harbinger, to compose a bodie for him suitable to his great spirit, as a stately house for a beautiful Ladie in it; and that onely this exteriour form made him to be beloved and esteemed of all the world, no less then a God descended from Heaven. Which is also much more admirable in the other sex. How many Monarchs, after they had with horrour terrified the world, have been seen to become tributaries to a mortal beauty, captives to their slaves; and how many to buy out their bondage, have yielded at the feet of silly women, to do services, and commit follies unworthy to be remembred on paper? *Bathsheba* was neither a Lion, a *Goliah*, nor a *Saul*, yet notwithstanding with the glance of an eye, she powerfully quelled him who tore Lions, trampled *Goliah* under feet, and resisted all the arms, power and legions of *Saul*. The *Philistines* found not cords strong enough to bind robustious *Samson* in; yet *Dalila* quickly captived, and fast tied him with one hair of her head. *Solomon* had a heart as deep as the sea, yet women found the bottom of it. It is a wonder what *Pythagorical* transmutations this beautie of bodie maketh, which causeth it to be acknowledged and esteemed every where a true tyrannie without an executioner, as *Carneades* calleth it. Doubtless the impostures, the sinister intentions, the unchaste loves, the abuses which are affixed to beauty, proceed from the sleights of Satan, and depraved will of man: but the lustre and commanding power thereof, is the real gift of God, which operateth that in humane bodies, which the Sun doth in the clouds, to form a Rainbowe in the Heavens.

αποταμὸς καλὸς λειμῶνι ἐοικὼς ῥεῖ ἐυῤῥοος.

Beauty of *Constantine*.

Tecum milites vident, admirantur & diligunt, te quaerunt oculis, animo tenent, Deos se obsequi putant, cujus tam pulchra forma est, quam certa divinitas.

Carneades apud Lactantium.

Ladies, think hereon; you to whom God hath imparted this grace, this delicate composition of bodie, whether it be not a great motive to you, to serve him well, and to employ it wholly to his glorie? You shall be accountable for your beauty at the Judgement-day, even to the least hair of your head. If you harbour an ill hostess in this goodly mansion, which God hath builded for his service, a wicked soul, an unchaste soul; if you make glorious vaunts of borrowed coyn, of a fading flower, the spoil whereof time, age, sickness, and death will divide between them; if you display a scandalous nakedness, to kindle the fewel of lustful affection; if you seek the courtship and unlawful love of men, with a gift which is not yours; if you so often consult with your looking-glasses, and take so much pain gaudily to dress and attire your selves for a meer vanitie, which you turn into an absolute profession, you shall be the marks of the wrath, and vengeance of God. This great Justicier, will suffer this malediction pronounced by the Prophets, to fall upon you, That your carkasses shall one day be drawn out of their tombs, shall be shewed to the eyes of Heaven, and to the rays of the Sun; and it shall be said, Behold the bones of them who heretofore have boasted the frail beauty of a little white skin, spred over these corrupt impurities! Worms and serpents now triumph thereon, as in a town taken by force, the bodies are a prey of putrefaction, and the souls have hell for their tomb.

Abuse of damnable beauty.

Ejicient ossa de sepulchris & expandent ea ad solem. Hier. 8.

O what a Catastrophe is this? Preserve your beauty for God, men love it as the hunters the flesh of the bore, but God cherisheth it as his Temple. Handle the matter so, that all the extent of its reputation and power may be limited to the service of it's Creatour. It shall have command sufficient, if it obey him that created it. A good Authour relateth, that a strong town debauched, was heretofore reformed by the beauty of women, who seriously addicting themselves to virtue, never beheld any of all those with a good will, who required them by the way of lawful marriage, that had not first ranged themselves in the lists of devotion and piety. This was an effectual means to extirpate vice, and gloriously advance the standard of perfection in such sort, that in short time the face of the Citie was seen to be changed. Practise the same, and God will bless your beauties, when they shall offer all their homage to his Altars.

Lud. Vives.

The sixth REASON.

Drawn from the beauty of the soul.

Excellencies of the soul remarkeable.

THe beauty of the bodie compared to that of the soul, is but as a candle in comparison of the Sun. All the greatness, Empire, and signorie of man, doth onely flow from the excellencie of the soul, as a streaming brook from the fountain head. If the bodie be a fair shell, the soul is the pearl.

pearl. If the bodie be the lantern, the ſoul is the light. If the bodie (as S. *Ambroſe* ſaith) be the triumphant chariot of the peaceable *Solomon*, the ſoul is the Queen, which ſitteth thereon to guid and govern it. If the bodie be as the green moſs of ſome ſea-neighbouring rock, the ſoul is the diamód, which within hideth it's luſtre. It is the well-beloved of God, which is fallen from his mouth into this mortal priſon; it is that which advantageouſly is marked with his ſtamp and image, it is that which beareth the rays and exteriour lineaments of this great Majeſty; it is that on which the Creatour hath diſtended his royal purple, as is ſaid in the Prophet *Ezechiel*: And this royal garment is no other, than a collection of all the perfections of creatures, contracted in the ſoul of man, as the figure of the world would be in the circumference of a ring. And as heretofore *Aaron* the High-Prieſt of the old law, bare upon his robe the whole world, embroidered and heightened in Gold-ſmiths work: in the ſame manner our ſoul beareth in its liveries all created excellencies, which are moſt lively repreſentations of the perfection of the Creatour. The Seventie Interpreters in the fore-alledged place of the attire of the ſoul, called it by the word τρίχωμα, which is very obſcure; our Tranſlation ſoundeth it, a thin and ſlender garment; *indui te ſubtilibus*: *Origen* deriveth it from the Greek word θρὶξ which ſignifieth hair, as it were ſaying, that this habit of the ſoul, is an attire woven with moſt fine hair, & ſo ſubtile, that the moſt ſtrong and ſharpened ſights, cannot penetrate the contexture. Faith teacheth us it is a ſubſtance, which is not ſubſtance of Elements, nor ſubſtance of God, but a ſubſtance created of nothing by the Word of God, reaſonable, intellectual, ſpiritual always active, always lively, ſo capable, that nothing but God can repleniſh it. He that will know more than the eternal Wiſdom hath revealed, and will not believe it immortal for his glory, ſhall feel it immortal by the eternity of puniſhments, ſaith S. *Auguſtine*. It is not my preſent purpoſe to ſpeak either of the excellency or immortality of the ſoul, having fundamentally treated theſe queſtions in other diſcourſes: I onely ſpeak of this part of the ſoul, which we commonly call the ſpirit. It is undoubtedly true, that all men have one ſoul of the ſame kind, but very different in their functions and qualities. In ſome this their ſoul ſleepeth perpetually in fleſh and fat, and abideth as a ſword beſet and garniſhed with Diamonds, always ſheathed in a ſcabard of ſtraw and morter, without a ſtroke ſtriking; all we can do, is to find ſome ſparkling glimmers of common ſenſe and reaſon therein. In others this ſoul glittereth and twinkleth from its moſt tender years, afterward it penetrateth the clouds, and diveth into bottomleſs abyſſes, with great promptneſs, fervour, and vivacitie; and that is called the ſpirit, which ordinarily we behold in great and noble men, excellently well thereunto diſpoſed: for they are for the moſt part docible, intelligent, capable; from whence I draw a great motive of the obligation they have in this point ſeriouſly to diſpoſe themſelves to virtue.

Conſtantine the Great, heretofore made a law, by which he forbade to adorn the Countrey to the prejudice of the Citie: *If any bodie after the publication of this law, be found to tranſport the ornaments of Cities, to wit, Marbles and Columns, to Countrey-dwellings, let him be deprived of the poſſeſſion thereof.* Oh alas! Our ſoul is the Citie of God, garniſhed with ſo many fair embelliſhments, titles, trophies, ſo many triumphant arches, ſo many graces! Yet notwithſtanding, O Noblemen, it often happeneth, you forſake the Citie to build in the Countrey, to leave your ſouls barren, languiſhing, bare and naked, whileſt you in the mean time ſtretch all your ſinews, all your veins, to the decking and eaſeful commodities of the bodie. You deſerve to be deprived of your poſſeſſions and inheritance, ſince you manure it ſo careleſſly.

I will onely propoſe two or three reaſons, to demonſtrate how unworthy a thing it is, to apply a noble ſpirit to trifles and ſottiſh toys, which eaſily may be proved, but not ſufficiently commiſerated. Firſt, it cannot be denied, but that every thing which exceedeth the limits of its own nature, thereby becometh very irregular: we ſee all the elements, plants, beaſts, and all creatures of the world, do conſtantly hold the ranck, which God the Creatour appointed them. The fire always retaineth its heat; the water though it be boyled on burning coles, returneth to its natural coldneſs: honey aſſumeth not the nature of wormwood, the Lion playeth not the Ape, nor doth the Eagle become an Oſtrich, to trail her wings on the ground. Now the nature of the ſpirit, how much the more noble and elate it is, ſo much the more it ought to transfer it ſelf to the conſideration of things divine, to wit, from whence it cometh, whither it goeth, what within it ſelf it acteth. *This is* (ſaith the Oracle of *Roman* Philoſophie) *an infallible mark of a divine ſpirit, when it pleaſeth it ſelf to diſcourſe of things divine, and is entertained in theſe contemplations, as with her familiar and peculiar affairs.* Judge then what indignitie it is, to bury this vigour and light of the ſpirit, which God ſo freely hath communicated to you, in frivolous employments and petty fopperies, which diſcolour the luſtre and honour of your name. What a ſhame it is to ſay this Sovereign hand hath moulded man to be the King of creatures, and he betraying his nature, maketh himſelf the Comedian, the mimike ſtage-player of all creatures, acting all ſorts of perſonages but the good, and that which his own excellency is obliged unto. Which verily is the ſame the great *Tertullian* deplored: *Man is the work and image of God, who having apoſtatized from his Creatour as well in mind as bodie, maketh himſelf an Actour of all the evil perſonages in the great Comedie of the world.* Yet that ſeemeth more tolerable in perſons who are not eminent, either in judgement, learning, or ſpirit; but Great-ones, whom God hath created advantageouſly to tranſcend all others, and who ſhould live and converſe among men like Angels, to play the Hogs and Monkeys, abaſing themſelves to I know not what kind of childiſhneſs of ſpirit, and to a life corrupted with the curious delights and voluptuouſneſs of the bodie; conſider (I pray) whether this be not a thing as unreaſonable in its own nature, as prodigious in the effects.

Secondly, It is to do a great wrong to ones ſelf, to live in ſuch faſhion; yea it is a meer frenzy which is not made probable to any man, but by the multitude of mad men. See you not very well, that to employ ſome rich and precious inſtrument, to a baſe and ſordid uſe, is an act of a man who hath loſt his wits? If you ſee a great Monarch employ his purple robe to ſtop an oven with, and his ſcepter to ſhake hay, you would crie, Out upon it: and yet the ſoul which God hath given you, incomparably more precious than the purple and ſcepter of Kings, you ſuffer to wallow in the filths of fleſh, you apply it to perpetual idle diſcourſes, to vanities, quarrels, and revenges. Is not this wholly to abuſe the gifts of Almightie God? It is ſaid, *Nero* took delight to dig the earth with a golden ſpade, and when there was queſtion about cutting the *Iſthmus* of *Corinth* (a deſign which long time troubled his brain) he went thither, led on with muſical violins, holding in his hand the golden ſpade, with which he began in the ſight of the whole world, to break the ground; a matter which ſeemed ridiculous to the wiſeſt living in that Age. For my own part, I find it more ſtrange, that a noble ſpirit ſhould amuſe it ſelf in things

The ſoul clothed with royal purple of God. Ezech. 16. *Expandit amictum meum ſuper te.*

τρίχωμα.

Aug. Solil. 30.

What the ſoul is.

Si credit immortalis eſt ad vitam: ſi non credit immortalis eſt ad pœnam. Id. de Symb. ad Catechume. n. 3. c. 3.

Spirit, wherefore?

Law of *Conſtantine* Cod. Inſt. l. 8. tit. 10 *Si quis poſt legem hanc civitate ſpoliata, ornatum, hoc eſt marmora, & columnas, ad rura tranſtulerit, privetur ea poſſeſſione quam ita ornaverit.*

Abuſe of ſpirit, how reprehenſible it is.

Senec. præf. l. 1. natur. quæſt. *Hoc habet argumentum Dei initatio ſuæ, quod illum divina delectant, nec ut alienis intereſt ſed ut ſuis.*

Man a Stage-player of the world.

Tertul. de ſpect. c. 2. *Homo omnium flagitiorum actor non tantum operis Dei, verumetiam imago eſt, & tamen corporis & ſpiritus à ſuo deſcivit inſtitutore.*

A great indignitie in the abuſe of the ſpirit.

Folly of *Nero*.

Mauſonii dialog. de Neron.

things frivolous and impertinent. For, to dig the earth with gold, was to bring back gold to its course, since it first sprang from the entrails of the earth: but for a heavenly spirit to delve in ordures, stenches and dung-hils, this is it which is wholly inexcusable, especially in the Nobilitie.

Sacrilege of fair souls.

In the third place, I say that such manner of proceeding is manifest sacrilege, for two reasons: the first is, it retaineth wickedly and traiterously, a thing sacred, for a profane use. S. *Augustine* in an Epistle that he wrote to *Licentius*, a young man of a noble spirit, which a little too loosely he abused in the vanities of the world, presseth this argument in these terms, *If by chance you had found a golden Chalice in the streets, you would take it from the ground, and give it to the Church, otherwise it would be a sacrilege. God hath given you a soul all of gold, so excellent it is, so delicately purified; and you use it as an instrument of sensuality, and make of it a vessel of abomination, wherein you present your soul to Satan as a sacrifice. Fear you not the anger of God?*

Aug. Ep. ad Licentium.

Si calicem aurum invenisses in terra, denarei illum Ecclesia Dei. Accepisti à Deo ingenium spiritaliter aurum, & ministras inde libidinibus, & in illo Satanæ propinas teipsum.

The other reason is, You not onely with-hold a vessel consecrated to the service of the Omnipotent, but you attempt upon the image of God himself. This fair spirit which he hath given you, as the flower and quintessence of your soul, is a true character of the Divinitie, and you hasten to prostitute it to publick affections. Remember, I pray, it hath heretofore been held a capital crime, to carrie the Emperours picture into a place undecent, or uncleanly: and expressly *Paulus*, a man of eminent qualitie, as one who had been Pretour, was accused and prosecuted as criminal under *Tiberius*, for that he took a chamber-pot into his hand, having a ring upon his finger graved with the Emperours form. And can you think it will be lawful for you to carrie, not a dead figure, but the living Image of your Heavenly Father, into the impurities and pollutions, which your exorbitant passions extrude, as the scummie froth of folly? Is not the blame most formidable, which God by the mouth of the Prophet *Ezechiel*, pronounceth against an ungrateful soul, in such manner abandoning it self? *Ingrateful and wicked as thou art, thou then hast dared to take away the most precious vessels framed of my gold and silver, to make masculine idols, and so to satisfie thy fornications. Thou hast caused my oyl to burn, and incense to smoke before their altars.* What ingratitude is like to this? Alas, what idols are daily made of the gold and silver of God, when so many brave spirits are employed to figure chymeras and monsters in their own sensual wills? What oyl burneth, and incense smoketh before the devils altar, when so many talents, so many perfections, are unprofitably wasted in vice and vanity? In the mean time, the 70. Canon of the Apostles excommunicateth those, who onely bear oyl to the *Jews* Synagogue, or the Paynims Temples. And in what account shall we hold the Christians, who make a perpetual sacrifice of all the faculties of their souls, to the corrupt vices and follies of the world?

Images of Emperours, how much reverenced.

Senec. de benef. l. 3. c. 26.

Ezech. 16. 17. Et tulisti vasa decoris tui de auro meo, atque argento meo, & fecisti tibi imagines masculinas, & fornicata es in eis; & oleum meum, & thymiama meum posuisti coram eis

Abuse of an idolatrous spirit.

Si quis Christianus oleum tulerit ad Ædes gentilium, vel Synagogam Judæorum festis ipsorum diebus, aut lucernas accenderit, de societate pellatur. Canon. Apost. 70.

Wise men affirm, that beside the fire which shall devour the bodies and souls of the damned for ever, there is a hell of science and conscience, which shall particularly torment those who have been endowed with a generous spirit, and have ill employed it. When *Adam* opened his eyes to see his nakedness, his spirit and knowledge served him for a keen knife to transfix his soul, his ignorance in that kind was a great part of his felicitie. What disastrous misery shall then befal those unhappy spirits of the damned, when they shall know their abilities, all the good things they might have done, and all the ill they have done? Although all the flames and tortures should surcease, they would find their hell in the eye of their own knowledge, and in their own understanding. *No eye to a man is more troublesom than his own. It is that which the cloudie conscience desireth most to avoid, and can least do it,* saith S. *Bernard*, speaking of the eye. Ponder hereon (O Noblemen) whether this motive meriteth not to be seriously considered. Hell vomiteth up brave spirits, who after they have served for instruments of vice, are now become the food of flames. Augment not the number. The knowledge of God, of ones self, and the studie of virtue, is a fair employment of a Noble spirit, wherein man cannot be too seriously busied, nor more fruitfully.

Hell of science.

Bern. l. 3. de consider. Nullus enim est oculus sibi, neque suus, neque aspectus quem tenebras conscientia sua non suffugere magis velit, nisi non possit.

The seventh REASON.

Proceeding from Courage.

OF all these reasons before alledged, which serve as a spur to the Nobilitie, seriously to imbrace perfection, I see not any comparable to Courage, which is a force of spirit, consisting in two principal points, as *Aristotle* and S. *Thomas* observe, to wit, to undertake and suffer great things with judgement, and by the excitement of honesty. This courage among all the excellencies of the spirit, is powerful, elate, stirring and astonishing: and very well S. *Ambrose* compareth it to the river *Tygris*, which among all streams hath its current most swift and violent, so as with an unresistable impetuositie, it combatteth and surmounteth all obstacles opposed against it. *Thus* (saith he) *Courage flieth through perils, breaketh throngs, and works it self a passage through a world of contrarieties.* This courage is an Eagle which confronteth storms, a Lion which oppoſeth all violences, a Diamond which never is broken, a Rock which scorneth waves, an Anvile which resisteth all the strokes of the hammer. It is a thing which with admiration ravisheth heaven and earth, to behold in the flesh of a frail and feeble man, a spirit to make trial of all accidents, which is amazed at nothing, which surmounteth all difficulties, and which would rather cast it self into the gates of hell with undoubted loss of bodie, than into the least suspition of remisness. This striketh the spirit with admiration, and be it either in military actions or civil, Courage is highly valued, though success always answer not good enterprises; and enemies most cruel are enforced to admire a valour and vigour of spirit, that never bowed under an evil which it was not able to vanquish.

Aristot. 3. Eth. 22. q. 125

Courage compared to the river *Tygris* by S. *Ambrose.*

Ambros. in hæc verba. Gen. 2. Nomen fluminis tertii Tygris, Quodam cursu rapido resistentia quæque transverberat, neque aliquibus cursus ejus impedimentorum haret obstaculis.

Greatness of Courage.

The Historie of *Herodotus* relateth, that one called *Calimachus* in the battel of *Marathon*, being found by the *Persians* stuck all over with arrows like a hedge-hog, standing boult upright amongst a heap of dead bodies, as if he had been under-propped by the counterpoize of the same arrows, they were so astonished with the dauntless valour of this dead man, that they held him as immortal. Never did *Seneca* so demonstratively shew the strength of his eloquence, as in praising the courage of *Cato*. This man (saith he) hath not opposed, nor fought with savage beasts; it is for hunters: He hath not pursued monsters with fire and sword, he lived not in an Age in which it was believed, that a man supported Heaven with his shoulders. Behold why he was not esteemed as a *Hercules* nor as an *Atlas*, who notwithstanding fought with greater monsters than *Hercules*. He carried another manner of burden than did the fabulous *Atlas*. He alone combated against ambition (a monster of many heads) against the vices of a degenerate Citie, and which daily, like an old house, was sinking with the excess of weight. This incomparable man supported the *Roman* Common-wealth, as long as he could; yea even when it fell into the

Herodot. & Suid. in voci. Death of *Calimachus.*

Senec. de constantia sapient.

A notable praise of strength of Courage.

Stetit solus, & cadentem Rempublicam quantum modo una

vetrabi manu poterat retinacu-la: donec vel abreptus, vel abſtinalus comitum ſe ruinæ dim ſuſtentato dedit.

A ſingular commendation of *Cato.*

abyſs of a thouſand lamentable confuſions, he yet held it up with a hand prompt, always upon the brink of the precipice; and not being able longer to under-prop it, over-born as he was by the violence of miſchiefs, he choſe his tomb in the ſepulchre of his Countrey. What greatneſs, what Majeſty! Undoubtedly courage hath ſo much luſtre and glitter, that obſtinacy it ſelf, which is a vice in all things elſe very hard and rude, being clothed with the mantle of courage, findeth much reputation amongſt men. Now this generoſitie of which we ſpeak, is a faithful and an inſeparable companion of true Nobilitie. All great men ordinarily have a courage very high, and even as certain brave *Lacedemonians* were born from their mothers womb, with a lance pourtrayed and characterized upon their skin; ſo all Noblemen ſeem to bring magnanimitie into the world, from the day of their birth. This might be a marvellous motive to lead them in a ſtraight and direct line, to great and valiant actions, were it not that the evil ſpirit inſtantly ſpreadeth a film over their eyes, and makes them feel impreſſions of meer ſluggiſhneſs, under the falſe veil of courage.

A lance graven on the skin. *Dion. Chryſ.* Orat. 4.

Two things, O Noblemen, will make you exactly accountable before the juſtice of God. The firſt, to abuſe this gift of courage with vanity. The ſecond, to defile it with cruelty. The one ſavours of childiſhneſs, the other of barbariſm. What can one imagine more weak and childiſh, than to have received a courage from God, capable to conquer Heaven, and to employ it in petty fopperies, wherein the thoughts better part, and the daysactions are waſted, to court a Ladie, to gormandize a banquet, nicely to quarrel upon the interpretation of a word, to ſuck up wind, to feed a fond curioſitie with other affairs, to buy plumes of feathers, to cenſure mens apparel, to dreſs himſelf up for dancing, to play at dice, to hold a racket in a Tennis-court, to play the Buffon in a feaſt, to utter a ſecret, to forge a calumnie, to envie one greater than himſelf, to deſpiſe equals, to baffle inferiours, and a thouſand other ſuch like exerciſes, which are the ruſt and moth of the ſpirit. Behold into what, theſe brave courages, which ſhould plant the Flower-deluces in the eaſt, are diſſolved. Is not this a ſhame? Is any thing more puniſhable, than ſo to abuſe the gifts of God? Is it not a goodly thing to behold in Poets a *Jupiter*, who hath forſaken his fiery chariot and winged horſes, letting all go at random, in the mean time to buſie himſelf in painting upon the clouds, ſometimes Goats, Apes and Centaurs? Behold what Great men do, when forſaking the duty of their charges, and the obligation of their profeſſions, they vilifie themſelves in inferiour actions, beſtowing therein a great part of their time, and (as it were) their whole ſpirit.

Baſeneſs of courage in certain Noble men.

A *Jupiter* painting goats on the clouds, what it ſignifies. *Philoſt.* in Apolon. lib. 21. cap. 10.

Vanity would alſo be more tolerable, were it not that it changeth into cruelty, which is apparent in the beaſtly quarrel and bloudy duels, that transform the nature of men into a brutiſhneſs abſolutely ſavage and tyrannous. We muſt draw iron out of the entrails of the earth, to make it (as it were) firſt to bluſh with ſhame, before it be ruddy with bloud, to ſee it ſelf employed to ſuch a uſe, to behold it ſelf ſharpened by the hands of men, to cut and transfix men: differences muſt be determined with the loſs of life. Theſe miſerable creatures, ſometimes for the interpretation of a word, ſometime through promptneſs of ſpirit, provoke one another to ſingle combat, they ſend a letter of challenge, the place of meeting is appointed; they chooſe God-fathers, as if they would make a baptiſm with a ſacrifice of furies, they procure Seconds, who well ſee, that to go upon cold bloud to hazard their lives in an unhappy combat, againſt a man that never had offended nor known them, is a ſublimitie of folly; notwithſtanding on they go tyrannically, led along by the laws of vain honour, which hath no other foundation but the ſottiſh brainſick-folly of men. All of them have for the moſt part more outward ſhew than malice, their hearts tremble with cold fear, in the conſideration of the peril to which they expoſe themſelves, yet their lips leave not to ſound vain-glorious bravadoes. They ſeek out ſolitary places like Sorcerers, and ſometime they go by Moon-ſhine to act this hateful outrage, not ſeeing at all, that God beholdeth them with as many eyes of vengeance, as the firmament hath ſtars. At the end of all this, they think to do an act full of courage, moſt Heroick and manly. What ſhall we ſay here? that this paſſion is a rage more than brutiſh, which hath for inheritance the death of the bodie, the eternal and irrecoverable loſs of the ſoul, the inevitable anger of God, the indignation of Kings, the thunder of laws, the execration of the juſt, the malediction of heaven and earth? No, this is not it which I now intend to ſpeak. For ſeeing I treat of generoſitie which obligeth the Nobilitie, firſt to Almighty God who giveth it, ſecondly to virtue which ſeeketh it as a moſt neceſſary inſtrument, I muſt ſhew that in this action of duels, pretended to be all courage, there is nothing leſs than courage in it. And although they were not liable to the vengeance of God, for being infringers of laws both divine and human, by this deteſtable manner of proceeding, yet they would be ever greater culpable, to blaſt and defile with this abject humour and remiſs ſpirit, the gift of courage, which is particularly granted to them out of the treaſury of Heaven.

Reaſons.

Againſt duels

I know not what falſe ſpectacles are clapt over the eyes of the Nobilitie, by the ſpirit of lies, forged in the ſhop of hell, which oftentimes make them to take glaſs for Diamond, and a Keſtrel for a Faulcon. Yes verily, you have a certain bird in the myſterie of faulconry, called the Hobby, which coupleth with the race of Faulcons, Goſhawks, and Sparhawks: Yea this wretched bird doth alſo mix with the Saker and Lanaret, ſhe flieth after the Faulconers, and hovering over the field, if the dogs ſpring ſome little bird, ſhe ſowceth upon it, making boaſts over this feeble creature, ſeeing ſhe hath neither heart nor reſolution to grapple with the great ones. Juſtly herein behold the model of a Gallant, who maketh profeſſion to preſent the letter of challenge to call others to duel: he hath degenerated from true Nobilitie and real courage, which is produced in goodly and great actions, undertaken for the ſervice of God and his King; he hath no longer left in him ought but a little fierce rebellious ſpirit, to peck at thoſe whom his own temerity judgeth more weak than himſelf. And ſhall then this man be taken for a man of courage? O Noblemen, ſee you not that true actions of courage are too high and eminent, to impart their worth and honour to lackeys and horſboys? Now it is ſo come to paſs, that there is not any inferiour foot-man nor petty groom of a ſtable, that will not watch to take revenge by duel, that will not endeavour to determine differences by ſome kind of ſingle combat. There is not any vain braggard deſcended from ignoble plebeyan parents, under the pretence that he carrieth a pen in his ear, (which peradventure might be the ſword and lance that his father or grand-father made boaſts of upon a ſhread of parchment, to gain 6 d. a day) that ſtriveth not to have a ſword of a good temper, to provoke his adverſary to ſingle combat, and the more infamous he is, the more audaciouſly he furniſheth himſelf out for this enterpriſe, preſuppoſing that this is a true means cloſely to cover his baſe condition. Anciently in the wifeſt and moſt valorous Kingdom of the world, thoſe which engaged themſelves in theſe duels, were people gathered out of the dregs and leas

Keſtrels of Nobilitie.

Duel is not an act of courage.

Who entered into duels anciently.

lees of men, ſlaves, vagabonds, and loytering rogues, furnitures for a gibbet: then judge you, if it be not a madneſs to ſay, you deſire in all things to ſeparate your ſelves far from the multitude, to enworthy and diſtinguiſh your Nobilitie, and yet in this one action alone, you leſſen and vilifie your courage, even to the condition of the moſt captive and abominable creatures of the earth.

Great want of generoſitie in duels.

You will ſay, That is true, but a man cannot refuſe a duel when he is urged. Why? Becauſe ſhame and ignominie always attend, ſay you, on theſe denials. See you not by this anſwer, you give arms againſt your ſelf, and freely confeſs that a duel is not an action of courage? For to lay apart the ordinances of the Church, take but the laws of *Ariſtotle*, a worldly man as your ſelf, and more than you, doth not he moſt pertinently demonſtrate in his Ethicks, that it is not an action of valour, when a ſouldier is valiant, while his Captain hath ſet the enemie on one ſide, and a river on the other, to enforce him to fight? or becauſe a Sergeant of a band is ready to transfix the veins of his back with a halbard, if he retire? Virtue which is not virtue, but for avoidance of diſhonour, is true puſillanimitie under the veil of falſe courage. I then demand of you, who more tyrannically aſſaulteth a man, either the Sergeant of a band, who thruſteth a ſword into his reins, or the point of honour which poſſeſſeth his brains? Without all doubt you will agree with me, that there is no tyrannie comparable to that of this mad duel, which is called *Point of honour*. And in the mean ſpace, becauſe (forſooth) this goodly Sergeant of a band enforceth you, and beareth you forward upon the hips with the helve of a halbard, you muſt haſten to a duel, you muſt go to precipitate your ſelf into the throat of hell, whereas otherwiſe were it not for the ſhame of the world, you would not ſtir a foot. Behold a brave act of courage.

Ethic. c. 8.

What then ſhall we anſwer to thoſe who provoke you? That which conſcience permitteth, and Doctour *Bannes* adviſeth; that you ſeek not dens nor cavems, that you go into every place with your head erected, and if they ſhall be ſo temerarious as to aſſault you, they may find you upon that defence which the law of nature permitteth. Behold a good anſwer for a Doctour, but the world is not paid in ſuch coyn. Anſwer them as the wiſeſt among worldlings, *Auguſtus Cæſar* to *Mark Anthony*, who challenging him in ſingle combat, he cauſed in plain terms to be ſaid unto him, that when the diſpair of the ſucceſs of his affairs ſhould reduce him to the furious rage of hating his life, yet he would find out other ways to die much more honeſt, than by this butchetly frenzie. *Yea but this is an anſwer of a coward.* This coward in the mean time eſtabliſhed the prime Empire of the world, ſtruggling by ſtrength of arm againſt a torrent both of arms and opinions, which hindered his paſſage, conſtraining the whole world to yield obedience to his valour; and he that challenged him with all his magnanimitie and courage, died in the arms of a woman; rage and effeminacie ſharing the reſt of his life, as well as the triumph of his death. Behold you not a goodly courage? *Howſoever the matter ſtands in refuſing of a duel, the diſhonour of the world cannot be eſchewed.* What is the world? A maſs of mad men. If you have ſworn to pleaſe them by ſacrificing your bloud, your life, with the damnation of your ſoul, are you not then the moſt miſerable ſlave that ever was fettered in the guives of a rigorous ſervitude? Are you not a ſoul prodigiouſly ſervile, ſo far off are you from having one ſole point of courage? *We then muſt go out of the world?* Leave it, if you cannot live without the damnation of your ſoul; be gone, break the chains immediately. *But I am too much bound, it is fit the goat brouſe where he is faſtened.* What counſel ſhall one give you? You can neither go nor ſtay. Reſolve then to live in the world, trampling under your feet the opinion of the world, ſubjecting the laws of the earth to the Empire of Heaven, and then fear not but you ſhall have courage enough.

The eighth REASON.

Proceeding from education.

ONe of the greateſt benefits which man can receive at Gods hands, is the favourable bleſſing of good education. It is it which polliſheth and puriſieth nature, as one would do a precious ſtone, wholly defiled with earth and filthy ordure; it is it which maketh men become Angels, and without it the goodlieſt and beſt natures would perpetually dwell in brutiſhneſs. The Hiſtorie of *Germanie* telleth us, that heretofore a child was taken in the forreſts, which was preſented to *Henrie* Landgrave of *Haſsia*. From four years old he had been bred among wolves, the wolves taught him to go on four feet as a bruit beaſt, he went a forraging with the wolves, he divided the prey with the wolves, he ſlept amongſt the wolves to be the more warm; to conclude, he wholly became wolf. When he came to be made tractable and tame, they were enforced to tie his hands to ſtaves, to teach him to go as men do, yet did he break all to return to the condition of a wolf: ſo powerful is the force and tyrannie of education. Another ſucking the milk of a ſow, took a ſingular pleaſure to wallow in the dirt; and lambs nouriſhed with goats milk, retain the roughneſs of hair.

Force of education.

A wolf-child.

Hereupon judge, O you Noblemen, what obligation you have to the Divine Majeſty, and what motive to tread the paths of perfection, ſince ordinarily (as I intend here to prove) you meet with all thoſe things which may conduce to the happineſs of good education. How many ſpirits think you are there in the world, that for want of education remain as diamonds buried in a dung-hill, which if once you unearth and free from ruſt and putrefaction, will ſet the ſun before your eyes? Behold an infant bleſſed with a beautiful bodie, a fair ſpirit, but yet born with a yoak on his neck, the yoak of povertie and ſervitude. The condition of his birth hath ſhut him in a cage, what means then, I pray, hath he to work wonders? As ſoon as ever he beginneth to open his eyes, he beholdeth himſelf to be born in a houſe hanged round about with cobwebs, he beholdeth his father and mother to groan under the burden of a needy life, his brothers and ſiſters to roul the ſame ſtone. There is no queſtion made of civil education, inſtruction, or knowledge; bread muſt be ſought for, ſo much ſollicitude muſt be had onely to live as bruit beaſts, that no leiſure will be found to think how to live like a man: and admit it were thought on, there are no books in this poor cottage, but rotten worm-eaten walls; no arms but the anviles of a ſhop or forge; no other muſick but their obſtreperous clatter, no other Maſter but the neceſſitie of learning nothing, no other leſſon but ignorance and miſery. Behold, ſeeing you might have been reduced to this condition of life, what have you done to God before your being, to be that which you are? He hath not been content to give you bloud, wealth, qualification, ſpirit and courage, but alſo he alloweth you the happineſs of good education, which ſetteth and compoſeth all the natural parts into a fair way.

Defect in education.

Miſery of want.

You demand of me, whether I judge ſeriouſly the education of Great-ones and men of quality to

be such? I affirm, at the least it hath all the possible means and opportunity so to be, in which consisteth the knot of obligation we seek for.

And without going further, is it not an uncontrolable proof which sufficiently declareth, that even the education of Court is worthy recommendation, to say that God, seeking out a school for the greatest States-man that ever was in the world, chose no other place than the Court of a King? You know what a man *Moses* was, how great, how eminent, how much beloved of Almighty God, who elected him to be a conduct and captain of six hundred thousand men at arms, to give him a regency over the elements, and a power to replenish the four quarters of the world with the greatness of his prodigies. What did he to breed him, and frame him to so high and supereminent a condition, to so heroick virtues? Did he suffer him to be bred as other Hebrew children, in fear, in bondage, in poverty, which overwhelm the goodliest and best dispositions, as soon as they begin to set forward? No, he brought him to the Court of *Pharaoh*, he caused him to be nourished in the exercises of Nobilitie, to swallow all the wisdom of the *Ægyptians*, who then were in reputation to be the wisest men in the world. This is it, which S. *Stephen* said in the *Acts*, *Eruditum omni sapientia Ægyptiorum.* And *Philo* in the book he hath written of the life of *Moses*, unfolding to us the history of his education, saith, he learned in the Court of the King of *Ægypt*, Arithmetick, Geometry, Musick, as well contemplative as practick Philosophie, and the secrets of Hierogliphicks. But to shew Noblemen how lawful it is to learn Court-civilities and garbs, without contracting the vices, the same *Moses* who learned all lawful sciences from the Ægyptian Doctours, never would suck milk from nurses of the same Nation, which might infuse any bad influence upon his manners. God held the very same course in the education of the Prophet *Daniel*, and of those three holy children, who planted the trophey of their faith among the burning coles of an oven; he caused them to be educated in the Court of King *Nebuchadnezzar*, he caused them to learn the Chaldaik language, to be trained in literature, to be afterwards presented to the King, well instructed in all sorts of sciences.

Education of *Moses* at Court.

Acts 7. 22. Learning, and Courtliness of *Moses*.

Philo de vita *Moses*.

Daniel and his companions bred at Court.

Pueros in quibus nulla esset macula, decoros forma, eruditos omni sapientia, cautos scientia, & doctos disciplina. Dan. 1.

From hence you may judge that education of great men, is a matter full of worth and recommendation, since God, who disposeth all with so excellent oeconomy in favour of the just, hath pleased to give to his greatest minions and favorites, the Courts of Kings for a school. And in effect, we must aver there is the best education, where the best tools and instruments of great actions are, and these are found in the houses of personages of qualitie. Education of children is begun in the choise of nurses. Poor people take such as necessity permitteth, many times surcharged with imperfections and disproportions of nature, which make corruption creep into the child with the milk; the rich and those of quality elect them with all possible advantage, which gold, credit, or authority can procure. This choise of nurses is of no small importance. The Scripture observeth that King *Nebuchadnezzar* having bee from his infancy exposed in a forrest, and nourished by a wild goat, contracted thereby brutish manners, so that degenerating into a vehement stupidity and most barbarous pride, it made him afterwards by the just punishment of heaven, return to the life of beasts, among whom he had been bred.

Why men of qualitie are best bred.

Glossa Lyr. in *Daniel. Nebuchadnezzar* nursed by a Goat.

The same happened in the person of the Emperour *Caligula*, (a portentous prodigie of man) who seemed to be born for no other purpose, but to shew the world the mischief which a great power can perpetrate in a great brutishness. It is held this corruption came to him neither from father nor mother, who both were reputed the most honest and prudent in the *Roman* Empire. But it is said, that (perhaps) of purpose to make him one day martial, they gave him a masculine brave nurse: For she was hairy on the face as man, she drew a long bowe, she ran at the ring, she curvetted a horse like a rider, but in other kinds she was mischievous and cruel, and made her little nurse-child superlatively inheritour of her vices.

Dio. Cassius. nurse of *Caligula.*

If then the goodness of nurses be one of the principal favours which happeneth in education, who will have them if not Noblemen? As soon as Ladies and Women of qualitie are ready to be brought in bed, every one will present them a nurse, every one will offer one of their own choise; there is not a visitant not gossip that will not roam from house to house for this purpose, and redouble journey after journey. It falleth out oftentimes, that after the mothers do neglect personally to give their children suck, and use so much curiositie in the election, drawn by considerations meerly terrene, that overmuch choise maketh them to elect ill. The children of rich men become draughty amongst a mass of fountains, wherewith they are presented to suck from their infancy; and those of poor men, amongst the incommodities of nourriture, grow up as saffron under hail; God counterpoizing to the one their over much solicitude of human helps, and supplying the want in the other. Notwithstanding it cannot be denied, but that a moderate choise of nurses, ever accommodated to Gods greater glory, is most available to the infant, and that persons of qualitie have this favour much more transcendent than others.

After the nurses, come the governours and governesses. The poor creatures are instantly abandoned, and cast amongst a little crew of children, their ordinary companions and play-fellows, and there have they all liberty to besmear one another as a Colliers sack. In the houses of great-ones, there is always some sage woman, who giveth the first tincture and impressions to the souls of children, and beginneth to trace on their tender hearts, the first draughts of the fear of God. When the infant is capable to learn any thing, the poor creature much wanteth instructions; for the Chariot of learning is now adays moved with the arms of gold and silver. Great men make all arts and sciences tributary to their fortune. If books be wanting, goodly liberaries are erected with money. If good teachers, all the best spirits and choisest Masters make haste to enter into the houses of Great-ones. There is not a Grammarian, Geographer, Chronologer, Rhetorician, or Philosopher will fail them. If they could not otherwise have it, but that they must fetch learning from the furthest confines of the earth, to infuse it into their brain, they would have it at what ptice soever. If they be to be trained in Militarie exercise, the bravest Academies are opened to them. If the parents shew themselves (though it be never so little) affected to devotion and virtue, they that never were bent thereto, will be plyable and seek rather to make sale thereof, than to use it.

Arts tributary to great men.

Verily you, O Noblemen, behold that the help of education is great, and wholly in your own hands. Judge now then, the injurie you do to God, and the wrong you inflict on your selves, when you abuse these bounties of Heaven. Wherein do we abuse it then? In two principal points. The first in neglecting good instruction. The second in subverting it by vice contrary thereunto. How is that? First many fathers and mothers at this day, resembling Ostriches who lay their egs in the open way without hatching them, little regard to till the minds of their children, by planting therein the fear of God, to gather afterward a rich harvest

Bad education of Noblemen, & why?

Fathers and mothers compared to Ostriches.

harvest of eminent virtues, suitable to their condition. But if a proposition be made, to expose them to the height of the wheel of worldly honours with the fresh gale of favour, then are they eagerly busie. Is not this it which the Prophet *Jeremie* did deplore, when he said, Hierusalem was cruel as an Ostrich in the deserts? Such fathers there will be found in the world, who without any guidance or direction, thrust their sons into the throng of many hazards of being undone, and will not spare to send them into the fellowship of devils, into the contempt of Religion, and loose libertie, so that it may be a degree to advance their fortune. What Christianitie is this? *Guevarra* a great Courtier, saith, that parents which so send their children to Court, without prescribing how they ought to demean themselves, and not allowing them some person, who may seasonably reprehend their imperfections, should do much better to load them with irons, and place them in the house of fools, because there they are bound that they may become more wise, and in the Court, they are let loose to make them more foolish. If a young man, have deserved the wheel, do but put him into the hands of his own will, a more butcherly executioner you cannot give him.

Filiæ populi mei crudelis quasi struthio in deserto. Thren. 4.3.

Guevarra in the Alarm to Courtiers, translated by Monsieur *Hardy*.

The other point is yet more perillous, when they are not onely neglected, but are purposely bred in pride and sensuallity, which are the two rocks whereon these young souls make ship-wrack. One of the wisest men of the *Roman* Empire, complained of the time he lived in, wherein *they first built palaces before the mouth was formed; that young boys were wrapped up in scarlet, that they grew up in litters and coaches, without ever scarce setting foot to the ground, and that their lips were kissed for having spoken some sottish foppery.* This was somewhat tolerable amongst Heathens; but to see Christian children bred up in pride, in flatteries, in perpetual apish toys, services and submissions, which raise their high spirit, is it not a prodigie? These little *Thrasonists* are no sooner out of the shel, but instantly they establish a jurisdiction in the family, they make a nose of wax of their parents, drunk with love and childish indulgence, to lead and turn them where they list; they do and undo what they please, and indeed exercise even then a petty tyrannie, to make themselves afterwards loose and unfettered Lions. And they seeing all things are permitted them, do instantly take that vogue, which depraved nature doth present unto them, they follow the track of pleasure and voluptuousnes, so fattening and engrossing their souls, that all the lustre of the spirit is wholly buried and extinct. Their household-servants who nearly attend them, seeing their favour may this way be gained, desperately corrupt them, proposing vices to them, of which they never had the least knowledge.

Great corruption of Nobilitie.

Ante palatium eorum quàm os instituimus: in purpuris reptant, in lectîcis crescunt, gaudemus si quid licentius dixerint. Verba nè quidem permittendæ deliciis, risu & osculo excipimus. Fabius Quintilianus.

Domesticks vitious, how abominable.

Hereupon, fathers and mothers, take heed; cankers which devour bodies, and pestilences which suffocate hearts, are not so dangerous as are these creatures, unworthily slavish in the most prodigious servitude that may be, when under pretext of wel-wishing, they thrust your children into vice; before their eyes are open to distinguish it. Know, that children are, as saith *Clemens Alexandrinus*, the flowers of marriage, nothing is so easie to be corrupted, a little contagious breath will tarnish and drie up all their beauty. Understand they are your possessions and inheritances: *possedi hominem, per Deum*, said the first mother of mortals. If you leave them unmanured, all over-run with thorns and briers, you shall become answerable to the justice of Almightie God. *Look well unto it*, saith S. *Hierom*, *that they carrouse not in the cups of* Babylon, *and be not strucken with the hammer, the noise whereof will resound through the earth, otherwise they will one day be nails and lances in your sides*; (as saith the Scripture) to transfix you even to the heart. In the fourth book of Kings 42. children ill brought up, were devoured by Bears, to teach parents that since they have done less than Bears, who shape their whelps by much licking and smothing them, they therefore by Bears were bereft of them: and such infants (saith S. *Cyprian*) will one day complain at the tribunal of God, saying, *The perfidiousnes of others hath betrayed us, our fathers and mothers have been our parricides.* In like manner, youth, take heed how you abuse the gift of your good education, and the many instrumental means which God hath granted you for the exercise of virtue, otherwise you shall pay the losses thereof in the length of a corrupt and miserable life, and your bones in old age shall be filled with the follies of youth, which shall sleep with you even in your tomb, and drag your souls into the bottomless precipice, from whence there is no recovery.

Education of children recommended by excellent passages of Fathers.

Clemens Alex. 2. pædag. c. 8.

Hier. ad Lætam.

Erunt vobis quasi clavi, & lanceæ in lateribus. Num. 33. Reg. 42.23.

Cyprian de lapsis. *Perdidit nos aliena perfidia, parentes sensimus carnifices.*

The ninth REASON.

Which maketh it appear, the Court is a life of penance.

AMongst the motives which the exact Masters of spiritual life propose to Religious men, to invite them to perfection, they set before their eyes, that they are all stirred up to virtue, when they already are in the arms of penance. The like with just reason we may say to Courtiers, the more to inflame them to fortifie themselves in great and glorious virtues, to wit, that arriving at Court, they enter into a house of penance, where they every day have a thousand occasions of suffering, which is the shortest way to perfection. That the Court is a place of publick penance, appeareth for the reasons which I intend now to produce. First, Antiquity hath called penance, by the word Envie, as *Tertullian* hath done, who saith, *We strike at the gates of Heaven, as with the hammer of envie*; that is to say, with penance. This name hath been given, either for that it doth make God as it were envied, if he pardon not; seeing the estate of penitents so deplorable; *Invidiam facit Deo, nisi ignoscat*, as the most learned Bishop of *Orleans* hath noted in his observations upon *Tertullian*: or for that the Latine word *invidere* signifieth originally not to see any thing, but to turn the eye aside as from a sad object; and the habit, estate and condition of the penitents was heretofore so lamentable, that the nice and curious averted their eyes from them, and could not endure so much as onely to behold them. Howsoever it be, the title of envie doth excellently well agree with the Court. That is the nest where envie hatcheth her egs, the throne where she exerciseth her Empire, the Altar where she hath many sacrifices, and were she banished from all the corners of the earth, we then should search for her among Courtiers, their life always being between the two scales of the ballance, whereof the one is called envie, the other miserie. This is it which obligeth them to an extraordinary perfection, that they may perpetually stand upon their guard, and avoid the least defect. This is it, which if they know well how to use it, doth absolutely shut up from them the gate to all excess; for if envie (according to the proverb) will offer to shave an egge, what will she not do in a meadow?

Tertul. Apol. c. 40. *Invidia Cælum tundimus.*

Penance called by the name of envy.

Envy of Court.

Secondly, the ancient Canons and Doctours of the Church, as S. *Basil*, observe five degrees of penance. The first was called *sorrow*, which was a state of tears and grones. The second is called *audience*,

Five degrees of penance among the Ancients. *προσκλαυσις, ἀκροασις,*

which was a degree to which penitents, after an infinit number of sighs, were admitted to hear the instructions and preachings of the word of God, whereof they were before deprived. The third, *humiliation*, which was when the penitents were admitted to a certain part of the Mass, but not at the Sacrifices, for they went out before the consecration, a little after the newly instructed Christians, the Priest repeating over them a certain prayer, during which time they made a low obeysance, their face bowed to the ground. The fourth degree is called *consistentes*, where the penitents had leave to hear Mass at the full length as others, but not to make any oblation, nor to communicate: for that was reserved to the last degree, called *communion*, where they obtained a full reconciliation in the participation of the holy mysteries, as the fore-alledged Bishop hath most excellently explicated.

Of these five parts of penance, Courtiers for the most part exercise those which are most irksom, and very seldom participate in the consolations of the other more sweet and benign. If penitents have a degree of tears and lamentations, where are sighs and groans more frequent than in Court, for the many disasters which ordinarily occur in their affairs? One may well apply to them that passage of *Job*, expressed in S. *Gregorie* the Great, *The Giants or men of the earth, do groan under the waters.* Out alas! how many times the poor miserable creatures, after a world of travels, pursuits and hopes, which are dreams without sleep, seeing themselves transported into disgrace, with a furious torrent of envie, sigh and mourn in an Ocean of calamities? One frown of an incensed Prince, is more formidable to them than the eye of a Basilisk, yea more terrible than the crack of a Canon. The favours they enjoy, are winged and slippery; all the contentment they can possibly receive in ten years, will not afford so much joy to their hearts, as the repulse of one sole day, coming as a stroak of thunder, afflicteth them and makes them give ground, if they have not recourse to heavenly consolations. See you not how *Absalom* reestablished in Court, yet deprived of the King his fathers sight, bare this disgrace with so much anxiety of mind, that he asked a bloudy death for his remedy? What will the look of a Lion be, if the onely deprivation of a favourable eye, be so ill to be digested? What will become of so many other contrarieties, which at every turn transfix so many brave designs, so well projected? Where will not occasion of many most bitter sorrows be found, among so divers accidents, which cause us to stand at all times prepared for blows? If penitents be in a state of humiliation, wherein, as other Interpreters observe, they not onely humbled themselves, prostrated on the earth at the Priests benediction, but they lowly laid themselves under the feet of all the world; where I pray are souls found, born more to servitude, more pliant, more abased, than the Courtiers? They bend like the fishers angling-line, they stoup, they turn, and wheel about to all purposes, that they may arrive where they pretend. They buy all their honour at the price of great submissions, their scarlet at the price of sordid ambition, and glory with the coyn of slavery. That is it which S. *Cyprian* excellently well observed: *Behold ye this Courtier, who gazeth on himself in scarlet? If you knew how many base submissions, the flashing lustre of this bright garment cost him, if you knew what scorns, what repulse, what contempts, even of such as were more arrogant than himself, he hath swallowed; how many proud gates he hath (as it were) besieged every day, going to perform his complements; and how many times he hath made himself a stirrop-holder, or foot-boy for the service of a disdainful Prince, to gain this train which now attendeth him*, you then would have more pitie of his person, than envie of his fortune. An ancient Courtier being asked, how he had grown old in Court, did not he answer: *by receiving injuries every day with thanks?* Many men fatten with disgraces, as faithful dogs with bastonadoes.

Behold how Courtiers participate with penitents in pains, and not in comforts. For penitents after many austerities come to enjoy with tasteful contentment the hearing of the word of God. A Courtier after a thousand and a thousand mortifications, shall not gain oft-times one good word from his Prince. Penitents, after they had been throughly turmoyled, came to the state of repose and consistence, but Courtiers are always upon the wheel, not finding a firm footing of constancie to fix themselves on. The penitents came in the end to the participation of mysteries; and Courtiers with all their ministries of iniquitie, seldom enter into the temple of hoped honour, and if they do enter, they find not the mysterie which can satisfie all their appetites.

Behold you not a rough penance? Behold you not a patience able to make Saints, yea Martyrs, if they did onely measure themselves with the ell of torments? *Guevarra*, who had lived in a cloyster and a Court, found the penance of Religious men was much sweeter than that of Courtiers. A religious man many times stayeth long in one house, and buildeth at his good leisure a little nest, to die in the sweet-smelling odours of good life and holy conversation: and it seemeth (said he) the malediction of *Cain*, is fallen upon Courtiers; for they are always in motion, as strangers, and every day change innes and hosteries. A religious man obeyeth but one onely, a Courtier hath so many Masters as he hath passions and pretensions, which fetter his liberty, a good never to be estimated by a valuable price. A religious man maketh an account of his demeanour to his superiour: a Courtier hath a thousand controllers of his actions. So many parts and members as the estate of the King hath, are to him so many chains, so many observances. He must (saith this Authour) serve the King, wait on favorites, visit Noblemen, court Treasurers, give to door-keepers, frugally endear Auditours, entertain Provosts, gain harbingers, flatter pay-masters, do for his friends, dissemble with his enemies. All which things infinitely exercise obedience, and attract unspeakable slavery. If a Courtier once do what he can, he is a thousand times made to do what he would not, and admit he be a favorite of the Prince, he is a slave to all the officers, and to all respects and relations by which he holds his fortunes, as if one should hold a wolf by the ears.

A Religious man maketh a vow of poverty; such a Courtier there may be found, who without vow-making, findeth himself the most part of his time miserably poor; great fortunes, yea those who carrie all at the end of their account, finding themselves hunger-starved and wretched. A poor Religious man at dinner time findeth his napkin laid, and without taking of further care, the gifts of God arrived, as seasonably as if *Elias* Crow had brought them. Such a Courtier is to be found, who oft-times lodgeth in some crooked narrow lane, he eateth on some hired table, lieth on some borrowed bed, and abideth in a chamber without door or portal, and at the end of all comes an host, who surprizeth him when he hath nothing to content him; at which time his affliction is greater to discover his povertie, than to feel it; less it grieveth him to be miserable, than to have a witness of his wretchedness. Such an one hath been seen possessed of above 2000. ducats of yearly rent, who neither had bread, fewel, spit, nor kettle in his house, but every day a register ready of great mens boards, where he might go to beg a dinner.

Quot tumentium contumeliosa vestigia ante præcessit, ut ipsum etiam salutantium comes postmodum turbat præcederet.

A notable answer of an old Courtier. *Injurias accipiendo, & gratias agendo. Senec. 2. de Ira. c. 35.*

Comparison between a Courtier and a Religious man.

Cyprian ad Donatum. Qui amictu clariore conspicuus fulgere sibi videtur in purpura, quibus hoc sordibus emit, ut fulgeat? Quam arrogantiam fastus, prius perruptis, Quam superbiæ fores matutinus salutator obsedit?

Observe us vir dicam faciem Regis, quod si meam est iniquitatis meæ interficiat me. 2 Reg. 14.

Job 20. Gigantes gemunt sub aquis.

Practise of these degrees at Court.

Estate of tears.

State of humilitie.

privatio.

consistentes.

plebis.

dinner. What beggerie is this? *Guevarra* addeth also to this specious poverty of a Courtier, that Grooms rob him, Caters bring in false reckonings, Buffons importune him, Ladies of Court unplume him, other women less honest filch from him. When every one beholdeth him unfeathered, they hasten to pull the plumes off his wings, and if his wings fail him, he no more shall have friends nor succour.

A Religious man having made a vow of chastitie, hath very great and undoubted means to observe it, provided by his rule; the chastitie of a Courtier is always in snares and combats, his battels are perpetual, his victories most rare, the obligation notwithstanding of continency sticks upon him, and his transgressions are reserved to Gods vengeance. A Religious man hath his watchings for the service of God, and notwithstanding hath his season of watching, repast, and studie all distributed with a prudent oeconomie: the Courtier hath neither repose nor repast certain, for the service of the world. He dineth when it pleaseth his *Alexander*; and his sleep is no more his own than his libertie, of which he is dispoiled before he go to bed; a thing notwithstanding so precious, that whosoever well knoweth the price thereof, would not lend it out, though he had the whole world for a pledge. A Religious man maketh voluntary abstinencies, with merit and consolation; your Courtier fasteth oftener then he would, with demerit, without comfort. Briefly, a Religious man weareth hair-cloath, and the Courtier thorns and cares, which never forsake him. A Religious Recluse, hath as it were no bodie to please but himself: a Courtier who endeavoureth to content all, many times satisfieth no man: if he hold his peace, he is a lourdane, if he speak, he is a babbler; if he spend, he is a prodigal; if a good husband, covetous; if he stay in his lodging, he is an hypocrite; if he make many visits, he is a busie-bodie; if he be bravely attended, they say he is a fool; if he eat alone, he is miserable.

In *fine* this great Courtier *Guevarra*, after he had represented the fashion of the time, and disposition of the Court most lively, draweth this conclusion, That the life of Court is not a life, but rather a publick penance: and that we ought not to call Courtiers living men, but interred alive, because they die as often as they understand that another is more in favour of the times than themselves.

Judge then upon all this which I have here discoursed, whether one ought to fortifie himself so much the more with virtue and courage, by how much he beholdeth himself exposed to great and perpetual occasions, either of sin or misery? Whether the Courtier have less obligation to virtue than the Religious, since he seeth himself at all turns in greater and more evident perils? Judge, if this be a favour of Almighty God to have a subject of penance and a fair field to exercise patience, how Courtiers herein are made happy, and how many palms they might reap, if they would adde the application of spirit, sincerity of intention, and spiritual direction to the exercises of their profession. Through the want of these virtues, thinking to gain all, they loose all, merit escapes them, and all their life the bad theefs cross abideth with them. And that which is most deplorable, is, that they adore their punishments, and like the tribe of *Zabulon*, of whom scripture speaketh, *they suck in the water of the sea as milk, and all bitterness seems sweet as sugar to their depraved tastes.*

Deut. 31. *Inundationem maris quasi lac sugent.*

The tenth REASON.

Which dependeth on acknowledgement, or gratitude.

HAd Noblemen and worldly Great-ones no other spur to incite them to perfection, but the acknowledgement of so many benefits which they have received from the liberal hand of God, it were always a potent motive to a heart truly generous, who feareth ingratitude more than death.

It is not without mysterie, that God in the beginning of the world's creation, of twelve names attributed unto him, he taketh that of *Elohim*, derived from an Hebrew word, signifying to tie and oblige, making himself at the very first known to man, even in the worlds infancy, under the title of *obliging*, to teach him that he is born among benefits, the acknowledgement of which should become natural to him. That great man *Philo* the Jew, in the book he entituled *Noës Plant*, figureth unto us a certain tradition of the Sages of his Nation, to wit, that God the Creatour, after he had framed the world as a Scutcheon of his Nobilitie, a contracted table of his titles, a mirrour of his greatnesse and wisdom, demanded of the Prophets, or the Angels then in glory, what they thought of this work; and that one among them, after he had highly commended the architecture of this goodly universe, said freely, that he also therein yet required one perfection, to see a seal upon so many brave and rich inventions. What is it (saith the Eternal Father?) I would desire (replied he) a strong voice, powerful, harmonious, which born upon the wings of the winds and clouds, upon the Chariot of the air, might replenish all the part of the world, and incessantly eccho forth night and day in praises and thanksgiving for your incomparable benefits. Verily a goodly invention, and worthy of an Angelical spirit, yet notwithstanding, God hath sufficiently provided for this defect. For framing the world as a large clock, he hath proportionably given to man the place which this celestial spirit seemed to require. And that it might not be otherwise than so, the first wheel of this great clock of the world, is the *primum mobile*, the continual motion, the secret influences of Antipathies and Sympathies, which are as it were hidden in the bowels of nature. The hand thereof, is this goodly and beautiful embowed frettizing of the heavenly orbes which we behold with our eyes. The twelve signs, are as it were the distinctions of the twelve hours of the day. The Sun exerciseth the office of the steel and gnomon to point out time, and in its absence the Moon. The lights and stars contribute thereto their lustrous brightnesse. The sea, the azure of his waves for ornament. The earth serves for counterpoize. The stony quarries, the mettals, and the plants, for an Emblem to exercise the wisest in the knowledge of this great work-man. The living creatures are the small chimes, and man is the great clock, which is to strike the hours, and render thanks to the Creatour.

God named Obliging in the beginning of the world.

A notable discourse of *Philo*.

The world a Clock, and how.

This acknowledgement of course is due to God from all men, and the failing herein is greatly punishable for two reasons. The first is, That God hath with his finger engraven it in the nature of the world. The second, That he extraordinarily recommended it in the new and old Law. As concerning what toucheth the law of nature, benefits are the wings of love, more swift than tempests; they overtake birds in their flight. We behold in history, where on one side a Stork cometh to cast a precious stone into the bosom of a maid, which had healed her of a wound; and on the other side an Eagle, that seeing the bodie of a young man burned, which had fed and cherished her, cast herself with alacritie into the flames of her enkindled pile. Good turns are golden nets, which catch the swiftest gliding fishes; we find the proof hereof, when the Dolphins assembled with troups upon the Sea-shore, where they celebrated the obsequies of one called *Ceranus*, who had before freed them from the snares of the fisher-men. Benefits are sharp-pointed arrows, which

Natural gratitude, excellent proofs of it. *Ælian. de nat. Plin. lib. 10. cap. Ælian. l. 8. c. 13*

throughly penetrate the heart of Tygers and Lions. We find it in the historie of *Androdus*, who because he had pulled a thorn out of a Lions foot, made a beast of service of him, and led him through all the Citie of *Rome*, gentle and meek as a lamb. O how strong bird-lime is a benefit! all generous birds are taken with it, there is none but some certain ill-conditioned Owls which escape from it.

Interroga jumenta & docebunt te, & volatilia agri, & indicabunt tibi. Agnovit bos possessorem suum, & asinus praesepe domini sui: Israel autem me cognovit. Isaiah 2.

Noblemen, will you think you do too much, if you should acknowledge the benefits of your Creatour, since beasts the most savage, recompence good turns received from slaves, and forgetting their nature, cannot but remember a benefit, though small? As for the written law, what virtue is more often recommended, than gratitude and thankful acknowledgement? God giveth not any benefits without preparing monuments. If he deliver his people out of Ægypt, a lamb of Passe-over, under the title of gratitude, is to be offered for ever; if he give Manna, a pot thereof is reserved in the Tabernacle; if he work wonders with *Moses* rod, it is preserved for an eternal memory. Gratitude is the key of the land flowing with milk and hony; ingratitude is a channel from whence all the plagues of heaven pour down upon rebellious and contumacious heads. Is it not very remarkeable, that the *Israelites* were more careful to carrie with them into the deserts, timbrels to praise God with, than arms to defend themselves? Praises go before curtlaxes, and all warlike engins. The Captains of the valourous *Debora*, are for the same cause termed in Scripture Notaries, because they went into the war with pen and sword. The sword to fight with, and the pen to write the praises of God. If you demand of *Rupertus*, why in Genesis, when all creatures are spoken of, there is not one word of the sphear of fire: he will answer you, that fire because of its barren unfruitfulness, is the symbol of ingratitude, and for that purpose it is not once mentioned in the place where question was made of the sacrifice of acknowledgement. If you ask of S. *Chrysostom*, why God, coming to give a law to his people, appeared amongst briers and thorns, he will tell you, it was to shew to this ungrateful people, the deformity of their ingratitude, signified by those thorny plants. S. *Ambrose* likewise observeth it was the providence of heaven, to give young *Tobie* an Angel and a dog for companions of his voyage. The Angel to do him good offices, and the dog, who is most sensibly mindful, to cause him to remember a benefit. See you not the world and the law are extended and disposed, one in his creatures, and the other in all his precepts, to impress gratitude in our hearts? One of the Ancients said, that to die ungrateful, was the most infamous death might be imagined. Would you then (Nobles) have your bodies buried in Churches, in places most eminent and conspicuous, yet spare not to make ingratitude a sepulchre for your souls?

Excellent observations upon this: *Exaltationes Dei in gutture eorum, & gladii ancipites in manibus eorum.* ὑψηλογίαι ἐν στόματι αὐτῶν καὶ ῥομφαῖαι γραμματεῖαι. *Psal.* 49. *Jud.* 5. *v.* 14. Interp. 70. Interpetum. à *Rupert.* in Genes.

Ambros. l. 6. *Hexam.* c. 4.

Marcus Aurel. 1. *Antonius* de vita sua. κάλιστος ὑγιαθος.

Adde hereunto presently a consideration well worthy to be pondered, that by how much the benefits you have received from the liberal hand of Almighty God are great and glorious, so much the more is it a hideous thing, to repay them in the coyn of ingratitude. Follow the foot-steps of the Oracle of Doctours, S. *Augustine*, pursue the practice which he used to enflame himself to grateful acknowledgements. Go ye upon the brink of abysses, and speak to Nothing, which is not at all, nor ever was, nor ever shall be. Cast up your age and demand of it, Where were you so many years? It will reply to your heart with dumb words, and tell you, That which you have been, it is. And what have you done to God, to be at this time, that which it is not? Take into your hand a Diamond, it will tell you it hath essential being with you, but it liveth not; and what have you done to God to have life above the same? Go to Cedars and Palm-trees, and you shall understand, they have life common with you, but you sense above them. Under what title was it due to you? with what money did you purchase it? Go to Eagles and Lions, and they will tell you, they have sense common with you, but you have reason, an incomparable good above them: You have judgement, memory, understanding, free-will; you are men, and they are beasts. What have you done to God to be made man? to be a reasonable creature capable of an infinite good? What have you done before your being, to be that which you are? What sacrifice have you presented, being as then in nothing, to be born into the world supereminently prelated above all the creatures of the world? Well, admit you had deserved your being: Where have you merited your well-being? Say you had merited to be men, where have you deserved to be Christians? to be selected by the hand of God from so many infinite nations which daily people hell? to be washed with the bloud of his Son, to be regenerated by the waters of baptism, to be impressed with his own stamp, to be beautified with his grace, supported with his merits, enlightened with his knowledge, protected under his wings and the shelter of his Angels, to have all the means and opportunitie to begin in the world a celestial life, and afterward to reign in Heaven for ever, and there to remain absorpt in an ocean of pleasures and felicities?

Excellent practice of S. *Augustine* to encourage himself to gratitude.

At what price have you bought all that? Are you not a jadish mule to suck such a teat, and then to kick with your heels?

Particular obligations of Noblemen.

But you say it is common to you with all Christians. I answer, the Sun is no less the Sun to you, for that it enlighteneth the eyes of a Pismear. But behold what personally toucheth you, and that which you cannot forget without disloyal ingratitude.

Nature hath cast all men in one and the same mould, all are equal according to birth, all equal in death, who useth to measure with the same ell Linsy-woolsey and cloth of Tissue. But what inequality is there in the conditions of life? It seemeth when the course of each mans estate and fortune is well considered, there is more difference between man and man, than between man and beast.

How many creatures are born ever in the fetters of miserable servitude, and salute life with a yoak on their neck? And behold you are not onely born free, but Noble, but great, but eminent, you come into the world like *Diadumenus*, with a diadem of honour on your foreheads.

How many do you behold born with very great disproportion of bodie, with bunched backs, crookedness, maladies, deformities, which they are enforced to carrie with them from their mothers womb, to their grave? And behold you are born with a bodie well composed, that nature hath framed to serve as a Cabinet for the soul, which God would lodge in.

How many stupid, gross and obscure spirits, unjoynted judgements, irregular brains are there in the world? And yet God hath given to you a spirit capable of all kind of lights, knowledges, a judgement well grounded, a faithful memory, and all the moveables of a fair soul. How many children come into the world as little abortives, and are afterward left without instruction, guid, or conduct, as lees and dregs of the creatures of the earth? And behold how all things co-operate to your education.

How many millions of mortals daily dissolve into poverty, in a wretched and needy life, in extream miseries, which make them feed upon gall, and every day to drench part of their life in tears? And behold you are born to great patrimonies, infinite riches, large revenues; behold not onely men and beasts, but all the elements also are kept in breath to con-

contribute to your ſervices, your magnificence, your felicities, your delights.

How many are at the foot of the wheel, trampled on and oppreſſed under the tyrannie of men, many times more cruel than wild and ſavage beaſts? And behold you are on the top of the wheel, behold you are upon the higheſt ſpheares of honour, feared of your enemies, cherished by your equals, adored by your inferiours; doth this ſeem nothing to you? Or if it ſeem fit to you to caſt it up with your account, tell me if you have it from your ſelves? Tell me if you were before your being able to merit all theſe favours from Heaven?

Take now the ballance your ſelf, and judge, if it be not a looſe and barbarous ingratitude to ſteal the ſilver and gold, of God, to make idols to *Baal*, to light your lamp at the Altar-fire of the Omnipotent, to make pillage afterward of his Temple, to take bread from the Maſter of the houſe with one hand, and to ſtab him with the other? And this is it which you do, when you wholly abuſe all theſe gifts of Heaven in impiety, injuſtice, ambition, luſt, envie, rage, in a brutiſh and ſtinking life. This is it, which bringeth aſtoniſhment even to the gates of heaven, and cauſeth the heavenly Father to ſpeak theſe lamentable words of *Jeremie*: *How comes it to paſs that my beel-beloved hath committed ſo many outrages in my houſe?* Have I then (O my beloved) lodged thee in my Temple, have I nouriſhed and bred thee from thy cradle with a fatherly hand, to betray mine honour and defile the glory of my Altars? See you not that in doing this, you weave the thread of your eternal ruin?

Weigh ſeriouſly (O Noblemen) what you are, what you can, what you have, what you are worth, and in good time take hold of this maxime, not to deſire to be, nor to be able, nor to be valued, but for him to whom you ow all your being.

The eleventh REASON.

Drawn from the effect which examples ſhould produce.

ON what ſide ſoever I turn me (O you Great ones) I find motives for you in every place of duty, ſpurs of honour, and inevitable obligations of virtue. Behold one of the moſt principal, to wit, Example: Yea the example of great men is one of the moſt potent charms, as well for good as ill, that may poſſibly be found in nature. See you not how the ſpirit of lies, who keeps an open ſhop of all wiles and active pliantneſs, hath not found in all hell an engin better able to ingulph mankind in a thouſand lamentable confuſions, than to ſet before him the bad example of great-ones, who by cunning ſleight and tyrannie came to that height as to cauſe themſelves to be accounted as God? Satan having ſet them upon the Altar, puts himſelf in poſſeſſion of their hearts: for coming to ſhew to theſe blind idolaters an adulterous *Jupiter*, an unchaſte *Venus*, a bloudy *Mars*, he whiſpered in their ears, The God whom you adore, and for whom you erect Temples and Altars hath done this and that, and are you better than he not to do the ſame?

The world heretofore perverted by the example of great-ones.

Depraved nature which no ſooner hath being, but that concupiſcence entereth thereinto, being already vehemently tranſported into exorbitancy by general inclination, and coming afterward to feel the ſwinge of this ſo alluring example (in thoſe who were not onely eſteemed great, but Gods immortal) ran to miſchief with full ſpeed, erected trophies of its own diſhonour, and covered its ulcers with a golden veil.

The great wit *Julius Firmicus*, hath excellently well obſerved this reaſon in the book he compoſed of the errours of profane Religions. *Is man an adulterer? He caſteth his eye upon Jupiter, and draweth from the Idol of his falſe god, the enkindling tinder of his luſt. He approveth, he imitateth, he praiſeth his god, becauſe he deceiveth a ſimple credulous maid in the figure of a Swan, raviſheth another in the form of a Bull, and afterward in another encounter, perſonateth the ſhape of a Satyre.*

Julius Firmicus de errore profan. Religion. Adulterio delectatus quis? Jovem reſpicit, & in de cupiditatis ſuæ fomenta conquirit: probat, imitatur, & laudat quod Deus ſius in Cygno fallit, in Tauro rapit, ludit in Satyro

What may be ſaid more of the force and tyrannie of example, than to ſay with S. *Auguſtine*: Not onely the vitious purſue vice in full ſpeed which leads the way, but even thoſe who have the fillet of ſhame-fac'dneſs upon their brows, ſuffer themſelves haſtily to run after the torrent of examples, and ſuppoſe to have a portion in the fortune of great men, when they have a ſhare in their vices. *I heard my companions who boaſted their wickedneſs, making themſelves ſo much the more glorious, by how much they were more beaſtly and diſhoneſt. And needs would I do as they; not ſo much through appetite of doing ill, as for complacence to be applauded for ill. It often happened to me to counterfeit the ill which I had not done, doubting to be innocent, for fear of being reputed a man of no worth, and loth to be eſteemed chaſte, leaſt chaſtity ſhould make me contemned by the world.*

Tyrannie of Example. *Aug.* Confeſ. 2. c. 3. *Audiebam eos cantantes flagitia ſua, & tanto gloriantes magis quanto magis turpes eſſent, & libebat facere, non ſolum libidine facti, verum etiam laudis: fingebam me feciſſe, quod non fecerim, ne viderer abjectior, quo eram innocentior, & ne vilior haberer, quia eram caſtior.*

Behold, O Noblemen, what power Example exerciſeth upon the hearts of men. Blame none but your ſelves, if you create not a new world, that you baniſh not vice from the earth, and make a golden Age return again. God hath placed you upon the higheſt ſteps of greatneſs, and cauſeth you firſt of all to ſee the ſtorm and calm. God hath planted you with his hand as ſtars in this goodly firmament of honour, upon your influences depend the whole courſe of this inferiour world. If they be good, they bring health, ſolace, and life into the whole world. The people are as the ſea, and you are the winds which raiſe or depreſs them when you pleaſe. The people are like the *Polypus*, who changeth colour according to the diverſitie of objects; and you are the rocks, to which he is tied with a long chain of ſervitude; you take his liberty and give him colour. The people is as Ivie which creepeth and clingeth according to his ſupport; you are the *Coloſſus* and walls which under-prop it. The people hath a heart of wax and clay, and you are the Maſter-potters to give what proportion you pleaſe. *A good Prince ſheweth the way of doing well to his ſubjects in well doing himſelf, and though he be great by the title of power, he is much greater and more potent by the force of example.*

Importance of the example of Noblemen.

Velleius. Facere velle civeſ ſuos Principi optimus faciendo docet, cumque ſit imperio magnus, exemplo major eſt.

Hereupon I leave you to judge the great offence you commit, when by ill example you make vice to paſs for law, vice which would have no force nor vigour at all, if you did not give arms and weapons into its hand, to ſack and ſubjugate all the world.

Firſt, you commit a great ſacriledge abuſing authority, which is a ray of the omnipotencie of God, impreſſed on your foreheads to enlighten and ſweetly incline your inferiours to duty; and you make boaſt as if it came from your ſelves. Thieves that you are of the treaſure of God; you have rifled the chief of his coffers, which is that abſolute power by which he is God; you have taken from thence a pearl which himſelf afterwards enſigned into your hands, which himſelf fixed upon your head, to give you, as it were, a participation of his own eſſence, and you unworthily retain it, without making it tributary to its Creatour. My God, it is true, that *he who ſeeketh his own glory from thine ornaments, is a very thief and a robber*, who endeavouring to filch Gods honour from him, ſtealeth Paradiſe from himſelf. What ſacriledge, I pray, can you think comparable to this?

Great ſin through bad example.

Aug. Sol. 3. Qui de bono tuo gloriam ſibi quærit, & non tibi quærit, hic fur eſt, & latro.

Se-

Secondly, what an indignity it is to do that, which the ill example of Great-ones operateth, so to put vice into grace, and virtue into neglect? Think you not, if proof be made unto you, it is the work of Antichrist, but that will suffice to make you detest it? And what will Antichrist do? To what will he bend, and dispose all the sinews and arteries of his power, but to set vice on the Altar; and you will before-hand prepare a way for him? All that which *Jesus Christ* hath said and done, all that which he hath sweat for, all that he endeavoured, all that he hath wept, all that he hath bled, he hath done to blot out and extinguish with works, with words, with sweat, with tears, with bloud, the work of sin.

Ill example the work of Antichrist.

And you forsooth will again erect the statues; If sin coming from you were esteemed as sin, it would always be unreasonable, but less dangerous. But now it happeneth not to be so reputed. The sins which in a mean fortune would be thought sins, when they are dressed up with a diadem; or covered with a scarlet cloak, become the virtues of the times, which is a thing most abominable. And by your ill example, you are the cause of this illusion of mankind, which holdeth vice for virtue, and crime for trophie. Observe what punishment a false coyner deserveth. Advise with your self if idolatrie be the first and chief of all sins, what would he merit who were not onely an Idolater, but the authour and inventour of a new idolatrie?

Desinunt esse probri loco purpura flagitia.

And bad example doth it. When you, O Noblemen, degenerate, you impress sin with the stamp of virtue, you place it upon the Altar, you are the cause that a thousand and a thousand present oblations to it; you make a stable for horses of the Temple of honour, and you being by the world esteemed as little gods, employ all this reputation to destroy the honour of the true God, through the example of your wicked life. *You make a dung-hill of Heaven, you cruelly and miserably dragging wandring souls through headlong precipices, when to cause them to sin the more freely, you shew them the examples of the pettie gods of the earth.* These are the words of *Julius Firmicus.* What ingratitude will make Heaven blush, and the earth to shake, if not this? If you well weigh this consideration, it will never escape you to do an act of ill example, or if passion should happen to be exorbitant, at least you should imitate that bird which by antiquity was called Just, because she hid her excrements which she knew to be very pernicious, for fear it should infect men; so you rather should bury your ill deportments in night and obscurity, than expose them to publick view.

Cœnum de Cœlo facitis & errantes animos per abrupta præcipitia crudeli calamitate ducitis, cum hominibus peccare volentibus facinorum viam de Deorum monstratis exemplis Julius Firm. Photius in bibliotheca.

For the third reason, consider what wickedness it is to thrust the knife into the throat, not onely of a multitude that adores your fortune, and glorieth in the imitation of your vices, but also to pollute all posteritie with the authoritie of your crimes. *Every Age teacheth us we may do what hath been done, and crimes become examples,* saith the eloquent S. *Cyprian. Your sin is like much rust, which cleaveth close to all your successours, and how much the greater you are, so much the more precipitation and malice it hath.*

Admonetur omnib actus fieri posse quod aliquando factum est; exempla fiunt, quæ jam esse facinora desiterunt. Cyprian *ad* Donat. Eccl. 1.

Say not, you are personally culpable and no more; that you are not to answer to God, either for the sins of those who live with you, or those that come after you.

Sicut æramentum æruginat: nequitia. Figure of ill example. *Exod.* 21.

Which is so much otherwise, that the Scripture ordaineth, who shall open a common cistern without shutting it again, if it happen that cattel fall therein, he was bound to repair this loss. Your brother doth he not more nearly approach to God than a bullock or a horse? You have opened to him the gulf of scandal and corruption, he is fallen into your snares, you shall give an account to God for a soul redeemed with the price of his bloud.

Although you have caused but one small spark of fire to flie out, if it happen to blast and burn the fruitful fields, and destroy the corn of your neighbour, you are bound by the law to make the possessour satisfaction. A flashing sparkle of concupiscence which proceedeth from your eyes, and afterwards enkindleth a great fire of vices and calamities, shall be imputed unto you in the day of judgement. And what satisfaction for such damage? *Exod.* 22.

But on the contrary (O Noblemen) when you seriously embrace virtue, you ravish and appease the most savage spirits by your authoritie. Nothing resisteth this sweet violence. Goodness born in the chariot of greatness, hath darts so sharp and flaming, that they make the flint-stones to melt. The present times invite you, the most distant admire you, all posteritie blesseth you, and God most gloriously crowneth you.

It is said when the Rainbowe in Heaven boweth his crooked horns directly upon the flowers, he imparteth to them a most celestial odour, which infinitely reviveth their kind. God hath fixed you in the sphear of greatness, as heavenly arches; you know from whence he hath extracted you, and that no otherwise, than the Rainbowe in Heaven; you are but a petty vapour, but this Sun hath guided you, enriched you, enameled you with so many perfections, that justly we may call you the children of admiration. Be you then to mankind that, which the Rainbowe is to plants, leave it to the odour of a good conversation which may become natural, you shall reap here below true and solid glory, contentments so tasteful, that a man may more easily feel them than express them; and in Heaven your recompence shall be equalled to the profit, which your example shall have made on earth. *Plin.* lib. 12. cap. 24. Rainbowe upon flowers.

I know not what may be produced more pressing to a generous heart, to oblige him to perfection.

The twelfth Reason.

Drawn from punishment.

Clemens Alexandrinus observeth, that the belief of one God, and the faith of one judgement, are in the soul of man by like consequence necessary; and that the Heathens in the dead obscurity of infidelity, were not able to shut their eyes against this veritie. *Clemens Alex.* Stromat. 5.

There is no soul in the world so barren, which by force of the light of nature conceiveth not, that if there be certain rays or reflections of virtue, diffused through the actions of men, the same ought to be in God, as in their source, with a radiant lustre of supereminence. Wherefore? Because, as *Dionysius Areopagita* saith in the book of divine attributes, *God is a great Thesis*, which hath but one word for expression, but this draweth along with it all essences, verities, and perfections. And for the same cause S. *Augustine* calleth this Sovereign Majesty, *Bonum omnis boni.* Now so it is, that we behold shining in men (though otherwise very imperfect) certain traces or draughts of Justice, and we observe they are naturally addicted to the love of this virtue, were it not that passion maketh them belie their hearts, and betray their own nature. We must then necessarily conclude that Justice is in God, as water in the fountain, lines in the center, and beams in the Sun. God, a great Thesis. Θεὸς ὑπὲρ ὑπερθεότης. S. *Dionis* de divin. nomin. c. 2. *August.* de Trinit. l. 8. c. 3.

Justice and Mercy are the two arms of God, which embrace, bear and govern the whole world; they are the two engins of the great *Archimedes*, which make Heaven descend upon earth, and earth mount to Heaven. It is the base and treble-string of this great lute of Heaven, which make all the har- Justice and mercy.

harmonies and concable symphonies of this Universe.

Now, as Mercy is infinite, so is Justice. The divine Essence holdeth these two perfections, as the two scales of the ballance, always equally poized. Judge hereupon, O Noblemen, if the favours and mercies of God are so eminent with you, what part shall Justice have amongst you?

Psal. 89. *Quis novit potestatem iræ tuæ, aut præ timore tuo iram tuam dinumerare?* Sap. 6. *Horrende & citò apparebit vobis, quoniam judicium durissimum his qui præsunt, fiet. Exiguo enim conceditur misericordia, potentes autem potenter tormenta patientur. Non enim subtrahet personam cujusquam Deus, nec verebitur magnitudinem cujusquam.*

David, who had felt the scourges, cried out as in a deep extasie, *Oh my God, who can be able to know the force of thy anger! Who can be able, amongst so many perplexities and affrightments, to recount the effects of thy indignation!* True it is, thy Justice doth most extraordinarily appear on the rebellious heads of sinners, but especially upon the Great-ones of the earth. These words of the Wise-man are terrible to any that will maturely consider them: *You, who hold the highest place amongst men, and live without fear or aw of that Majestie which hath constituted you where you are, know God will visit you, and appear to you with speed and horrour. A most rigorous judgement shall be executed on those who command over others. Mercy is for the little ones and humble; but if you persevere in your wicked life, as being potent, you shall powerfully be tormented. God is not a man to sooth you, to distinguish your persons, and treat with you with observance of your qualities.* Beware. The reasons why the chastisement of great men shall be most severe, are clear and evident, the principal whereof I will briefly here produce.

Knowledge of good and evil, makes the sin the more foul.

First, by how much the more a sin is committed with exact knowledge of good and ill, so much the more punishable it is, because it participateth the more of the venom of malice. Ignorance unto many is part of their sanctitie, others with open eyes run headlong to ruin. Now, can it be denied but that great men (ordinarily being endowed with good spirits, capable judgements, and most happie memories, and they instructed by so many Doctours, both speaking and dumb) should have much more light and knowledge than the ordinary sort of men. Behold why degenerating, it cannot be but they must needs break a thousand bonds that held them in their dutie, blunt a thousand sharp points, a thousand inspirations from Heaven that feelingly touch their conscience, the which cannot be done without great and determinate malice, which rendreth their sin the more enormous, and their heads the more punishable. This is the reason Divines give touching the punishment of the Angel apostate. A strange thing, that God coming from Heaven upon earth, to take human flesh, to distend his imperial robe upon man (who lay on a dung-hill) drawing him out, washing him, guilding him over with grace, (the true seed of glory) in the mean time left the bad Angel without mercy, for a prey of punishment which shall not end no more than God himself. Wherefore is this, but that the Angel offended with an absolute and deliberate malice, as one much more illuminated, and *Adam* suffered himself to slide into sin rather by surprizal, by infirmitie, by complacence to the humours of his wife, as S. *Augustine* observeth, than purposely or contemptuously? Alas! me thinks this horrid punishment of the contumacious Angel, should make the bloud congeal in the veins of all the Great-ones of the earth, who offend their Creatour with as much malice as they have knowledge. Ask (O Noblemen) of the Divine Justice, from whence it proceedeth that these evil spirits have been so roughly handled? If beauty could mollifie the rigour of a Judge, they were adorned with an incomparable beauty above all creatures. If the excellency of nature be esteemed, they were the most lively Images of the Divinity, amongst all things created. If the spirit contribute thereunto, they penetrated by their active vivacity, even from Heaven to the deepest abyss. If the glory of God were in this act considerable, they were creatures who could love, bless and glorifie God eternally. If evil had been to be prevented, this great Judge saw there would arise from their damnation an infinitie of blasphemies, and invincible obstinacie, a long web of contrarieties opposite to the advancement of his honour amongst men, a subversion of the world. All this might have been avoided in giving them one small hour of repentance; which with what fervour, detestation and dolour would they have embraced? Yet notwithstanding without regard to this beauty, this grace, this excellency of nature, these praises, this good or ill, behold them taken in the boiling ardour of their crime, strucken with the thunder of the Divine Justice, thrown down, broken in shivers, captivated in prisons of fire, left to the sword of vengeance, to eternal tortures, never seeing amidst their darkness and sulpherous flames, one sole beam of the eyes of Mercy. O terrible sentence! inexorable sentence! Oh unhappy spirits! O judgements of God! What a terrour, what a bottomless depth you are! Judge now (O ye Great men) if the crimes of knowledge and malice are so rigorously punished, what will become of you, if you live neglective of the Divine Majestie, you being among the people, as were the Angels among other creatures?

Why bad angels were punished without mercy.

Ob perfectam cognitionem, & solutum animi impetum peccatum Angelorum incomparabiliter gravius. Vide Gregor. l. 4. Moral. c. 9

Marvellous Justice.

Punishment of the ungrateful sacrifice of jealousie.

Non fundet oleum nec imponet thus. Num. 5.

Secondly, no punishment is more sharply nor lawfully inflicted than upon the ungrateful, who deserve that all the elements with their best forces, should conspire in the avengement of their offences, since they violate a law engraven on this universe by the hand of nature. Their punishment is the sacrifice of jealousie, spoken of in Scripture, whereon neither oyl nor incense is powred: there is no more oyl of mercy to sweeten their torments, no more incense of prayers to appease Gods anger; nothing is there but thunder, lightnings and vengeance. Now it appeareth that Noblemen and Great-ones, cannot depart from the service of God, without a deep mark of ingratitude, for the benefits which I have touched before; and you thereon will necessarily infer, they transcending others in condition, should not in case of failing or neglect, expect an equalitie of punishments. God will call Heaven and earth to their Judgement, and then speak to them in the presence of all creatures, with a voice of thunder. Hearken ye (O you Princes of the earth) I made you as Eagles, I gave you strong wings to lift you up to mount *Libanus*, and to extract pith from the Cedars. I advanced you in spirit, in judgement, in courage, in riches, in reputation, in honour above other men. I imprinted the rays of my power upon your fronts, to infuse the regard of your persons into the hearts of the people. I held Heaven, and earth, men and beasts in breath, to contribute to your authoritie and services. And you have taken arms employing all my treasures to make war against me, you have lived, not as reasonable men, but as bruit beasts, without God, without law, without ever casting your eyes to Heaven, but to vomit out blasphemies in the face of it. If I haue put power into your hand, you have employed it in oppressing the weak: If justice, you have perverted the use of it, and made the ballance incline to the tyrannie of your passions. What can such an ingratitude expect? I leave the conclusion to your selves.

Horrible exetcrations of God upon great men vitious.

Exemplar crimes deserve exemplar punishment.

In the third place, seeing the bad example of great men is most pernicious to the inferiours, by the strength of their authoritie (which draweth their weak souls to a servile imitation) God expressly counterpoizeth the insolence of their vices, by singular and remarkeable punishments, to the end that those who are attracted by the lustre of their fortune, may be affrighted with their falls. It is true,

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we are in this world as owls in the night, our eyes benummed and surcharged with terrestrial humours, which hinder us throughly to penetrate this cloud of the Divine Providence. Notwithstanding, God darteth forth as it were out of these clouds, certain flashing sparks of fire and light, to make you read in the punishment of so many ill-living great men, the unrelenting rigour of his justice.

Strange punishments.

High steeples are not so often rent and defaced by the violence of thunder, as are Crowns and Diadems on the heads of wicked Princes with Heavens chastisements. Read sacred and profane Stories, what strange punishments are there of great men? One sheweth a desire to leap into Heaven to plant his throne among the stars, yet God maketh him eat hay with the beasts, enforcing him to die alive, not onely to honours and the nature of man, but to lead a life in bruitishness: This was *Nebuchadnezzar*. Another in the middest of the fervour of a feast, heareth the great clock strike his hour, and seeth the hand of a man on the wall, drawing a dreadful sentence against him: This was *Belshazzar*. Another dieth eaten up with lice, as *Herod*. Another, loathsom with infections, as *Antiochus*. Another hanged on a tree, as *Absalom*. Another on the gibbet which he had prepared for him whom he accounted for his slave, as *Haman*. Another dying by his own hand, not being able to find any other in the world more cruel than himself, as *Nero*. Another maketh himself a sepulchre with drunkenness, as *Alexander*. Another is massacred in the midst of the Senate, as *Cæsar*. Another from the throne of the Roman Empire, goeth to prostrate his foe, the Persian, to become thereby a foot-step for him to mount on horse back, as *Valerian*. Another is carried about in a Cage, as *Bajazet*. Another is strucken with lightening, as *Anastasius*. Another is slain in his camp by a hand invisible, as *Julian* the Apostate. Great volumns might be made, if one would compile all these mortalities; they make Theatres to resound, and Tragedians deplore.

Consider (O Noblemen) if in this world good and ill are given to us as it were in picture, (*since the figure of the world passeth away*, saith the Apostle) and since God useth such rough rods to chastise the vices of great men, what will that be in the other world? *The arrows of chastisement do presently pass away, but the voice of thunder, the sentence of judgement shall go like a wheel, and the execution shall have no end.* If there happen unto you a loss of goods, it is an arrow that passeth; loss of children, an arrow that passeth; sickness, an arrow that passeth; disgrace, an arrow that passeth; temporal death, even a feathered-arrow which doth nought else but pass away. But eternal death is the thunder in the wheel, which never passeth. To be drenched in a lake of sulphur as a victime of vengeance, in a fire enkindled with the breath of Gods anger, to see nothing but devils, to abide in nothing but torments, to suffer pains in every sense, to find hell in his own conscience; to have no other life but an eternity of torments, is a thing to be feared above all things most dreadful.

Præterit figura hujus mundi. 2 Cor. 7.

Sagittæ tuæ transeunt; vox tonitrui tui in rota. Psal. 76. 19.

Paulus Orosius, in the historie he dedicated to Saint *Augustine*, observeth that the tracks of *Pharaohs* chariots, after his detestable death remained a long time upon the sands of the Red sea, to serve as an example for posteritie. Behold (O Noblemen) the bloudy foot-steps of so many and so many Great-ones, who have gone before you, whose spoils are perhaps (as yet) in your hands, their bodies in putrefaction, and their souls in torments! Resemble not those that pillaged the souldiers of *Sennacherib*, who strucken with the revengeful hand of Heaven, found men of ashes in golden arms; they took the gold, without thinking at all of the ashes, which scattered by the ways. Take good heed, how you suffer your selves to be deceived with the glimmer of the honours of these ill-living Great-ones, lest you be surprized with their death and catastrophe. The day of death will come, be it sooner or later, the post is on the way who bringeth the date hereof. If you have lived ill, a thousand terrours, a thousand frightful fantasies will then besiege your heart, altogether drenched in the bitterness of death. A tumultuous army of thoughts shall strike an alarm to your repose: some shall represent unto you your goodly palaces, many times cemented with the bloud and sweat of poor men, which you must forsake, and pay all in one gross sum; other, all the goods which you shall have invaded either by violence or subtiltie, whereof you shall be stript, and shall go to the judgement of God, devoid of riches, and surcharged with accounts: others shall decipher unto you the follies of your youth; other will depaint unto you the day of judgement and hell, before you sensibly make proof of them. The Ladie which sleepeth by your sides, and ever holdeth the fire and spur in your hearts, moving you to new violences and extortions, to foment her pride and entertain her pompous vainglory, shall leave you then to wrestle with death, and shall seek the safety of her own affairs. Your eldest son, for whom you presently pawn your soul to all injustice, and exhaust your own abilities as the spider, to make him great, shall willingly out-run the steps of death to close your eyes, and scarcely shall there be found in the house some poor old woman to shrowd your bodie in a winding-sheet, to be put into a coffin. In the mean while, the soul seperated from the bodie, shall be presented to the judgement of God, to receive the inevitable sentence.

Alas! doth he not sleep a long and deadly sleep, who is not awakened with the sound of such a trumpet?

The thirteenth REASON.

Taken from Reward.

Punishment and Reward, Deities of the Common-wealth.

AN Ancient said, that the two most powerful Deities of Common-wealths, were Punishment and Reward. These likewise are the two bases, and as it were the two fundamental laws, upon which God the Creator hath established the policie of the Universe. As he is a severe revenger of offences, so he is most liberal in rewards. The Scripture teacheth us this in very remarkeable tearms, speaking of the Justice of God, and gives it him in strict measure when there is no question of chastisement, as if it were an act disproportionable to his nature, and his ordinary practice. But when he is actually disposed to pardon a sin, to reward a good work, to crown a virtue, he poureth out his graces as out of a golden tonnel, with a free and plenteous provision. For the same reason, the Prophet *Isaiah* saith, *He measureth the waters with his fist, and poyzeth the Heavens with his palm*; that is to say, he giveth chastisements and afflictions, signified in the Scripture by the waters, with a sparing and close hand, but as concerning rewards represented by the Heavens, he pours them on all parts, with his sacred and bounteous hands. Fear not then (O Noblemen) that you, having vowed a faithful service to your great Master, shall be in any kind frustrated of the recompence, which he hath established for his servants. He hath always the reward in his hands: If he present on one side the sword of Justice to sinners, on the other he extendeth unto you the olive of peace and benignitie. Figure to your selves the great Emperour, bearing in his arms an Eagle with two heads, who

Miserationes ejus super omnia opera ejus. Psal. 144.

Justice by weight, Mercy infinite.

Pondus & statera judicia Domini. Ponam in pondere judicium, & justitiam in mensura. Prov. 6. Isaiah 28.

Effundam de spiritu meo super omnem carnem. Joel 2.

Qui mensus est pugillo aquas, & palmo cælos ponderavit. Isaiah 40.

Merces mea mecum est. Apoc. 22.

Paul. Orosi. l. 1. c. 10. Chariots of *Pharaoh.*

State of worldlings.

Desperate death.

ἐν καιρῷ ἑκάστου. *Maximil. 11. apud Tipotium.*

who in one beak held a thunder-bolt, and in the other a branch of Palm, with this motto, *Every one in his time.* God runneth the same course; if he hath thunder-bolts to crush rebellious heads, he hath palms to crown the faithful services which men of quality render to him. And without speaking here of rewards (O Noblemen) common to you with others, if you be constantly ranged in the way of virtue, you shall find that God will liberally give you three things, which those of your condition ever hold in great esteem. And what are those? A house competently rich, a solid glory, a flourishing posterity, and how is that? Amongst those who enjoy great fortunes, some build like moths, others like swallows, the rest like halcyons. Those build like moths, who raise houses of injustice and iniquity, which in the same proportion as they are reared to the clouds, unperceivably sink into hell, wear, waste, and in the end quite vanish away. This is the goodly consideration of holy *Job*, speaking of the palace of the wicked: *He builds his house as the moth.* And how doth he build? With destroying. You will say this little creature, harboured in some cloth or old garment, maketh much adoe, he gnaweth and gnaweth day and night, as endeavouring to build a lodging for himself, and in gnawing discovereth himself, the end of his travel is his loss and nakedness. O how divine is the Scripture, to represent so natively to us the blindness of the great and rich of this world, who suppose they can make magnificent and happy houses without the foundation of the fear of God! All in doing this build as the moth, that is to say, in gnawing; they have plots and designs in the Countrey, in the Citie, in every place, they have Overseers and Architects; they employ the mason, the carpenter, they raise houses of pleasure, they make magazins fretted with gold and silver, they buy, they purchase, they contrive in their imaginative brains their rents and revenues, and measure all things with the ell of eternitie. Notwithstanding one would be amazed to see that all this goodly building of fortune, composed of injustice, concussions and rapines, cemented together with the sweat and bloud of the poor, falleth by little and little into ruin; and when this cometh into the judgement of God, the foolish moth, who hath so gnawn to feed and cover himself, findeth himself naked, hungrie, ashamed, and extreamly miserable.

Three sorts of Great men make fortunes.

Job 27. 18. *Ædificavit sicut tinea domum suam.*

House of the moth.

Those build like swallows, who also much labour to erect houses, but with little success of fruit for posterity. Swallows after they have well built in Summer, forsake us in Autumn, and leave no other memory of them but of morter, straw, and dung: so, many Noblemen oft-times build palaces, make huge purchases, and that with unspeakeable industrie, but because they proceed therein with sinister and impure intentions, God suffereth not their posterity to enjoy it. We see houses emptie as swallows nests in Autumn: Some men will ask, who built this house? Answer will be made, such a one, a mushrome of the Court, coming from nothing in one night, in all other things faithless to God and men, who hath not left any thing memorable behind him but his vices; and thus all the fame of this man consisteth in picking of straws, which are temporal riches scattered here and there, and in the dung of an ill name, which he leaveth to posterity. Behold an aim ill taken, for the raising of fortunate buildings!

House of swallows.

But as for you (O virtuous Noblemen) God permitteth you to build as Halcyons. How is that? Two notable properties are observed in the nest of the Halcyon. The first is, that the architecture of it is so strong, so durable, it cannot be broken or cut, even with the violent stroak of iron. The second, that it is so proportioned to the bird, as if it were sowed to her bodie, in such manner that no creature can therein be received but the architect himself. Justly behold the conditions which God hath given to your houses, when they are built upon the fear of his holy Name. They are strong, of force, lasting against all the stokes of fortune, nor is there any violence which can oven them to destroy them. It is the infallible promise of God: *The house of the wicked shall be demolished, but the tabernacles of the just shall flourish.* Moreover they have a certain benediction, which disposeth all things in good order, the rule of expence proportioned to the quality of their persons, the Oeconomie sage and prudent, in such sort, that all things are managed there with measure and compass, as in the Halcyons nest. And as an ancient Writer hath said, order is the world of worlds, which reacheth all things in their lustre, and uniteth them with a seam and lasting band, when once it is fixed in the families of Great ones, which happeneth by the means of piety, where it always produceth the same effects, which it doth in this great Universe.

Domus impiorum delebitur, tabernacula vero justorum germinabunt. Prov. 1. 11.

The second reward, is the honour so much desired by noble spirits. It falleth out, that the wicked are sometimes raised to the greatnes of the world, but they are therein as Comets, as fires of mud and earth, who taking a false lustre, make show for a time in the air of vanity; and afterwards they are scattered, casting pestilence and poison into the four quarters of the world. On the contrary, real Noblemen, are like true stars planted and enchased by the hand of God, even in the firmament of honour, to enlighten an eternity. Their glory is fixed with nails of adamant: Calumnie may perhaps shake it, but never overthrow it; yea time it self confesseth, that there is neither pincers nor hammer can work this effect. It is God that promiseth this: *Whosoever shall glorifie me, I will glorifie him, and those which despise me, shall become ignoble.* Hereupon judge, how solid the honour of Great men truly virtuous is, since it is fastened to the honour of God himself, who glorieth in honouring them. A thousand and a thousand Princes, and phantastick great Ladies, have galloped honour upon the full speed, and with a discomposed spirit have invented imaginary forms to find credit and admiration in the hearts of men. Some have caused mountains and rocks to be cut, to raise statues to themselves, as *Semiramis.* Others have taken crows, parrats, and other birds, counterfeiting human speech, and have taught them a lesson, which was to salute them as gods, afterward enfranchizing them for the open field, have sent them into the air to carrie these salutations, and impress in the minds of men, a false idea of their divinity: so did *Psapho.*

Quicumque glorificaverit me, glorificabo eum: qui autem contemnunt me erunt ignobiles 1 Reg. 2. 30.

Fantasies to gain honours.

Others have taken the figures of Eagles, Lions, and Serpents, (as certain Kings of *Ægypt*) to strike a tertour into the souls of mortal men: others have left Medails, triumphant Arches, Colossuses, goodly Palaces, Theaters, Amphitheaters, as the Romane Emperours: others have placed themselves openly upon Altars, as *Caligula*, who set the figure of his own head upon the statue of *Jupiter.* Posterity hath exploded all this, the times have derided it, oblivion hath swallowed all of them; or if it hath not set its biting tooth therein, it hath been for no other cause, but to leave them to a hateful and detestable memory, a thousand times worse than forgetfulnes. Much otherwise, Great men that build their fortunes upon the foundations of the fear of God, from small and feeble beginnings have come to so high a pitch, that they have replenished all tongues with their praises, all hearts with their admiration, all Ages with the monuments of their glory. For it is God alone that causeth men to take

aims of true and ſolid greatneſs, and who with a puiſſant arm daſheth and overwhelmeth thoſe ſpirits, which ſuffer themſelves to be tranſported with the torrent of vanity, courting airy ſmokes, emptie apparences, and flying clouds, whereby they produce monſters in ſtead of deſerved honour, ſeated fairly upon the firm rock of conſtancy. God hath in ſuch wiſe ſhewed himſelf to have greatneſs in his own hands, that extracting men from the dregs and froth of the earth, he hath made them mount ſo high, that oftentimes Imperial heads, radiantly glittering with Rubies and Diamonds, have bowed under the aſhes of a poor fiſher-man. And who ſeeth not, that the true and onely mean to enter into the poſſeſſion of honour, is ſtraitly to unite ones ſelf with this Divine Majeſty, from whence on man reflect all the luſtrous rays of greatneſs?

For a third reward, this ſovereign Mover and Architect of our lives and fortunes, doth propagate alſo the glorie of Fathers to their children, and giveth them a flouriſhing poſteritie, which makes them eternally live in the memory of men, by the moſt lively images of their virtues. It is often obſerved that Noblemen, who have eſtabliſhed tyrannie in the world, have neither been fruitful nor fortunate in their poſteritie; and as nature is ſcantie in the propagation of wolves deſigned for ſpoil, which otherwiſe would bring all the world into deſolation; ſo Almightie God by a ſecret oeconomie of his divine Providence, permitteth not that great men (who have made themſelves diſturbers of publick peace, and infringers of laws both divine and human, whereof they ought to be protectours) ſhould make the bruitiſhneſs of their ſavage ſouls, to ſurvive them in their poſterity. But as for thoſe who are arranged in the liſt of ſanctitie and modeſty, God hath (as it were) immortalized their bloud in their poſteritie, as we ſee it happen in worthie and illuſtrious families. But to what value amounteth all this which I have ſaid, in compariſon of that crown of glorie which God placeth on the heads of Noblemen in the other life, when they have virtuouſly governed in this mortal manſion? O what a brave death it is to die under the ſhadow of the Palms of ſo many heroical virtues! Oh, it is the death of a *Phœnix*, to die in the odours of a holy converſation, to change his ſepulchre into a cradle, and even draw life out of the Tomb! Oh what an immortalitie it is, to ſurvive eternally in the mouths of men, but much more to live in Heaven, enjoying the knowledge, love, life, and felicitie of God! O Nobles, betake your ſelves betimes and in a good hour, to the way of this temple of honour, by the exerciſe of holy virtues, which are like *Elias* chariot, all flaming with glory, to carrie your purified ſouls even to the height of the Emperial Heaven.

THE SECOND BOOK.

Of Hinderances, which worldly men have in the way of SALVATION and PERFECTION.

The firſt OBSTACLE.

Faintneſs and weakneſs of Faith.

Againſt Atheiſts.

HAving ſufficiently proved the obligations which Great-ones and men of qualitie have to perfection; let us now ſee the hinderances which may ſtop the increaſe thereof, as well to take from them all pretext of falſe libertie, as to denote the confuſions, very frequent in the corruptions of this Age. The firſt is a certain languor and debilitie of faith, which openeth the way to all ſorts of vices; ſo that putting all the greatneſs of the world into a falſe ſeeming, it beholdeth Paradiſe, and all the bleſſings of the other life with blear-eyes, and clouded with a perpetual eclipſe. And that you may well conceive this, let us obſerve, that in this Age greatly changed by hereſie, libertie and vice, two ſorts of men are to be ſeen, whereof the one doth ſymbolize with juſt *Abel*, and the other are of the ſect of *Cain*. Theſe two brothers began to contend together even in the worlds cradle, as *Jacob* and *Eſau* in the bellie of *Rebecca*. *Abel* had a ſoul impreſſed with a good ſtamp, religious, docile, pure, perpetually fixed in the chaſte apprehenſions of the Divinitie. *Cain* quite contrary, an impious ſoul, greatly infected with the ſerpents breath, black, variable, wavering in faith, and in the virtue of the Divine providence. He verily is the father of Atheiſts, and S. *Bernard* hath properly ſaid, He killed faith before he murdered his brother. *Procopius* calleth him the ſon of the earth, becauſe this unfortunate creature perpetually looked downward, having already as it were buried in the tomb of oblivion, the lights and knowledges of heaven. From thence proceeded the irreverence of his unbridled ſpirit, his wicked ſacrifices, his envie againſt his brother, afterward his furie, murder and bloud, and laſtly a deluge of calamities. The onely example of his diſaſter ſhould ſuffice to terrifie thoſe, who following him in his impietie, make themſelves undoubtedly the companions of his misfortune: but ſince it alſo is expedient we proceed herein by diſcourſe and reaſon, I obſerve the cauſes and remedies of this infidelitie. Faintneſs and debilitie in faith, and conſequently atheiſm, is formed in three ſorts of conſciences, to wit, the criminal, the bruitiſh, the curious. Atheiſm proceedeth from a criminal conſcience, when a ſoul findeth it ſelf involved in a long web of crimes, and as it were overwhelmed in the

Two ſects of men.

Berm. ſerm. 24 in Cantic. Fideicida antequam fratricida. Procop. in Geneſ.

Three ſorts of conſciences from which impietie ſprings.

Horrible ſtate of a ſinful conſcience

the habits of ſin. In the mean time God doth inwardly torture, prick forward, and ſcourge it, and then all bloudy and ulcerous as it is, not able longer to remain within it ſelf, but tatling ſo many diſturbances in its proper manſion, it ſearcheth evaſions and ſtarting-holes, expatiateth in the pleaſures and delights of the world, to diſſolve her many griefs, and findeth in every thing her gnawing worm. She looketh back upon the path of virtue, which ſhe hath either forſaken or never trodden, as an impoſſible track, the ſpirit of lies repreſenting it unto her all paved with thorns and briars: ſhe re-entereth into herſelf, and ſaith in her heart, *that there is none but God who afflicteth her, and that neceſſarily ſhe muſt free herſelf from him; for our felicities are meaſured by the ell of our opinion, and no man is miſerable, but he that apprehendeth his own unhappineſs.* Then ſoothing herſelf with theſe humane diſcourſes, ſhe herein much laboureth to acquit herſelf from God, from the belief of judgement, of hell, and the immortality of the ſoul. Notwithſtanding ſhe cannot, (albeit theſe wicked ſpirits have ſcoffed at the myſteries of Religion with their companions, as if they would put on a bold fore-head, and an impudence ſtrong enough to endure a ſtroke ſo dreadful) but contend againſt the eſſence of God. Care findeth them in their bed, and is pinned to their ſilken curtains, the thoughts of a Divinitie, which they ſuppoſed to have totally baniſhed from their hearts in pleaſures, upon the leaſt afflictions return, and make themſelves felt with very piercing points, which head-long throw them into deſpair. The Prophet *Iſaiah* hath divinely propheſied of ſuch a ſoul: *I will make her the inheritance and poſſeſsion of hedge-hogs.* Verily the miſerable caytif hatcheth in her entrails a thouſand little hedge-hogs, which as they encreaſe, make their pricks and darts multiply a thouſand gnawings, a thouſand apprehenſions, as uncapable of repoſe as apt to afflict a conſcience.

Eccl. 23. 6. Lev. 1. 16. *Veſiculam gutturis projicies in loco quo cineres effundi ſolent.* Vſ. 13. *aturati ſunt & elevaverunt ſuum & oculi ſunt mei.*

Genes. 25. *Quid mihi proderunt primogenita?*

Alcor. Azoara. 2.

Et ubi Deus non timetur, niſi ubi non eſt? Tert. de preſcrip. 41. *Ponam eam poſſeſſionem Ericii.* Iſaiah 14. 2.

Condition of Nero.

Such heretofore was the ſtate of *Nero*: for this barbarous monſter, who ſo often had dipped his hand in bloud, ſought out a bath of delights to bath himſelf in; he ran up and down to prie into all the inventions of the pleaſures of the world, to rid himſelf from the arrow which he had in his heart, and to diſpoil himſelf for ever of an opinion of the Divinitie. This was a matter for him impoſſible. When he was at feaſts, ſports, or Theatres, the apprehenſion of God ſtung his heart as a Bee, and there left the ſting. If he ſlept upon roſes, the ſhadows of dead men approached to his downie bed, to require an account of their bloud. He ſcoffed at religion, and feared it; one while he deſpiſed ſacred things, and at another time they made him tremble with horrour. He ſought out waters of expiation to waſh his ſins, and never opened his eyes to thoſe which S. *Peter* and S. *Paul* preſented to him. His ſoul was torn with pincers within it ſelf, as on a perpetual ſcaffold of exquiſite torments: when it would iſſue out of it ſelf, it was like a wild colt, courſed and chaſed by men and beaſts; or as a bull ſtung with a gad-flie, who fain would run for himſelf, yet ſtill findeth himſelf with himſelf. Judge (O Atheiſts) what a life this is?

Bruitiſh conſcience. *Clemens Alex. pedag. Plotin.* apud *Phil.* Ψυχαὶ φαυλότατον μέρος ἔχουσιν ἀνοήτου δρυὸς. *Irreverens & infrunitus animus.*

The ſecond cauſe of Atheiſm, is the ſenſual love of favours, pleaſures, eaſe, and delights of the world, which oftentimes degenerate into the meer bruitiſhneſs of a ſoul which ſleepeth in fat and greaſe, ſo intricated and confounded in earth, that it looſeth all knowledge of Heaven. *Clemens Alexandrinus* ſaith, that it happeneth to ſouls, which are great lovers of ſenſual pleaſures, to engroſs and thicken themſelves in ſuch ſort, that as *Plotinus* very learnedly writeth, they live not but as a plant. Theſe ſpirits are much enclined to Atheiſm. for as the Wiſe-man obſerveth, after the concupiſcences of the belly, cometh unbrideled irreverence, which ſerveth as a harbinger to impiety. God deſired not that in offering a bird (as a ſacrifice unto him) the gorge ſhould be preſented, which is the little magazin of the meat, but commanded to caſt it into the aſhes: which is to declare to us, that carnal men are moſt uncapable of celeſtial things, and very fit to be dragged to the dung-hil and aſh-heap. The more they are affected to things preſent, ſo much the more, yea even in deep draughts, they drink down the forgetfulneſs of Heavenly things. All thoſe ſay with *Eſau*, To what uſe will this goodly prerogative of primogeniture ſerve me? this title of the children of God, this happineſs of future life? If there be no ſenſual pleaſures nor carnal contentments in Heaven, I will have none. They become the true diſciples of *Mahomet*, who in his Alcoran, deſcribing the Turks Paradiſe, placeth there good water, good fruits, rings, carcanets, ſilken tapeſtrie hangings, and ſuch like. All theſe things they would enjoy but the water, which they willingly would change into wine. What ſwine are theſe.

rious conſcience.

The third cauſe, if not of formal Atheiſm, at the leaſt of weakneſs and faintneſs in matter of faith, is when a ſoul will proceed in matters of Religion by politick and humane ways, and ſuffer it ſelf greatly to be pleaſed with curioſitie, which inceſſantly moveth it to draw the curtain of holy myſteries, to enlighten them with the torch of reaſon, and to behold all that paſſeth there. Such ſpirits are not ſo malign nor ſtupid as the firſt and ſecond, notwithſtanding they are weak and very ignorant, ſince they fail in the firſt rule of wiſdom, which diſcovereth to us that it is an abſolute folly of a diſcompoſed judgement, to be deſirous to meaſure things divine, by the rule of ſenſe and humane experience. They turmoyl themſelves, and bate like a hawk upon the perch, and often ſay in their heart, that which the Apoſtle S. *Peter* obſerveth in the perſon of infidels: *Where are theſe promiſes? Where is the coming of the Son of God? See you not that times revolve, men come and go, all things have their ordinary courſe; and we muſt expect no other miracle?* They imagine that all the counſels of Heaven ſhould turn and roul according to the projects of their underſtanding, and that if God had his eye open, (as it is ſaid) upon the oeconomie of the world, both this and that would ſucceed as they have contrived in their feeble brain, which is a great illuſion. Such kind of men would willingly ſpeak with ſpirits, to hear them tell tales of the other life, they would know (as S. *John Chryſoſtom* ſaith) what habit, what clothing the Son of man weareth, covered under the ſpecies of the Sacrament, how the Angels are formed, of what colour the devils are, nothing would pleaſe them better than to talk with one really poſſeſſed, to know things future, to divulge predictions, to behold prodigies and miracles. Briefly, it ſeemeth they have no other purpoſe but to believe in God, by the devil. Such kind of proceedings are very exorbitant and unfortunate, for the reaſons which I will preſently produce.

Pet. 2. 3. *Ubi eſt promiſſio? ubi eſt adventus ejus? ex quo enim dormierunt patres, omnia perſeverant ab initio creaturæ.*

easons to ettle a ſoul. mpious curioſitie pulls out both it's eyes.

Firſt (O you wretched ſouls) who betake your ſelves to this way, ſee you not, that by this means you pull out the two eyes, which God hath placed within your ſouls, which are as the Sun and Moon in the firmament, to wit, the eye of faith, and that of natural prudence. You ſeem to your ſelves ſharp and clear-ſighted, and are more blind than moles. For tell me, for as much as concerneth the light of nature, can there be found a folly more groſs and abſurd, than to behold men (who are born and bred in Chriſtianity as in their proper element, after a thouſand and a thouſand witneſſes of the truth of their religion, which even the very marbles do ſpeak, and ſtones proclaim) to make

themſelves ſo wiſe and able, as to ſeek out other proofs than thoſe which have won worlds to the Goſpel? You would have a God, that ſhould give you new ſigns & tokens, to confirm you in faith; a God which ſervilely will be captivated to pleaſe the ticklings of your curioſitie: Senſeleſs men as you are, this were not to have a God, but a lame Idol. Are you not very blockiſh to treat with God much more wickedly than one would do with a mean man? If you had paſſed your word to two friends, you would praiſe him with all freeneſs, that ſhould reſt ſatisfied therewith, and would condemn the other whom you ſhould find fearful, unconſtant, and ever upon miſtruſt, yet would you that God ſhould favour your infidelity by extraordinary ways? What apparency is there for this? All curioſity is damnable, it is an ulcer that ever itcheth, and which without ceaſing is iterated by continual ſcratching, it is as a hort-leech which draweth out all the bad bloud, and filleth till it burſt. It is a magpy, a byting worm, which taketh men by the ears as well as dogs. But above all it is moſt pernicious in matter of Religion. *Sixtus* an ancient Authour, cited in the Bibliotheke of the Fathers, hath ſpoken a thing very remarkable: *When a man ſpeaketh of God, yea with all veritie, we muſt always therein proceed reſervedly, as if we trod upon thorns. It were better* (ſaith S. *John Chryſoſtom*) *not to know him, than to know him ill. Heſychius* teacheth us, one muſt approach to him as to fire; too great a diſtance maketh us quake with cold, and over near approches burn us.

An unworthy way to treat with God.

Inſuſpicabilis ſecreti, reverendæque majeſtatis cognitio eſt, deum noſſe niſi deum. Tert. Apol. 28

Curioſitie dangerous. *Curioſitas rerum efficit non peritum.* S. *Zeno.* Serm. 2. de filii gener. *Chryſ.* de fato βλάπτον ἀγνοεῖν καλῶς ἢ εἰδέναι κακῶς. *Sixtus* in Biblioth. PP. *De Deo etiam vera loqui periculum eſt.* *Heſychius* in levitic.

Secondly judge, whether any bodie would not ſay, it were a great weakneſs of underſtanding, to be deſirous to proceed in matter of Religion by ſuch knowledges, as are common with bruit beaſts, and forſake thoſe of men? And yet this is it which you do, when leaving the eye of underſtanding, and the light of a rectified judgement, (which God hath given man by priviledge of excellency) you will hear ſee, and touch, begging a truth from bruitiſh ſenſe, which is abſolutely to raiſe them above their reach. See you not how the Moon, by her interpoſition eclipſeth the Sun, and when you in matter of faith interpoſe ſenſe, you obſcure the light of judgement (the true ſun of your ſoul) which dictateth to you, that it is a thing moſt reaſonable the creature ſhould ſubmit himſelf to the Creatour; that it carefully keep it ſelf from daring to comprehend him in the univerſality of his nature, and ſhut up this vaſt Ocean in a little cockle-ſhel. It is a pitiful thing to hear, that theſe curious ſpirits ſhould ſuffer themſelves to be ſurprized by a quack-ſalving impoſtour, who caſteth miſts afore their eyes by force of deluſions, and to contend with God who giveth them as many obligations and aſſurances of his promiſes, as there are letters in the Scripture. This is not onely to crack the eye-ſtring of a reaſonable judgement, but alſo to pull out the eye of faith, all pure and celeſtial as it is. You demand proofs of your Religion (frantick man) look back upon the birth, the progreſs, and ſtate of the Church. This is the great ſign, the Ladie clothed with the Sun, which one cannot be ignorant of without a prodigious blindneſs.

Perverſe proceeding of the wicked.

Deus tot & tantis voluminibus cavet, & debitor non tenetur. Chryſ. ſerm. 25.

Apocal. 12.

Admit it were nothing to have for proof ſo great, ſo univerſal, ſo conſtant conſent of all the Prophets, to preſage many Ages before the effect, the birth, life, death of the Meſſias, the eſtabliſhment of the Church, the converſion of the Gentiles, ſo determinately and punctually, that even the moſt diabolical ſpirits, who had from all times theſe Scriptures in their hands, ſeeing this conſequently to happen which ſucceeded in the oeconomie of Chriſtianity, were enforced to yield to truth.

Invincible proofs of ſtietie.

That it were nothing to have ſeen through all Ages, a thouſand and a thouſand miracles, in Heaven, in earth, on the ſea, done in confirmation of Chriſtianity, in the ſight of the moſt wittie and malicious, who bent all their endeavour to cenſure, reject, and contradict them. Notwithſtanding, the evidence was ſo palpable, ſo ſtrong, ſo invincible, that Tyrants, yea the moſt enraged bloudy executioners, convinced with the proofs thereof, let fall the ſword, which they had taken in their hand, for the ſlaughter of Martyrs, and ſtretched out their necks to the perſecutours to be beheaded. That it were nothing, to tell what a good Authour upon account taken, hath obſerved, that there hath been eleven millions of Martyrs of all ſexes, ages and conditions, who have ſealed the Religion which we profeſs, by effuſion of their bloud, and in this liſt an infinite number of perſons of eminent quality, who conſiderately proceeded in the leaſt occaſions, that have abandoned the eaſeful accommodations of their fortunes, their eſtates, dignities, yea their ſcepters and diadems, to deliver as a prey to moſt enormous and exquiſite torments, a moſt precious life which they might have led in honour, in reputation according to the world, in pleaſures, in delights, in wonders. That it were nothing to ſay, that after perſecutions there ſprung up an infinitie of brave ſpirits, intelligent, clear-ſighted, furniſhed with all ſorts of human knowledges, as the *Juſtins*, *Tertullians*, *Cyprians*, *Auguſtines*, and ſo many other of the ſame profeſſion, who after they had ſeriouſly and judiciouſly examined the ſtate of Chriſtianity, have embraced it, profeſſed it, defended it, ſome with their pen, ſome with ſweat, and ſome with their bloud.

The Heavens are not enameled with ſo many ſtars, as the Church hath had great men, the prodigies and lights of the world, who by their learned writings have illuſtrated the verities of our Religion. I leave you to think, if among ſo many great Suns, which have garniſhed Heaven and earth with brightneſs, one ſhould behold a ridiculous reeremouſe to creep out of a hole, and ſay it is not day, and that all theſe ſuns are but darkneſs, whether he deſerve not to be burnt, and ſtampt to powder? That all this which I have ſaid (being very ſtrong and ſpecious) enter not into the liſt of account: what may one anſwer to two things, which are very eminent in Chriſtianitie, the conſideration whereof is of power to ſettle the moſt wavering ſpirit, to wit, the marvellous proceeding which hath been held in the eſtabliſhment of our Religion, and the moſt pure ſanctitie of the doctrine thereof? What is there humane in this law, which is eſtabliſhed againſt all humane ways, by a ſucceſs ſo ſtrange and admirable, that it engulfeth all ſpirits in wonder? Where were in theſe beginnings, eloquence, favour of Princes, their revenues, their eſtate, their arms, their ſouldiers? Where were the promiſes of honour, reputation, dignitie? Where were the moving allurements of ſenſe, and all that which uſeth to feed and foment ſects? From whence cometh it, that the Church alone hath encreaſed under tempeſtuous ſtorms, in perſecutions, in the ſlaughters of three hundred years, during which time there was no engine, which hell uſed not, no torment which the devil invented not, no inventions which the Great-ones of the earth with powerful hand conſpiring, executed not? All the plaiſtered pretended ſects, which have ſeemed deſirous to take this away, are quite vaniſhed: From whence it cometh to paſs, that the Church alone hath maintained it ſelf in a bloudie tempeſt of three Ages, in the contradiction of a thouſand Sects: From whence it proceedeth, that the crueltie of Tyrants hath ſerved for encouragement to the faithful, and the bloud of Martyrs for ſeed to poſterity. Where can a Religion be found which with ſuch innocency

Great force in two points

Eſtabliſhment of the Church

Sola Eccleſia perſecutionibus ſtetit, martyriis coronata eſt. Crudelitas illecebra eſt ſectæ, plures efficimur quoties metimur à vobis. Semen eſt ſanguis Chriſtianorum. *Hier.* in vita Mala. *Tert.* in Apol. c. 50.

cency

cency and purity of life, ſuch humility, ſolidity, ſanctity, and which is more, with the arms of diſgraces, poverty, deſpicable contempt, auſterity and torments, hath changed the eſtate and face of the world, hath planted the Croſs in the capital Citie of the Empire, above the thunder-bearing Eagles of the Emperours, and the aſhes of a poor fiſherman maſſacred for this law, above the Diadems of Kings?

What would the ancient *Cæſars* ſay, if they roſe again from their graves, to behold in *Rome*, where all the Monarchies were eſtabliſhed and incorporated, where all the devils and furies were cantonnized, as in their laſt and ſtrongeſt fortreſs; in *Rome* from whence came all the fulminating thunders and bloudy Edicts againſt Chriſtians, where the ſword of perſecution was ſharpened to reap a harveſt of heads, where was a *Pantheon*, the magazin of all their falſe Deities, to ſee there the ſtate of the ſupream * Biſhop of Chriſtians, to ſee there a Church erected to *Peter* the fiſher-man, much more magnificent than ever was the *Pantheon*? Say human wiſdom, if the SAVIOUR of the world at the age of twelve years, when he began publickly to teſtifie he was come to redeem the Kingdom of his Father from violent and unjuſt uſurpers, had asked counſel of you touching the proceedings which ought to be held in this buſineſs, what had you adviſed him? Had you not demanded of him, where are your treaſures? Have you not inexhauſtible riches to oppoſe an Empire, which hath a hundred and fiftie millions of revenew? No, I pretend to have no other riches but poverty. Have you ſome five hundred thouſand men in pay, for ten years to maintain one army on *Nilus*, another on *Euphrates*, one on *Rhene*, another on the Ocean, another within the entrails of the *Romane* Empire? No, I purpoſe not to levie for execution of this deſign but twelve poor men, ſea-faring men, without ſtrength, without induſtrie, arms, or ſo much as a ſtaff. Have you a thouſand brave Oratours, men of great learning, eminent eloquence, who will endeavour by the charms of their flowing tongues, to attract the people and diſpoſe them to their wills? No, I have none but ſimple, ignorant people, ideots, that go out to preach the Croſs. What would you have ſaid thereupon? O folly, how do you think to come to honour by ignominie, to riches by povertie, to greatneſs by the infamious puniſhment of the Croſs, to immortalilitie by a bloudie death? And yet behold it is done. What ſay you? Is there in all this proceſs any thing that is human? Muſt we ſearch out other miracles for confirmation of faith?

Wonderful proceeding.

* *Alii (nec minùs Chriſtiani) aliter ſentiunt.*

Adde hereunto, that the devils craftily counterfeited wiſdom, power, force, by deceitful, violent, and bruitiſh ways, but never could they conſtantly feign humilitie, patience, purity, ſanctity. Sects which have taken this diſſembled mask, have not been able long time to keep it, they all have ſhivered, and broken with pride, preſumption, private and publick impurities, with ordures of execrable ſacriledges. The ſpirit onely of Chriſtianitie hath always appeared as a true ſpirit of piety, humility, patience, charity, continency, chaſtity, manſuetude, contempt of the world, virtues ſo noble, ſo elate, ſo heroick, that the life alone of a Chriſtian, being with conformity directed fairly to the doctrine of our SAVIOUR, is a perpetual miracle, able to convert worlds. All that which the great Philoſophers of this Univerſe could not attain with the flight of their feathers, the Chriſtian toucheth with his hand, he hath demonſtrated more in his works, than they have ſaid in their books; they have built Commonwealths on paper, and our religion hath raiſed Monarchies of real virtues. And if the wicked, who ſtagger in their belief, had addicted themſelves to the exerciſe of good works, never would infidelity have made prey upon their underſtandings, but for that they ſuffered themſelves to be tranſported with the overflow of pride, preſumption, curioſitie, of toys, vanities, and carnal ſenſualities of the world, God in juſt vengeance ſuffereth them to fall into a reprobate ſenſe.

Sanctitie an irrefragable argument.

Oh loſt ſoul, which giveſt way to this faintneſs and remiſneſs in thy religion, conſider a little attentively all that I have ſaid hereupon. And if truth content thee not, thou mayeſt well hereafter expect the lot of *Cain*, the abſence from the face of God, perpetually frightful anxiety, terrours and menaces from heaven, the indignation of the ſovereign Judge, the hatred of men, the ill ſucceſs of thy affairs, extraordinary maladies, deſolation, the life of a ſad howling wolf, a tragick death, and deteſtation of thy poſterity.

Even Atheiſts amongſt the confuſions of Paganiſm, have ſeldom or never found aſſurance therein: ſome have been ſacrificed to flames, as *Diagoras*; others eaten up with lice, as *Pherecydes*; others devoured by dogs, as *Lucian*; others thunder-ſhot in a bath, and turned to aſhes in the twinkling of an eye, as *Olympius*; others have ſuddenly loſt human ſpeech, and have bellowed like bulls, and in this roaring have yielded up their ſouls, as *Simon Thuvan* a wicked pedant in the year 1201. others have burſt in pieces in an infamous privie, infecting the ſinks and publick ſewers, with their ſouls (much more ſtinking) as did the wicked *Arius*; others have loſt their ſcepter and eyes, as a King of the *Bulgarians*; who was deprived and blinded by his own father *Trebellius*, as ſoon as he returned from a Monaſtery, where he had retired himſelf with armed power, to chaſtiſe the Atheiſm of his ſon. We are not yet in an Age ſo caytife, where brave and courageous Magiſtrates are wanting to bridle the impudency of thoſe, who would advance theſe deteſtable Maximes of impiety. We have ſeen in freſh memory, the Decree of that great and illuſtrious Parliament of *Paris*, that condemned to the fire the Authours of ſuch abominations, which powerfully ſtayed the violent courſe of black and beaſtly impieties, that diſpread themſelves under the maſk of goodneſs; which ſhewed an heroick zeal, both of the glory of God, and general integrity and maintenance of laws, for which God hath reſerved to them a crown of immortality. This Decree hath been attended with favours from heaven, which even in an inſtant hath ſweetened notably theſe puniſhments, and invited the bleſſings of all good men that have with thankſgiving lifted their hands to heaven. We had ſeen a little before the aſhes of ſome to flie in the wind, perhaps into the eyes of thoſe which imitate them in their doctrine. If they expect any other arguments, it will appear their frenzie would have no other remedies, but the ſearing-iron and fire.

Diog. laert. Paulus Diac. l. 15.

Polydor. l. 5.

Sabel. l. 6. Lun. 85.

Picus Mir. Ep. 1. Magna inſania Evangelio non credere, cujus veritatem ſanguis Martyrum clamat, Apoſtolicæ reſonant voces, prodigia probant, ratio confirmat, elementa loquuntur, dæmones confitentur: ſed longè major inſania, ſi de veritate Evangelii non dubiteres, vivere tamen quaſi de ejus falſitate non dubitares.

As for other Catholicks who believe as the faithful, and live as infidels, pronouncing JESUS CHRIST with their mouth, and renouncing him with their hands; I pray them to ponder a ſaying of one of the rareſt wits which the world hath a long time had (it is *Picus Mirandula*) expreſſed by him in theſe words to his nephew: *It is a prodigious folly, not to believe the Goſpel, the truth whereof is ſealed with the bloud of Martyrs innumerable, teſtified by the Apoſtles, proved by miracles, confirmed by reaſon, publiſhed and declared by the elements and creatures inſenſible, confeſſed even by the devils: But it is a much more notorious folly, not to doubt at all of the verity of the Goſpel which one profeſſeth, and yet to live, as if he made no queſtion of the falſitie thereof.*

Advice to cold Catholicks.

What a mockery it is, to carrie the name of a poor SAVIOUR, and to burn with enraged avarice? of an humble SAVIOUR, and ſuffer himſelf to be expoſed to tempeſtuous winds of exorbitant ambition, which breatheth nothing but breaches and ſhip-wracks? of a crucified SAVIOUR, and to live in a maſs of fleſh, wholly effeminated with delights and curioſities, even to the making their ſpittings to ſwim in gold? of a meek SAVIOUR, and to carry under the name of a Chriſtian, a *Gorgons* eye, the anger of an Aſp, the heart of a Tyger, a ſoul full of revenges, of gall, of bloud, of Monſters, of beaſtly bruitiſhneſs? O God, what Chriſtianity is this! *Salvianus* ſpeaketh a word very remarkeable: *We cannot ſin without making our ſelves capable of ſpiritual treaſon in the higheſt degree; the ſins of Chriſtians are ſacrileges, the name which they bear condemneth their life, without any other form of proceſs.* These colds of the north, this ycineſs which ſome Catholicks ſhew in their belief, is greatly ſcandalous and prejudicial to verity: becauſe the miſ-believing which ſee them live in ſuch exorbitancy, cannot perſwade themſelves they firmly believe the Goſpel which they profeſs, but that all their religion is but an exteriour countenance, and rather an idle amuzement of words, than a true liſt of virtue. This bringeth a horrible prejudice into the Church of God, which ſhould even rent our hearts, if we yet retained one onely vein of that noble bloud the Martyrs profuſely ſpent for the defence of the truth. The remedies for theſe eſſential impediments in the act of Chriſtianitie, are to take away and cut off the cauſes of this infidelity.

Salvian. 4. de guber. Dei. Omnis Chriſtianorum culpa Divinitatis injuria eſt. Atrocius ſub ſancti nominis profeſſione peccamus. Ipſa errores noſtros religio quam profitemur accuſat.

Remedies.

1. To prepare a conſcience chaſte and timerous, which never wil make it ſelf an hoſteſs for mortal ſin; and if by chance it give harbor thereunto, to diſlodge it preſently: for ſins heaped one upon another by a diſſolute deadneſs of confeſſion, make a ſavage and bruitiſh ſoul which ſeeketh nothing but to be freed from God, though it be a matter impoſſible.

2. Not to taſt the bleſſings, contentments, or honours of the world, with too much ardour; they eaſily enſnare our affections and make the forgetfulneſs of Heaven ſlide into an inſenſible ſoul.

3. To eſchew curioſitie, principally in matter of religion, as the canker of faith. We muſt reſemble the Cuttle, a very wiſe fiſh, who during ſtorms, fixeth herſelf firmly upon the rocks, without motion: amongſt the floating thoughts which a dark cloudy conſcience may ſuggeſt, always to hold ones foot on the rock of S. *Peter*, fixed and ſtable: to truſt the direction of the Church, and not to forſake our hold. It is the moſt palpable folly which can creep into the brain of man, to deſire wiſdom contrary to the wiſdom of Saints, which is humility.

Non plus ſapere quam oportet ſapere, ſed ſapere ad ſobrietatem. Rom. 1.

4. To exerciſe your ſelf diligently in good works, as prayers, abſtinencies, frequentation of Sacraments, and alms-deeds. Faith is given to you, as an inheritance of Heaven, whoſoever endeavoureth not to husband it, looſeth it.

The ſecond OBSTACLE.

* Errour in Religion.

**Cauſe hoc caput & non niſi cum delectu adhibito legendum.*

Friendly and wholeſom counſel to the Nobilitie of the pretended Religion.

S. Hieroym the letter to Cteſiphon. Hæreſes ad originem ſuam revocaſſe, confutaſſe, Hæreticorum ſententias prodidiſſe ſuperaſſe eſt.

AN hereſie diſcovered, is a face unmasked. Take away the vizard, you diſarm her, pull away this ſemblance painted with hypocriſie, wherewith ſhe hath plaiſtered her face, you ſufficiently refute her; you need but to know her to overcome her, and when the head of her arrows are bare, they have no more force. Catholick Doctours have hitherto couragiouſly endeavoured to take from her this veil and adulterated colours: yea even ſhe at this time hath ſo favourably for you unmasked her ſelf, that a man muſt pull out his eyes, if he will not behold her deformity in her rebellion, juſtly deteſted by the ſage and moderate of her own ſide.

And I beſeech them to conſider that this egge which they abhor, is laid by the Raven that broodeth in their boſom, and it is a great blindneſs to break the egges of the Aſp, and cheriſh the ſerpent which hath laid them.

Good and generous ſouls, which yet retain ſome ſparks of a French ſpirit, do well ſee theſe proceedings are not according to Scripture, which ſo ſeverely recommendeth the honour of Kings, and therefore they ſound a retreat, they ſould up their enſigns, freely confeſſing they have erred as men, and proteſting not to perſevere in miſchief like devils. There are none but enraged ſpirits that will be healed by the experience of their own ill, and bury themſelves in their ruin; wiſe men always make a medicine for themſelves of others folly.

Optimum eſt aliena inſania frui.

Go to then, you who after ſo many voices from Heaven, do ſtill ſtagger, and adviſe if you ought to return to the Romane Church, which is the womb of your beginning and boſom of your repoſe, give me leave, that I may take this film from your eyes; grow not outragious, to what purpoſe ſhould you ſtand quaking in theſe frightful agonies? Exerciſe a little patience, I do not doubt but you will bleſs the hand which layeth hold on you, when you ſhall come to ſee the light. I come not with ſword in hand, to put a religion into your heads with main force; I come to you full of compaſſion of your miſery, full of affection for your ſalvation, full of the deſire of your eaſe, of your contentment, of your glory. Do you refuſe me? A truth doth not gall your ears: when you have underſtood and diligently conſidered it, if it pleaſe you not, you may reject it. But I beſeech God the Father of light and mercy may open your heart and eyes, to reſolve you herein accordingly to his holy will. It is a matter of no ſmall importance to handle the affairs of ſalvation. We well know we have an immortal ſoul, which ſhall ſurvive to all eternity, either in the boſom of the glory of Heaven, or in the flames of the damned; we well know by what gate it entered into this life, and where it at this preſent ſojourneth, but we underſtand not by what paſſage, when, or how it ſhall iſſue out. We have nothing here more certain than death, nothing more uncertain than the hour and manner, nothing ſo aſſured in the other world, as to find there a judgement of God, a Heaven for virtues, a hell for ſin: nothing ſo doubtful as the determinate ſentence of your proceſs, nothing ſo abſolutely confirmed, as that one cannot be ſaved without true Religion; and nothing ſo controverted by the malice of Satan, as the verity of religion. Notwithſtanding if you erre in the choice, you make ſhip-wrack before you weigh anchour, and ſo long as you remain in errour, nothing can ſave nor deliver you from eternal damnation. For it is a belief of all Chriſtianitie, witneſſed by Saint *Fulgentius* in the book which he compoſed of faith, that all thoſe who ſhut up the courſe of their life out of the true Church, although they have filled the world with hoſpitals, and ſhed their bloud for the name of *Jeſus Chriſt*, cannot free themſelves from the eternal torments of hel. See wretched ſoul, if at this dreadful hour of death and Gods judgement you find your ſelf miſerably deceived

Importance of the choiſe of religion, matters very conſiderable.

Truth worthy to be embraced. *De fide ad petrum. Diacon. c. 48. Qui extra Eccleſiam Catholicam præſentem finiunt vitam, in ignem æternum ituros, Quantaſcumque elemoſynas fecerint, & ſi pro Chriſti nomine etiam ſanguinem fuderint, nullatenus poſſe ſalvari.*

ceived by your Ministers under the pretext of Scripture, whither will you have recourse? Verily whatsoever is said to you, you well know in your conscience that dying in the faith of S. *Lewis*, S *Bernard*, S. *Francis*, who have directly opposed yours, you have all the possible assurance of a good religion: nor do I thinke you have so laid downe all shame, that you condemn so great and illustrious personages.

Assurance of the Catholick.

You are not ignorant that all innovation is dangerous, but principally in matter of faith. They that follow the main current and generality of a religion ancient and well-grounded cannot perish but by falling from heaven, cannot stumble in their belief but by intombing themselves in the ruins of Christianitie, which God neither can nor will suffer to be lost, according to his promises.

They which adhere to novelties, sail in a sea of monsters and tempests, without pole-star, without rudder, without Pilot, without any other guid than their own judgement, which cannot choose but very easily deceive them.

Danger of noveltie in religion.

If there be flames in hell employed in the punishment of sinfull souls, there is no doubt but they shall chiefly be inflicted on them, who have laboured to rend the garment of *Jesus Christ*, to break the connexions and seames of the Church, to strike at the lawfull powers ordained by God, to throw disorder, fire, and bloud into the state of their Prince. What horrour will it be in this great and general day, when you shall see your innocencie by association of religion, engaged to the enormitie of so many disastrous crimes, which you must expiate with paines, which shall have no other limits but eternity? Enter again into your self a little, and afford so much patience as to know your self. For if you desire to proceed with all security, I advise you three things.

Three things necessary to dispose ones self in religion.

First, to have a spirit throughly discharged of anticipations, bold animosities and apprehensions, which raise mistes even among the most resplendent lights of truth. It is said that heretofore at *Smyrna* a citie of *Greece*, there was a false mirrour kept in the Temple, which did represent the most beautiful and amiable faces, with notable deformitie, and on the contrary gave to creatures ugly and misshapen, a lustre of borrowed and wholly imaginarie beautie. Your Ministers in the false glasse of their Doctrine, represent the Romane Church to you, this lovely and chaste spouse of Heaven, as a monster composed of all sorts of abominations, you have your ears perpetually beaten, with the seven hills of *Rome*, with *Antichrist*, with the horned beast, with Idolatries and superstitions, which they maliciously obtrude to us. If you remaine fixed in these perswasions, how can you doe other but hate that which you know not?

First to avoid prejudice.

Mirrour of *Smyrna*. *Pausanias.*

On the contrary, you are made to behold a sect which you well know to have been begun by a general revolt from superiour powers, by scandalous sensualities, and an infinite number of cruelties as a celestiall Doctrine, beautifull, radiant, under the pretext of Scripture, which is a meer subject to fancie; and considering it under this veyle you love it, and as *Nero*, who through an emerald beheld the flames and bloud of his countrie, and found it a pleasant mirrour, so whilest you view the pretended Religion under a veyle, all seemeth beautiful and goodly to you. Take away for one hour at least this partiall prejudicate spirit, drunke with passion; and take another, calme, reposed, settled, which hath an indifferent care for each part.

Second disposition, to avoid the spr it

The second thing is, you must not too much stick upon petty curiosities of a thousand controversies and unprofitable disputations. Truth ordinarily is therein ill handled under the shadow of cherishing it, it is haled this way, and that way, with such boldnesse, that it seemeth every one would dis-member it, and each man take his share away with him. After so many stabs and stoc-adoes on this side, and that side, no other fruit is derived but yea and no, and the soul oft-times findeth it selfe as much void of peace and reason, as it is full of gall and darkness.

of quarrels and eager contentions. *Indefiexo motu adversandi studium persistit, ubi non rationi voluntas subjicitur sed ibi quæ studemus doctrinam coaptamus.* Hilarius. 10. de Trin.

You know what is written in the vision of the prophet *Elias*: God is not to be found in the rustling of impetuous winds, in boysterous stormes, in turmoyles, in fire; but in a gentle gale, which bringeth light and refreshment in its wings;

Truth in the calm. *Non in commotione Dominus. In sibilo auræ tenuis.* Reg. 3. 19.

Likewise, veritie fit to handle the conversion of souls, is not ordinarily in these ardent and contentious disputations, where the prizes of fast and loose are played, but in the repose of a quiet spirit, temperate, moulded in the hands of a prudent docilenes. For faith runneth a different course from humane sciences. To say, why this? and why that? to sift the causes, the effects, the tenents, the utmost bounds of a point, it is the vulgar track of inferiour schools. Faith which hath God himself for object, who is a bottomless abyss of light and perfection, cannot demonstrate all that it believeth, otherwise it would not be faith, nor God would not no more be God. He that seeketh faith, seeketh not reason. *Athens* hath nothing to intermeddle with *Jerusalem*, nor the Academie with the Church. Our schoole is the porch of *Solomon*, which teacheth us, we must search for God with simplicitie of heart, and not with frivolous curiositie. Faith moveth upon two poles, the first is to believe what God hath revealed; the second to believe, because he who is an eternal truth, hath revealed it, without any other restriction, specified modification, or humane distinction. What wrong doth the Creatour to us, if he would have us believe more of him than we are able to comprehend? It is not for the iron to ask of the Magnet or Load-stone, from whence those charms and secret influences come, wherewith he attracteth and captiveth him. It is enough that he follow. When God proposeth a verity unto thee by the voice and general consent of the Church, (poor man) thou kickest, thou friskest, thou dost appeal to human reason, to sense, to judgement, which have wings too short and insufficient to undertake such a flight.

A singular axiom of Chrysol. and Tertullian. *Qui fidem quærit rationem non quærit.* *Quid Athenis, & Hierosolymis? Quid Academiæ & Ecclesiæ? Nostra institutio de porticu Salomonis est, quæ monet Deum in simplicitate cordis quærendum.* Chrys. serm. 58. & Tertul. de præscrip.

Whilest thou therein proceedest in the manner, thy faith will be no true faith, but a phantasie which will entertain thee with false illusions, and leave thee real torments. It is a great science in matter of Religion to have a holy and conscientious ignorance. All Hereticks (saith *Tertullian*) promise reason and knowledge. All of them assail faith with human understanding. God teacheth us another way, which is to adore his mysteries with submission of spirit, and make of our own proper judgements a sacrifice on the Altar of faith.

Omnes tument, omnes scientiam pollicentur. Sapientiæ hæc veritas est interdum sapere quod nolis. Hilar. 5. de Trinit. initio.

Third disposition Purity of life.

The third thing which you are to have in great recommendation, is diligently to purge your conscience from the rust of sin. The spirit of God is pleased and fed amongst lilies, and nothing so much hindereth heavenly doctrine as impuritie of life. Pearls are dissolved in vineger, and truth in a heart made bitter with the corruption of vice. If you desire that it should come to you, observe three things exactly. First endeavour, as much as you can possibly, to free your self from a certain spirit of presumption, which puffeth men up and inebrateth them with the love of their own judgement, before they be throughly awakened, and from hence it cometh that they affectionately imbrace themseves, and make such esteem of their own

thoughts, words, maxims, that all ſeemeth gold. This is a pernicious illuſion, and which ſtoppeth up all exceſs to our Saviour, who is much pleaſed to converſe with the humble.

Qui diligit cordis munditiem amicum habebit Regem, incorruptio facit eſſe proximum Deo. Prov. 2. 2. Sap. 6.

Secondly, live with great puritie of ſoul and body, carefully preſerving your ſelf from being engulfed in ſenſual affections, pleaſures and ordures of fleſh, which bury the ſoul in a puddle, and make it uncapable of all good. God hath not upon earth a more pleaſing hoſtels than purity of heart. 'T is that which procures for us the amity of the Sovereign King, and placeth us near the Divinity. Finally labour to adorn your ſelf with Charity, and the very bowels of pitie towards the poor and perſons afflicted, aſſiſting them according to the ability which you have; and when you, fortified with ſuch arms, ſhall daily knock at the gates of Heaven, by inceſſant prayer asking grace, ſpeaking and conferring oftimes with ſome Catholick Doctour, virtuous, charitable and peaceful, I have infinite hopes the Father of light will dart upon your heart his beams, and give you leave to know the truth.

Four very notable points to diſcover the falſhood of the pretended.

In the mean ſpace, ponder a little in your heart four notable points, which will make you diſcover the falſitie of the pretended Religion.

The firſt is, *the beginning*. The ſecond, *the progreſs*. The third, *the foundation of the Doctrine*. The fourth, *the fruits*. Behold four touch-ſtones to judge aright of Religion. If all this do well accord with reaſon and veritie in the pretended Religion, I give you leave to follow it; but if all therein be tottering and ruinous, I beſeech you open your eyes a little, and view your miſery, after you have ſo often ſhut up your ears againſt reaſon, and your heart againſt charitie.

Original.

Then firſt of all conſider, whether this Religion you profeſs be ancient or new. If it be ancient and the Religion of the Apoſtles, you ought to follow it; if new, you ought to condemn it; no man doubteth. Now, it is as new as noveltie it ſelf: which is proved, firſt by the name thereof, ſince every Religion which is called reformed, ought neceſſarily to have been deformed; for a thing is not reformed which never had deformitie. This is clear. And every Religion which is ſaid to be reformed in things eſſential, as are Sacraments, was then before deformed in matters eſſential, and ſo deformed, that in a word it was no longer a Religion.

For it is as impoſſible a Religion can ſubſiſt without the veritie of faith and Sacraments, as to ſay that a man can be a man without a reaſonable ſoul. Now this Religion of which we make queſtion, according to your ſaying, was deformed in eſſential things, to wit, in Sacraments, whereby it appeareth it was no more a Religion, than a lying truth, to ſpeak properly, is truth it ſelf.

Pretended religion new, and therefore none at all.

Wherefore we muſt conclude, that thoſe which boaſt they have reformed it within theſe hundred years, have made it wholly new: as if the Sun had been annihilated for a thouſand years ſpace, and that God came to reſtore it, it would be an abſolute new Sun; ſo is this Religion wholly new. Behold then, if every new Religion (as is moſt evident) carrie its condemnation, ſee you not, that this ſame which you profeſs, is falſe, ſince it proveth it ſelf to be new, and onely diſcovered ſince *Luther* and *Calvin*.

The proof thereof is evident.

And think not, this novelty is onely proved by reaſon. It is your own confeſſion in the 31. article, where you openly profeſs, the Church hath not onely been reformed, but abſolutely made new: this ſole innovation (if you judge aright of it) ſhould give you occaſion to ſuſpect it.

Novelties ever ſuſpected by the wiſe.

The ſage Common-wealth of the *Lycians* heretofore ordained, that all thoſe who would propoſe any noveltie in matter of law, ſhould deliver it in publick, with a halter about their necks; to the end that if their propoſitions were not found to be good and profitable, the authours thereof ſhould be ſtrangled in the place.

And what can one think of them, which have brought in ſuch huge noveliſm in matter of Religion, ſo diſaſtrous, and ſo prejudicial to Chriſtendom by the effuſion of ſo much bloud? Judge your ſelves, and weigh at leiſure the force of this argument; you ſhall perceive it is very hard to find evaſions againſt this veritie. For of two things you muſt confeſs one, either that the Church hath wholly been extinct the ſpace of about a thouſand years, and then was newly repaired according to the ancient model of the Apoſtles: or that it hath always been on foot, but inviſible and unknown.

Force of argument.

Weak evaſions of Miniſters.

Theſe two evaſions are very vain and frivolous, as you ſhall underſtand, thereunto a little applying your judgement. For, to ſpeak of the firſt, expreſſed in the 31. Article of your Faith, that the Church hath been newly reformed: Firſt, this is againſt the word of God, who to his Church promiſeth an aſſiſtance without interruption, even to the end of the world. Theſe are his words in S. *Matthew*: *Behold I am with you all the days, even to the conſummation of the world*. He admitteth not one ſole day of interruption, and you make one of a thouſand or eleven hundred years.

Firſt evaſion refuted.

1. Reaſon.

Matth. 28. 2.

Secondly, you make a *Jeſus Chriſt* diſarrayed, a Church reduced to nothing, for the ſpace of ten Ages, which is very intolerable, and ſhall never be, nay not during the time of Antichriſt's perſecution. Moreover were it ſo, you muſt deny the providence of God, ſo to have abandoned to a general deſolation, a work faſt cemented with the bloud of his Son; yea he, who hath a care even of the neſts of the little halcyons. Finally you muſt ſay, that *Jeſus Chriſt* was an Impoſtour, and unable: an Impoſtour to have promiſed a Church without interruption; unable in that he could not preſerve it: all which is blaſphemous.

2. Reaſon.

3. Reaſon.

Second evaſion overthrown.

To affirm the ſecond, that this Church hath always been, but yet unknown and inviſible, if all men were changed into beaſts, it might happen they would be thus perſwaded: But if they yet retain one dram of human capacitie, it were impoſſible; ſo impertinent is this propoſition.

For firſt of all, becauſe you will affirm nothing without proof out of holy Scripture, it is demanded of you, where is it ſpoken of this unknown Church, of this inviſible Church? Much otherwiſe, ſhe is compared to a Citie planted upon a hill, to the Light, to the pavilion in the Sun, as the Scripture teacheth us, and S. *Auguſtine* proveth it by the ſame Scripture, upon the 18. Pſalm.

In ſole poſuit tabernaculum ſuum: in manifeſtatione poſuit Eccleſiam ſuam. Auguſt. in Pſal. 18.

Secondly, if this Church were unknown, whither ſhould the Gentiles have addreſſed themſelves for their converſion? or thoſe that were doubtful for their reſolution? or all the faithful for their direction? God referreth them all to his Church. Is it not a meer mockerie to ſend them to a thing inviſible?

Thirdly, if there be no proof in Scripture which averreth this, ſome human reaſon at leaſt is required. Can a propoſition more reaſonable be made, than to ask of thoſe who maintain a thing to have been in former Ages, to produce ſome marks thereof? That they ſhew, how for a thouſand years of deſolation their Church hath been in being? That they ſet before us one ſole hiſtorie which witneſſeth how in the thouſand, two, three, four, and five hundred years, there was found a company of brethren who profeſſed an univerſal ſum of all the articles which theſe men now maintain?

The Phenix is very rare; but yet it is ſaid in ſuch and ſuch a year, a Phenix was ſeen in *Rome*. Do we find that any man ſaith the like of the pretended reformed

Allatus eſt Phœnix in urbem anno urbis 800. Plin. l. 10. c. 11.

formed Religion? There is not a word of it. We find the *Waldenſes*, *Circumcellians*, *Gnoſticks*, *Borborites*, and *Beguins*, who have held ſome piece of our Hereticks belief, and we likewiſe behold, that all have been condemned as Hereticks. But there is not one to be found, who hath framed this body of the pretended Religion, as it is at this day compoſed. What meaneth this? Is it to have one ſmall ſparkle of the underſtanding of man, to affirm ſuch a thing to have been, and not to know how to produce one proof?

Æſops Aſs.

Is not this to play *Æſops* aſs, that vaunted he had great ſecrets of wiſdom to communicate to other beaſts; and to authorize it, he hid himſelf a long time in a drie pit, from whence he came with a Philoſophers cloak, ſaying, That whileſt he had been inviſible, he had much addicted himſelf to ſciences, and the knowledge of truth. In the end it was known he was an aſs, and with many blows and baſtonadoes he was ſent back again to the pit from whence he came. This is the parable which *Tertullian* ſpake to the Hereticks of his time. You now come forth, as an Aſs out of *Æſops* pit, and you crie out: Tell me, who are you? From whence come you? who ſent you? What right have you upon us to extinguiſh the belief of our fore-fathers? Do you not behold a beginning of the pretended ſhameleſs and ridiculous Religion, which well proveth its nullitie?

A notable paſſage of *Tertullian.*

Aſinum de puteo modo venis, & jam exclamas: Dic qui ſis, à quo venias, & quod ſit tibi jus in nobis? Tertul. in Marc. l. 4. c. 23

Second point, progreſs and publication of the ſect.

The ſecond conſideration on which we muſt reſt, is well to ballance the progreſs, advancement, and publication of this ſect. If you find it conformable to the ancient manner of the Primitive Church, follow it: If it be directly oppoſite, have you not great reaſon to abandon it? Now Sir, ſo it is, and behold how.

The true Church from her infancie, hath had four marks moſt evident. The firſt is a profound humilitie. The ſecond a great love of virginitie, chaſtitie, and continencie, witneſs *Athenagoras*, a moſt ancient Authour, who maketh mention of this great puritie of bodie, and ſaith: It is the mark of the excellencie of our Religion. The third, a great obedience to Superiours, recommended by S. *Paul* to the Romans: *Let every ſoul be ſubject to ſuperiour Powers.* The fourth, a ſweetneſs and an admirable patience in perſecutions. Behold what appeared in the publication of the Goſpel. If you obſerve any thing like in the progreſs of the pretended Religion, then have you cauſe to have a good opinion of it. But if you therein do ſee all her proceedings oppoſite to the ſame, conclude it is not of God. And tell me, what are her proceedings in the fore-alledged points?

Reperire apud nos eſt permultos viros, & mulieres qui in celibatu conſeneſcunt. Rom. 12.

Conſider the force of this proof.

First mark.

It cannot be doubted, but that the virtue of humilitie is the foundation of faith, and one of the moſt noble characters of Chriſtian Religion. *Where humilitie is* (ſaith the Wiſe-man) *there is wiſdom, and God is pleaſed to drie up the roots of proud people.* Now all hereſie is inſeparably tied to a proud ſpirit, from whence it took beginning, derived nouriſhment, and receives increaſe.

Prov. 11.

Ezech. 10.

Epiphan. hæreſ. 19. *Illebertus hæreticus ſub Zacharia.*

We might alledge an infinite number of teſtimonies to this purpoſe. But we do not now tell you how two heretick women of the race of *Elxay*, did as it were, cauſe their ſpittle to be adored, nor how one *Hildebert* gave the paring of his nails to his ſectaries for reliques; ſo true is it, that hereſie being a ſprout of the evil ſpirit, ſtill retains the mark of that pride, which having once aſſaied to diſturb Heaven, never ſuffers the earth to enjoy repoſe.

Corvin and Florimon.

It is well known how in the laſt Age one called *John Leyden*, by trade a botcher, and ring-leader of Hereticks in *Germanie*, having firſt publiſhed a law of pluralitie of wives, went into the field, drawing along with him huge troups of unchaſte creatures; where, after he had played the prophet, he cauſed himſelf to be choſen King, took a triple diadem, erected a proud pavilion, wherein he gave audience, eſtabliſhed his Court and Peerates, chooſing out rogues and reprobates, at that time attired in cloth of gold and ſilver, and other coſtly ſtuffs, which having but a little before ſerved for ornaments on Altars, were now cut in pieces by the hands of theſe *Harpies*, and employed to cover infamous bodies, that rather deſerved to be involved in ſulphur and flames. When this King of Cardes marched through the Citie, you would have taken him for the great Duke of *Muſcovia*, or ſome antick King of *Hieruſalem.* A Page mounted on horſ-back, bare a Bible covered with plates of gold before him, another carried a naked ſword, willing thereby to expreſs he was born for the defence of the Goſpel. Beſides, he commonly had in his hand a golden globe, whereon theſe words were engraven: *King of Juſtice on earth. Anne Delphonſe*, the firſt of fourteen wives this Impoſtour had married, went along with him, covered with a mantle furred with ermines, claſped with a great buckle all of maſſie gold.

This would ſeem ſtrange, if we had not lately known the inſolence of rebels, and their imaginary regalities, which are mounted to ſuch a height of furie, that they draw very near to the like frenzie. Yet will we not at this time inſtance hereupon in any thing concerning this article. We onely ſay, that to ſeparate Religion from rebellion, and the manners of men from doctrine, the maximes of Sectaries make an abſolute profeſſion of the moſt enraged vanity that may be obſerved in the courſe of human life. For if the Scripture doth ſo ſtrictly recommend unto us in the practice of humilitie, not to make our ſelves over wiſe or able, not to reſt upon our own judgement nor proper prudence, to hearken to our fore-fathers, to obey Paſtours who have lawful ſucceſſion, to work our ſalvation with fear and trembling at Gods judgements, what may we think of a ſect, which authorizeth a peculiar ſpirit, which hath ever been the ſeminary of all ſchiſms and diſorders, which without diſtinction putteth the Scripture into all hands, to judge of points of faith, from whence have riſen amongſt them an infinite number of diviſions; which teacheth to account as dotages all that which the piety of our fore-fathers reverenced, all that the wiſeſt and moſt religious men of the earth decided, which teacheth to ſpit againſt light, and trample under foot the commandments of Paſtours and Prelates; to flatter ones ſelf with aſſurance of ſalvation and predeſtination, in the greateſt exorbitancies and neglects of life?

Rom. 12. *Non alta ſapientes ſed humilibus conſentientes.* Prov. 35. *Ne innitaris prudentiæ tuæ.*

Verily it is an admirable thing to behold how the petty ſpirits of artificers and ſilly women buſie themſelves herein, and to what a degree of pride they come, when abuſed by I know not what imaginary texts of Scripture, they grow big with the opinion of their own abilitie. What pride more irregular, than to ſee men not content with the Religion of *Charlemaigne* and S. *Lewis*, nor of the Churches and tombs of their Anceſtours, to become ſo curious, as to think their Kings and Paſtours to be Idolaters, and all the better part of mankind beſtial, from whom they ſeparate themſelves as from people infected with a ſpiritual contagion, and do all they can to deifie their own opinions? What phariſie ever came near this height of pride?

If there were any the leaſt ſpark of humilitie, a good ſoul would ſay within it ſelf, *What do I, or where am I? It is an old ſaying, He that too much believes in himſelf, is a devil to himſelf. I think I am grounded on the word of God: but have not all hereticks had the ſame foundation, which they in concluſion found onely to ſubſiſt in their own imagination? Why ſhould I ſeparate my ſelf from the main bodie of the ancient Church, to ſatisfie the itch of my peculiar judgement?*

ment? It is not credible that ſo many men of honour and worth, who are clear-ſighted in all other things, ſhould be deceived in this, they may have had doubts and opinions as we, but they have overcome them by humility and reaſon, they have ſtuck to the bodie of the tree, they have followed the general conſent of people, which rather live in uniformitie than adhere to noveltie.

Let them not be figured to me as Idolaters, ideots, and men ſuperſtitious; they have far other aims than theſe. The wiſeſt and moſt temperate of our ſide, believe them not to be damned in their Religion. To what purpoſe then is all this, to handle a buſineß apart, to be ſeparated from our near alies, from Sacraments, Church, tombs, and to be the cauſe of ſo many diviſions, ſpoils, and bloud-ſhed? I plainly ſee we muſt hereafter live in re-union. It is the ſpirit of God which commandeth it. If I have beliefs in my heart different from the ordinary, I ought not divulge them to create ſchiſms and ſcandals. I ſhould inform my ſelf. I ſhould obey, it is fit I ſomewhat yield to the love of thoſe who look after me for my good, and the authoritie of ſuch as command over me by juſtice. I cannot periſh in making a ſacrifice of my proper will, for peace and the common good to thoſe whom God hath appointed me for guiders and ſuperiours. This is the great ſcience, which I will hereafter ſeek in the government of the inward man. Behold what an humble creature might ſay: but inſolency, the inſeparable companion of hereſie, proceedeth much otherwiſe.

2. Mark. And as concerning purity, let us not go about to ſpeak of the vices of particular men, which are exceſſes of nature, not laws of profeſſion. For to ſay there are vices in one bodie and in one ſect, is to ſay nothing; but to ſay theſe vices are confirmed and authorized by the maxims and examples of the ſame ſect, this is to ſay all.

Now this is it which we behold in the proceedings of the Pretenders. For it cannot be denied but we ought to keep promiſe with men, and by a much ſtronger reaſon, what we promiſe to God? Yet notwithſtanding the principal of the Pretenders have taught by word, and practiſed by example the doctrine of the whole bodie; which is, that one may break a vow of chaſtity, to wit, of a thing very good, for it is praiſed by the mouth of our Savour and S. *Paul*; of a thing very reaſonable, for millions of Saints have practiſed it in the beginning of the Church; of a thing moſt holy, for the ſcripture hath given it the name of ſanctity: to break a vow ſealed as with the ſeal of the invocation of the holy Trinity, and the bloud of *Jeſus*: to break it not by frailty but profeſſion, againſt the doctrine and practice of all antiquity. Is this a mark of the true Church?

Matth. 17. *2 Cor.* 7. *Theſſal.* 4.

3. Mark. Take the third mark, obedience, moſt natural to the primitive Chriſtians and all juſt men, who are called a Nation of obedience, and you ſhall find in the infancie of the pretended religion, a revolt againſt all eccleſiaſtical and ſecular Powers, continued in all times, and in all the parts of the world, where ſhe might be introduced with ſuch cruelties, as we know by experience.

Eccl. 3.

4. Mark. Take laſtly the fourth mark, which is the dove-like ſweetneſs that ſhone in the firſt Chriſtians, even in the times of perſecution, and you ſhall find in the pretended Religion there is nothing but Conventicles, Conſiſtories of ſtate, factions, armies, ranſackings, and horrours, which make all good conſciences to tremble. Should I enlarge upon this diſcourſe, I could mention matters able to make marbles weep: but I will not labour to be eloquent in our evils, which I ſeek to ſweeten what I may, not intending to exaſperate any.

Publication of the pretended, how far from true Chriſtianitie.

Onely I ask, what will your prime Sectaries anſwer to the Church at the day of judgement, when ſhe ſhall ſay: My firſt Children bare neither rod nor ſtick to plant faith in the hearts of men, and you have publiſhed a Religion all briſtled with ſwords, and ſooted over with the ſmoak of Canons, all ſprinkled with the bloud of Catholicks. My lawful children at the publication of the Goſpel, ſpake not one bitter word againſt executioners, among the moſt exquiſite torments which might be inflicted. And you, what vein, I pray, have you ſpared in my bodie, from whence you drew not rivers of bloud to diſtain the lilies of *France*.

Your fore-fathers built Churches for me, and you have demoliſhed them: They erected Altars, and you have pulled them down: They advanced Croſſes to me, and you have broken them: They have conſecrated Prieſts for my ſervice, and you have maſſacred them in my arms. The Apoſtles taught me to place the bodies of Saints under Altars, and you have taken them from that repoſe, whereunto nature conſigned them, from that repoſe many times afforded to malefactours, you have divided them between fire and water; yea you have infected elements, making them as executioners of thoſe venerable bodies, whoſe foot-ſteps they honoured. And of what bodies? of a S. *Irenæus* burned at *Lions*; of a S. *Hilarie* at *Poictiers*; of a S. *Aygnan* at *Orleans*; of a S. *Martin*, and a S. *Francis* of *Paula* at *Tours*, not to ſpeak of others. The Apoſtles teach us to honour Kings, and you have loaden them with reproches, even to the figuring of King *Charls* the ninth, with marks moſt unworthy, in a coyn you ſtampt with croſſes and Church Chalices, yea to the diſenterring of the heart of *Francis* the ſecond, interred at S. *Croſs* in *Orleans*, and the waſting it in flames. See *Monſieur de Saintes* in the Book of ſaccage.

Judge now (O you Pretenders) whether a Religion which carried on the brow thereof, acts ſo barbarous, pollutions ſo hydeous, cruelties ſo execrable, can poſſibly have the leaſt ſpark of piety.

3. Point. Foundation of Catholick Religion. *Auguſtin.* contra ep. fun.

For a third conſideration, examine well the foundation of this new Religion, and you ſhall diſcover the deceit thereof. Catholick religion hath for foundation all that, which may ſettle a fair and generous ſoul, as S. *Auguſtine* obſerved. If the word of God ſhould hold the chief place, and ſerve as a baſis for this great building of the Church, (as is moſt reaſonable) we inceſſantly challenge Miniſters to ſhew us one onely text expreſs, formal, and irreproveable, contrary to the articles of our faith. For hitherto they have produced nothing but ſemblances to deceive inferiour judgements, being unable to make them good before underſtanding and capable men.

If a lawful ſucceſſion and miſſion of Paſtours be required, which is abſolutely neceſſary for the eſtabliſhment of an Eccleſiaſtical Hierarchie, we ſhew that from the Apoſtles hitherward, our Prelates and Biſhops do all ſucceſſively follow one another. If the authority of Councels demanded, which are the ſinews, the mouthes and living oracles of a true Religion, let them be looked on in the revolution of ſo many Ages, and they will be found altogether for us.

If the interpretations of Fathers and Doctours (who were the lights of their times, the inſtruments of the holy Ghoſt, and Secretaries of the Divinity) have any weight with a ſoul well compoſed to eſtabliſh a truth, then eſpecially when they all with one accord and conſent do ſpeak; they loudly condemn the errour and noveliſm of our Adverſaries.

If miracles, which were wrought in the ſight of all mankind, with ſo much approbation, that they have evicted confeſſion from the moſt incredulous, and reverence from the moſt ſtupid, weigh down the ballance, it is on our ſide. If the ſtudie of perfection and holineſs of life be infallible marks of true faith, you may as ſoon tell the ſtars in the skie, as reckon up the number of holy perſonages, who have flouriſhed through all Ages amongſt us, and who therein are daily noted with ſuch excellencies,

that

that living as Angels, they ſpeak like true Oracles of the Divinitie. Finally, if we will give any credit to ancient monuments, the marbles in Churches and tombs of our Anceſtours ſpeak for us.

Moſt wholeſome adviſe how to reſolve on choiſe of Religion. *Auguſtin.* contra ep. fund.

Behold verily the powerful and invincible reaſons which made S. *Auguſtine* reſolve upon the Religion we profeſs. *Many great conſiderations* (ſaid he) *with much reaſon keep me in the obedience of the Catholick Church: The conſent of people and Nations hold me: The authority of the ſame Church, which is riſen up by miracle, nouriſhed with hope, augmented by charity, eſtabliſhed by its antiquity: The ſucceſſion of Biſhops holds me therein, which beginning in the See and authority of* S. Peter, *to whom God recommended the care of the flock, is maintained to this preſent time. Laſtly the name of Catholick holds me in it.* He addeth, *he would not believe the Goſpel it ſelf, if he were not convinced by the authority of the Church.*

Evangelio non crederem niſi me Eccleſiæ Catholicæ commoveret autoritas. Contra ep. Manich.

Moſt weake foundation of the Pretenders.

Let us now ſee whether you have better choiſe, and more conſideration than this worthy man, who is one of the prime wits of the world. Let us ſee what your Miniſters oppoſe againſt ſo many infallible proofs, to cover their want of antiquity, miſſion, ſucceſſion, miracles, ſanctity, judgement, and reaſon. They ceaſe not to buzze out every where a falſe pretext of Scripture, which verily is the greateſt illuſion that ever was. For theſe wicked ones, ſeeing themſelves battered on every ſide from the beginning of this reformation, knew well in their conſciences the Scripture was againſt them. Yet notwithſtanding (ſaid they, to mock at the faith of mankind, and lead them into Atheiſm) we muſt avoid the deciſions of a Power lively and lawful, we muſt onely take colour from the holy text, we will make it ſay what we liſt: we will maintain nothing is to be believed but what is written, and that which is written, we will diſguiſe with our gloſſes and conſequences, to catch thoſe, who think they have ſome wit. Behold the onely means to colour our pretences.

Reaſons which ſhew the nullity of this foundation.

1. Reaſon.

You then who are endowed with ſufficient and ſolid judgement, conſider a little how deceitfull, weak, and ruinous, this foundation is. Firſt it appears the devil and all Hereticks of former times have taken the ſame foundation, ever ſaying the Scripture was on their ſides, which is moſt untrue. Notwithſtanding behold to what paſs all hereticks came. *Munter* proved by Scripture he was the Prophet *David*; *George*, a diabolical man, that he was God; *Eon* condemned by the Councel of *Rhemes*, that he was the true Meſſias, even by the ſame Scripture.

Neque enim natæ ſunt hæreſes niſi dum ſcripturæ bonæ intelliguntur non bene. Auguſt. ad Conſentium. ep. 222.

2. Reaſon.

Secondly, the world having been two thouſand years and more without Scripture, the firſt were written in *Hebrew* by abbreviation with ſuch ambiguity, that every one following his own opinion, might frame a Bible to his own liking: Yea ſometimes ſuch diverſity was found in the *Hebrew*, *Greek*, *Latine*, and *Chaldaick* letter, that where one read *David*, another read *a bowl*, where one *the liver*, another *a pillow*, where one *beauty* another *a ſavage beaſt*; where one *the word*, another *life*, where one read *the living*, another *the dead*. And you who neither know *Hebrew*, *Greek*, nor *Latine*, on whom will you relie?

3. Reaſon.

Thirdly, upon paſſages written in every expreſs terms, as, *This is my body*; the ſpirits of men have forged two hundred opinions quite different, what then will become of difficulties more thorny? *Julian* Biſhop of *Tolledo* wrote a volumn of apparent contradictions in Scripture, which in ſubſtance hath none, but which notwithſtanding ſeem many times to ſay things directly contrary; ſuch obſcurity there is in ſome paſſages. Whom ſhould we believe? Do you not ſee this were a means to maintain eternal diviſions, if there were not Judges to decide differences in a kingdom, but that every one ſhould carry the cauſe according to the proportion of his loud crying, to make his texts and allegations to be of force? What would this come unto? And you would bring the like diſorder into the Church.

Juliani Dynamium.

4. Reaſon.

Fourthly, in the ancient law the Bible was in the Ark, and no man durſt open it, and turn it to reſolve controverſies upon this Rule, but did expect the deciſion thereof from the Prieſts mouth, who had a lawful ſucceſſion. *The lips of the Prieſt are the ſtore-houſes of knowledge, and from his mouth you ſhall enquire the law*, ſaid the Prophet *Malachie*. *Malach. 2. 7.*

5. Reaſon.

Fiftly, the wiſeſt men in the world after they had maturely thought upon it, found no other way to determin controverſies, but to have recourſe to the deciſion of a Head. Such is the opinion of S. *Irenæus*, S. *Auguſtine*. and S. *Hierome*, *Vincentius Lirinenſis*, and all other.

Ezech. 44. 24. A moſt juſt proceeding.

Sixthly, it is the commandment of God: *When any controverſies ſhall be raiſed, my Prieſt ſhall hold ſeſſions, and ſhall judge*: For of neceſſity we muſt have an authority commanding, magiſtral, and deciſive.

6. Reaſon.

For Concluſion, can one ſpeak any thing more juſt, than that in caſe any place of Scripture hath obſcurities in it, it were to much better purpoſe to hear thereupon the deciſion of ancient Fathers diſintereſſed from our controverſies, than to enforce our ſelves to paſs upon the judgement of a paſſionate Adverſary, without warrant or authority. When in the year 1523. hereſie began firſt in *France*, and that there was but one Miniſter, a wool-carder called *John Clarck* in the Citie of *Meaux*, where ſhould we find the interpretation of Scripture, in the mouth of this carder, or in a lawful Councel? Judge, behold what you go about: you may hereby ſee how much this pretext of Scripture is malicious, ſhifting, and frivolous.

7. Reaſon.

I adde, that they overthrow themſelves by thoſe ways wherewith they ſeek to eſtabliſh themſelves: For if we ought not believe any thing but that which is written, in what place of their Bible will they find, that twenty thouſand paſſages muſt be taken out of ours? In what place will they ſhew us the books of the *Macchabees* are not Canonical? In what place, that Sunday muſt be kept holy and not Saturday? In what place that vows muſt be broken? In what place that *Jeſus Chriſt* is eaten by the mouth of faith? and ſo many other places, which make us ſufficiently underſtand they ruin themſelves by their own hands.

4. Point. *Math. 7.* Effects of hereſie.

Finally, for the fourth conſideration, take the maxim from the Son of God: To judge well of a ſect, you muſt judge by the fruits and the effects. What fruits and what effects have we ſeen to come from this pretended Religion? The fear of God ſtifled in the hearts of men by a preſumption of their ſalvation, Chriſtian diſcipline oppreſſed by liberty, chaſtity trodden underfoot by unbridled luxury, the ſtandard of rebellion advanced againſt the ſacred perſons of Kings, a million of *French* expoſed to ſlaughter, four thouſand Church-veſteries pillaged, five hundered Churches demoliſhed, *France* ſo many times given over as a prey to ſtrangers, corruptions ſo ſtrange, deſolations ſo dreadful, acts ſo barbarous, that they make the hair ſtand an end on the heads of all good men, which have never ſo little underſtanding. A ſtile of fire were needful, or a pen of adamant ſteeped in bloud to expreſs them.

Monſieur de Sainctes in his Book of ſanctage.

Ah poore *France*! *France* the paradiſe of earth, eye of the world, pearl of all beauties! How many times by the means of this hereſie haſt thou ſeen thy boſom, heretofore crowned with ears of corn and guilded with harveſts, all briſtled with battallions? How many times haſt thou ſeen the land covered with blades, and the ſea with ſhips? How many times haſt thou felt the arms of thy children to encounter

counter in thy proper entrails? How many times hast thou seen flames of brothers hostility slie through thy fat and fruitful fields? When hast thou not sweat in all the parts of thy bodie? When have not rivers of bloud been drawn from thy veins? but such bloud as was able to cement together huge bulwarks for the defence of our Countrey, or to serve for seed for flower-deluces, to make them grow and be advanced in the plains of *Palestine*, and they have been sactificed to furies.

Innocency seemed to afford infants shelter from the tempest, yet the sword of heresie found a passage into their tender bodies. Age rendred old men venerable, yet would no pardon be granted to their gray haits, moistned with the massacre of their children. Virgins were guarded in their mothers armis as a Temple of God, yet have they been dishonoured. So many personages of eminent quality have served as an aim for their impiety, their pains have been sport for them, and their deaths a spectacle. What hair would not stand an end with horrour, and what eye not weep forth bloud, when we speak of these disasters, which your selves detest? Nor can you sufficiently wonder at the crueltie of those, who have taken the liberty of such barbarous outrages, and so bloudy tragadies.

I pass over this discourse as over coles covered with ashes, and would willingly be silent, were it not that, as it was fit to expose massacred bodies to view thereby, to cure the madness of the *Milesian* maids, so must I discover some bloudy effects in the pretended Religion, to raise a horrour against it in good souls. Why also have you in this time renewed so many wounds, which were not well closed, and for want of a little obedience so lawfully due to the most just Prince of the world, do you make a civil war to exhaust *France* of gold and bloud after such expence, and so many bloud-lettings?

If these acts seem so base and inhumane to you, why abhor you not the sect which produced them? If God curse him who is the cause of scandals, were it not fit, if you have some belief estranged from common sense, rather a thousand times to stiffle it in the bottom of your conscience, than to divulge it with these disturbances, divisions and spoil of a Countrey, which you should love as men, and honour as true Children? Were there some stain in the house of our Mother (which never was) must you therefore call her whore, drag her along by the hair, and carry fire to burn her house, in stead of providing water to quench the flames? Is it not better to become patient, to sweeten the acerbities of times, spare wounds on ulcered bodies, or at least to be satisfied with silence, in a matter where you can pretend no right of correction?

What was that so exorbitant which the Church commanded, for which you separated your selves, and took arms to defend the wranglings of our Apostataes, made afterward your Apostles? What Maximes have we so rough and unreasonable, that they must be taken away with the sword, there to plant reformation? Consider a little the notable corrections and admirable policies, which Arch-hereticks have invented to introduce them into the Church. I will here with all sincerity, recite the Maximes of the chief Sectaries, of which some have afterward affrighted you, and you have disavowed them, as you daily do by others, God making you plainly see in the inconstancy and great diversitie of your Doctrine, the little confidence you should put therein.

Maximes of the Catholick and the Pretended.

The Catholick Church teacheth, that God would have all the world saved, as the Apostle hath expressed in the Epistle to *Timothie*; that he desireth good of which he is the source, and that he communicates himself to all his children.

1 *Tim.* 2. 4.

The Pretended say, that God absolutely desires evil, yea doth it willingly, predestinating men without any regard, some to life, others to eternal damnation, as if a father who had daughters, should cut the throat of one most innocent, and marry the other wealthily, having no reason for it but his will, which is most execrable impiety pronounced by the authour of this sect, in the book of his Institutions, and chapter 21. where he saith: *Men are not all created to the like condition, but that life eternal is pre-ordained for some, and eternal damnation for others.*

The Catholick Church speaks of our Saviour, with most profound and religious reverence. The Authour of the Pretended, makes him inferiour to his Father, calling him the second King after God, and attributing ignorance to him, despair on the Cross, and the pains of the damned, which are things most horrible. The Catholick Church holdeth *Jesus Christ* is the onely and sole Mediatour of redemption, and that there is no other name either in heaven or earth, in which, and by which we can be saved, and for that cause she honours it all she can, extending and multiplying the fruits of honour and praise not onely in his own person, but in his dear friends also, which are the blessed Virgin and the Saints, whom we pray unto as the fruits of his Cross, and take them for Mediatours of intercession, grounded therein on the word of God, which commandeth the friends of *Job* to take him for intercessour, though he were in this transitory life; and not at all doubting, if the soul of the evil rich man prayed unto *Abraham* out of hell, but we on earth may be permitted to call to our aid, souls so faithful, so much honoured by God, and whose praises he reckons his own greatnes.

Calvin in Evang. *Mar.* 27. Institut. 2. cap. 16.

Job 42.

Luc. 16.

We likewise reverence holy images, since it is an ancient custom in the Church, the marks whereof we yet behold in *Tertullian*, who might have conversed with the Disciples of the Apostles. The Pretended quite contrary, faigning they honour Saints, as one would *Socrates* or *Phocion*, perpetually mock thereat, break down their images, call them by the name of idols and false gods.

Tertul. de pudicitia. c. 7.

The Catholick Church holdeth man hath free wil, supported in this article upon so many passages of Scripture. The Pretended dispoil man of all liberty, which is to destroy the worth of his conditions, and to deprive him of the best part of his essence.

Genes. 4. *Deut.* 30. *Eccl.* 15.

The Catholick Church holdeth the bloud of our Saviour is a treasure infinite, and very able to purge away all manner of evil, and to merit all good, but that it is applyed to us by works of satisfaction and merit, and purgative pains in those who stand in need of it, as a medicine which profiteth the sick man, by the co-operation he bringeth. The Pretended teacheth, good works are not necessary to salvation, but onely faith justifies, which is to open a gate to the corruption of good manners, and to all kind of liberty.

The Catholick Church believes a Purgatory for souls, which going out of the bodie are not yet purified, grounded therein on 19. or 20. passages of Scripture, all understood by the ancient Fathers according to our belief. The Pretended, having disturbed the ashes of the dead, deprive them of the assistance and prayers of the living, contrary to divine and humane laws, and the manifest practice of all antiquity.

The Catholick Church makes a Sacrament of marriage according to S. *Paul*, and the interpretation of most eminent Fathers of the Church. The Pretended make their marriages like those of *Barbarians*.

The Catholick Church holdeth the reality of the body of CHRIST in the Sacrament of the Altar, and believe that under the Sacramental species, which are sensible and corruptible, our Saviour subsisteth

ſubſiſteth with a glorious body, which is called by S. *Paul* a ſpiritual body, becauſe it is dignified with qualities and conditions of ſpirit, though it looſe not the eſſence of a body: She adoreth therein with all humility, that which ſhe cannot comprehend ſufficiently, after expreſs paſſages of Scripture, the deciſion of fourty Councels, the teſtimony of five hundred Authours, ancient, grave, and ſincere. Adding from the authority of the moſt illuſtrious Councel of *Nice*, that it is the unbloudy Sacrifice preſented for the expiation of the ſins of the world. The Pretended will place in ſtead of it chimæraes, imaginary figments, ceſſation of Sacrifices, and abominable deſolation.

The Catholick Church publiſheth confeſſion and remiſſion of ſins by the miniſtery of Prieſts, as the Son of God did inſtitute it in S. *John*. The Pretended ſhaking off ſo wholſom a yoak, hath made himſelf a way to liberty and diſſolution. *John* 10.

The Catholick Church acknowledgeth a viſible Head on earth, eſtabliſhed by the expreſs word of *Jeſus Chriſt* in S. *Matthew*, averred by all the holy Fathers, confeſſed by the continuation of a lawful ſucceſſion in the revolution of ſo many Ages. The Pretended ſeek to bring into the houſe of God an anarchy of the children of *Belial*. *Matth.* 15.

The Catholick Church is the bright ſtar of truths. The Pretended is a furious Comet, which throws diſorder and poyſon into all the parts of the world.

To ſay truly, ſhould an Angel have ſpoken to it, yea could it create a golden Age, never might this deſign be accompliſhed by ways ſo furious and turbulent. But having coſt *France* ſo much gold and bloud, what hath it done but that which is mentioned by the excellent pen of Cardinal *Berule* in the Preface of the greatneſs of Jeſus: *A Church without Apoſtles, Apoſtles without miſsion, Paſtours without ſheep, ſheep without Shepheards, Faithful without Churches, Chriſtians without Baptiſm, Prophets without miracles, Temples without Altars, Altars without Sacrifices, a Religion without ceremonies, a Law without obedience, a Faith without works, and a Charity without effects.*

Behold excellent pieces, and well worthy of a reformed Church.

Humanum fuit errare, diabolicum per animoſitatem in errore manere. Auguſt. de verbis Apoſt. ſerm.

In the name of God weigh at leiſure theſe conſiderations which would deſerve a whole volume, and ſince you are convinced by reaſon, kick no longer againſt the prick, go no more about to forge difficulties, nor ſay how ſhall I put this in execution? What means have I to do it? What will ſuch and ſuch ſay? What will our whole ſide ſay in general? Muſt I confeſs I have erred? and a thouſand other thoughts which are true illuſions. You ſhall no ſooner ſet your foot in the *Roman* Catholick Church, with ſo many men of note lately converted, but all theſe fantaſies will vaniſh, you ſhall live in peace of conſcience, and ſhall receive before God glory immortal.

O that we might quickly ſee that great day, wherein *France* may no longer ſpeak but with one tongue, wherein the names of *Lutherans* and *Calviniſts* may be baniſhed out of the memories of men, wherein all *French-men* reunited under one faith, one law, one Head, one Church, may eternally bleſs the name of *Jeſus*. What joy! what comfort! what embracements of both ſides! what conſolation for ſo much afflicted kindred, which waſte themſelves with grief and ſorrow for theſe poor ſtraglers! what ſatisfaction for the ſacred perſon of the King! what honour for *France!* what peace for the Church! what edification for all the world! what triumphs for Heaven! what bleſſings of God will fall upon their heads, who ſhall give example of this reunion, and ſhall conſent to the peace, ſafety, and honour of this Monarchy.

The third OBSTACLE.

To live by Opinion.

THE tree of the knowledge of good and evil doth alſo yield fruits which coſt us very dear: we labour here with too much application of wit, which goeth up and down ſearching and prying into all the objects of the world, often forſaking the better for the worſe. S. *Thomas* moſt judiciouſly obſerveth, that there is much difference between the natural appetite, the ſenſual, and the intellectual. The natural aimeth always at things which are really good for her and proportionable, the ſenſual is ſcattered, the intellectual much more, to deſire evil plaiſtered over with the ſemblance of good. The plant deſireth moyſture with which it is nouriſhed, and will never take a ſtone for the dew. Man having too much wit and ſenſe, not contenting himſelf with things that really are good and truly conſonant to his nature, forgetteth others in his idea which are good in apparance, and evil in ſubſtance. Notwithſtanding, apparence taketh upon her, when ſhe hath ſeduced the ſenſe, and conquered the imagination, to dive even into the Cabinet of the Prince, which is the underſtanding, and putting falſe ſpectacles upon his eyes, to make him believe that black is white, glaſs is diamond, and darkneſs light. It is neceſſary that the will ſhould dance to this tune, and purſue the good which is repreſented unto her by the underſtanding, be it true or falſe; from hence there glide into the condition of humane life a thouſand extravagant illuſions. It is even at this day, that truth hath loſt her garment, falſhood is clothed with it; and Opinion in this Court-like habit hath really and actually produced little monſters, but ſuch as yet holding and retaining the malice of their father, and levity of their mother, attire themſelves with certain veils, which make them ſeem beautiful; they flie up and down like little *Cupids*, they make a trade of deceiving, and practice with ſo much ſubtility, that they enſnare even the wiſeſt. Behold our unhappineſs; we are in this world as in the Iſland of dreams, whereof *Lucian* ſpeaketh. We dream broad-waking, and ſuch dreams which are by ſo much the more perillous, by how much we the leſs look into the danger. A man who hath dreamed all the night, as ſoon as he beginneth to open his eye-lids, mocketh at his own fantaſies, and ſaith they were dreams: we dream all the days of our life, and ſay they are verities. We run after the falſe imaginations, as children after butter-flies. When the great night of our death draweth near, we begin to diſcharge our ſelves from this waking ſleep, and from this ſleeping vigil, we find we have death at hand. And as for the butter-flies which we ſo eagerly followed, after we have broken our heads and ſhins in their purſuit, we neither have their legs nor wings in our hands. Behold one of the greateſt impediments of perfection.

Over much wit troubleth us.

S *Thom.* 1. 2. quæſt. 8.

Intellectual appetite faulty.

Apparence.

Semblances the children of opinion and lying.

The world the Iſland of dreams. *Verar.* Hiſt. l. 2.

Alas Noble ſpirit! thou wouldſt be truly noble if thou couldſt ſhake off this golden yoak, the opinion whereof hath ſo ſurcharged thee, conſecrating thy bondage thereunto by a precious impoſture. But who will do it? Had not he anciently a notable ſubject hereon, who ſaid when he conſidered the eſtate of the world, the ſouls of men ſeemed to him to be all thrown headlong from the Palace of verity, into the torrent of opinion, all of them tumbled into the mercy of the waves, and few were to be found that would bravely ſettle themſelves to row againſt the ſtream.

Mercur. Triſ. Souls in the torrent of opinion.

Seneca hath well obſerved, and touched the true ſource of the corruption which at this day reigneth upon the earth. *We live not according to reaſon, but*

Senec. de beata vita. Opinion the ſource of all corruptions.

Non ad rationem, ſed ad ſimilitudinem vivimus: inde iſta tanta coacervatio aliorum ſuprailatos ruentium.

by relation to the life of another, and from thence cometh that we fall one upon another by heaps, as blind men into a ditch.

Againſt the life of opinion.

To take away this confuſion, I produce onely three conſiderations, which are very preſſing and pregnant. The firſt, that this life which is ſo lead by opinion is very ridiculous. The ſecond, that it is baſe and ſervile. The third, that it boweth under a cruel tyranny, from whence it may with a little courage diſ-infranchize it ſelf. And firſt I demand, if it be agreeable to a noble and generous heart, to forſake the gravity incident to his nature, and to embrace idle toys and fopperies? No man will conſent hereunto, but he that will betray his reaſon. Now ſo it is, that all the opinions which at this day intoxicate the world, are not builded but upon the flying ſand, upon the giddy humours of windy brains, upon the paſſions and affections of a debauched and corrupted multitude. Where the ſheep feedeth that goeth before, they which follow muſt graze though they die for it. Every one attendeth his companion, as the wiſeſt, and he that venteth folly with the greateſt confidence, is the beſt welcom. What monſters, what prodigious fancies of ſcattered and uncollected ſpirits have not been received for laudable actions, being favoured and authorized by opinion? It is a thing ridiculous, and almoſt incredible, to ſee the chimerical conceits that it hath perſwaded, making them to be taken not by a particular man, or one ſole family, but by a whole and entire Nation for maxims of wiſdom.

Cornel. Tac. hiſt. 2. *Multitudo vulgi more magis quam judicio, poſt alium alium quaſi prudentiorem ſequitur.*

Strange giddineſs of opinion.

Apollonius 2. Argonaut. verſ. 138.

The *Moſſins*, a people, performed all the actions of moſt ſecrecy in publick, yea even thoſe which are ordained for the neceſſities of nature, and treated the affairs of the Common-wealth in their houſes, conſtantly believing it was very requiſite ſo to do.

Idem ibidem.

The *Tibarenes*, as ſoon as their wives were delivered, bound up their heads with a kercheff, lay down on their bed, and made themſelves to be attended like the child-bed women. The poor women in the mean time were up and about the houſe, endeavouring to make ready bathes for their huſbands, and to dreſs and ſeaſon their viands, to tend and cheriſh them, as if they had born all the pain of feminine travel. Could you have any thing more ridiculous? And yet opinion made it appear very reaſonable. There are ſuch to be found, who place all their honour and glory in drinking hard and eating freely: to call a man a robber, a thief, an adulterer, were in this Countrey nothing, to ſay that ſuch an one were not a great gourmandizer, nor a great drinker, would be to do him an unpardonable injurie.

Aruncani. Lipſ. politic.

Others placed all the excellency and dignity of man in carrying a huge log of wood a great diſtance, and by this tryal choſe their Kings. The greateſt burden-carriers and porters were there great Lords. Others did kill and eat their aged parents for a ceremony of Religion. And opinion made this good. What alſo do not thoſe people of *India*, and other parts diſcovered in our days? Some think it is honourable to turn their back to ſalute one. Others thruſt their finger to the earth, and after lift it to heaven, to do reverence. Others gather up the ſpittle of their Prince, and ſpeak to him through a hollow trunk. Others offer to their gods their old ſhoes in ſacrifice. A man would laugh when he heareth ſpeech of it, and yet we ſee that the proudeſt Monarchs of the world, who ſuppoſed they had ſhut up all wiſdom in their laws and cuſtoms, trampled virtue under their feet, and placed Dragons, Bats, and Quartan-agues on their Altars. Behold what opinion can do. Theſe follies you will ſay are not now in practice. He that would well examine all the fantaſtick humours of apparel, all the giddy conceits of ſports and paſtimes, the folly of complements (which at this time reign amongſt men) ſhould find things as ridiculous as theſe: as it were to adore an humble, poor, crucified God, and yet to be mad after greatneſs, riches, and curioſities. To believe that one perpetually liveth under the eyes of God, yet to behave himſelf like a wild colt at his own fantaſie, neither knowing God nor man. To expect a judgement, and to live in continual injuſtice. To know that we muſt return naked to the earth, and yet to diſpoil the whole world to cloath our ſelves. To build as if one ſhould always live; eat and drink as if we ſhould never die; ſome men to trace up and down the ſtreets with a plume of feathers on their head, and fetters on their heels; women to beſtow a fourth part of their life time in dreſſing and beſmearing themſelves, to make themſelves groſs on one ſide, and little on another, to raiſe turrets on their heads, to put ſhackels on their heels, to be tranſported with ſo much ſollicitude about a ruff, as if they had a *Venetian* Common-wealth to mannage: Others to confound with curteſie whom they would gladly eat with ſalt: Others to kill one another about the interpretation of a word, and a thouſand ſuch like things, which are indeed moſt impertinent. Notwithſtanding opinion diſguiſeth them, opinion beſotteth them, and opinion giveth credit to all this. Do you then think it a matter worthy of your generoſitie, to ſerve follies under the ſhadow that fools approve them?

Do you not behold for the ſecond reaſon, that you being free of condition, and not having the power to diſgeſt ſome reaſonable ſervice, you not withſtanding undergo the baſeſt ſervitude that may be imagined? A young *Lacedemonian*, whom fortune had made a ſlave, rather choſe death than to carry a chamber-pot to his Maſter, ſaying, it was unworthy of his condition; and yet opinion maketh us to bear a fools bable, opinion maketh us carry, not in our hands but in the prime piece of man, the head, a ſink of old dotages, amaſſed altogether by light, idle, fantaſtick ſpirits, & afterward confirmed by laws, by the tyranny of cuſtom. What ſhall we call ſlavery if this be none?

I call your conſciences to witneſs, if you ſometimes ſhall begin to breath in a more free air, and ſee the bright day of the Children of God, you in your ſelves will blame all theſe inventions of the worldly life, which enforce you to feel tormenting racks in your attires, in your recreations, in the complements of converſation. O how often are verified thoſe ſayings of the ſage *Roman* inſerted by S. *Auguſtine* in the ſixth book of the Citie of God: *When you ſhall come to conſider all the trayn of ceremonies and hypocriſies of Court, you will find them ill agreeing with honeſt minds, unworthy of free men, and not different from fools; and in effect you will confeſs, that no creature ſhould doubt to term them follies, if the number of ſots were leſs: the beſt veil they have is the multitude of fools.* Do you not behold a goodly pretext? as if moles were the leſs blind, becauſe they have companions in their darkneſs. Behold a point of ſervitude extreamly unworthy of a noble ſpirit, to ſay that one condemneth in his conſcience an act which he putteth in practice, that he inſtantly may obey a vain opinion of the world. It is ſaid the *Abderites* after they had beheld the tragedie of *Andromeda* and *Meduſa*, became all frantick, even from the leaſt to the biggeſt, and ceaſed not to ſing, to clap their hands, to crie, to whiſtle through the ſtreets, and to have no diſcourſe nor thought of any thing but *Meduſa* and *Andromeda*. If then you had entered into their citie, you had played the fool for fear to be deſpiſed by fools. Is not this an intolerable weakneſs of ſpirit in a well-compoſed ſoul, to have good lights and knowledges of Almighty God which inceſſantly beat upon our underſtanding, and yet to play the fool, and to comply with anothers humours?

A notable ſaying. *Auguſt.* l. 6. de Civitate Dei. c. 10. *Si cui intueri vacet quæ faciunt, quæque patiuntur, invenient tam indecora honeſtis, tam indigna liberis, tam diſſimilia ſanis, ut nemo dubitaturus fuerit furere eos, ſi cum paucioribus furerent: nunc ſanitatis patrocinium eſt inſanientium turba.*

Abderites. *Cælius.* l. 30. c. 4.

For

3. Reason. Tyranny of opinion.

For the third reason I say, this belief which is given to opinion, passeth into a wicked and scandalous tyranny over Christians: for by the force of cherishing and fomenting these maxims in the heart of the world, they are transferred into nature. Vices are not contented to be vices, but by this tyrannical law of opinion formed in the ideaes and lives of persons of quality, they make themselves to be adored under the colour of virtue.

A pretty observation of Cardinal Jacques de Vitry.

Cardinal *Jacques de Vitry* relateth that a Countrey-fellow carrying one day a young sucking pig to the market, certain pleasant wits who had agreed upon this sport, every one of them severally encountering him in divers cross ways of the streets, and asking him what was his purpose to carry a dog to the market, did so intoxicate his brain, that beaten out blow after blow with such like interrogations, he absolutely perswaded himself that to be true, which he first supposed was begun for sport, and cast his pig with shame upon the pavement, and thinking it a true dog, gave the other opportunity to gain by this sleight.

Behold what the tyrannie of opinions redoubled one upon another can do. They made this poor man believe that this pig was a dog, although all his senses suggested the contrary. And I leave you to think what this torrent of the false Maximes of the world doth not, falling with unresistable furie upon a dul and half dead faith. It weakeneth all that which is Christian in a soul, and planteth a wicked Idol of humane respects, which causeth, that all actions are measured by the rule of vulgar opinions. And if there be yet any reliques of a good conscience, this tyrant smothereth them, as a *Pharao*, and wholly perverting the nature of things, giveth boldness to sin and shame of well-doing to virtue. Behold a mean to drench all mankind in the gulf of confusion. Is not this then abominable? If these considerations of the folly, servitude, and tyranny of this life (which are spun according to the web of the opinions of the world) cannot serve for an antidote for our ill, at the least think the day will come, when truth shall take place, and vice vanish into smoke. It will happen unto you as to Tigers, for whom hunters, when they have taken away their whelps, affixe looking-glasses in the ways to amuse the savage beasts, and in the mean time they save their own lives by the help of flight. The Tigers forthwith most affectionately stay, thinking they shall draw their little captives from the reflection of this mirrour, and set them at liberty; in the end they strike it till it is broken, loosing together both their young ones, and the instrument of their deception.

Illusions of Tigers.

These opinions which you now adore, these dreams, these fantasies, which you behold in the specious glasses of the world, shall be lost at the hour of death, and you must render an account to the Sovereign Judge, for that you have against his laws erected that Idol of worldly respects, and always made Heaven bow under the will of the earth. What are you to do? Of necessity to cast away the opinions of the world contrary to the doctrine of *Jesus Christ*. You say, it is impossible to live in the world without pursuing the ways of the world, and accommodating ones self to the doctrine thereof. Forsake it then, break your fetters, enfranchize your self; when you no longer hope in it, you shall no more be in danger to fear it. What would it avail you to have in your life the whole world for an inheritance, and after death, hell for a prison? Why are you daily handling your sore, making it itch by your tenderness? You need but one blast of wind, one stroke of the air, to put your self into the assured haven of the liberty of the Children of God.

The fourth OBSTACLE.

Inconstancie of manners.

Mercur. Tris. serm. 4.

MErcury *Trismegistus* said, that the seed of Heaven was immortality, and the seed of the earth was inconstancy. All here below is filled with this grain, in every place it produceth its effects, but principally in man; he hath more in his heart, than all the rest of the world; it is the true image of instabilitie, as *Aristotle* affirmeth. And very well it is said, that inconstancie exiled for ever from the Palace of eternity, came upon the earth as to the real place of her inheritance, and would needs there cause herself to be painted. It was plainly told her there was no pencil so bold which durst undertake this work, because she was sometimes great, sometimes little, sometimes gross, sometimes slender, sometimes straight, sometimes crooked, sometimes white, sometimes black; finally, ever unsettled and uncapable of stay in any place; that notwithstanding she might addresse herself unto Time, for he was a notable work-man, who intermedled in all things. Time after he had well eyed and observed this Inconstancy, resolved to paint her, and at that season finding no table better primed for his purpose, he painted it on man.

Arist. μετα. τὰ φυσ. εἰ χαν.

Fable of inconstancy.

It is a goodly invention, which bringeth to us an undoubted veritie, marked and designed out as with a pen of adamant by holy *Job*, when he speaketh of man in these expresse terms: *The flower which shutteth up his date in the course of one morning and evening, if it be not hayl-stroken at midday; the shadow which ever flieth from the hand that would grasp it, and all which you may imagine to be transitory is nothing in comparison of the inconstancy of man.* Philip a good Authour, who flourished about the time of S. *Hierom*, and hath written a Commentary upon *Job*, searching out the causes of the instability of mans heart, hath these remarkeable words: *Inconstancy is a chastisement of sin. The spirit of man would not rest it self with firm footing upon the foundation of contentments which God presented to it in the state of grace, and therefore the Sovereign Judge, for punishment, suffereth him to go continually floating as in a tempestuous sea of thoughts, without either finding bottom or shore. He is ever turmoyled with new desires and disturbances. If he be employed, he wisheth repose, and if he hath never so little repose, he is vexed and requireth businesse.* And although all men resent the effects of this inconstancy, yet she notwithstanding oftentimes beareth sway in the Palaces of Great men.

Job 14.2. *Quasi flos egreditur & conteritur, & fugit velut umbra, & nunquam in eodem statu permanet*

Animus hominis quia stare noluit cum potuit, jam non potest stare cum velit, sed semper desiderio variatur, ut quietus actionem desideret, occupatus quietem. Philip in *Job.*

There are to be found many *Endymions*, who embrace the Moon; hearts wheeled about in strange labyrinths, surcharged with quick-silver and changeable atomes; spirits which perpetually are upon turbulencies, gnawn with a certain itch of novellism, distasted with what is past, and always perplexed with what is to come, they hear all the minutes strike, but the hour of repose they know not. The causes of this exorbitancy are manifest, and the consideration is profitable, that remedy may thereunto be sought. To some it happeneth by a certain natural levity of a spirit, ever gliding and jumping upon all sorts of objects, as a butter-flie amongst flowers. To others by a certain facility which they have to take distast upon the sudden against all things, yea even the most delightful. To others by a certain greedinesse, which maketh them ever to have things present in scorn, and things to come in esteem. They resemble the dog in the fable, they no sooner have the substance, but forsaking it they reach at the shadow, and afterward passionately seek what they did forego. To others by a certain curiosity and impatience

Senec. de tranquil. Salvian. l. 1. gubernat. human. Humana mentis vitium, magis semper vetita quæ data sunt.

patience of too much repoſe. They do, as thoſe, who having no great deſire to ſleep, caſt themſelves upon a bed of eaſe, turning from one ſide to another, until they found ſleep by their own wearineſs. To others by a diſtemper of paſſions commixed together, which ſharply bite them like vermine. To others by certain timerous appetites, in ſuch ſort that they dare not do all they deſire, and cannot obtain all they dare wiſh for; this ever holdeth them with a throat open for prey, which by its flight leaveth them nothing but a meer illuſion. To others by a certain mouldineſs of a dul ſpirit, which cannot diſ-involve their thoughts, nor fairly accommodate their purpoſe to eſtabliſh them in any kind of a confident life. They reſemble that little bird of the ſea, called *Cinclus*, which during his whole life (as it is ſaid) uſeth no endeavour to build his own neſt, but goeth ever wandring up and down, if other for pure pitie do not contribute of theirs. All this inconſtancy of life is an eſſential obſtacle which totally hindereth the progreſs of perfection, the reaſons whereof are moſt evident.

Ælian. 12. de animal. Suidas Κιγκλος.

Reaſons againſt inconſtancy.

The firſt is, that one can execute nothing in matter of virtue, if he have not an aim and purpoſe well rectified, otherwiſe it is not to live, but to fright crows and pyes with fancie. Now ſo it is, that all thoſe who dance this jigge of inconſtancy, have neither but nor ſcope of aſſurance; they perpetually are tranſported where the ſtorm carrieth them; they are always ſtrangers in their own Countries, and gueſts in their proper houſes; you would ſay they had but one ſole motion, one ſole action in this life, which is to turn topſie-turvie all things, and to do nothing; and if they do good, it is when they leaſt think of it, and oftentimes they find they muſt leave to live, before they have once thought why they were born. S. *Thomas* ſaith: *The property of a reaſonable nature, is to work for an end, otherwiſe it is a brutiſh action.* And although the ends ſeem greatly different and ſcattered in the univerſality of creatures, notwithſtanding they are all recollected in God, as beams in the Sun, the center-light. 'Tis that at which neceſſarily we muſt aim, to find the Temple of repoſe. Quick-ſilver creepeth up and down and trembleth, until it hath found gold with which it may commix: in like manner the heart of man boundeth and skippeth here and there in its own diſturbances. There is nought but jumps and ſallies, but ebs and flouds, but acceſſes of fire and yce, until ſuch time as it is united to its Creatour, ſubmitting it ſelf to ſome conſtant and regular manner of life, thereby to ſerve his Divine Majeſty. Saint *Auguſtine* very lively explicateth the miſery of this wandring life which he had made tryal of, and the happineſs he enjoyned when he courageouſly ſettled himſelf to a ſtable ſtate of virtue. You would ſay hearing this ſpoken, that this ſoul like a ſmall current of water, ſeparated for ſome time from God his true ſource, gliding along by the ſenſes, as by ruſty and defiled pipes: There the ſoul is ever perplexed and involved, finding pain in repoſe, and thirſt in abundance, until returning to its original head, it cometh to reliſh moſt delicious contentments, which make it ſay to God: *My God I now know, that no good can be had without thee, the true, onely, and Sovereign good; in every place where I am without thee, I never am without pain. All the good which is not God, ſeemeth unto me a meer penury.* You manifeſtly behold, how this inſtability of life, for that it aimeth not at the ſcope at which our thoughts ſhould be levelled, not onely alienateth you from tranquillity, but expoſeth you to moſt thorny difficulties, and in the end to deplorable diſaſters.

S. *Thom.* 1. 2. quæſt. 1. *Sine propoſito vagantur, quærentes negotia, nec quod propoſuerunt agunt.*

S. *Auguſt.* fol. 13.

Ex quo me ab unitate bonitatis tuæ ſummo & uno bono temporalium rerum multiformitas lapſum me per carnales ſenſus diſſipavit, & ab uno in multa diviſit, poſtea eſt mihi abundantia laborioſa, & egeſtas copioſa.

2. Reaſon. He muſt like his bear.

The other reaſon, which maketh inconſtancy very prejudicial to all virtue, is, that one can do no great thing, unleſs he faſhion it as the Bear doth her whelp by licking. Time and frequent diligence are neceſſarily required, to make good habits bud in the heart of man. The plant which is often tranſferred from one place to another, ſeldom beareth fruit. Viands which the ſtomack doth not leiſurely entertain, are ill digeſted: remedies, perpetually changed one in the neck of another, kill the body: The wound, which continually is vexed, cannot conſolidate: *The wandering ſcholler never becometh a good Clerk.* We of neceſſity muſt break and tame our ſelves to the thing we undertake. He that is every where, is no where. And yet notwithſtanding, this is an inſeparable property of inconſtancy, never long to leave the mind in any honeſt exerciſe, that ſo it may take a perfect tincture, from whence it cometh to paſs, that all her child-beds are falſe conceptions, and her productions abortions.

Senec. epiſt. 1.

Vagus ſcholaris non fit magiſter.

Saint *Anthonie* adviſed a ſoul deſirous of advancement, three things. Firſt, to addict it ſelf much to the exerciſe of the preſence of God. The ſecond, to take the holy Scripture for the rule of his actions. The third, to hold firm footing in conſtancy. You will ſay, that *Marcus Aurelius Antenius* had learned this precept of the Chriſtians: for in the firſt book of his life, he caſteth out of the Temple of virtue certain people, which he calleth by a very ſignificant Greek word πλαστὰς. as one would ſay, balls caſt into the air, and he addeth, that it is needful to reclaim and accommodate ones ſelf to time and occaſion, to obtain our deſire, which rules *Syncletions*, famous in the deſerts, obſerving, was accuſtomed to ſay, *If the hen brood not her egs, ſhe hath no deſire to make them diſcloſe.* And not to ſpeak of Saints, a wiſe Hiſtorian hath well obſerved: *The greateſt binderance which can come to the perfection of a good work, is to go pearching, as a bird from bough to bough, without ever ſtaying.*

Adviſe of S. *Anthonie.* Apotheg. P P.

Antonius. l. de vita ſua.

πλαστὰς.

Gallina niſi ova foverit, pullos non excludit. Frequens ac mobilis tranſitus maximum perfecti operis impedimentum. Vel. Patercu-lus.

Why do you not then make a ſerious reſolution, to forſake all theſe weakneſſes, & devote your ſelf for ſome good time to conſtancy? You anſwer: *It cannot be done, we are in the Court, we are in the world, we live in the kingdom of inconſtancy, what means have we to deliver our ſelves from theſe laws? If we were Heremits, our recreation would be to tell the hours of the day, and to make them ours by a prudent Oeconomie; but here we follow the wind of neceſſity, the torrent of ſociety tranſporteth us, we no longer are our ſelves.* It is a lamentable thing, to put purpoſely the diſeaſe into deſpair, for fear of recure. How unjuſt are we to accuſe all that which is about us, and ever to ſpare our culpable heads: we complain of the time which ſlideth away from us; places and ſocieties do us wrong, which would be ever profitable if we would our ſelves; the buſineſſes kill us, which we might make the inſtruments of virtue; all things afflict us, we accuſe Heaven and earth, and have no burden more weighty than our ſelves. What neceſſity is there to lay the faults of your own levity upon things inſenſible? Your inconſtancy is your vice, it is your own nature. Were it not a goodly thing to behold the Tarand (a creature which *Ariſtotle* and *Philo* ſpeaketh of) who paſſing through a garden, taketh ſo many colours as there are divers plants; to complain that theſe hearbs, and not his own skin do wrong to him, who is mutable and penetrable with all ſorts of impreſſions? This happeneth not to any other creatures, why to him? Wherefore ſhould the Polypus and Camelion conteſt againſt objects? A thouſand gallant Courtiers, a thouſand perſons of quality have lived, and ſtill live all their days in aſſemblies, in affairs, with a life ſo regular, that all goeth in meaſure and compaſs: the days and nights have not more equality in the equinoctial, than they in all their mannages of affairs. And you through a certain remiſneſs of heart, weakneſs, a falſe idea, or rather through a very ſoothing of nature,

Excuſe of Courtiers.

Anſwer.

Ariſt. περὶ ζωων. *Philo* de temulentia.

nature, ſuffer your ſelves to run without bridle upon all occaſions, (changeable creatures) reſembling the various colours of the doves breaſt, which one knoweth not how to diſtinguiſh. See you not that this is to betray your own manhood? What ought you to do to avoid this Obſtacle?

Firſt, to enter into your ſelves to conſider what paſſeth there, to behold from what root, from what ſource this tumultuary life proceedeth, to take away the cauſe, to ſuppreſs the effect.

To apprehend ſeriouſly the end for which man is created, to bend all your ſinews and arteries to arrive thither, to uſe creatures as means and inſtruments of happineſs, by the way of uſe, not fruition.

To purge the ſoul from ſins, which oftentimes raiſe this ſtorm, by a good general Confeſſion, and ſeriouſly cut off thoſe paſſions which moſt ſeditiouſly aſſault you.

To accommodate all your daily actions by the adviſe of your Spiritual Father, and to make a good reſolution ſtrictly to obſerve it, as much as in you lieth.

To conſider, how many Pagans, to make themſelves eminently excellent in ſome facultie, have determined of their own meer motion to be confined to caverns, and ſhaved like fools, for avoidance of company, and retirement to that which they intended: ſo did *Demoſthenes* the Oratour; why ſhould not we to ſave our ſouls do that, which he did to refine his language?

If any weakneſs occur after theſe good purpoſes, not to diſturb your ſelf for it, ſuppoſing conſtancy impoſſible, becauſe it falleth out you are inconſtant, to correct what is paſt, to order what is preſent, to prevent things to come, and to fortifie your ſelf even by falls.

The fifth Obstacle.

Diſsimulation.

ONe of the greateſt obſtacles of virtue is, for that man liveth in the world as on a ſtage, perpetually with a mask on his fore-head; every one would ſeem that which he is not, and none will avow what he is. Thoſe which come neareſt to God, are the moſt ſimple, becauſe the divine nature is ſimplicity it ſelf. The moſt remote, are the moſt double and palliated. This ſimplicity, the prime virtue of Saints, which hath guilded the face of the golden Age with its rays, is ſo alienated from the cuſtom of our times, that not ſo much as the name thereof is known. It is taken to be ſopperie, although it be the quinteſſence of prudence. To be ſimple, is to make the heart accord with the tongue and hands: It is to have in all your deportments a natural and genuine ſincerity, exempt from fraud, from vanity, and hypocriſie. It is a thing almoſt as rare in Court as a white raven; the mask is better beloved than the viſage, the reſemblance than the eſſence, opinion than conſcience. The moſt part of Courtiers are monſters with two tongues, and two hearts; few are there which take not *Amphiaraus* deviſe the quite contrary way, who ſaid, he would be, and not ſeem. At this day in matter of virtue, men better love to ſeem what they are not, than to be what they ſeem. It were a ridiculous vanity ſaid Saint *Gregory Nazianzen*, if an Ant ſhould take an Ape for a Lion, and the poor Ape ſhould afterwards fall into the throat of the Wolf, it ſhould be ſmall contentment to be eſteemed by this little creature a Lion in fantaſie, and to be devoured by this other beaſt in verity. And yet notwithſtanding corrupt depraved nature doth elect all her virtues and felicities in picture, and puniſhments in eſſence. I have much wondered at an ancient medal, which *Villalpand* in his Epiſtle in the Frontiſpiece of his book which he dedicated to *Philip* the third, King of *Spain*, affirmeth to have fallen into his hands. In this medal was ſeen on one ſide the magnificent Temple of *Jeruſalem*, with certain *Hebrew* characters much deformed with ruſt; on the other ſide there was the figure of *Mark Anthonie*, well engraven with this inſcription; *Solomon*. This invention came from *Herod*, a great flatterer of *Roman* Princes, on whom he ſaw his fortunes depended, and verily he followed *Mark Anthonies* ſtandard while good ſucceſs waited on his colours, but afterwards beholding that all yielded to the victorious arms of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, he ſought and obtained his favour by all poſſible ſubtile endeavours. Howſoever he cauſed this beautiful medal to be made, which gave to the verieſt ſot among Princes, the name of the wiſeſt amongſt Kings, and *Mark Anthony*, who neither had piety nor religion in his ſoul, beheld himſelf even willingly ſtamped in this coyn, as the true Guardian and Church-warden of the Temple of God; ſo much man affecteth the very ſhadows of good, after he hath loſt the ſubſtance. At this day this paſſion outragiouſly predominateth even to furie; in all places there is nothing but counterfeiting and affectations. Hypocriſie reigneth in painting, in habits, hypocriſie is in complements, hypocriſie is in buſineſſes, hypocriſie lodgeth in all ages, all ſexes, all conditions; hypocriſie goeth even to Altars. Ambition, avarice, luxury, and other vices, although deeply rooted, forſakes man when he forſakes himſelf; it is onely hypocriſie which attendeth him to his grave, and will ſleep under his aſhes: ſo many golden lies are witneſſes thereof, which perpetually do enſhrine carkaſſes. Man is ſo made to ſeem what he is not, and to diſſemble that which he is, ſo double and ſo repleniſhed with mutable eſſences, that he himſelf is deceived in himſelf, and taketh himſelf for other than he is. Men are not contented to corrupt their apparrel, their language, hair, viſage, ſoul, body, ſciences, arts, but they alſo will violate virtues, the daughters of the Divinitie; they diſpoil them of their natural plumes to cloth vice. If there be exceſs of cruelty in the chaſtiſement of ſome crime, it is called juſtice; if choler be predominant, it is termed zeal; if effeminacy of heart creep in, it is entituled meekneſs; prodigality borroweth the name of mercy; niggardlineſs of good husbandry; cowardiſe of prudence; obſtinacy of conſtancy; inconſtancy of facility and circumſpection; weakneſs of courage, of humility; pride of liberty; lazineſs of tranquility, diſturbance of ſpirit, of vigilancy; precipitation of fervour; dulneſs, of good counſel; and not to keep promiſe with any man, is ſaid to be equal with all men.

Saint *Gregorie* the Great, excellently moralizeth this in the book of *Job*, where he ſheweth that the moſt part of men are all griſtle, which hath the reſemblance of bones, but not the ſolidity of bones; they have the appearance of virtue, but not the firmneſs. What remedy is there for this abuſe deep-rooted in nature? I will onely produce two reaſons, well worthy of conſideration. Firſt, that (ſpeaking to noble hearts) it ſeemeth to me it is to produce a moſt irrefragable motive of deteſtation of any vice, when the baſeneſs and ignominie thereof is diſcovered, for that is it which hath moſt power over generous ſpirits. Now ſo it is, this hypocriſie which maketh you (O Noblemen) always to live diſguiſed, is quite contrary to the condition of a brave and generouſly elated ſpirit. Becauſe if it be impreſſed with a good ſtamp, it naturally loveth the liberty and freedom, which unavoidably is oppreſſed in theſe palliations, crouchings, and counterfeitings. They are the tricks of Apes and Foxes, and in no

A rare medal of *Mark Anthonie.*

The kingdom of hypocriſie.

Counterfeit virtues.

Simplicity the chief virtue of Saints.

What it is to be ſimple.

Deviſe of *Amphiaraus.*

Greg. Nazian. in D. Iambic.

Greg. moral. 5. c. 22. Job 40. *Sunt nonnulla vitia, quæ oſtendunt ſe rectitudinis ſpeciem, ſed ex pravitatis prodeunt infirmitate.*

Reaſons againſt hypocriſie.

Baſeneſs of this vice.

ſort are ſuitable to the nature of a generous Lion.

Hypocriſie confuted in the great book of the world.

Beſides, ſeeing God openeth unto us the great book of the world, as a piece of parchment guilded and traced with his pencil, for us therein to read that which is for our inſtruction, if we will conſider diligently the moſt ſublime things, we ſhall find they naturally ſtrike at this vanity which maketh you to diſplay apparences to the eyes of men outwardly, having nothing ſolid within. It ſeemeth that all the maſter-pieces of this celeſtial and elementary world, as it were by a common conſent, do hide all what they have of moſt eminency and worth, bearing for deviſe: *I hide the better part.* It is true, that Heaven ſheweth it ſelf wholly reluctent in ſtars and brightneſs, but covereth his powerful influences, which by their ſecret extent give motion to this great houſe of nature. It is true, the air maketh his meteors to appear to the view of the whole world; but this ſecret virtue which doth penetrate us even to the heart, and bringeth life and refreſhment to us upon its wings, who can tell me what colour it is of? The fire unfoldeth his flames to us, but this commanding heat which conquereth and ſofteneth the hardeſt mettals, do we behold it? The calm ſea delighteth us with his ſmiling countenance, at that time eſpecially when it becometh (as it were) frizled and curled by ſome gracious and gentle gale, and coloured with the beams of a bright Sun which beat upon it; but this luſtruous beauty, what is it in compariſon of the treaſures, which he conceaſeth in the ſtore-houſes of his abyſſes? The earth it ſelf likewiſe maketh her boaſt in the ſpring, varied and enameled with her natural pieces of painting, and ſparkled with a thouſand petty flowers, which ſtand as the eyes of the meadows; but theſe do eclipſe each evening and morning: Quite contrary, the mettals which the earth encloſeth, and as it were engulfeth in the entrails, after they are wrought and poliſhed by the artful hands of Lapidaries, retain a luſtre of a long date, which reſplendently ſhine upon cup-boards of Kings and the Great men of the earth. What leſſon of nature is this, to hide all which it hath of greateſt value? And what corruption of nature in man, to hold in the bottom of his heart ſtench and dung-hills, and to plaiſter it over with a vain hypocriſie?

Yarte fui meliore latent.

Hypocriſie condemned by the laws of heaven.

God hath not onely imprinted this verity of which I ſpeak, in the great book of nature, but he hath, as it were, engraven and ſtampt it with his hand, in the monuments of the old and new law. The paſtimes of Great men are Theaters, Tilt-yards, and Amphitheaters, and the ſport of the Divine wiſdom in this Univerſe, is to hide treaſures under the bark and mantle of ſome perſons, baſe and abject in apparence. In the old law a ſtammering ſhepheard is choſen to carrie the word to a Monarch, to ſhake and overturn with a poor wand, the pillars of his Empire, to divide ſeas, to calm billows, to open the bowels of rocks, to command all the elements, and fill the world with wonders. In the new law ſimple fiſher-men, almoſt as dumb and mute as the fiſhes themſelves, are choſen to catch in their nets Philoſophers, Kings, Cities, Provinces, and Empires. Behold the ordinary cuſtom of God to hold pearls in ſhels, ſweet perfumes in very abject boxes. The true mark of greatneſs in the judgement of God, is, at firſt bluſh externally not to appear great. On the contrary, it is the act of a flat, ridiculous and benummed vanity, to be deſirous to ſurprize the eyes with a counterfeit and captious beauty, which afterward appearing in its native colours, makes the deformity thereof the more diſfigured.

Sport of God, and what.

1 Cor. 1. *Quæ ſtulta ſunt mundi elegit Deus, ut confundat ſapientes, & infirma mundi elegit Deus, ut confundat fortia, & ignobilia mundi, & contemptibilia elegit Deus, & ea quæ non ſunt, ut ea quæ ſunt deſtrueret.*

Deformity of hypocriſie.

What a ſhameful thing it is to a heart which hath never ſo little reſentment of nobility, to erect a reſplendent ſepulchre, to boaſt exteriourly marbles, guildings, characters, titles, and to have nothing within but bones, putrefaction and aſhes; to caſt a certain luſtre through the ignorance and obſcurity of an Age, become bruitiſh, and then to be in effect but a ſilly worm; to live in the world as a ſnail, to make long ſilver traces, and to be nothing elſe but froth; to have the back covered with velvet like a cuſhion, and the belly ſtuffed with hay; to make oſtent of leaves and verdure like a wood, and to be repleniſhed with ſerpents! Is it poſſible, that a noble heart, when it hath no other ſuper-viſour but its own conſcience, can ſuffer theſe ſhames? A gentile ſpirit ſaid to an old man, who cauſed his griſly hairs to be painted with the luſtre of green youth: Poor fool, although thou couldſt deceive the whole world with thy hair, *yet death well knoweth they are gray.* So when an hypocrite ſhall happen to conceal his jugling from all thoſe who accompany him, which indeed cannot be done (men now being endued with penetrating eyes) yet one cannot deceive the eye of his conſcience, quick-ſighted to pierce ſuch falſhoods with bright reflection. I ſay nothing of the ſhame and ignomie that muſt be undergone after it is diſcovered and taken with the manner, like a cut-purſe: I ſpeak nothing of the racks, tortures, affrightments and perplexities, in which they live who deſire to entertain theſe ſeemings. A great wit hath well ſaid, that ſuch people are the oxen of *Baal*, who are cut for ſacrifice in little gobbets, but notwithſtanding receive not fire from Heaven; theſe miſerable creatures macerate and kill themſelves, to ſacrifice themſelves to the appetites of the world, without ever taſting the conſolations of God which they have renounced. Let us lay their pains apart, let us admit that with theſe laborious endeavours, they might always live cloked, always hidden from the eyes of the world, yea even from the all-piercing eye of their own conſcience.

Scit te Proſerpina canum.

Stephanus Edvenſis in Reg. 3. 18.

2. Reaſon.

It is moſt manifeſt, and conſiderable for the ſecond reaſon, that it is impoſſible to deceive God, whoſe eye repleniſhed with lightening flaſhes, tranſpaſſeth through the abyſſes, and maketh hell it ſelf confeſs it hath not darkneſs enough to ſhadow it from his face Now ſo it is, that God condemneth, reproveth, chaſtiſeth with the particular indignation of his heart this plaiſtered life, and therefore as the Interpreters of the Scripture obſerve, he rejected the ſwan, notwithſtanding the whiteneſs of her feathers, and the ſweetneſs of note which is aſcribed to her; nor would he ever admit her in the number of his victimes, becauſe under pure white feathers ſhe hideth a black fleſh. For the ſame reaſon he never would have the Oſtrich, who hath onely the oſtentuous boaſts of wings, and no flight, ſo much he deteſteth apparence fruitleſs and effectleſs. Firſt or laſt he will (ſaith holy *Job*) take away the maſk, ſo that the life of hypocrites ſhall be as the ſpiders web in the judgement of God; they ſhall think they have ſped well, but even to have hidden themſelves: all ſhall be reſolved into thing, to make them appear what they are, in a moſt ignominious nakedneſs. They now are Panthers, who have their skins ſpotted with mirrours, that ſearch out ſecret fountains to waſh away the ordures and impreſſions of their crimes, as it is related of this creature. But the day of God will come, when (as the Prophet *Iſaiah* ſaith) the Panthers waters ſhall wholly be dried and ſoaked up; that is to ſay, as *Aikredus* interpreteth it, that all the counterfeitings and diſſimulations of the world, ſhall find no more water to whiten them. We all naturally fear the publication of our vices, ſo ſenſible we are in the touches of honour.

Lev. 11. 18. The ſwan and the Oſtrich rejected by God.

Job 18. 19.

Waters of Panthers. Iſaiah 15. *Aqua Nimrim ſiccabuntur.*

Thoſe poor *Miléſian* maids, who moved with enraged deſpair, ran to halters and ſteepie precipices, could never be diverted from this fury, either by the ſweet admoniſhment of their parents, or rigorous menaces

menaces of Judges: but when by decree the naked bodies of thoſe who had violated the law of nature, by this moſt wicked attempt, were caſt upon the dung-hill, the onely apprehenſion of nakedneſs, and of the nakedneſs of a bodie bereaved of ſenſe, ſtayed the courſe of theſe execrable frenzies. And without ſpeaking of ancient Hiſtories, *William* Biſhop of *Lions* relateth, that a certain Damſel painted, in an Age when ſimplicity was in great eſteem, as ſhe went along in a proceſſion, behold by chance an Ape came out of a ſhop, who leaped on her ſhoulders, and took off her coif, and made a little deformity appear, covered under painting and diſſimulation, whereby ſhe felt herſelf overwhelmed with dolour and confuſion. If the ſmall affronts and diſgraces which we receive in the world, have ſo much force, what will it be then when the Sovereign Judge ſhall take away the ſcarf, and make a cauterized conſcience appear? What will it be, when with as many torches and burning lights, as there then ſhall be of Angels and of the elect by his ſide, he ſhall penetrate even to the bottom of a loſt ſoul? Where then ſhall be his plaiſterings, where his diſſimulations and hypocriſies in the abyſs of this confuſion? It is a thing which we rather may meditate on in ſilence, than expreſs in words.

Trick of an Ape.

Upon theſe conſiderations, reſolve with your ſelves to build your ſalvation upon the firm rock of truth, and not on a vain reputation, upon the ſlippery moving ſands of human apparences. Imitate that good King, father of S. *Lewis*, who bare a ſcepter made like an obelisk in a ring, with this deviſe: *Volo ſolidum perenne*, as who ſhould ſay, all his intentions aimed at heaven and eternity.

Tipotius in Simbol.

Make a determinate purpoſe as much as poſſibly you may, to avoid in your apparel, in your hair, in your words, in your actions, all ſorts of affectation, of hypocriſie, of folly, as things baſe, ſottiſh, ridiculous and wicked, ever remembering this ſentence of S. *Auguſtine*: *A great and divine virtue is to deceive no man: The laſt and moſt miſchievous of all vices, is to deceive the whole world.*

Auguſt. l. 83. quæſt. *Summa & divina virtus eſt neminem decipere: ultimum vitium eſt quemlibet decipere.*

The ſixth OBSTACLE.

Ill husbanding of time.

A notable fable.

A Notable fable maketh the ſpider and the ſilk-worm to ſpeak together, telling their fortune in a pretty pleaſing manner, and greatly repleniſhed with moral inſtruction. The poor ſpider complaineth ſhe laboureth night and day to make her webs, with ſo much fervour and diligence, that ſhe unbowelleth herſelf, pouring forth her ſubſtance and ſtrength to accompliſh her work: yet notwithſtanding her endeavour ſo little proſpereth, as that after ſhe hath brought this her web to perfection, a ſilly ſervant comes with a broom, and in an inſtant undoes what ſhe could not produce perhaps ſcarcely in ten years. But if it happen ſhe eſcape from this perſecution, which ſeldom is ſeen in great mens houſes, yet all the fruit ſhe may expect from ſo much toyl, is but to take ſome wretched flie in her web. Behold you not herein ſufficient cauſe to bewail her miſery? The ſilk-worm quite contrary, boaſteth herſelf to be one of the moſt happy creatures which lives on the face of the earth. For (ſaith he) I am ſought after as if I were a precious diamond, I am exported from forreign countries, happy is he who beſt can lodge, breed, entertain and cheriſh me; men bend all their induſtrie to ſerve my eaſeful repoſe and commodities. If I travel, my pain is well beſtowed: but be it how you will (ſilly ſpider) that you take flies, I captivate Kings. The greateſt Monarchs of the earth are involved in my threeds; Queens and great Ladies make of my works the entertainment of their beauties; and the Potentates which will not depend upon any, are dignified by a little worm. The four corners of the earth divide my labours with admiration; and not being able to go higher, although I reach not to Heaven, yet I behold the Altars glitter under the embelliſhments which iſſue from my entrails. And verily there is great difference between the travel of the ſpider, and pain of the ſilk-worm. The induſtrie of theſe two little creatures do naturally figure unto us two ſorts of perſons, whereof the one laboureth for vanity, the other for verity. All men coming into this life, enter thereinto as into a ſhop of toyl, which is as natural to them, as flight for birds. A great man after he had well conſidered this ſentence of *Job*, cauſed theſe words to be inſcribed on his tomb, well worthy of ponderation, that is to ſay: *Man entereth into being by the gate of not being, as he, who is as ſoon in ſin as in nature; his birth is a puniſhment, his life a travel, and his death a neceſſity.*

Adamus de Sancto Victore. A worthy Epitaph. *Conceptio culpa, naſci pœna, neceſſe mori.*

And very well *Tertullian* obſerveth, that God the Creatour clothing man with skins after his fall, (which is the attire of ſlaves and ſervitours whom we ſend to delve in mynes) thereby would ſignifie to him, he ſhould enter into the world as into a myne to labour and dig, until he had found a tomb. This pain then being neceſſarily reſolved upon, one of the moſt important points for direction of life, is, to take a good employment, and well to beſtow your time, ſince through want of this good endeavour, life is filled with a buſie ſluggineſs, with unprofitable labours, with remorſe, with ſhame, which oftentimes draggeth after it an eternity of pain. It is one of the greateſt confuſions which at this day predominateth in the lives and actions of men of quality. Some are overwhelmed with affairs even from morning till night, and think upon every thing but themſelves. Others roul in a lazineſs full of moſt vain occupations, and never underſtand the principal buſineſs, which is the point of their ſalvation. We greatly fail either in knowledge or courage, to handle one of the chief paſſages of our life, which is the expence of time; we do as one in elder time ſaid: We labour in the main point, as if it were but an acceſſory, and we afterward take the acceſſory as if it were the principal. All the petty trifles which concern the eaſe and accommodation of our bodies, have their regular time, and ſeldom are forgotten, drinking, eating, ſleeping, ſporting, exerciſe that pleaſeth, be it never ſo painful, have their ſeaſon; the affair of ſalvation hath none at all, if it take not ſome ſmall time even by ſtealth. Behold how corruption is engendred, that may be remedied by the conſideration of two or three reaſons which I will propoſe unto you.

An excellent conceit of *Tertullian*. *Homo pellitus orbi quaſi metallo datur. Tertul.* de pallio.

Two great obſtacles of ſalvation.

Athen. l. 4. Ἔργον δὲ ἀναγκαῖον μὲν, ἀναγκαῖον δὲ ἐργαζόμενον.

First know, it is true what the Wiſe-man ſaid: *You oftentimes complain of divers neceſſities of life, one ſaith he hath need of health, another of liberty, another of credit, another of favour, another of apparel, another of money: no man deploreth that he hath need of time, which indeed is the moſt precious merchandize.* And yet notwithſtanding *Zeno* aſſured us, the thing which man moſt wanted in this life, was time. One cannot better approve the value which is to be ſet upon any thing, than by ſhewing the rarity and neceſſity of it. Time is not onely precious, but abſolutely neceſſary. Then think whether you ought to hold it dear or not. Time is very hard to be known, how difficult (think you) will it then be to poſſeſs it? All the brave ſpirits of the world have voluntarily put themſelves upon the torture, onely to diſcover what time was, yet could they not ſo much as touch the wings thereof. *Pythagoras* ſaid, it was the ſoul of the world; others, that it was Heaven; others,

Reaſons and remedies. Senec. ep. 1. *Quem mihi dabis qui aliquod pretium tempori ponat, qui diem æſtimet, qui intelligat ſe, quotidie mori?* Nature the price of time.

Ψυχὴ τὸ παντός.

that it was motion; others, the meaſure of motion. S. *Auguſtine* a moſt admirable wit, ſtruggleth with himſelf upon this queſtion, as a bird in a ſtring: *He ſaith he knoweth, and he knoweth not, what time is. He knows enough to hold his peece, and knoweth not enough to ſpeak.* I leave for you to think, if this ſpirit all compoſed of fire and lightening, could not know time, how can you have it in your power? The Scripture compareth it to a moſt ſwift river, which cometh not but to paſs along, and creepeth not but to glide away. All mortals little and great, ſtand on the brink of this river, to fiſh for time. But do you know with what inſtrument? With a ſive; which is the cauſe that they hold nothing. One fiſheth ten years, another twenty, another thirty, another fourty, another four-ſcore. Out alas! All hath paſſed through a ſive, there remaineth nothing for them; yea even the little infant hanging on the teat of his nurſe, which he had ſucked but one day, as yet hath no more. There remains but a poor moment, which we hold as an eel in our hands: at every turn it eſcapeth from us; one moment driveth another, as the wave of the ſea thruſteth forward the wave. You ſee, this merchandize is very hard to be kept, and to recover ſuch a loſs, is a thing humanely impoſſible. To meaſure the wind, to weigh the flame, to call back a day paſſed, are three effects of like impoſſibility. God hath reſerved to himſelf the government of this great dyal of the world; he himſelf figureth out the hours, and will give this commiſſion to no man. If the Sun was ſtayed in the time of *Joſuah*, it was done, ſaith Saint *Chryſoſtom*, in reverence of the name of *Jeſus*, of whom this great Captain was the figure.

If it recoyled back ten degrees in the time of *Ezechias*, it was to ſignifie the myſterie of the incarnation, when the eternal Word abaſed himſelf under the nine Quires of Angels, even to the uniting himſelf to human nature, the tenth and laſt of reaſonable creatures. This large dyal of Heaven is not touched, but for the great and various motions of the world, and the principal myſteries of our faith: to think ſuch a change ſhould be made for you, were a great folly. Take time while the Sun ſtriketh on your line; if you will put the hand of the dyal upon the hour of the preſent day, you ſhall not depend upon the expected approach of to morrow. See you not if one rend a garment, it is made up again; if a jewel be loſt, it may be found again; if a houſe be burnt, it is re-edified again, many times much fairer than ever it was. There is nothing, ſave time, but returneth; you ſhall ſooner find the Philoſophers ſtone, than time loſt. All riches are but as chaff in compariſon of time. There is no worſe thief than he that ſtealeth from himſelf ſo unvaluable a merchandize, either in doing ill, or in doing nothing.

The ſecond reaſon, which maketh this eſtimation of time ſo recommendable, is the neceſſity we have of it. King *Antigonus* ſpake wiſely, when he ſaid his war was the warfare of time, as well as of arms. And very properly may we ſay the ſame. All our Chriſtian warfare, all our martial diſcipline, all our exploits conſiſt in laying hold of opportunity, and well husbanding of time. A little time well employed, which will be found at the day of our death, in our own hands, can put us in poſſeſſion of a happy eternity. If you have not time, well may you have rivers of gold, and magazins of pearls, but Heaven you ſhall never have.

Saint *Gregory Nazianzen* doth ſagely tell us, that life is an open Fare for all the world to trade in. And verily it is an admirable Mart, where the merchants, if they will be well adviſed, may barter a vale of tears for a Paradiſe of delicacies; earth for Heaven; and a moment for eternity. All conſiſteth in well uſing time; this is the onely merchandize in requeſt in the other world to which we go. Some infinitely labour to adorn themſelves with the mire and durt of the *Indies*, to wit, with gold and ſilver, which is as abſurd a folly, as if one to climb to Heaven, ſhould make himſelf wings of a ſcuttle filled with earth. Others hunt after glory and honour of the world, which is but a meer counterfeit ſemblance, in compariſon of the happineſs of Saints; yet they notwithſtanding would carry it to Heaven; as if one ſhould undertake to bring by wagon, a veſſel of ſtinking water an hundred leagues off, to make ſale of it, where ſtreams run of eternal fountains. Will you know the merchandize which is of ſale in Heaven? Tribulation, for there is none, and Time, for there is nothing but eternity. Carrie thither a little pain patiently born, a little time well employed, and behold you become rich for ever.

Judge now, if time be ſo eſtimable and neceſſary for your ſalvation, what value you ſhould ſet upon it, and whether it be not an intolerable thing to waſt it in ſopperies and trifles. Time is ill husbanded by three ſorts of people. Some employ it in doing ill; others in doing nothing; the reſt in doing too much. In doing ill, the vitious; in doing nothing, the idle; in doing too much, the vain and unhappie. All are as it were equal in looſing time, although unequal in the manner of looſing it, and in the reward for having loſt it. And not to ſpeak here at all either of crimes or negligences, (which are two dangerous rocks for the ſhip which tranſporteth time) ſome ſigh under a true lazineſs, but painful and ſtraitened; others are delighted with vanities and meer follies; many are involved in buſineſs up to the elbow, and yet becauſe they do not take their aim well (in that they do not travel for Heaven, and are wholly ignorant of the place and path of the rendevouz) all their life is a moſt labourſom loytering. They make much adoe, as little children about butter-flies. They run up and down like rats, who are infinitely buſie to carrie a rotten nut into their hole. They ſtrive as fiſhes in a pond, to take the bit one from another. They wander backward and forward, like ants upon the bodie of a tree. Others make fools of themſelves with meer bables, and it is a wonder to behold the childiſhneſs and apiſh tricks of employments, which are found in the lives of men of eminent quality. See in the ancient Hiſtories a *Domitian*, upon whoſe ſhoulders God had placed the burden of a vaſt Empire, yet laying aſide all other affairs, he every day reſerved ſome hours to himſelf, to ſtick flies through with a bodkin, and thereunto intended as to one of the moſt ſerious affairs of his Kingdom. *Hartabus* King of the *Hyrcans*, caught moles; *Bias* King of the *Lydians* ſtabbed frogs; *Æropus* King of the *Macedonians* made lanterns. Behold you not goodly employments for Kings?

Are not there (I pray) as very triflers to be found amongſt Chriſtian Nobility at this day? We ſee men even in this Age, who waſte all their time in combing their hair, waſhing their beards, in ſtriving to have their ſtockins ſprucely put on, to new hatch their ſwords, to draw on new boots, to enquire for rich garters, to make proviſion of girdles and hangers, to cheapen beaver hats, to buy feathers, to trample up and down the ſtreets, to hold a racket, to play at dice, to dance the cinque-apace, to gourmandize a banquet, to throw rotten orenges at one another, to prattle with women, to vaunt of that which they have never done, to envie the happy, to contemn the miſerable, to breath perpetually out of one and the ſame mouth, either calumnie or ſcoffs; never to utter a ſerious word, as if one had abjured all reaſon; and laſtly never to ſpeak well, but when they intend to ſpeak ill. What an unfortunate and travantly kind of life is this? When ſuch kind of men have ended their courſe, deſerve they not to have the Epitaph of an Ape inſcribed on their tombs, ſince they

Auguſt. Confeſ. l. 11. c. 41.

Quid eſt tempus ſi nemo ex me quærat, ſcio: ſi quærenti explicare velim neſcio.

Pſal. 71. v. 10. ubi Vulgata, *dies pleni.* Heb. *aquæ plenæ.*

River of time

Eſdras. 4. 5. 39

Jam tum famulata videbant. Syderea venturum præmiſſo nomine Jeſum. Sedulius.

Iſaiah 38. 8. *Stephanus.*

Time irrecoverable.

Neceſſitie of time.

Greg. Nazian. in Iambicis. Παρέχωρεν γὰρ ἐς τὸν βίον. Merchandize in requeſt in the other world.

Labor ſtultorum affligeret eos, qui neſciunt in urbem ergere. Eccl. 10. *Deconſultus ille, & vanuſque curſus eſt, quasi formicis per arborem repentibus, quæ in ſummum cacumen, deinde nimium, inanes feruntur.* Senec. de tranq. c. 12.

The idle employment of ſome great men. ſee *Gueuara.* Idleneſs the buſineſs of ſome great men.

they servilely have thus betrayed their manhood?

On the other side, we behold women who have no other trade, but to think on new fashions for apparrel, to buy stuffs, to make thereof rich petty-coats and gowns, to bargain for jewels and precious stones, to raise their chopino's higher, to look in their glass above a hundred times in a day, to call a Councel upon one hair of their head, to have Angel-water, the powder of *Cypress*, to be ever learning some new invention of imposture to bear on their fore-heads, which God himself hath consigned with his own finger, to be the seat of shamefac'dness, to devise curiosities in their chambers, and to complain of all the world, to sooth their own impatience, to brave it through the streets in their coaches, to roam up and down to gossippings and child-bed women, to tattle with spruce Carpet-knights, to search through impertinent curiosity into all kind of businesses, to know nothing and to speak of all things, to deafen half the world with their chattering, and to hold the other in breath & study to do them service, to bestow a fourth part of their life in clothing and attiring themselves, another in babling, another in dancing and playing, the rest in sleeping; what remaineth for God?

Behold goodly husbanding of time, behold how the Exchecquer of God is mannaged, and then who will be amazed to see that a life spent in these goodly exercises and employments, is replenished with darkness, with confusion, with a sluggish and lamentable forgetfulness of the life to come? The remedy for this disorder is to consider,

Remedies.

I. How many damned souls do now groan in flames, which all the Oceans cannot extinguish, for having contemned time, which you yet enjoy at your ease. He that could onely grant to them one little moment of these excellent days which you prodigally waste, through what thorns, what fires, what yee would not they pass to explate the errours of their passed life? From what Scepters, what Empires, what Diadems, would not they voluntarily and freely dispoil themselves to purchase one hour of time, and employ it in the rigours of a most austere penance? Yet you suppose, it may be lawful for you to live in this childish stupidity.

II. How many think you at the very instant, when you read these lines, are there of souls newly dislodged from bodies, brought to the tribunal of God, condemned to flames for this ill expence of time? What know you at how little a threed the sword of Justice hangeth over your heads? And you notwithstanding resemble snails, which sing when their houses are on fire.

III. Take so much pain to avoid an eternal unhappiness, as to raise to your self a little treasure out of the thrift of time, by taking every day, be it never so little leisure, to retire your self within your self, to behold from whence you come, and whither you go, and what passeth within you; study in the book of your conscience, which must be laid open, and perhaps sooner than you think for.

IV. Prepare couragiously, by the advise of those who guid your conscience, a little oeconomy of all your actions in the day; keep them strictly, as much as you may possible, and if you happen to loose time, do not like spend-thrifts who loose and know not what they loose; see why, and how you loose, that you may seasonably give remedy thereunto.

The seventh OBSTACLE.

Intemperance of tongue.

THis super-aboundance of time and idleness which ordinarily is amongst Courtiers, doth undoubtedly cause in them so violent an overflashing of tongue, that now adays it swelleth like another deluge overflowing all mankind. *Evagrius* a good Authour cited by *Melissa* in the Bibliotheke of the Fathers, hath produced a passage very remarkable, to wit, that among trees the Almond blossometh first of all, and is the first that is pinched with frost; and amongst the parts of man the tongue first of all cometh forth to the field, and is the first surprized in the snares of Satan. If all those who at this present might be taxed for their tongues, should loose the use thereof, the world would be replenished with dumb men; but the evil spirit handleth his business much otherwise than the fowlers. These catch birds to bereave them of liberty: he layeth hold on the tongue, to give it a false freedom to speak all things. Three sorts of tongues at this day are most powerfully predominant in the occasions of the world; the vain, the slanderous, and the scoffing.

Evagrius apud *Melissam.*

The tongue compared to the Almond tree.

The vain seemeth to me to have been mystically signified by the Prophet *Isaiah*, under the title of a *feathered cymbal*. The cymbal was an instrument composed of thin plates of brass, with certain small bars of iron fastened and cross billited in the plates, wherewith they made a great noise. Others think the cymbals are *bells*, which according to the opinion of some were consecrated to the service of the Church by Pope *Sabinian*. It is not at this day that bells are in request, but as for feathered bells, they are things unheard of. And yet notwithstanding the tongue is not onely a bell, according to the allegorical interpretation of the words of the Prophet, but a feathered bell. The bell goeth not out of its steeple, but the tongue cannot contain it self in its palate. She maketh herself wings by the help of feathers and paper, and after endeavoureth to pass the seas, and to bear fire very far into the world. A slight word spoken merily in the secret retirement of a closet, shall sometimes be told again an hundred leagues off, and shall enkindle in the hearts of many, a fire able to put all into combustion. The tongue of the cymbal, as it is a cymbal, is not the worst, it offendeth more through complacence than malice. It is a tongue truly vain, which feedeth it self with a petty affectation of discourse, with slight lies, with trifling flatteries, with prattle and tattle. In this predicament we ordinarily place the tongues of indiscreet women. The Gyants after the inundation of waters, would build the tower of *Babel*; but women in the deluge of tongues raise the turrets of babble; through an excess of idleness, indiscretion, and curiosity. In the same rank are the tongues of an infinite number of effeminate Gallants, who waste all their time in courting women, complements, affectations, meer fopperies: had they no other ill in them than never to pronounce a serious word, yet are they culpable enough; but lying and flattery wait on them, as the shadow doth on the body. A great note of the corruption of this Age, is the liberty of lying which reigneth even in the mouthes of many men of quality. It seemeth now adays that to lie is no longer a vice, but a necessity of nature. The Sages termed truth to be a sea which is never moved, a haven where no man suffereth ship-wrack, a way which wearieth not, a gate which never is shut against any: but at this present it is a sea where few merchants sail, a haven little frequented, a way which to many seemeth to be stopped up with thorns and briars, and a gate which almost is never opened.

Isaiah 18. *Ve terræ cymbalo alarum.*

The tongue a feathered bell.

The tongue of the cymbal.

Otiosæ, verbosæ, curiosæ, loquentes quæ non oportet. 1 Tim. 5. 13.

Veritie.

It is said *Augustus Cæsar*, after a long enquiry into all parts of his Empire, found but one man who was accounted never to have told a lie, for which cause he was deemed capable and worthy to be the Sacrificer in the Temple of truth. If at this day the like inquisition should be made, I much fear

feat the Altar of Verity would rather be without a Prieſt, than the ſhrine of lies without victims. Little Children in their beginning practiſe this trade; the ſpirit of impoſture openeth the way unto them by the tongue, making them in lies to find the key of all vices. In ſpeaking falſely one is ſo accuſtomed to lying, that he liveth therein as in his proper element. It is practiſed with as much boldneſs, as a man would deſire advantage to defend a juſt verity: the ordinary proceeding of theſe counterfeit ſpirits will make us henceforth believe, that to aſſure a thing with ſo much confidence is to affirm it is falſe.

Lying the key of vice.

Impertinent prattle.

Lies are moſt eſpecially every where predominant in pratlings and flatteries, which in my opinion are come to the height of extremitie, ſo exorbitant they are. And it is no wonder, ſince the ſpirits of men are ſo diſpoſed thereunto, that thoſe which have loſt all the marks and impreſſions of virtue, will yet retain the tribute, which is praiſe. They ſee themſelves voluntarily to babble, and ſelf-love hath veiled their eyes with ſo groſs an ignorance, that they may do it with much impudence, and yet it ſeem modeſtie. The malediction pronounced by the Prophet *Ezechiel* againſt thoſe who have little pillows of all ſorts for the nice to lean upon, may now well be renewed; never hath there been ſo many flatteries ſeen. The children of great men are ſoothed by all kind of tongues, and made drunk with their praiſes before they be throughly awakened, and ſeeing they are always bred in curioſity, it ſeemeth when any truth is propoſed them, a Phenix is brought from the other world. Servile ſouls, which bend themſelves like the fiſhers angling-line, ſeeing their preferment dependeth upon their impertinent prating, and that the Altars of this falſe greatneſs will be ſerved with ſuch ſmoke, ſpare it no more than one would water in a river. You ſhall find few or none that will tell the ape he is an ape; this liberty of ſpeech is extant in hiſtories, but not at all in our manners. The gout ſeeketh out the houſes of rich voluptuous men, and flatterie the manſions of the eminent: that is it which the Wiſe-man would ſay in the Proverbs according to the original tranſlation. The *Hebrews* literally underſtand it by the apes which *Solomon* cauſed to be tranſported by ſea; with thoſe apes came flatterers and buffons to the Court of this great King, which was the beginning of his unhappineſs. Thoſe which flatter, and thoſe which willingly are flattered are much of the nature of the ape, and all this tattle of Court is indeed a meer apiſhneſs. Behold why that learned Prelate *Faius*, whoſe manuſcripts have very lately been extracted out of libraries, doth moſt natively repreſent this verity unto us under the veil of a fiction.

Væ, qui conſuunt pulvillos ſub omni cubito manus.

Flattery inebriateth great men from their cradle.

Prov. 30. *Simia manibus nititur & moratur in, domibus Regis*

Apes in the Court of Solomon.

Faius in manipulo.

A prety tale of an ape.

He feigneth two men, the one an extream flatterer, the other juſt and a truth-ſpeaker, came to lodge in the houſe of an old ape, at that time encompaſſed with a plentiful race. The ape asked of the flatterer what opinion he had of him. This man accommodating himſelf to the time, gave him many ſpecious praiſes, ſaying, he was a vermillion roſe, and thoſe that environed him were the leaves; that he was a Sun, and thoſe that were about him were the rays, that he was as valiant as a Lion, and all his offspring was a race of young Lions. Behold ſaith the ape, it is well, and commanded a preſent to be given him. When it came to the truth-ſpeakers turn to ſay ſome what, he revolved with himſelf that he could not tell a lie, that his nature was always to be true, that if his companion had a reward for telling a lie, by much more reaſon he ſhould be wellcome delivering the truth. He thereupon freely ſaid to him, he was an ape, and all thoſe that attended him were apes like himſelf; for which cauſe the apes provoked, aſſailed him fiercely with their teeth and nails. Behold the condition of this Age: we cannot brooke a truth, our ears being always ſtopped with perfumed words, entertained with falſe praiſes and ſervile complacences. Truth findeth no admittance, and if happily ſhe hit upon it, her words are thorns, they tear the ſkin. The moſt indiſſoluble friendſhips in apparence are diſſolved by a little freedom of a friend. Then it is nothing ſtrange if prating and intemperance of tongue be in ſuch force, ſince the ſoft temper of ſpirits of this time cannot endure any the leaſt libertie of ſpeech. As we are exceſſive in praiſes, ſo we hold no meaſure in reprehenſion. Thoſe who are abſolutely ſenſible of the touches of honour, and cannot tolerate a truth, think that all other are inſenſible, ſo prodigal they are of another mans fame. They cut, carve, chop with the tongue on every ſide, and you may find a feaſt, where more raw fleſh is devoured than either boyled or roaſted. Calumny doth at this preſent reſemble the tail of the ſcorpion, which either ſtingeth, or ever is ready to tranſfix; it hath never been ſeen more fiercely enflamed. It is the wound of frogs deſcribed in *Exodus*. It was a great ſcourge to behold theſe ugly creatures iſſuing out of *Nilus*, to go crawling up and down the ſilken furnitures and golden plate of *Pharao*, as well as over the poor cottages of beggars. And a greater puniſhment it is at this day, to hear theſe ſlanderous tongues pour forth their venom upon all ſorts of perſons, and to aſſail, as well the Miters, the Diadems, and Scarlet, as the ruſſet coat. Every one ſheweth the ſtroaks of calumny; every one demanding oyl and balm for his wounds, doth notwithſtanding covertly hold a ſharp lancet to wound anothers eſtimation. The honour of Magiſtrates, of Ladies, of young virgins many times moſt innocent, is not ſpared, moſt faithful ſervitours are traduced by the wills of calumny; men are bold to ſpeak any thing, ſince many are willing to believe all. *Verily behold the greateſt malignity that can be in the minds of men, which is, that they are pleaſed to diſſemble an evil, and that which hath no foundation of verity findeth colour and countenance from the mouth of a calumniator.* Two evil ſpirits ordinarily breath out calumny: the one planteth himſelf in the tongue of the detractour, the other in the ears of the hearer. They are two ſundry winds, whereof the one cometh from the gate, the other from the window. When they toſs this tennis-ball one to another, you ſee terrible ſport.

Calumny.

Et aſcenderunt rane operueruntque terram Ægypti.

Slander the wound of frogs.

Fabius declamat. *Peſſimum humanarum mentium malum eſt quod ſemper avidius nefanda fingunter, & affirmationem ſumit ex homine quicquid non habet ex veritate.*

Two devils breath out calumny.

After calumny cometh likewiſe ſcoffing, with immodeſt and wicked words, which are alſo put into the mouths of little children to make them witty and pleaſing. The little creatures doe not yet know whether they have a tongue or no, and we perceive they already are initiated in the work of Satan. This ſpirit of ſcoffing and impurity, which pleaſeth it ſelf with uncleanneſs of language, is a harbinger of Athieſm, that marketh him out a lodging: and as it is ſaid, that the ſea-rat goeth before the whale, in the ſame manner groſs and ſenſeleſs impiety ſuch as it is, maketh uſe I know not of what kind of ſilly ſcoffing ſpirits, which are taken to be the wiſe of the world, under the colour that they can compoſe ſome bald ſonnet, whilſt they themſelves readily give the word when to laugh at it. Theſe are the curioſities, the entertainments, the Idols of meetings. *Aaron* ſtriking the duſt with his rod made flies to ſpring up, the greateſt ſcourge of *Ægypt*: I cannot tell who it is that hath ſtirred up the aſhes of *Rabelais*, nor who hath been verſed in this putrefaction, but by a manifeſt vengeance from heaven we daily behold new vermine to ariſe, which endeavour to gnaw and diſſipate all that which hath any piety or fear of God in Chriſtianity.

Scoffing the harbinger of Atheiſm.

Buffons the flies of Ægypt. *Exod.* 8. 27.

Blind creatures, you know not the evil, and therefore you make no account to correct it: you find not what to reprehend therein, but God will find for

Aug. in Pſal. 99. *Siquis forte propterea non cognoſcit quia*

what

what to destroy you. You have thorns in the middest of your feasts and recreations, which will pierce you even to the drawing of bloud. Take away the solaces of a Pagan, and present to God the alacrity of Christians; know you not, that the grashoppers of the *Apocalyps* have the visage of a virgin, and the tayl of a scorpion? All these rants and scoffs have the seeming apparence of generosity, but the poison is in the tail.

non advertit, advertat de cetero: atque ita non invenient quod advertat, ne Deus inveniat quod evertat. Sed tamen quia non quiescunt nasci spinæ in male exultantibus, advertamus jubilationem improbandam, offeramus Deo jubilationem coronandam.

Behold in part the disorders which at this day proceed from three sorts of tongues, the vain, the reproachful, the scoffing; without speaking at all of oaths, perjuries, blasphemies, which have the language of hell. What a deluge of corruption issueth from one small member of man? Alas! what remedy is there for all this, it being one of the greatest obstacles of salvation and Christian perfection?

Remedies.

The mischief is not onely in the tongue, it is in the heart, and thereto remedy must be applied, considering both the deformity and punishment of the like vices. The vain tongue which is practised in babble, lies, flatteries, and impertinent chatter, ordinarily proceedeth from a sleight, shallow, idle spirit. As it is sleight, it is full of foppery; as shallow, it is servilely subject to complacence; as idle, it seeketh employment in vanity, not being able to find it in virtue. This intemperance of tongue is an effect of ill-governed idleness, and there it is where the searing-iron must be applied to make it a serious soul, much pleased with entertainments worthy of a man, able to resist idle toys, and to settle it in a firm posture, in good employments, to the end it may have no leisure to diffuse it self in vain superfluities. The lips of the bride (as S. *Thomas* notably observeth) are compared to a carnation ribband, to inform us, that the ribband serves women to bind up their hair, and the discretion of lips ought to tie up our thoughts, least they be scattered in a thousand follies of speech. S. *Ambrose* interpreting these words of the Wiseman: *Sepi possessionem tuam spinis* (which admonish to make a hedge of thorns about our inheritance) saith: We have not any better possession than our soul, no better gold than our heart, no better silver than our words; it is about this treasure we ought to make our wall. Rivers are tributaries to the Ocean for all their drops of water, and you at the last judgement of God for every word. Is not this worthy of a little consideration to stay a vain tongue?

Lips of the spouse. S. *Thomas* in Cant. 4. Eccl. 18. *Sicut vitta coccinea labia tua.*

Possessio tua mens tua est, aurum tuum cor tuum est: Argentum tuum eloquium tuum est. Ambr. 1. officior. c. 2.

From whence calumny proceedeth.

As for the reproachful, the one proceedeth from a very stupid and gross inconsideration, from an ill liberty, from a dangerous custom, which maketh that one sometimes slandereth not purposely, and this must be corrected by prudence and careful observation: the other taketh birth from an enraged soul, full of gall and acrimony, which casteth its froath out by the tongue, finding torment and punishment in anothers happiness, and searching out its contentment in the diminution thereof: but it there encountereth a new torture, beholding its reproches as the foam of the sea, which beateth on the foot of rocks, and flieth not to the steepy top.

Horrour of calumny.

Great minds dissipate calumnies by the innocency of their life, as the chrystal current of rivers carry along the small flying dust. All the arrows of reproach return upon the calumniatour, who oftentimes liveth in this world as a solitary wolf, tormented with a thousand mortal affrightments of a wicked conscience, which make him to begin his hell in this world, and finish it in the other without end. For what mercy can there be for a calumniatour who dieth in obloquies? So many reproches are so many man-slaughters, wherewith (all bloudy) he goeth to the judgement of God, to receive the reward of his wickedness. Saint *Clement* witnesseth, that this is the doctrine of Saint *Peter*, who distinguisheth two sorts of homicides: The one of the hand, the other of the tongue, both punishable with one and the same pain. There is no other remedy but to take away brotherly hatred by charity, and seriously bridle this untamed tongue, until it be mastered.

S. *Clemens ep.* 1. ad Jacob. *Sunt homicidæ interfectores fratrum, & sunt homicidæ detractores eorum.*

As for the scoffing tongue, it proceedeth from a ridiculous soul, light, feeble, and languishing, in the relishes of God; and if it further pass on to mock at things sacred, it is a bud of the same impiety. Such goblins and pratling devils are not commonly cured by reason; their hearts are worm-eaten, and become rotten with infidelity; they are the sons of *Cham*, (unbridled and dissolute creatures) which will fall into a thousand disasters in this life, if they do not powerfully amend themselves, and shall in the other world find a heap of anger and vengeance for punishment of their crimes. Their laughter is the crackling of thorns, or song of snails in the flames. Flie (O Noblemen) such plagues, and well remember what a great person said: That your tongue is as the incensory of the Divinitie: use the matter so, that your words may be presented to the throne of God, as the true perfume of Heaven.

Danger of scoffing.

Tongue the incensory of the Divinity.

The eighth OBSTACLE.

Curiositie in the resentment of affronts and disgraces.

AS men are allured by vain praises, and bathe themselves in flatteries as in rose-water, so are they extreamly sensible of affronts, whether they be real disgraces, or have no subsistence at all but in the imagination. One cannot touch this string of point of honour so slightly, but it will eccho forth some sound. The least word of disdain raiseth a storm in the mind, a disgrace is a clap of thunder, and one scornful countenance of a Prince, breedeth more fear and terrour than a canon. These worldly respects cause a main impediment in the exercise of virtue, and a soul, which shall feed it self with such apprehensions, shall always live in fetters. It is good to observe the causes and remedies thereof, to draw consolation from thence.

Apprehension of affronts.

Querelæ sunt nauseantis animi, in quas fere delicati & fœlices incidunt.

You (O Noblemen) apprehend injuries, obloquies, and disgraces; from whence suppose you do these apprehensions proceed? Of too much felicity ill digested. You have a stomach of paper which can concoct nothing, it is so inebriated with the tastful sweetness of some never-ceasing prosperities, that with the least disgust it is overthrown: and yet notwithstanding, to live now adays in the world, you must procure an Ostriches stomach, who swalloweth even iron it self.

From whence this niceness proceedeth.

Secondly, this proceedeth from a spirit proud and elate. We observe, that those who upon all occasions are ready to give affronts, are most tender in receiving any. They cut a large thong out of another mans leather, but if you prick them never so little, you even pull their skin over their ears. It is the course which was noted in the monster of nature *Caligula*: He had a tongue unbridled to scoff indifferently at all kind of objects. If any man challenged him for it, he was enragedly offended.

Caligula a great scoffer. *Ferendarum contumeliarum impatiens, faciendarum cupidissimus.*

Thirdly, these affronts oft-times are such as our fantasies make them; if we help them not out with our opinions, their arrow entereth not to make an affront. We must believe it to be such, otherwise all injuries are but as stones cast into the wind, which have no force. It is recounted, that *Cornelius* a Senatour shed many tears in full Senate, when *Corbala* called him bald Ostrich. *Seneca* admireth that such a man, who in all things else had shewed himself most couragiously opposite against other injuries, lost his

Seneca de Constan. Struthiocamelum devitat.

his conſtancy for one ridiculous ſaying, which might have been ſmothered in laughter, whence it firſt tooke birth; becauſe this blow was rather given him by his own imagination, than by the tongue of his enemy.

Nimio otio ingenia natura infirma, & muliebria inopia verè injuriæ laſcivientia.

Fourthly this niceneſs in the reſentement of injuries ordinarily taketh its being from a ſoft and effeminat ſpirit, which knoweth not what an affront is, and had great need to encounter ſome true and real thing, that it may no more become haughty with vain ſhadows. This is it, which moſt judiciouſly that great Oracle of Latin Philoſophy hath obſerved. For remedie to this obſtacle I will produce two very conſiderable things.

Remedies.

The firſt is, that if a generous heart could once be perſwaded that the moſt noble revenge which might be drawn from affronts were to ſcorn them, and that ſuch is the manner of all great ſpirits, he would make unto himſelf a buckler of diamond againſt all theſe petty inferiour diſturbances. Now I affirm all the greatneſs of a fair ſoul fit to have heaven for a theater of its actions, ſhould reſolve to do good, and ſuffer ill: to know not onely how to tolerate an ingratitude but how to faſten benefits. S. *Auguſtine* upon the 93. Pſalm proveth this verity unto us by a fine induction, which he draweth from the ſtars. *Injuries* (ſaith he) *are dayly done to the ſtars, One ſaith, behold the ſtar of* Mercury, *behold* Saturn: *is it not then a great wrong to theſe beautiful ſtars, enchaced by the hand of God in the azure vault of the heavens, to put them into the poſſeſſion of I know not what kind of petty pilferer, or of an old dotard who is ſaid to have devoured his own children? Theſe ſtars, which are as it were the eyes of the Omnipotent, to behold all that which paſſeth heer below, are they offended with the injuries which men doe them? Have they ever turned out of the way for that? Have they ever loſt one ſole ſtep of their regular motion? No aſſuredly. So you (O Noble men) whom God hath placed in the ſphere of greatneſs to enlighten men, what importeth it you if a perverſe and wayward people ſlander your reputation? Never ſhall you be great, if you know not the way of doing well and ſuffering ill. Do like the Sun and ſtars, ſhine and glitter in the firmament of ſanctity, and give detractious tongues leave in the mean time to lick up duſt.*

The ſtudie of great ſouls ſhould be to doe good, and ſuffer wrong.

Auguſt. in Pſal. 93. *Convitia fiunt ſtellis, cum dicitur illa ſtella Mercurii eſt, & illa Saturni: quid ille cum audiunt tanta convitia? nunquid moventur? nunquid non exercent curſus ſuos? Sic & homo qui in natione perverſa & tortuoſa habet verbum Dei, ſicut luminare eſt lucens in cœlo*

Saint *Cyprian*, in the treatiſe which he compoſed of patience, mounteth yet a little higher, and after *Tertullian* pertinently declareth, that patience in injuries is a ray of the Divinity, and the true virtue of Nobility. What patience it is in God, ſo many Ages to have ſuffered Temples of Idols, erected to the contempt of his name? To make days and times ſtill to circumvolve, rivers to glide, winds to blow, autumn to put on a ſaffron robe, grapes to ripen, the elements to ſerve, and hold total nature in breath, for a thouſand and a thouſand ſacrifices to hell? To caſt flowers from heaven with a bounteous hand upon contumacious heads, who well deſerve the ſtroak of the thunder-bolt? What patience is it in the Saviour of the world to behold the Sun eclipſed all the ſtars to put on mourning weeds, the whole frame of this vniverſe to be troubled both above and beneath his Croſs, and he in the mean time to remain affixed in this chair of patience without motion?

Cypr de patientia. *Eſt nobis cum Deo virtus communis, inde patientia incepit, inde claritas ejus & dignitas caput ſumit.*

Patience the nature of God.

Admirable remedie of *David.* 2 *Reg.* 16.

This magnanimity in injuries, is the true ſtamp with which God for his imitation impreſſeth all Noble and great ſpirits. See (I pray you) what remedy King *David* uſed againſt the malevolent tongue of *Semei*: he fled from an unnatural ſon, and in flying fell into the violence of an enraged tongue, which darted againſt him ſhafts of fire, and transfixed him even to the heart. Behold his Captains ready to pull him down, like maſtives. But *David* replied, *No: I will that he live, and what know you whether this be not now a powerful trial from the divine providence, who hath ſent this man for an exerciſe of virtue? My God, O that onely the odour of my Sacrifice might aſcend even to thy Altars!* Saint *Ambroſe* admireth ſo much this greatneſs of courage, that he crieth out: *O profound wiſdom! O bottomleſs patience! O what an invention it is to ſwallow one miſchief, and endure another!* David *made as it were a plaiſter of the reproaches of* Semei, *for the wound which his parricide ſon had fixed in his heart.* If great men govern thus, and you ſo much love greatneſs, why do you not rather imitate them than play the ſilly mouſe, ſeeking to bite that which toucheth you, and drenching your ſelves every time in a glaſs of water, engulf your ſelves with ſadneſs in the leaſt petty injury?

Ambr. Apol. r. de David. c. 6. *O altitudo prudentiæ! O altitudo patientiæ! O devorandæ contumeliæ grande inventum! Ecce verborum contumelia parricidii levavit erumnam.*

The ſecond thing, is always to have an aſſured retreat in your heart, and in the ſweetneſs of a good conſcience. When a diſgrace happeneth to you, you are like an unfeathered bird, ſhamefac'd and dejected, for that you have believed with confidence that all theſe loans of fortune were your own. You are like a jack-daw trimmed up with the feathers of many birds; you have moſt imprudently thought in your heart that all theſe garniſhments were of your own body, and have neglected to make true and natural wings for your ſelf. When the birds come to peck at you, and take away their own feathers on all ſides, you then diſcover your ignominious nakedneſs; but had you preſerved the plumage which nature preſented to you, you had taken a ſtrong and confident flight even to the Temple of repoſe, not caring for theſe borrowed feathers, nor all theſe ſilly ſcriches of theſe fluttering and unruly birds. What a goodly theater is a good conſcience? And what a beautiful arcenal is it to have ſtill the arms of vertue in a readineſs? A good man goeth out of theſe extrinſecal favours and all this ſpecious train of fortune, as a fair iewel drawn out of a caſe. True it is, the caſe thereof may ſeem rich and well adorned with mean and ſlight embroderies, but it-ſelf is far more reſplendent than all that oſtent. Our eyes doe not penetrat ſufficiently through this trim of the worlds goodneſs. It is a golden veil, which may as well cover ſnow as a cole; as ſoon as this caſe is taken away, the radiance of this iewel is beheld in the dayes of brightneſs, refulgently ſhining with the rayes of a conſtant equality of ſpirit, of an invincible patience, and with an ineſtimable meekneſs of heart towards all the world. Happy night of diſgrace, thou haſt not darkened this fair ſtar, but rather made it appear ſuch as it was.

Retreat into the conſcience in affronts.

Greatneſs of an honeſt man.

One of the greateſt wits that ever was under heaven, the Emperour *Antoninus*, in the fourth book which he wrote of his own life, ſo much commendeth the retirement which a wiſe man maketh within himſelf, that he aſſureth us that in all the palaces, gardens, orchards, delicacies of all the Kings of the world, there is nothing ſo delightful as the houſe of a good conſcience. There it is where man is involved in his little ſhell, and retiring himſelf out of the ſalt of waters, liveth with the dew of heaven; there it is where the ſoul, which was wholly ſcattered in ſo overwhelming a multitude of affairs, foldeth it ſelf within it ſelf; there it is where it beginneth to ſuck in its own ſap; there it is, where it accommodateth, and prepareth its hive as a buſie bee, and endeavoureth to gather its hony; there it is, where it entereth into a new world, an intelligible world, a peaceable world, a world ſmiling with ſweet ſerenity of air and radiant lights, as S. *Cyprian* There it is, that we paſs into the ſociety of ſo many eminent and admirable perſonages, who have flouriſhed in the memory of all Ages, doing all the good they could, and receiving ill from the ungrateful with a pleaſing countenance, no more troubling themſeves then doth the Sun to behold the clouds which he hath drawn out of the mire

M. *Aurel.* Antonin. l. 4. de vita ſua.

Delicious abode of the ſoul.

Ibi aeris liquidi ſerena temperies per ſudum igneo colore rutilans.

mire and fens of the earth, to make him a scarff of. He knoweth he shall ever have the upper hand, and that they may take from him the aspect of mortal eyes, but cannot deprive him of his own light. It is in this Temple of repose, where we behold all the Saints as Eagles in a storm, surcharged with sufferings, but made invincible with the arms of patience. We behold one afflicted in the loss of his goods, another in the death of his kindred, another in his own body, another in his reputation, another in all, whom tribulation tormenteth in all his members. All that is mortal shrinketh under injuries; but all these arrows go no further than to the superficies of the skin, and touch not the constancy of a well-composed mind, which seeth them fall under his feet. O what greatness! O what felicity!

Temple of repose.

Certain ambitious Kings have sought the way to build an Heaven on earth, as *Cosroes* King of *Persia*, who caused a Palace to be built like a Heaven, which had the garnishment of a Sun, of a Moon and Stars artificially counterfeited: he also made below rain to pour down, the winds to blow, tempests to rage, he in this celestial throne beheld radiant beams over his head, and all this noise and clamour under his feet. That which this Monarch did for meer vanity, you may put in practice by a most solid verity. You may for the present with the exercise of prayer, the grace of Sacraments, and a generous contempt of all which is without you, raise a heavenly Temple of repose and tranquillity, where you shall not fear the bitings of calumny, nor the mutations of the world. A Pagan amidst the burning ruins of his Citie, unsheathed swords, bloud, and massacres, when the Temples fell upon their gods, and all was in confusion, could say: *Behold me escaped from the ruins of my house, from the fires which shined on all sides, I have found my way through bloud and flames, I know not what is become of my daughters, perhaps there is somewhat worse put upon them than the sword or fire: behold me alone, despoiled of all my goods, and now become old, all hostilities raging round about me. Hap what hap may, I have whatsoever I at any time possessed: for I never esteemed any thing mine own but my self. Demand of rich men where their possessions are? Of the voluptuous, where their loves? Of the usurers, where their accounts? Of the ambitious, where their Court? All that is lost to them, because they thought it their own, because they presently sought it in the ashes of their Citie: As for my self, I will find all my possessions and all delights in the peace of my heart.*

Brave words of Stilpho. *Erepsi è ruinis domus & incendiis undique relucentibus, per flammas per sanguinem fugi, filiarum meum quis eorum habeat an pejor publico nescio, bona, & senior, & hostilia circa me omnia videns, habeo quicquid mei habui, quia nil quicquam meum, nisi me puto.*

An Infidel to say and do all that, yet we after so many precepts of the eternal Wisdom, so many sermons, so many exhortations, so many supports, so many helps, so many examples, so many promises, so many recompences, so many obligations, and so many necessities, which force us thereunto, still to be curious, and not to be able to tolerate one silly disgrace! May we not well say we have great need of afflictions, which might a little instruct us to imitate the lives of Saints? For it is undoubted, we putrifie with long prosperities, as in a dead sea, which produceth nothing. It is necessary that God strike, and then, as *Jonathan*, we shall open our eyes, and suck in honey from the end of the rod which scourgeth us, when in the chastisement of a father, we shall find the consolation of true children.

The ninth OBSTACLE.

Carnal love.

IF at any time the powerful and health-giving hand of the Angel *Raphael* were necessary in the world, not to cure the eyes with the gall of a fish, but to tie and bind up in the desires, this loose and wanton spirit of carnality, which the Scripture calleth *Asmodeus*, it is principally in this Age that we have great need thereof, wherein dishonest and intemperate vice reigneth so prodigiously, that it seemeth not willing to make of the rest of this whole Universe but one element of fire. *Asmodeus* at this time triumpheth, and boasteth his Chariots covered with laurel to the weeping eyes of chastity: his horses curvett and bound without bridle, and with unspeakable insolence he daily transporteth an infinite number of souls to hell. If you desire to know the equipage of his detestable Chariot. Saint *Bernard* will tell it you, and you in his discourse may observe the causes which produce and cherish luxury, that you may hereafter apply profitable and convenient remedies.

Triumph of *Asmodeus*.

Bern. ser. 29. Cantica de curribus Pharaonis.

The Chariot of *Asmodeus* is a chariot of fire, from whence on all sides the sparkles of concupiscence flie to enflame unchaste hearts. This is not a common fire, but a fire enkindled with the flames of hell, the very image of that which devoureth damned souls, ceaselesly burning without diminution, and giving nourishment to its ardours with its proper damages. The first wheel of the Chariot (saith this great Saint) is called *gourmandize*; the second, *titillation of the flesh*; the third, *excess in apparel*; the fourth, *idleness*; which undoubtedly are the four vices that serve as principal instruments to this loathsom devil, and very well are termed the wheels of his Chariot. It is said the Chariot of War is moved with two arms, one of iron, and the other of silver; but this of *Asmodeus* rouleth about the arms of *Ceres* and *Bacchus*.

His chariot.

His wheels.

Gourmandize is attended by the wanton pleasures of the body: these pleasures then, which should be stifled with hayr-shirts and sack-cloth, are involved in linnen and scarlet; in stead of ready shaking off these sparkles, they are fomented and wasted in a lazie and idle life. Behold, how sin passeth along. To this chariot horses and Coach-man are necessary. S. *Bernard* appointeth onely two, whereof one is called *prosperity*, the other *abundance*. From this time forward *Asmodeus* becomes a much greater Lord, he augmenteth his train, harnessing also two other horses, wherof the one is called *liberty*, and the other *impudence*. Prosperity (always smiling) doth nothing but daily breath out, and evaporate new delights. Abundance supplieth him with all which is needful for the entertainment of this ravenous beast, although she cannot discharge all the expences thereof, so insatiable she is. The liberty of entertainments and conversations ceaseth not perpetually to blow the fire. If there be any shread of the veil of shamefac'dness as yet hanging about the brows, impudence teareth it away. All this equipage is lead along by a wicked Coach-man, which is called the *forgetfulness of God*. Then good leisure is had to run with full speed into the bottomless abyss.

His horses.

His Coachman. Sap. 4. *Dei immemoratio animarum inquinatio.*

Certain brave spirits of the world, pursuing as it were this way of Saint *Bernard*, to figure out a spiritual thing by corporal representations, have built the Palace of false love, (the plague, and frenzie of the soul) with admirable art. This Palace is all built on hopes: the stairs are of ice, made in such manner, that he who most ascendeth, most descendeth; the halls, chambers, and wardrobes, are all furnished and hanged with idleness, dreams, desires, and inconstancies; the seats and chayrs are made of false contentments. It hath affliction, torment, and fraud for engineers; uncertainty, fear, false opinion, and distrust for Guard. All this Court is composed of heartless, soft, and effeminate men, which are, and are not. His Chancellour, surmize; his Councellours, lying and deceit; the Steward of his household suspition; his

Of inconstancy l. 2.

Court of *Asmodeus*.

viands apparences, his drink, forgetfulness, his Chamber-waiters, laughter and babble; his musick, sighs, despairs and revenges. Do you not behold a brave Prince? But without amuzing our selves with all these inventions of the brain, I say the greatest obstacle, which may be imagined, to seclude us from the happy access to life eternal, is to resign our heart as a prey into the power of this bruitish passion. The reason is most evident, because it is a true mark of reprobation, and we see by experience the souls which addict themselves to the sin of the flesh, not so much by frailties as by profession, become wholly carnal, stupid, beastly, and ordinarily pass out of this life through the gate of some notable disaster. I will here produce two or three causes of the undoubted condemnation of this sin, which seem to me very powerful to imprint in the heart of man a perpetual aversion, as it were with a branding-iron of fire. The first is, that it is injurious to the incarnation of the Son of God. Consider well what I say. This mystery of the incarnation wherewith God put on our weakness, took servile flesh, made himself our brother, transplanted our nature from a barren and cursed soil, into the delicious habitation of the Divinitie, is so great, so majestical, so marvellous, that it enforceth silence and admiration in the four quarters of the world, adoration in Thrones, trembling in the Seraphins, bowing in the Heavens, darkness, terrour, and amazement in all nature. Now this mystery being as it is, in all its height, greatness, latitude, inexplicable profundity, is personably betrayed and dishonoured by the sin of the flesh. Wherefore? Because, as S. *Paul* saith, other sins make their sallies out of the body, but this reposeth and subsisteth in the body, in the same specifical nature which God so puissantly and highly hath exalted, that he therein hath confined his whole power and greatness, not being able to create any thing greater than Man-God.

Sin of the flesh a mark of reprobation.

Injurious to the incarnation of the Word.

Quo altius carnem attolleret non habuit. Auguſt. de prædeſtinat. Sanct. c. 15.

Judge what a sacriledge it is to do a personal affront to the most immaculate and most virginal flesh of *Jesus*, sitting on the right hand of his Father Eternal, in the habiliments of glory; and yet carnal impurity would if it might, carry thither the effects of its malice. Before the incarnation of the Son of God, the sins of the flesh were simply sins, but after this ineffable union of the Divine nature with the humane, they became monsters. And you see likewise that the holy Fathers call some by this name, and by other termes full of execration.

Auguſt. de verbis Apoſt. Serm. 18. *Parce in te Chriſto, cognoſce in te Chriſtum.* ἀλογία.

The second reason which much augmenteth the enormity of this sacriledge is, that not onely it debaseth a nature which God hath exalted even to God, but also engulfeth it in an action sordid, blockish, bruitish, reputed so unworthy, that the Scripture disdaineth to name it. S. *Epiphanius* searching out the cause why the Holy Text maketh no mention of the Genealogie of *Melchisedech*, bringeth a reason from the *Hebrews*, which affirms this eminent man to be born of unchaste parents, as a rose from thorns, and that the Scripture useth not to name such men, in detestation of their sin. And verily you see the practice hereof. In Genesis *Noe* abstained from naming of *Cham*, though it were to curse him; it seemeth this name of a son marked out by these deportments of filthy sin, would defile the malediction it self, if it had been pronounced. For the same reason the Tribe of *Simeon* is not numbered, when question is made of blessing the Patriarchs in *Deuteronomie*, because from this Line, issued that wicked Prince who sinned with the *Madianitesses*. In the new Testament, in the Genealogie of the Son of God, *Bathsheba* is not called by her own name, but by her husbands. *Magdalen* in the time of her sin had no other name but of a sinner. It seemeth *Isaiah* hath truly prophesied of such voluptuous people: *The race of the wicked shall be buried in perpetual oblivion.*

Ancir. Concil. can. 17. Fury of lust. *Tertul.* de pudic.

Epiphan. hereſ. 55. & 67.

Geneſ. 9. *M. ledius Chanaan.*

Deut. 33.

Num. 25. 6. *Eaque fuit Uxor.* Matth.

Iſaiah 14. 20.

Non vocabitur in æternum nomen peſſimorum.

Some other Interpreters subtilizing this passage of the 48. Psalm. *Iniquitas calcanei circundabit me*, say, luxury was called the *sin of the heel*, which was not improper: yet not for that reason which some in my opinion have without ground invented, affirming there is a vein which answereth to the heel, that serveth as a fiery match and an incentive to lust: but because this sin is low, and debased amongst other vices, as the heel under other parts of the body, and in respect it is tied to the heels, which is to say, that leaving high and elevated objects, onely worthy of the love of men, as are virtues and graces, it applieth it self to baseness and beggary, to a dung-hill covered with snow, to a beauty passing away like a dream, and which hath no other character of its merit, but the judgement of a mad man. So the pantables of *Judith* bewitched the eyes of *Holofernes*. This Ladie was beautiful as a star, and adorned as a Temple, yet notwithstanding this blind lover suffered himself to be inconsiderately surprized with the heels of a woman, to shew that lust is base in all its objects and pretences. Behold why some sage *Hebrews* have written, that certain infernal spirits remembring themselves of their ancient nobilitie, abhor to tempt men with the sin of luxury, as a thing unworthy their thoughts and industrie, giving this commission to some other more gross devils, and more terrestrial. Alas! what shall we say, if we go about to plant upon the forehead of a nature honoured with the hypostatical union of the Word, a sin which maketh even the devils themselves to be ashamed? May we not well say, if there be a mark in the world which plainly discovereth a reprobate soul, it is this, seeing it is so impudently opposed to the venerable mysterie of mans redemption?

Luxury the sin of the heel.

Judith 16.

Sandalia reſpuerunt oculos ejus.

The third reason, which maketh us believe this dishonest sin hath great alliance with hell, is, that it carrieth already the marks thereof in this world. What are they? *Darkness, fire, stench, the worm, disorder.* Behold the principal liveries of hell, all which are to be found in the sin of luxury. *Darkness*, because it maketh the soul dark, gross, clouded with black vapours of folly, which extinguish all the radiance of judgement, and very aptly it is said of those infamous fire-brands, who sollicited the chaste *Susanna*, that *they turned away their eyes that they might not see the Sun.* Saint *Hierom* hath very well relished this passage of *Seneca*: (a) *Love and folly go hand in hand; it is a passion which never lodgeth at the sign of health; it turneth the spirit up-side down, it maketh man bruitish, unprofitable to all, and in the end to love it self.*

Hell of love.

Daniel. 13.

Declinaverunt oculos ſuos ne viderent ſolem. Hier. l. 1. adverſus Jovinian.

The fire of it.

(a) *Amor inſaniæ proximus, ſedium & minime conveniens animo ſoſpiti vitium, turbat conſilia, omnibus inutilem, ipſi noviſſimum amori facit. Si digito attigero incendam ſylvam ſimul omnem.*

Fire. All those unfortunate lovers speak of nothing else but of their flames, they are always in fire like the Salamander, they perpetually have the mount *Ætna* upon their shoulders: one of them saith, he will do nothing but touch a forrest with his finger, thereby to burn and wholly waste it. And verily it is a hell-fire, which hath gluttony for fewel, pride for flame, unclean words for sparkles, infamy for smoke, ordure for ashes, hell for center, as saith S. *Hierom.*

Noyſomneſs.

Noyſomneſs and dishonestly are inseparable companions of the sin of the flesh. The voluptuous cannot endure their like, and when passion hath cast its fire, they are troublesom and insupportable to themselves. Which well is witnessed by the many nasty and shameful diseases which never had been known in the world, if they had not entered by the gate of this infamous sensuality.

Its worm.

The worm. This sin is no sooner committed, but it hath its executioner attending thereon, it hath the worm of damnation, which diveth and pepetrateth even into the bottom of the heart of him that committeth it, and then especially when he findeth as yet some

ſome reliques of a good conſcience remaining in his ſoul, remorſe to have loſt the incomparable treaſure of purity, perplexeth it perpetually. *Concupiſcence of wicked love is full of anxiety, and ever in its ſatiety it finds repentance.*

Appetitus fornicationis anxietas eſt, ſatietas pœnitentia.

Diſorder. You may as well tell the leaves of the trees, the ſands of the ſea, and the ſtars in the skie, as number the diſorders which have vomited and ſtill overflow upon the face of the earth, by means of the ſin of luxury. If there be poyſon to be diſſolved, love mingleth it. If ſwords be forged and fyled to transfix the ſides of innocent creatures, love hammereth and poliſheth them in his ſhop. If there be halters to be faſtened wherewith to ſtrangle, love weaveth and tyeth them. If there be precipices, love prepareth them. If there be maſſacres, love contrives them. If you go about to find little embryons even in the mothers womb, to be bereaved of the life which they have not as yet taſted, love is the authour and actour of theſe abominable counſels. All the miſchief and crimes which have in former Ages been perpetrated, love hath done them and daily invented them.

The diſorder of it.

It hath from all times puſhed and ſhouldred good order out of the world. It hath been the butt and aim of all the vengeances of God. It hath been ſtrucken with fire and brimſtone from Heaven, ſwallowed in the entrails of the earth, drenched in the waters of a general deluge. Yet it eſcapeth, yet it perpetually armeth, yet it walloweth it ſelf in bloud and ſlaughter, yet it holdeth the ſword of juſtice ever perpendicular over the head, and in concluſion it is eſteemed but as a ſport. Is not all this of power ſufficient to make it be believed, that this filthy vice is an infallible mark of reprobation? Flie (O Noblemen) this fleſhly peſtilence of mankind, and never ſuffer it to exerciſe its tyranny over hearts conſecrated by the precious bloud of the Lamb. All conſiſteth in flying far from the occaſions thereof. If you love danger, you ſhall periſh therein. If you had the beſt intentions which did ever bud in the hearts of Saints, yet if you ſeek out occaſions of doing ill, they become crooked and diſtracted. Nature being, as now it is, corrupted, the ignorance of vice better ſerves our turn, than all the precepts of virtue. Our affections attend on our knowledge, the abſence of objects maketh us to forget all our moſt enflamed deſires. To live in luſt and idleneſs, to have our eyes always in purſuit, unchaſte books in our hands, to hear comedies and impure ſtage-plays, to have gluttonous diſcourſe in our mouth, to frequent buffons and looſe livers, to converſe familiarly with women, theſe are not the inſtruments of chaſtity: it is rather to put oyl into the flame, and then to complain of much heat.

Remedies.

Petrarch in his books againſt vanity, giveth remedy to the wounds, which ſeem to have been inflicted in the time of his loves. *Love creepeth into idleneſs; handle the matter ſo, that he may always find you buſied. Love is pleaſed with curioſitie of attire, give him hayr-cloth. He is entertained with feaſts, ſubdue him with auſterity. He will fall upon ſome object, ſcatter and confound him. He laboureth to find out a looſe and unbridled ſpirit, hold yours extended upon ſome good affair. He requireth liberty, private places, night, darkneſs, let him have witneſſes, and enlighten him on every ſide. He will be governed by fantaſie, keep him dutiful, both by admonitions and menaces.* S. *Cyprian* found nothing more powerful to conquer a temptation of diſhoneſt wantonneſs, than to turn the other ſide of the medal; and as this ſin hath two faces, ſo not to ſtay upon that which looketh amiable and attractive to deceive us, but to behold that which under a black veil ſheweth it ſelf to be penſive, ſad, ſhamefac'd, deſperate and full of confuſion. The great *Picus Mirandula* ſaid, the moſt part of men yielded to temptation, becauſe they never taſted the ſweetneſs of glory, which is drawn from the victory over a ſin. Above all, it is behoveful to uſe the adviſe of a wiſe *Arabian*, who repreſented to himſelf perpetually over his head, an eye which enlightened him, an ear which heard him, a hand which meaſured out all his deportments and demeanours. The exerciſe of the preſence of God, joyned with prayer, frequentation of Sacraments, often invocation of the Mother of purity, and the Angels, Guardians of chaſtity, daily blunt a thouſand and a thouſand arrows ſhot against the hearts of brave and undaunted Chriſtian Champions. Adde hereunto, that it is good to live in a ceaſeleſs diſtruſt of ones ſelf, which is the mother of ſafety: that you may not fall into the fire, it is good to avoid the ſmoke, not to truſt ones ſelf too much to thoſe petty dalliances, which under pretext of innocency, ſteal in with the more liberty. Mother of pearls produce ſometimes windy bunches for true and native pearls; and the will, through complacence of paſſion ill digeſted, in ſtead of good love, bringeth forth ſilly abortions of amities, which are nothing but flaſhes and wild fantaſies, yet ſuch as may notwithſtanding diſpoſe an emptie ſoul to ſome ſiniſter affections.

Petrarch. l. 1 2. c. 22. de remediis. *Occupatio & labor & inculti habitus, & vultus aſperior, & inceſſus, inque unum aliquid jugis intentio; aak æc teſtis charus & verendus, frequens admonitio, dulces minæ & ſi quando res exigat, aſperæ.*

Cyprian de bono pudor. *Ante oculos obverſetur deformis atque abjectus peccati pudor, nihil corpori liceat, ubi vitandum eſt corporis vitium. Cogite turquam honeſtum ſit vicciſſe dedecus, quam inhoneſtum vitium eſſe à decore.*

The tenth OBSTACLE.

Exceſs in diet and apparel.

THE world was as yet in her cradle, & man was no more than born, when God making a Palace of juſtice, of terreſtrial Paradiſe, pronounced againſt him the ſentence of labour and pain, and afterward wrote it, as with his finger in the ſweat of his brow: *Thou ſhalt eat thy bread with the ſweat of thy brow.* Noblemen perpetually appeal from this ſentence as if they were not men; it ſeemeth labour is not for them. Let nature hold to the chain and labour thoſe groſſer bodies, which are moulded of the clay of *Adam*, they have forſooth bodies compoſed of I know not what kind of ſtarrie matter, which never muſt ſweat, nor take pains, but in a dance. What a folly it is? Ought not he to be diſſolved into ſweat, ſince he is to be reduced into aſhes? He cannot free himſelf from the ſentence of death, and why ſhall he decline pains-taking, ſeeing it proceeded from one and the ſame mouth in the ſame time, and upon one and the ſame ſubject? But behold the reaſon, which is, that to ſatisfie the ſentence of labour, ſureties are found: the houſes of rich men are filled with officers and ſervants, who take pains in their fields, prune their vines, carry corn to the mil, who go even into the ocean to fiſh for habits and attires for them, and moſt times live within four fingers of death, to give them means to flow in delicacies. Onely death it is, that taketh no ſuretie. For which cauſe man dieth in his own perſon, and laboureth by deputie. If death would a little give way, no Great man would die but by Attorney. Out alas! O the juſtice of God, how equally doſt thou ſtill hold the ballance! They that would not here labour as men, thou makeſt them take pain like infernal ſpirits, thou diſſolveſt the ſweat of poor payſants in the conſolation of their ſouls, and thou ſeaſoneſt the delights of rich men with care, melancholy, dolour, jealouſie, envy, anxiety, terrours, and remorſe, which are able to make them ſweat bloud.

Terreſtrial Paradiſe the chamber of juſtice.

Gen. 3. 19. *In ſudore vultus tui veſceris pane.*

Noblemen appeal from the ſentence of labour.

Were there no other proof, this manifeſtly enough declareth to us how odious this curioſitie of Great men is to the Divine Majeſty, and how puniſhable, ſince its own delights are change into chaſtiſe-

ments. Yet notwithſtanding, I will produce ſome reaſons, that the unworthineſs of this wicked exceſs may punctually be touched with the finger, which now adays overfloweth the whole face of the earth.

Remedies and reaſons againſt exceſs.

First I ſay, it is extreamly unreaſonable to be deſirous to live in the world with reaſon againſt all reaſon; to endeavour to put a reaſonable creature into a condition of life, where it of neceſſity muſt bely the law of God, and its proper nature. O Noble-men, God would that you enter into the world like other men, as into a vale of tears, and you will arrive there as in a garden of delicacies. He would that you come thither, as to the mynes to dig; and you go thither as to a dicing-houſe to play; he would that you make paſſage into a ſervile fleſh to obey, and you will command. Is not this a ſin againſt nature? To come into the world, is to come upon a croſs; to be man, is to ſtretch out the hands and feet to be crucified. The firſt bed that an infant maketh coming from his mothers womb, is on the croſs. He is as ſoon in a croſs, as in nature, and ſuffereth this puniſhment for no other cauſe, but for that he is born a man.

Croſs of nature. *Nemo impune naſcitur, omnis vita ſupplicium eſt.*

The purple chamber of Emperours. *Anna Comnena* lib. 6. Luitprand. de rebus Europ. *Cyprian* de patient. *Procellas mundi quas ingreditur, ſtatim ſuo ploratu & gemitu rudis anima teſtatur.*

The Emperours of *Conſtantinople* had in their Palace a ſecret chamber, which they called *the Purple*, in which the Empreſſes for a ceremonious formality were brought to bed and delivered, thinking by this means to aboliſh the acerbities which are as it were affixed to our condition. But theſe petty *Porphyrogenites* (ſo theſe children of Emperours were called, becauſe they were born in ſcarlet) were notwithſtanding born with a croſs, and ſaluted life as others with tears and groans. The children of Kings come al into the world through this gate of miſeries, they are born, as with a diadem on their fore-heads, and yet fail not to be natures little priſoners. It is accounted a goodly thing to give them guilded cradles, and ſilken ſwathing-bands. This is to adorn their chains, but not to break them; they are as well captive in them, as heretofore the priſoners in *India*, who rotted in poverty and calamitie, even in golden fetters. It is a decree of Almighty God (O Great-ones) that you muſt be born with the croſs on your back, and you will cancel it; if this yet might be practiſed, with ſome reaſonable evaſion and mediocrity, it would ſeem more tolerable: but now adays this exceſs is ſo enraged, that it will plant the tropheys of pride and voluptuouſneſs upon the calamities of mankind. What is not done upon tables? What is not done in apparel? Men cloath as if they were always to live, and eat as if they ſhould every day die. We prepare an Altar to a falſe Deitie, which at this day with unſpeakable violence ſwayeth in the world. It is a bruitiſh god (if you deſire to know him) for never had he an ounce of of brain: A blind god, who hath no eyes to behold the miſeries of the earth: A deaf god, who hath no ears to hear the complaints of the afflicted: A truantly god, who hath no hands to take pains: An immoveable god, who hath no feet to travel on: An effeminate god, who hath no heart to undertake any good, nor courage to ſuffer ills A gluttonous god, who gourmandizeth all: An unclean god, who polluteth all. This falſe god, according to the Apoſtle, is the belly. *His temple* (ſaith *Tertullian*) *is the lungs; his Altar the paunch; his Prieſt the Cook; his holy Ghoſt the ſmoke of meats; his grace the ſauces; his propheſie, that which may not civilly be ſpoken.* As he in his perſon is enormous, ſo is he no leſs prodigious in his tyranny. It is a wonder to ſee how he hath his officers in every place. For him war is waged againſt the air, and clouds; birds are diſneſtled from the Kingdom which nature hath allowed them: For him the face of the earth is turned into a ſhambles: For him ſeas are ſounded; depths are plummeted, ſhip-wracking ſtorms and direful tempeſts are ferried over. Man willingly would penetrate heaven, and delve even to hell to find out new ſacrifices for this fleſhly and carnal god, and himſelf being alive, he is made the ſepulchre of ſo many maſſacres, that it is a miracle how one man can live, who daily burieth ſo many dead creatures in his entrails. All this hurly-burly which emptieth the air, earth, and ſeas, is made for a ſtomach four fingers broad, for which a little bread and water would ſuffice in neceſſity, and in ſuperfluity the whole world is too little to ſatisfie. We know not what courſe to take to find out new curioſities for the palate. We ſup up oyſters alive, we ſeek out muſhromes; we will know what taſt hath the fleſh of tortoyſes and ſnails. Theſe poor little creatures had good cauſe to believe that their meanneſs would enfranchize them: but ſottiſh and ſordid gluttony draweth a tribute from all; and I think their taſt will ſhortly be taken with ſerpents and ravens.

Tyranny of the belly.

Philip. 2. *Quorum Deus venter eſt, & gloria in confuſione ipſorum* Tertul. adverſ. Pſych. *Deus tibi venter eſt, & pulmo templum, & aqualiculus altare, & ſacerdos coquus, & ſpiritus ſanctus nidor, & condimenta charismata, & rubius prophetia vetus eſt.*

But let us not onely accuſe the belly; the eyes devour more than it. They are delighted to behold fiſhes to ſwim in a ſea of ſugar, to ſee forreſts, nets, huntings, birds, wild beaſts, houſes, caſtles, fields, arms of ſugar; had licourouſneſs of taſt ſo much power as it hath little brain, it would make a world of ſugar, and then would diſſolve it, to be always ready to form new at his pleaſure. The ears will hold their part in this conſort, and therefore they muſt be tickled with the moſt exquiſite muſick both of voice and all ſorts of inſtrumenes, which ſerve as wings and chariots to immodeſtie. Then come the dances of the Corybants, the friſks, capers, ballets, courtings, liberties, impudencies, and all ſorts of voluptuous pleaſures, which make the body diſſolve into all corruption. With what conſcience can a Chriſtian expect Paradiſe, living in this manner? Doth he think hell hath no flames but for the rich glutton mentioned in the Goſpel; and that he purſuing the ſame ways, ſhall be freed from the like puniſhments? Hell caſteth up ſuch people who here waſte their life in delicacies, that they may no otherwiſe live than in the immortality of fire, of the worm of conſcience and darkneſs.

Gourmandize.

Pleaſure.

Ducunt in bonis dies ſuos, & in puncto ad inferna deſcendunt. Job 21. 13.

As concerning exceſs of apparel one cannot ſay too much, ſo great is this ſuperfluity, and ever ſhall the diſcourſe be unprofitable, the miſchief being ſo confirmed and uncapable of remedy. Therein it is that women diſplay all the vanity of their ſex, all the induſtry of their ſpirit, (being curious and inventive enough in their own intereſts) and all the preſumption of their nature, which is but too ambitious, and, as ſaith *Tertullian*, *there it is where they bear all the glory of their ſex.* I ſpeak not of thoſe who attire themſelves modeſtly, dutifully, and as it were neceſſarily for comely ornament; I ſpeak of thoſe miſerable ſacrifices of vanity, who ſtudie nothing elſe but to deck themſelves up beyond their condition, eſtate, and means, oftentimes with an ill intention, many times with the ſpoils of the poor. Masks of hypocriſie, who find no other employment in this life, but to counterfeit; no other deſire, but to ſeem what they are not. For verily, if you ſhould ſee all their jewels and trinkets in one heap, you would ſay it were the pillage of a citie. It is an admirable thing, that one little carkaſe ſhould drag ſo great a train along with it. They go adorned (ſaith the Scripture) as Temples, and certainly they are very like thoſe Temples of *Ægypt*, which hid a Cat or Rat under golden Pavilions. Is not this a ſin inexcuſable before God, to make all the elements take pains to cover a miſerable nakedneſs, which is nothing elſe but a meer ſcarre of ſin? Is not this a great illuſion to bolſter out a dung-hill (which perhaps we muſt carry to morrow to a grave) as if it were to be erected upon Altars? Oh, miſerable creatures, what have the worms to do, which ſhall gnaw your bodies,

Totam circumferunt in iſtis mulieritatem.

Indignity of exceſs in apparel.

bodies, if your hair be of three or four pariſhes, your eye-brows pulled with little pincers, your eyes diſguiſed, your cheeks put in a vermillion tincture, your ſtench drowned in muskie odours, your garments plaited, bumbaſted, looſe hanged, ſurcharged with pearls, precious ſtones and chains, to ſerve as ſnares to catch ſome foundered lovers? It is not the ſolid beauty of objects which allureth you, but a meer opinion: becauſe ſuch an one hath it, you therefore muſt needs have the like. If you were perſwaded that the fat or dung of a Crocodile were fit to whiten the skin, you then would go even to *Nilus* for it. And if one ſhould tell you that two flint ſtones of the *Moluccaes* would become your ears, and that already ſuch and ſuch did wear them, you would rather hazard the killing of your own body, than deprive your ſelf of them.

Sottiſh jealouſie of exceſs.

You ſee the unreaſonable proceeding of this ſuperfluity? But I ſay much more: It is cruel and injurious to God and his Church. What rocky heart would not be cleft, and icy eye diſſolved into tears, if it did bend it ſelf to behold the exorbitancy of theſe wicked delights? To ſay that three parts of Chriſtendom lived perpetually on gall and tears, were drenched in a forſaken, miſerable, and neceſſitous life, were covered with bloud and oppreſſions, whilſt others glutted themſelves in ſuperfluity of palate-pleaſing curioſities, even almoſt to burſting, never deigning ſo much as to ſet a foot on the ground, making their excrementitious ſpittings to ſwim in gold, beholding themſelves in the vain-glorious oſtent of their bravery, always wantonizing, ſtill ſportively dallying. *Woe to the rich men of* Sion, *who put their truſt and confidence in the mountain of* Samaria. *Woe to the Great-ones, who make boaſt in the houſe of* Iſrael, *who drink delicate wine in their cellars, and live involved in the moſt exquiſite perfumes, without ever caring for the affliction of the poor.*

Riot cruel, and injurious to God and his Church.

Amos 6. *Væ qui opulenti eſtis in* Sion, *& confidit is in monte* Samariæ: *Optimates, capita populorum, ingredientes pompaticè domum* Iſrael. *Bibentes vinum in phialis, & optimo unguento delibuti, & nihil patiebantur ſuper contritione* Joſeph.

I know the belly hath no ears, but I know not what mouth it may have to defend it ſelf at the judgement of Almighty God, when the hunger of ſo many needy penurious wretches, conſumed with want before your gate, ſhall accuſe you at the Tribunal of this formidable Judge. I know theſe Courtiers want not prattle enough, but I cannot imagine what they can anſwer before the Judgement of God, if the Angels ſhould come to drain theſe inordinate habits to make bloud diſtil, & to ſpeak thoſe affrighting words of the Prophet Jeremie: *Behold the bloud and life of poor men, which I have found in the folds of thy garment.* Judge what Chriſtianity this is, and what hope you may have of future life, living in theſe delicacies, ſtrucken with the thunders of ſo many maledictions. Ah, if you adored a God crowned with roſes or pearls, it would be a matter nothing ſtrange; but to proſtrate ones ſelf daily before the * Crucifix charged with nails and thorns, you living in ſuch exceſs and ſuperfluity in fleſh, diſſolved in ſoftneſs, how can that but be cruel? The Chriſtians of the Primitive Church were ſcrupulous to bear coronets of flowers on their heads, according to the cuſtom of feaſts, remembring their Maſter had carried thorns; and *Clemens Alexandrinus* judgeth, that to ſeek out ſuch effeminacy is a meer mommery, and a manifeſt mockery of the venerable paſſion of the Son of God. With what eyes can you behold the Crucifix covered with bloud and wounds, holding it honourable to bear flowers, rubies, and diamonds, not for once, but to drench all your life, if it were poſſible, in the nice delicacies of the fleſh? How can one excuſe ſuch a manner of proceeding? By what mark would you be known for Chriſtians in the other world? The livery of Chriſtians is patience, and very well thoſe brave courages, which breed us to the Church by their bloud, may bear for their arms, a hand cleaving mountains with fire and vineger, crowned with this deviſe: *No paſſage is ſhut up from virtue.* Verily theſe valorous Champions ſparkling with the lightening rays of charity, lifted up their Chriſtian palms in the middeſt of hazards, and forced Heaven with a pious violence. Men were ſeen who obtained as many Martyrdoms, as they endured torments, and who ſuffered more tortures than they had members; their bodies upon the wheels armed with ſharp ſciſſers, under iron hooks, under burning pincers, flying in pieces were many times again gathered up by the faithful Chriſtians, and even then put into tombs, themſelves ſurviving their own funerals. In this ſtate they climbed upon the ſharp rocks of this painful way of heaven, carrying thither more wounds than members.

Words of Jeremie formidable. Jer. 2. 34. *In alis tuis inventus eſt ſanguis pauperum.*

* *Hæc & hujuſmodi per tranſennam intueri ſat erit.*

Clemens Alex. pedag. l. c. 10. ἐντρυφᾶν τῷ σεμνῷ τῶν κυρίων παθῶν.

Virtuti nihil invium. Virtue of the firſt Chriſtians.

Remirabantur in luce latenti quorum membris pleni erant tumuli. Sanctus Zeno de Sancto Arcadio.

What anſwer you to this, you children of Saints? Your fore-fathers to purchaſe Paradiſe, have wandered in wilderneſſes, ſtrayed up and down mountains and caverns of the earth, clothed with goats-skins and camels hair, and you now adays have no heart to any thing, but to the vain-glorious humour of bravery. Tell me not, that in caſe of perſecution you will be moſt faithful to God: I will anſwer that which *Tertullian* ſaid: *I fear this neck ſnared with wreaths and ropes of pearl and emeralds: I fear the ſword of perſecution can find no place there.* Children of Saints, your Grand-fathers have heretofore paſſed ſo many lents, lying upon hard boards, eating roots, living in infinite frugality, and now forſooth the leaſt faſt ſtriketh you down. Of what complain you? Is it for that you ſtill ſwim not in ſugar, and therefore the Church is too hard to be ſerved? A thouſand diſpenſations muſt be procured under falſe colours and ſurreptions. You cannot faſt, you cannot do that which you never had a will to do. What a ſhame is it (you children of Saints) your fathers and mothers to gain Paradiſe, although they lived in riches as you perhaps do, put them under their feet to ſerve as ladder-ſteps to heaven, and you now adays place them over your heads, to ſink your ſelves even into the abyſs. How would you then that one ſhould know you in the other world? You ought to be aſhamed of the name which you bear, of your Baptiſm, of your profeſſion, you thereunto affording ſo little correſpondence. God hath made you for another end, and far otherwiſe; you no longer retain any mark, whereby you may be known.

Tertul. de cultu fœmin. c. 13 Timeo cervicem ne margaritarum & ſmaragdorum laqueis occupata locum ſpathæ non det.

Jul. Firmic. de errore profan. reli. Erubeſcite, ô miſeri ſummitatem, aliter vos Deus fecit: cum cohors veſtra ad Dei judicantis tribunal acceſſerit, nihil vobiſcum deferretis, quo Deus qui vos fecit, agnoſcat. Non fruſtra in meliis copia pennas habet apicula, nec ſit enim hærentem Aug. ad Roman.

What are you to do? I. To believe there is no Paradiſe for thoſe that will live in pleaſures, capital enemies of the Croſs of the Son of God.

II. If your birth have ranked you in an eminent ſtate, live therein, and entertain it, rather for a certain neceſſity of beſeeming comlineſs, than for the love of concupiſcence. Live therein as the bee on honey, well obſerving your wings: be not entangled therewith, which is very hard to do.

III. Make not unneceſſary expences above your means. What a ſhame it is daily to behold frogs deſirous to puff themſelves up like buls, even till they burſt? No man can keep a mediocrity: man will extend his wings beyond his neſt; his retinue, table, apparel, preſents, all is exceſs, what one poureth forth on one ſide, muſt be ſpared on the other. To entertain great profuſeneſs, great avarice is neceſſarily expedient, which cannot be maintained but by wretchedneſs, by rapines, by injuſtice, by oppreſſions, which abſolutely ſhut up the gate of ſalvation.

IV. Bear ever about you in ſecret ſome mark of mortification of *Jeſus Chriſt*, as the Apoſtle appointeth: ſuffering ſome incommodity in clothing, drinking, eating, ſleeping, and the like; diſdain not to exerciſe your ſelves in acts of humility, and love above all the viſits and conſolation of the poor afflicted. This is it will ſave you.

Mortificationem Jeſu in corpore veſtro circumferentes. 2 Cor. 4.

The eleventh OBSTACLE.

Envy.

WE likewise find in an excellent little book, entituled the Apothegms of the *Hebrews* and *Arabians*, a saying of those ancient Doctours of the law, which with much moderation must be understood: To wit, that three sorts of people shall never undergoe the judgement of God, nor pass through the flames of purgation. First, persons greatly necessitous: Secondly, those who are in publike office: Thirdly the ill married.

Persons necessitous (saith this Author) because poverty and misery are most ardent fires which purge and cleanse the rust of iniquity: Those who are in publicke office; for what need have they of judgement, since the whole world judgeth them? Those that are ill married, because a bad wife is a portative purgatorie. These words are spoken at random with too much extent and liberty. For it is most undoubted, that if these three kind of people live in integritie and make profit of their burdens, it will be a wholsom means for them to escape the rigour of Gods judgement; but absolutely to exempt them from the iurisdiction of this soveraign justice, is to speak over rashly. They have much better hitt the mark, who said, that two sorts of men anticipated their hell in this world; the lovers, and the envious. For in effects there is a hell of love, and a hell of envy. The hell of love is for those who inordinately, excessively, and with full fruition of creatures doe love to the prejudice of the Creatour. Out Alas! who can recount the shiverings, the feavers, the accesses of fire and ice, the gnawing worms, the biting vultures of these unfortunate ones, who having shaken off the yoke of soveraign beautie, have made themselves slaves of a putrified body, the spoil whereof the elements shall quickly share? It seemeth the Prophet *Esay* was desirous to describe their miseries in these termes: *Their souls shall be as a land of pitch and brimstone, perpetually boyling in their own passions, and ever smoking with black vapours of a brutish ignorance.* Yet notwithstanding this hell of love amongst so many rigors hath sometimes certain sparkles of hope, a sowr-sweet of pleasures, which kindle themselves like flying fires, and are wasted even in their birth; bubbles of water which are blown up and cracked in a moment; but the hell of envy is an admirable hell, for it is a voluntary hell, where nothing pleaseth, and each thing tormenteth: a hell which conteineth fire in it, and affordeth no light; a hell, which always hath the worm present, and never the remedy; a hell which surprizeth by the eies, and diveth even into the heart; a hell which incessantly devoureth and never consumeth; which hath mischiefs without hopes, toyls void of repose, and torments without mercy; which is as the common fever of all the gall of this universe, which exerciseth rage and fury, which hath the wanness of death without dying, and the cares of a disastrous life without life. To divert the hearts of men from it I can propose but two reasons, the first shall discover the malignity, and the other the calamity thereof.

Erit terra eorum in picem ardentem, nocte & die non extinguetur, in sempiternum ascendet fumus ejus.

It is true that all vices are steeped in the venom of malice, which should be a powerful motive for those to fly them who naturally love goodness: but envy hath I know not what kind of particular influence, which maketh it infinitely odious and execrable. S. *Gregory Thaumaturgus* saith it is a wasp of Satan, which stingeth men as the gad-flie doth oxen. S. *Basil* of *Seleucia* calleth it the mother of murders, S. *Cyprian* the moth of souls, and S. *Gregory Nyssen* a disease of nature, a poysoned gall, the root of vices, the mother of death, and a voluntary Phthisical consumption. All the ancient Fathers breath out fire & flames when they discourse of it, and indeed never can they speak enough of it. Besides their authority which is of great value, reason herein is very potent. For we must needs affirm, that by how much the more a vice participateth of the nature of Divels, who are as it were the patrons of it, by so much the more it is a vice, and envy is of the same condition, for it is the sin by singularity of denomination called the sin of the Divel. As in heaven the first was the sin of pride, so the first on earth was that of envy, committed by the spirit of impurity; and S. *Augustine* excellently saith, envy is a vice meerly diabolical, a sin which defileth the Divels, and irrecoverably damneth them. It shall not be said to Satan in the sentence of his damnation, that he hath polluted the beds of men by his adulteries, that he hath taken the goods of other men by his rapines, that he hath seized on demains and possessions, driving away the lawful owners, but that he hath envied the felicity of man. The same Authour saith on the Epistle to the *Galatians*, that this vice hath the property to pour into the heart of men the poyson of the enemie. Yea so it is, that particularly the infernal serpent, when he imprinteth the sin of envy in the heart of man, doth turmoyl his very bowels, and extreamly striveth as it were to vomit the blackest pestilence which hell conteineth.

Sap. 2. *invidiâ diaboli mors introivit in orbem terrarum.* *Aug.* l. 2. de doct. Christianâ.

Homini stanti invidisti. *Aug.* in Epist. ad *Galat* citatur in glossa. *In zelo invidiæ tota sua viscera serpens concutit, in hæc imprimenda quasi pestem vomit.*

Dicourse even with your self whether the envious be not tainted with a special malignity, since that beyond all other sinners they transcendently suck in the breath of the serpent. This black malice more easily discovereth it-self in this than in all the other mortal sins, which are verily great exorbitancies of nature, but they seem to have some pretext, which mollifieth the evill. The theif robbeth for his profit, the carnal man seeketh out his unlawfull lusts to extinguish the fire of his passion, the covetous man saith he is upon good husbandry, the ambitious flattereth himself with the thirst of honour, which hath heretofore born sway upon Altars, and so of other sins, their malice hath allways some heat of passion of apparence of good to excuse them. But the envious what can he propose but a cold malignity, a black cruelty, a will determinately ill without sembleance of good? Yea you shall find many that are in infinit abundanceas, dogs couched on hay, who will not eat thereof, for it is not their custome, nor are they willing other creatures for whom God hath ordained it, should come neer it. Many there are as *Tantalus* ever in the middest of fountains, yet drink not, and perpetually beholding him with a jealous eye that would tast therof.

The fable of the two envious men so celebrated, is not feigned; we too much approve it in our manners. For it being permitted them to choose what each would aske, on this condition, that his request being allowed him, his companions share be doubled; the first, who was extreamly covetous, had all his desires fixed in the earnest demand of gold and silver, but discoursing with himself that by asking, he should doe a pleasure to another, this onely consideration stayed him, and never would he afterward open his mouth to make such a request; the other made choise to loose one of his own eyes, that his companion might have it doubled, and be deprived of both.

How many are there at this day in the world, who embarked with their enemies in the same vessel, care not to perish, so that they dying may glut their eyes with the death of those whom they hate: A most strange malignity to forget the preservation of ones own person, to which we are by nature streightly obliged, to ruin another. The eyes of *Gorgons*, the hissing of serpents, the aspect of basilisks, are nothing in comparison of an enraged Courtier,

Greg. Thaum. ὑπὸ σφηκὸς πεπληγμένος. *Basil. Seleuc.* ὁ τῶν φθορέων πατήρ. *Cyprian* de zelo, & livore. *Greg. Niss.* in vita *Mosi.*

tier, when he beholdeth him to be carried on the wings of favour whom he would gladly see utterly confounded without recovery. Doe we not behold the eyes of a dog, when the fortune of another is envied, and the heart of a stag, when question is made of the works of courage? Where are not men to be seen, who devour one another alive with mischievous aspects, and carry even on their foreheads, the gall of their envenomed hearts? Where are not such malign spirits to be fonnd, who play at fast and loose, thrusting him in an instant down to the lowest part of the wheel who was at the top. At the Court all things most commonly fall short but malice and envy. It is verily the extremity of misery, when great ones doe with an open ear too much grace the designs of the envious, making themselves as it were instruments of a furious panther, for the ruin of the innocent. If we ought to stop our ears with wax among the songs of *Syrens*, here we have need to have them all of diamond. What can the envious man expect from this diabolical malice, but the reward of *Cain*, in the separation from the sight of God and perpetual affrightments? *O Cain, jealous Cain, Thou art amazed that God regardeth not thy sacrifice, & seest not thou art divided and severed within thy self, I shall have somewhat to doe with thy wicked sacrifice. It is to much purpose to turn thy hand to an act of religion, and thy heart to envy. This which thou doest is not to appease God, but to provoke him. It is to present him with sacrifice in the one hand, and a ponyard in the other*, said S. *Bernard*.

Bern. ser. 24. in Cant. Quid miraris, ô Cain, si non respicit ad te qui ita divisus es in te? si manum devotioni, quid animum das livori? non conciliat Deum tibi discors tecum, non placat, sed peccat, & si necdum fratricida, jam tamen fratricida tenetur.

And truly to touch the second reason, although the diveliſh malice of this vice cannot gain conquest over hearts to divert them, yet ought the calamity it draweth along with it, to beget in our souls a perpetual horrour thereof. This sin is no sooner born but it hath its torments and executioners attending. All that which may truly be called miserable commeth to us from envy, and the hatred of our neighbour. First it bereaveth us of an infinit number of blessings which we might enjoy by the means of charity. Nothing is so rich as the love of God; all beauties, all riches, all possessions are tributary thereunto, Yea, love in loving, I know not by what kind of powerful alchymy, draweth all to it-self, changeth all into it-self, and maketh the whole world its own. This is the discourse which S. *Augustin* made of it. O prodigie! Will you know an effectual means how to become in a short time rich, wise, fortunat, and holy? You have nothing to doe but to love. *Virginity pleaseth you, and have you it not? Love it in your brother and sister to whom God hath granted it, it is yours. This man hath more knowledge than you, and you perhaps more patience than he; love his knowledge, and be your patience, and you both shall be contented. Another is more watchfull than you, and you fast better than he; love his watchfulness, and let him love your fasting, and then behold you shall become watchfull, and abstinent.* That which I say of virginity, patience, knowlege, industry, and abstinence is also to be understood of all other blessings, which we by loving make our own. Such was the exercise of *David*, who tasted the good of another as peculiar to himself: he sanctified himself in all Saints, he instructed himself in all the Sages; he enriched himself in all the rich, he participated with all the just. Behold you not here the admirable Philosophy of love?

Aug. l. quinquag. homiliarum homil. 15. tom. 10. Congaude illi cui Deus gratiam aliquam donavit, tua est. Habet ille forte virginitatem, ama illam, tua est. Tu habes forte majorem patientiam, dilige te, & tua est: ille potest satis vigilare, si non invides, tuum est studium ejus. Tu forte potes amplius jejunare amet te, suum est jejunium, quia tu per charitatem in illo es, & ipse in te est. Particeps sum omnium timentium te. Psal. 118. 63. Ex alienis bonis quæ si diligeretis vestra faceretis bona; non diligendo, vestra facitis mala. Grego. in pastoral.

This being true, as it is most evident, consider the evils and disasters which proceed from envy: So many blessings, as the Sun dayly discovereth to you in so infinit numbers of creatures, may by loving be yours, and in not loving every happiness, each prosperity of your neighbour is an iron lance in your side, a thorn in your heart, and a nayl in your eye. Have we so few misfortuns in the world, that we must seek them in the prosperity of others? The earth vomiteth up miseries, which dayly draw tears from our eyes, sighs from our hearts, and compassion for our most obdurate souls: yet not content therewith, insteed of searching out some lenitive for our wounds in union and charity, we envy our neighbour, thereby bereaving our selves of all comforts, and deep drenching us in all the miseries of the world. For what evil is comparable to that of envy; to be perpetually like a wretched owle, not able to endure the day-light of anothers prosperity; to be as a ravenous vultur, who flyeth from sweet savours and searcheth out carion, to imitate the fly which delighteth among wounds, and ulcers? What a life is it to run up and down taxing the imperfections of your brethren, and never to open an eye to the splendour of their vertue? *What a life is it to make the evil of another, your good; to have his prosperity your executioner, his glory your punishment, ever to bear an ill disposition in your breast; to cary talons, nayls, and sharp combs of iron in your own proper entrailes, and never to end your sin, to make thereby your torments immortal?* This is it which the eloquent S. *Cyprian* spake in these terms. Although through envy some profit or parcel of good might be drawn from the subject envied, by extenuating the honour or good of a neighbour, with some benefit applicable to ones self, yet God oftentimes permitteth, that by the means of envy, the glory of those who are so maligned, is made more illustrious. So the brothers of *Ioseph* in being desirous to make him a slave, gave him opportunity to become a Lord over all *Ægypt*. So the envy of *Saul*, when he least thought of it, set the crown on *Davids* head, and affording him matter of affliction, gave him occasion of triumph. So *Maximian* the Tyrant through the jealousie of the honours attributed to *Constantine*, contributed all that which a desperate envy could invent, and a great vertue surmount. He first made him Generall of an army which he sent against the *Sarmatians* (a people extreamly furious) supposing he there should loose his life. The yong Prince went thither, and returned victorious, leading along with him the Barbarian King enchained. It is added hereunto, that this direful Prince excited by a most ardent frenzy in his return from this battaile, engaged him in a perilous encounter with a Lyon, which he purposely had caused to be let loose upon him: But *Constantine*, victorious over Lyons as well as men, slew this fell beast with his own hands, and impressed an incomparable opinion in the minds of his souldiers, which easily gave him passage to the throne, by the same degrees which were prepared for his ruin. We must have an *Eurisitheus* to make up a *Hercules*. Envy many times layeth the first stone of the Temple of vertue, she beareth pusillanimity on her forehead, and the condemnation of her impotency in heart, to serve as a trophey of courage and a badge of valour.

Qualis est animo tinea in malum proprium bona convertere aliena illustrium prosperitate torqueri, aliorum gloriam pœnam suam facere, & velut quosdam pectori suo carnifices admovere, qui se intestinis cruciatibus, lacerent, & secreta cordis malevolentiæ anguis pulsent? Cypri. de zelo, & livore.

What course doe you then think to take for conclusion, both you who envy, and you who are maligned. If envy be a diabolical vice and a hell of calamity, why doe you not assume to you the bowels of a charity truly Christian, to love the guifts of God himself in your enemies? First accustom your selves to be contented with your estate, and that condition of life which God hath allotted you. For from thence springeth the envy whereby each one thinketh the field of his neighbour more fertile than his own, each one beholdeth with a jealous eye all above him, and hath no sight to contemplat what is under him. Every one would change that which he is, into that which he cannot be, but by mischief or injustice. The ox in the fable saith, if he were a horse well furnished and caparisoned as that glorious beast (who doth nothing but

prance or curvett in a field or ſtreet) he would work wonders: none ſhould be more able nor fit to draw a coach than he; to go into the wars none ſhould be found more courageous than he: But behold him perpetually in the wain under the hand of a paiſant, what means hath he to do any brave thing? Yet admit you ſhould lay foot-clothes and rich abiliments on him, he would ever be an ox. Why do you diſturb your ſelf about the change of your condition, and not rather ſay: My God, thou guideſt lives, eſtates, and conditions; it is a muſick which thou compoſeſt of many accords; it is a table of many colours; it is a body of many members, why ſhould I make a falſe harmony, an extravagant colour, or a prodigious member? It ſufficeth me to be a party in this muſick, this table, this body: ſet me high, ſet me low, let me be white, let me be black, make me head, make me foot. My God it is in thee to give me my part, and in me to play it well. Why ſhould I kick againſt the ſpur like a jade? Why, being but a miſerable earthen pot, ſhould I argue againſt my Potter? If the man whom I envie meriteth this good fortune, I wrong thy juſtice to malign him, and if he deſerve it not, is he not more worthy of compaſſion than envie, ſince all his greatneſs will ſerve him but for a burden in this life, and a condemnation in the other. If all make for me in loving, why ſhould I through want of love deprive my ſelf of ſo great a power, which of all things is the moſt eaſie? Why ſhall I create a hell in my ſelf, where thou haſt a purpoſe to erect a Paradiſe.

You who are maligned, to oppoſe envie render your ſelves truly virtuous, know there are no ſhadows without light, nor envie without ſome gift of God. If the fagot ſmokes when it beginneth to burn, when the flame ſhal have gotten the upper hand, there will be no ſmoke at all. Natural Philoſophers obſerve, that the rain-bow in the Heavens is not eaſily formed at noon-tide in the ſcorching days of ſummer, becauſe the Sun vigorous in his exaltation diſſipateth, waſteth, and diſpelleth the clouds. When you ſhall be mounted to the higheſt pitch of heroick virtue, envie ſhall neither have bowe nor arrow to aſſail you; all ſhall ſtoup to your eminence, and calumny it ſelf ſhall crack, when truth ſhall dart reſplendent flaſhes into all eyes. Vinegar is ſaid to be uſed for precious ſtones, which have their fire frozen over, and their luſtre eclipſed: you muſt have a little touch of acerbity to enlighten your valour. The Moon ſeemeth for a time to darken the Sun when it is eclipſed, and yet ſhe daily tendereth the tribute of her light. Envie, which maketh a ſhew to eclipſe you, will make your praiſes multiply by its ſlanders, your repoſe by its battels, and your crowns by your humiliation. No man accounteth it ſtrange that cantharides fix themſelves upon roſes, they no leſs are roſes for being blaſted by this petty catterpiller: It is well known they are not ſatisfied but with the faireſt flowers; you have nothing to do but to ſhake them off; and thereby enjoy the odour of the beauty of the Queen of beauties.

Fear not to be deſpiſed, becauſe you are envied, if you do not before-hand debaſe your ſelf to envie through imbecillity of heart. Nay rather the moſt envied will be ſought out for a mark of an eminent virtue. The envious will be the more diſſipated, envie will be trampled under foot, and merit crowned by the hand of juſtice.

The twelfth OBSTACLE.

Ambition and avarice.

AFter ſo many rocks, after ſo many counterbuffs and perils, behold the ſhelf of ſhipwrack, Ambition, which is a furious avarice to be able to do all and to have all. It is an itch which great men bear upon them from their mothers womb, to ſtir up in them a perpetual ſcratching; an itch, the maligNity whereof oftentimes turneth their brain even to the making of Heaven to bow under the rules of the earth. Amongſt the difficult queſtions which the Angel propoſed to the Prophet *Eſdras*, one was to weigh the fire, and the other to meaſure the wind, the laſt to number the veins of the abyſs. Ambition is a devouring fire, who can poize it? It is a wind, who can fathom it? It is an abyſs, who is able to recount the ſources and iſſues thereof? A wiſe man ſaith very well, that the middle of the earth hath been found, the depth of the ſea hath been founded, the height of the *Ripbean* hills hath been meaſured, the remoteſt limits of the hollow caverns of *Caucaſus* have been diſcovered; the head-ſpring of *Nilus* hath not eſcaped, onely in the heart of man we cannot find the bounds of the deſire of commanding. This paſſion is no longer a mean folly, it is arrived to the height of rage, the evil is ſo great it is unknown. Man is ſo far from diſcovering the remedy, that he as it were deſpaireth of health. It is enough if ſome lenitive may be applyed. That great wit *Hippocrates*, wiſhed a conſultation of all the Phyſitians of the world, to adviſe upon the means how to cure covetouſneſs. It is now above two thouſand years ago ſince he had this deſire; after him a thouſand and a thouſand Philoſophers have employed their endeavour to recover this peſtilent feaver, all have loſt their labour therein, the evil encreaſing in the multitude of remedies, the ſick men are all frantick: when the wind of ambition hath raiſed them to the height of the wheel, they will never deſcend but by a precipice. It is a moſt particular favour of God, if it happen that an ambitious man doth once open his eyes to know himſelf, to meaſure himſelf, to put limits upon his deſires; and yet notwithſtanding the motives and obligations which he hath thereunto are more manifeſt, as I will make it appear in the ſequel of this diſcourſe.

Ambition an itch.

Angelical enigmaes. *Eſdras* 4.

Deſire of *Hippocrates*. *Hippocrates* Epiſt. ad Abderit.

First the Scripture ſpeaking of ambition, called it a forreign vice. Pride in man is not in its element, it always ſeeketh height, and man is even lowneſs it ſelf. What is man, if we conſider him in his own nature without the aſſiſtance of grace, but an excrement of impurity in his conception, a ſilly creature in his birth, a bag and ſponge of ordures in his life, a bait for worms in his death? The ſoul is in the body, as in a Chariot of glaſs: The days are the courriers, which perpetually run upon a full gallop: The four wheels are vanity, weakneſs, inconſtancy, miſery: The way is of ice; the goal is death; and the end oftentimes is a precipice. The pleaſures thereof (as ſaith *Plato*) are winged, and wholly armed with pricks and ſtings, to leave in flying a ſharp point in the heart; the dolour and diſcontents thereof drench it in a cup full of gall, and its feet are of lead, never to forſake it. Can then ſuch a creature be poſſeſſed with ambition, ſuch a dung-hill nouriſh pride? All that we behold both above and beneath, on the right, on the left hand, in this great houſe of nature, ſerves as a leſſon of humility for us. Heaven which circumvolveth over our heads enameled with ſtars, created in a higher place than we; the earth which we tread under our feet, which ſerveth us for a nurſe, afterwards for a ſepulchre; the little air we breath, without which we cannot live; the water which in its wonder hath ſwallowed up wiſdom; and afterwards the bodies of the moſt knowing men of the earth (as we read of *Ariſtotle*) beaſts, whoſe ſpoils we carry about us, our body which according to account, hath for its portion about three thouſand diſeaſes, our ſoul which knoweth not what ſhall become of her, and which cannot tell whether ſhe ſhall ſerve as an immortal fewel to thoſe devouring flames that have

Reaſons and remedies. Pſal. 18. 14. *Ab alienis parce ſervo tuo.* Ambition a forreign vice. A ſingular deſcription of man.

Al the world teacheth us the leſſon of humility.

have no limits but eternity, or no; All preach to us our baseness, all thunder out the terrour and affrightments of Gods judgements; and amongst so many subjects of humility you (O Noblemen) have leisure to puff up your selves, and to fill your minds with the gentle breathing blasts of imaginary honour. At the least, if needs you must elevate your selves, if you of necessity must take a great deal of state upon you, choose the best way: but (insensible as you are) what do you take upon you, becoming ambitious? the life of a slave, the life of *Cain*. This is the second consideration which I propose, of power sufficient to instruct a soul that will give never so little predominance to reason. We all naturally love liberty, and suppose, *that to be of ones self is an inestimable good.*

Ambition the life of a slave.

Inestimabile bonum est suum esse. Senec. ep. 67.

Now the most captive Galley-slaves are not greater bond-men than the ambitious. The slave hath a chain and a captain who proudly insulteth over him; an ambitious man hath as many fetters as he hath appetites, as many servitudes as pretensions, as many slaveries as manners of ambition. His Captain is his unguided passion, which tyrannizeth over him day and night with all possible cruelty. The slave practizeth and tameth himself in his own condition: the ambitious is always savage, he always flieth before himself, and never overtaketh himself, to enter into himself. He is in no place, because he would be every where, and yet notwithstanding he is tormented every where, his feaver burneth him where he is not. The slave freeth himself with money, the ambitious man findeth gyves of gold and silver. The slave findeth no chain so straight, but that it sometimes giveth him leave to sing; the ambitious is never free out of himself: there are nothing but objects of frenzie, fire-brands of concupiscence; and within himself there is not any thing but worms, flames, and executioners. The slave findeth at least liberty in death, and death which carrieth the key of all close coverts cometh lastly to unlose all the bands of his servitude; an ambitious soul as soon as it is parted from the body, is consorted with devils in their tortures, as it imitated them very nearly in their passion. What a life, what a death is this? Find you any comparable, if not that of unfortunate *Cain*? The Scripture saith that he withdrawing himself from the sight of God, did inhabit the land of instability: and *Procopius* thereto addeth an ancient tradition, that he perpetually saw certain spectres with swords of fire, which brought horrible affrightments upon him. Is the ambitious man better used? Is not he perpetually separated from the face of God, seeing (as saith S. *Hierom*) man is divided from the Divinity, not by the degrees of body but of soul, which are the affections? And how much more the soul is scattered in the waste emptiness of ambition, which is indeed a meer vanity, so much more it strayeth from this sovereign Majesty, which is the onely verity. Is it not in the Kingdom of inconstancy? In every place where he setteth his feet, there is nothing but slippery yce or downfal. The saying of the Prophet is accomplished in his person: *Let their way be made dark and slippery, and the Angel of our Lord persecute them.* Behold all the most lamentable extremities, which may be imagined in a voyage; ever to go upon yce, and thereon to walk in the obscure darkness of the night, and to have behind you in the rere a Sergeant, who hasteneth you forward; and all this is found in the life of the ambitious. What passage is not slippery in the favours of the world, all which are feathered and full of mutable conditions? What darkness is there in a wretched creature, who hath no pitie at all of himself, who maketh a liberty of his fetters, honour of his ignominie, and tropheys of his torments? What Sergeant is more troublesom? What spectres, and what swords of fire more teribble than the pricks of this enraged passion, which as much and as violently forceth man, as a bull goared with a goad, rusheth through some headlong precipice? Where is it that the ambitious man can find place of stability and center of repose? If he be in quest of honour, (and when is he not?) behold him in a whirlpool, in fire; behold him in the feverish accesses of heat and cold, which afford him no intermission. Admit he obtain what he pretendeth unto, no sooner is he engaged in one way, but his feet itch to transfer him to another. If he be upon terms of repulse, behold him drenched in desperate and furious envie, which maketh him daily die as many deaths, as there are others more happy than himself. Verily the wheel of *Ixion* is a silly fable in comparison of the tortures of the ambitious. That was a sport which *Heliogabalus* did, when he took his Courtiers and commanded them to be tied and trussed fast to a great wheel, and then rolled and turned them up and down in the water, taking infinite pleasure to see them sometime aloft, sometime below, sometime to tast the sweetnes of the air and sometime to be deeply plunged in the water, where of necessity they drank more than enough. Ambitious men daily act the same play, but they personate it tragically: their life is wholly composed of leaps, bounds and skips; they are the very reeds, the very shuttle-cocks of inconstancy, they are meer wind-blown baloones, which are tossed this way and that way, sometime with the foot, sometime with the hand. They are enforced upon all occasions to bear the fools bable, and they miserable have drunk with so long and deep draughts of the water of forgetfulnes, that they cannot awaken themselves from their drunkennes, until death come to close up their eyes.

Envie.

The wheel of *Heliogabalus*. *Lampridius* in Heliogab.

Misery of the ambitious.

Were it not a thousand times better to plant cole-worts, and roast chesnuts, than to live amongst so many servile complacences unworthy of a noble spirit, so many frustrated pretensions, so many illusions, so many scornful repulses, so many hopes, which crack like a cloud, and raise a tempestuous storm, where shade and sweet refreshment is expected? It is a wonder to behold men to betray their reason, to court the fortunes of Great men, to bereave themselves of comfort, repose, and liberty, to be surprized in a mill full of skreaking noises, in a confused turmoyl of difficult and thorny affairs, poorly to beg a little favour, which perpetually escapeth them, and oftentimes breaks as a glas is in the beauty of its lustre. *Petrarch*, well acquainted with these considerations, spake these most remarkeable words: *Miserable ambitious men, every one hath so much trouble to spin the web of his own affairs, and to bring them to a good end, and thou with much chearfulnes of heart pryest into other mens busines, yea into the affairs of Great men, whom it is impossible to please without perpetual servitude, nor displease without most evident danger. After you began to serve others, you ceased to live to your self, life, virtue, renown, repose, safeguard, all is lost to thee. Great men love none but such who forsake all to make themselves slaves to their passions.*

Captivity of charges.

Petrarch. dialog. 47. l. 1. de remediis. *Sua negotia gerere laboriosum, quid censeas aliena, præcipue potentium quibus placuisse perpetua servitus est, displicuisse discrimen? Ex quo ambitioni servire cœpisti tibi vivere desiisti. Vilis tibi est anima, virtus, fama, quies, otium, securitas. Vix diligunt Reges nisi qui omnibus negotiis se eorum libidini servum fecit.*

What swears of death, saith Monsieur *D'Ancre*, never to have one hour of rest, to be enforced to give audiences, troublesom, tumultuous and clamorous; to hear and receive suits and unjust supplications; to be embroyled in affairs replenished with knots and thorns; to make manual signatures devoid of conscience, that you may not displease a Great man; to grant unlawful decrees, wicked commissions, attended by infamous executions.

Although the pretensions of ambition were a whole world, can they deserve to be purchased with the prejudice of conscience? What would it avail man to be absolute Lord of the whole Universe for a time, and a sacrifice of hell for ever? But that which maketh the madnes of ambitious men much more ridiculous and deplorable, is, that they all their life

The life of *Cain*. *Genes.* 4. 16. Hebr. אֶרֶץ נוֹד *Procop.* in Genes.

Hier. Epist. ad Damas. *Peccantes recedunt à Deo affectuum non locorum spatiis*

Psal. 34. 6. *Fiat via illorum tenebræ & lubricum & Angelus Domini persequens eos.* Extream disaster.

life time take pains for wind, for ſmoke, for nothing. The world uſeth them as *Laban* did poor *Jacob*: after he had been roaſted, congealed, afflicted, hammered on all ſides, he thought to have a fair *Rachel*, and found a blear-eyed wench by his ſide. Every day a thouſand fair promiſes, a thouſand hopes, a thouſand fancies, and no effect. This fair *Rachel*, this pretended honour, after ſo many ſervices cometh not; diſgrace, much more ugly than was *Lea*, is to be found in the ſame bed of repoſe.

The ambitious travel for Rachel and find Lea.

It oftentimes happeneth, the greateſt men who have paſſed ſome thirty, ſome fourty years, to build a fortune with a thouſand diſturbances, a thouſand indignities, find, they muſt part with this world, and that they have heaped up nothing but a poor title to make a fragment of an Epitaph on their tomb: that is it which the Latine Philoſopher bravely pronounced. Yet are theſe the moſt fortunate. Others without ever ſetting foot into pretended greatneſs, fall piecemeal into ruin. They are tragical ſtage-plays, where the ſucceſſes of the ambitious may be read both in ſacred and profane hiſtories. An *Haman* hanged on a gibbet fifty cubits high, to be beheld a far off, and on a gibbet which he had prepared for a man whom he deigned not to rank amongſt the number of his ſlaves. An *Abſalom* after he had diſturbed the Court of his father, found ſnairs in the hairs of his own head to entangle him (as it is ſaid) to a fatal tree, and die transfixed with the ſharp points of three lances. An *Abimelech*, after he had made his enraged ambition float in the bloud of threeſcore and ten of his own brethren, cruſhed under a tyle, thrown from the hand of a woman. *Nebuchadnezzar* became a beaſt. *Semiramis* ſlain in a bruitiſh paſſion by the hand of her own ſon. *Cæſar* gored with many ſtabs of daggers in the Senate-houſe. *Pompey* after he had cauſed golden mountains to be carried in triumph, finding no more land to conquer, he having gained ſo much, wanted five or ſix foot of ground to make him a ſepulchre. Another who had taken for enſign a world, with the helm of a ſhip, and his Motto, *Hoc opus*, ſhewing that his ambitions tranſported him not to any lower pitch than the worlds conqueſt, found himſelf to be in a worſe eſtate than if he had been a ſwabber in a ſhip. Another favorite of *Ptolomey* King of Ægypt, mounted to ſo high a degree of honour, that he had but two diſcontentments in this life; the one, that he could grow no more, ſo great he was become; the other, that the King with all his revenues ſeemed to him too poor to adde any encreaſe of riches. Few days after, this miſerable creature was ſurprized by King *Ptolomey* courting a Miſtris of his, for which contempt in that inſtant the Ladie was enforced to drink poiſon, and the unfortunate Courtier was hanged before his own lodging. Another minion of the Emperour *Conſtantius*, after he had mannaged the affairs, wars, revenues, houſhold, and perſon of the Emperour, was diſgraced, and put to death, becauſe he preſented to his Maſter (at that time incenſed with choler) a pen ill made for writing, to ſign certain diſpatches withal. *Macrinus* a hunter, a fencer, a ſcrivener, became an Oratour, then a Fiſcal, next Pretour of the Palace, then Emperour, and laſtly was maſſacred with his ſon *Piadumenus*. *Ablavius* moſt powerful under *Conſtantine*, torn in pieces under *Conſtantius* as a victim.

Quoſdam cum in conſummationem dignitatis per mille indignitates irrepſiſſent, miſera ſubit cogitatio ipſos laboraſſe in titulum ſepulchri. Senec. de brevit. vitæ. c. 19.

Tragical events.

Eſther.

2 Reg. 18.

Judic. 9.

Riarius apud Typotium. Euvenides. Guevar. Courtiſ. 26.4.

Julius Capit.

Eunapius in Ædes.

What circumvolutions, what comedies, what tragedies, what examples to thoſe, who in this world have no other aim but to become great, caſting under foot all laws both divine and humane? Out alas! It is ſaid that *Cambiſes* King of *Perſia*, to teach juſtice to a certain Preſident of his, who newly then entered into office, commanded him to cover the chair of judicature with the skin of *Seſamnes* his father, put to death and flayed, becauſe he had been an ill Judge. What ſhould he do being ſeated on this woful Tribunal, upon the bloud of his father, but become wiſe by a dreadful experience? An infinite number of ambitious men are in office and magiſtracie mounted upon the ruins and bloud of their Predeceſſours, who have made moſt wicked and deplorable trials, and have purſued the ſame ways, without fearing the like event.

Herod. l. 5.

Note.

I. Learn (O Noblemen) that all the greatneſs of the world cannot make you great, if not by contempt of it. All therein is little, and yet to deſpiſe that little is a great matter.

Inſtructions.

II. Know, that your fortunes ought to be as the halcyons neſt, which ſeemeth ſowed to her bodie. Matters moſt aptly proportioned to our nature, are the beſt. What face ſoever a man ſets upon it, he is little. Much turmoyl of government and affairs may well hinder him, but never make him happy.

Sixtus in bibliotheca Patrum. *Non eſt minimum in humanâ vitâ negligere minima.*

III. You muſt uſe the honour which God hath allotted you, as the coyn of his coffers, for which you in his laſt judgement are accountable, and muſt limit your pretenſes and deſires with mediocrity: otherwiſe you ſhall be as they who wandered perpetually about the mountain of *Sir*, without ever arriving at the land of promiſe.

Semper circumveniunt montem Sir, & nunquam ad terram promiſſionis perveniunt. Petrus Bleſenſis p. 40

Concluſion of the Second Book.

That the life of a bad Courtier is a perpetual obſtacle to virtue.

TO approve good by words, and purſue evil in effect; to condemn the world, and adore it; to deſire heaven, and be fixed to the earth; to love ones ſelf exceſſively, and live perpetually contrary to the better part of our ſelf; to ſeek for peace, and live in an everlaſting warfare; to lodge in one ſame heart fire and ice, ſickneſs and health, joy and ſorrow, death & life. To command imperiouſly, and obey faintly, to be ever abroad, and never out of priſon, to dream without ſleep, and ſleep without repoſe; to be divided to all the world, and never within ones ſelf: To wiſh that which cannot be had, and contemn what is poſſeſſed: To ſeek after that which hath been deſpiſed, and hourly to change reſolution: To exerciſe no piety but by conſtraint, nor reaſon but by fits: Not to avoid one ſin but by another, and to deſcend into the precipice with open eyes: To take up the buckler after the wound received, and to be cured by the overthrow of health: To ſlake thirſt with ſalt water, and quench fire with ſulphur: To have no conſtancy, but for evil, nor amity for any thing but that which deſerveth it not: To have ſottiſh actions, and glorious pretexes; as much faith as the ice, and aſſurance as the wind.

To be the ſlave of a thouſand falſe Deities, and not to reflect on the true Divinity: To prefer the ſetters and onions of *Ægypt*, before the liberty and palms of the heavenly *Sion*. To leave Paradiſe to follow the gardens of *Tantalus*, and thoſe enchanted Iſlands which recoyl backward according to the proportion we think to approch them: To carry under a ſmooth countenance, a heart ſpotted as the skin of a panther: To joyn a voluptuous life to a penurious; avarice to prodigality; ſervitude to predominance; nobilitie to baſeneſs; pride to miſery; and envy to pitie. To promiſe without faith, ſwear without regard, command without reaſon, appoint without order, affect without choiſe, hate without cauſe, walk without a path, and to live perpetually baniſhed from ones ſelf, ſo to become too much tyed to ones ſelf. This is the life of a Courtier, who hath alienated himſelf from the life of God. Adde hereunto, that vice is commonly waited on with a moſt painful life, wherein if endeavour be not uſed to ſanctifie it by virtue, there is found a hell anticipated, where a Paradiſe is imagined.

Petrus

Epiſt. 4. *Petrus Bleſenſis* Chancellour to the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, having ſome time attended in the Court of the King of *England*, recounteth the evils he there found by experience, in a letter which he addreſſed to the Chaplains of the ſame Prince. There he complaineth, the Courtiers many times ſuffer for hell all thoſe pains which S. *Paul* endured for Heaven: For they are expoſed to dangers both of ſea and land, rivers and mountains, thieves and falſe brothers, to faſting and watching, to wearineſs, and to all the incommodities of human life.

He hath ſeen (ſaith he) bread and wine ſerved up, which one could not put into their mouthes without ſhutting their eyes, ſuch loathing it enforced, and viands that killed men under the ſhew of nutriment. He hath known Lords draw their ſwords for a cabbin which deſerved not a battel among hogs: He hath ſeen a Prince who delighted to be attended by officers ſuddenly ſurprized, to whom he gave notice of his remove when they had phyſical drugs in their bellies, and made them oftentimes run themſelves out of breath through forreſts and darkneſs, and at other times to pine away in expectation of all that which would but fruſtrate their hope. He hath ſeen harbingers troubleſom before they received gifts, and moſt ungrateful after they had them, who made no ſcruple to put an honeſt man out of his lodging, and to pull him both from table and bed, that he might lie in the ſtreets. He hath ſeen at Court porters worſe than Cerberus, with whom the memory of a benefit laſted not three days, and who took pleaſure to make thoſe ſtand in the durt and rain that had obliged them.

Buffons and jeſters found ever free paſſage, nothing but virtue and honeſty had a wainſcot face ſhewed them. Finally, all the plagues of *Ægypt* dwelt there, frogs, flies, ulcers, rivers of bloud, a land of iron, a heaven of braſs: ſuch a confuſion of men and beaſts, of affairs and concurrences, of game and quarrels, that this kind of life ſeemed to be a little figure of hell.

I paſs under ſilence what *Lucian* hath written of the miſery of ſervitours and officers of great men, in the treatiſe which he to that purpoſe made for his friend *Timoclas*. There you behold one not yet become an arrant gull, who thruſts himſelf forward to make a fortune in the houſe of a rich man; he beginneth to get the favour of ſome ſervants, who make mops and moves at him behind his back, when they have taken his gifts: he clotheth himſelf in faſhion, and puts on the livery of him whoſe grace he ſeeketh; he multiplies his paces and viſits daily, never gaining one good countenance from my Lord nor my Ladie. In the end if it once happen he be looked on or ſpoken to, he is ſomewhat amazed, and maketh anſwer little to the purpoſe, which occaſioneth laughter: One obſerveth his reverences, another caſts an eye on his poſture; another takes account of his words: He is found to be ſomewhat ſottiſh, yet is he not out of hope, ſo that he may be favoured. Thereupon he muſt trot up and down the ſtreets, and employ his beſt friends to purchaſe his ſlavery: On the other part inquiſition is made into his life, as if they would chooſe him Governour of a Province, and in the end of the matter, it is found he is taken in but to keep a little dog. This is it which happened to *Theſmopolis* the Stoick Philoſopher, for a *Roman* Ladie that kept him in her houſe, after ſhe had called him aſide, and uſed much diſcourſe with him concerning his capacity, his virtue, and worth, ſhe reſolved to beſtow a great office on him, which was to take charge of her little bitch that was ready to whelp.

When all obſtacles and oppoſitions are diſſolved, if one enter into the houſe of this Lord, he ſeemeth to paſs into Heaven, ſo willingly the golden yoke is put on, which murdereth him under the ſhew of catching.

In the mean time the old ſervants look on this new-come gueſt, and if he be any thing lettered, or have ſome talents of wit or ability, they fear leaſt he ſhould grow too far into the good liking of the Maſter: Behold the cauſe, why they diſgrace him as much as they can, even to the framing of hiſtories upon his genealogie and life, which prove very prejudicial to him.

If bargain be to be made upon wages to be given him, they put into the liſt of account, the name, the quality, the titles of the houſe, and ſome ſuborned flatterer ſhall ſay, the ſervice he doth to ſo great a perſonage ought to be in the ſtead of recompence: yet notwithſtanding, they ſpare not to amuze him upon the hope of great gratuities yearly given, of favours, and imaginary courteſies.

For this (ſaith he) he muſt paſs over bloudy days, and reſtleſs nights, drop ſweats of death, live wretchedly, ſwallow affronts, praiſe all that which is blameworthy, and condemn what is laudable; flatter, lie, ſmile in looſing, and oft-times ſerve for a laughing-ſtock, as an ape tied to his clog: He muſt bear coronets of flowers, and titles, like an old pillar of a tomb, and in effect have nothing, no, many times not ſo much as the wages bargained for, wherewith he cannot be payed, but by breaking all hope of payment.

To conclude, the Court reſembleth thoſe craftie Courtizanes, who entertain witleſs amoriſts with words, and never afford what they promiſe, until thoſe fall into the inability of giving, and theſe into diſtaſt of receiving.

That man is in ſome ſort excuſable who takes pain to taſt ſome excellent viand: but to waſte ones ſelf with labour and travel, to ſee another man feed, under the colour that he will afford us ſome part of that he enjoyeth, how can it be but ridiculous?

If you will have the Court in a piece of painting, repreſent unto your ſelf (ſaith he) a goodly golden portal upon an inacceſſible mountain, all environed with precipices, where nothing is to be ſeen but arms and legs broken, but maymed and miſerable people. Within riches ſitting, all of gold, and very lovely: The Courtier beholdeth her with an eye full of admiration and aſtoniſhment: Hope clothed in a party-coloured garment, goes before him, and taking him by the hand, encourageth him to make his approach to this Divinitie. Then followeth deceit that delivers him over to ſervitude, ſervitude to travel, which perpetually toyleth him in an infinitie of moſt painful labours. Travel, when it hath throughly worn it out, gives him up to old age, already grilly pale, and invaded with many maladies. From thence ignominie ſeizeth on his perſon, and draggeth him along againſt his will into deſpair, which is the cauſe hope flieth from him, and vaniſheth into ſmoke. Then he is no more ſuffered to paſs through the golden portal, by which he entered in, but through ſome wretched back-way poſtern, that he may not behold the frightful ſpectacle of a poor decrepit old man, naked, gorbelled, and wan, who hideth his ſhame with one hand, and ſtrangleth himſelf with the other. He hath no better thing to meet withal at his going out, than repentance, which weeping waiteth on him in the way, the more to augment his miſery.

„ Happy he, who not being able to ſanctifie the mi-
„ ſeries of the world, at the leaſt ſeeketh for a retreat
„ in the ſweetneſs of repoſe.

THE

THE THIRD BOOK.

Of the practice of VIRTUES.

The READER ſhall obſerve this Book, being compoſed for a more familiar inſtruction, is the leſs enlarged in diſcourſes and allegations, but (as is moſt convenient) more knit and ſuccinct in precepts. I have purpoſely made it deciſive and in manner of Aphoriſms, as the Ancients handled moral things, to make them the more compendious and profitable.

The first SECTION.

Devotion of Great men.

Nazian. in Iamb. ἄφωνον ἔργον μὴ σὺν ἀμφάκτῳ λόγῳ.

OF more worth (ſaith S. *Gregory Nazianzen*) is a good dumb work, than an eloquent oration without effect. A golden tongue and a leaden heart, never matched together. It is nothing for one to have the trumpet on his lip, who hath not the torch in his hand, according to the example of thoſe brave ſoldiers of *Gedeon*. The voice of great S. *Athanaſius* was a thunder-clap, and his life a lightening flaſh, ſaith the fore-alledged Authour, becauſe words never thunder well, if examples enlighten not.

To what purpoſe is it to warble like a lute, and to be deaf to the harmony thereof? To carry wherewith to ſhift and cleanſe others, as the aſs of the hot-houſe, and be himſelf perpetually bemyred and ſlovenly? To buzze up and down like a drone or humble-bee, and neither make honey nor wax? All the Devotion of a ſoul truly Chriſtian tendeth to practice, as the line to its center. Our wiſdom (ſaid S. *Cyprian*) is a prudence of works, not of words or paper. This is it, which hath given me occaſion, having treated of motives, obſtacles, and remedies, which men of quality may have in the way of ſpiritual life, briefly to prepare a little practice of virtues, which more concerneth their condition, to behold them afterwards appear in the hiſtory of Courts, which I purpoſe to begin in this preſent volume.

Cyp. l. de patientia. *Philoſophi factis, non verbis ſumus: nec magna loquimur ſed vivimus.*

It much importeth at the very firſt entrance, to make a good idea of Devotion, which many plaiſter over in their own manner, and attire with their paſſion, making that ſometimes ſerve for vice which beareth the ſcepter of virtue. Some imagine devotion to be nothing but an ordinary practice of unſeemly geſtures and motions, ſuch as little puppets would make, if they were animated with ſome ſmall quantity of quick-ſilver. Others make uſe of devotion as *Dionyſius* the Tyrant did of Philoſophers, not that he loved them, but that folding himſelf in their clokes, he thought he ſhould be honored by the people. So ſhall you find ſometimes in the world, thoſe who for a vain intereſt of reputation, will cloth themſelves with the robe of falſe devotion, as if one ſhould ſeek to ſhelter himſelf under a wet ſack. I ſpeak not here of devotion which concerneth Religious men, nor that which is in the ſweetneſs of contemplation, but I affirm the virtue of devotion, according to S. *Thomas*, is nought elſe but a prompt will to the ſervice of God. Noblemen have cauſe to aſpire thereunto.

I. A good devotion in Great men, is to have a great and faithful feeling of the Majeſty of God, not ſerving him with exteriour ſemblances, but ſincerely, cordially, conſtantly, holding all the maxims of ſtate and condition under the rules of conſcience; and diſpoſing themſelves rather to hazard all, than to looſe God by one ſole ſin. True devotion of Great men. *Sentite de Domino in bonitate.* Sap. 1.

II. A good devotion, to clip the wings of the covetouſneſs of riches and greatneſs: covetouſneſs, which never findeth meaſure but in extremities, nor other period than a precipice. Take heed of a ſoul without bridle, without reverence. Note theſe points and examine them often. *Animæ irreverenti & infrænatæ nè tradas me.* Eccl. 23. 6.

III. A good devotion, not to reach at the goods of the Church by any falſe pretence, repreſented in the Court of *Rome*, by any black or covert deceits, ſowed together with white threed, nor afterward to charge a man with titles, like an old ſepulchre, and hold to himſelf the patrimonie of *Jeſus Chriſt*, therewith to fatten dogs and feed hawks, or ſuch other infamous creatures, which live on the ſins of others. Finally, theſe goods are Eagles feathers, which eat and conſume others: whileſt a ſoul is lodged there, it remaineth in a bitterneſs repleniſhed with gall, and in the perplexed intrications of ſin. *In felle amaritudinis, & in obligatione iniquitatis.* Actor. 8.

IV. A good devotion, not to incroach upon the poſſeſſions of your neighbour, nor enforce the good *Naboth* to ſell his land for the accommodation and content of your Lordſhip, but if he will leave it, to give him a good price, a reaſonable rate, a full ſatisfaction. *Woe to you (ſaid Iſaiah) who annex houſe to houſe, inheritance to inheritance, as far as the land ſtretcheth. Would you dwell alone in the midſt of the earth?* 3 Reg. 21. Iſaiah 5. 8. *Væ, qui conjungitis domum ad domum, & agrum agro copulatis uſque ad terminum loci. Numquid habitabitis vos ſoli in medio terræ?*

V. A good devotion, in things which one may rightfully exact, to be ſtaid, juſt, temperate, not covetous, no Harpy, no Tyrant, but to extend the bowels of compaſſion towards the poor, who are our fleſh and bloud, to open the eyes, not to invent new impoſitions that may draw the marrow from the people, but to take away or leſſen the old, that neceſſity requireth no more. *Salvianus* complaineth that in his time there were as many Tyrants as Lords and Courtiers. *Diſſolve colligationes impietatis, ſolve faſciculos deprimentes.* Iſaiah 58. 6. *Salvian.* l. 5. de guber. *Quot Curiales tot Tyranni.*

Courtiers. And that is the cauſe why God gave the *Roman* Empire as a prey to *Barbarians*, being Maſters more mild than the covetouſneſs of great ones.

Non morabitur opus mercenarii tui apud te uſque ad manè Levit. 19. 12. *Diligite juſtitiam qui judicatis terram.* Sap. 1.

VI. A good devotion, to diſcharge his debts and promiſes, and never ſuffer the wages of the poor hireling to lie hid in his coffers.

VII. A good devotion, to attend publick charges which you are to undergo, eſpecially thoſe that concern diſtribution of juſtice, with underſtanding conſcience and diligence: underſtanding, to know the affairs; conſcience, to handle them faithfully; diligence, not to draw out the expedition of cauſes in languiſhing delays, ſo prejudicial to the publick.

Tertul. de cultu fœminar. *Diſcutiendæ ſunt delitiæ, quarum mollitie, & fluxu fidei virtus effœminari poteſt*

VIII. A good devotion, in baniſhing ſuperfluitie of apparel and taſt, exceſſes, curioſities, houſhold-vices: To cauſe modeſtie, frugalitie, employment, and virtue to reign; and to be the firſt himſelf to light the torch to his familie *You muſt neceſſarily expel delights; for their tenderneſs and exceſſes weaken and enervate all religion.*

Attende tibi à peſtifero, fabricat enim malè. Eccleſ. 11. 35.

IX. A good devotion, to make choiſe of ſervants, to inſtruct, or make them honeſt, and to eſteem no man faithfull in your ſervice who is diſloyal to God: Not to be deſirous to keep a bad ſervant for ones own intereſt, though the whole houſe would be changed into gold by his hands.

In cujus manu eſt ut prohibeat, jubet agi, ſi non prohibet admitti. Salvian. l. 7.

X. A good devotion, to hinder diſorders and ſins, which are committed in publick, when you have authoritie in your hands, without ſhewing your ſelf inſatiable to revenge your own proper injuries, and more cold than ice in the quarrel of God. *When a man hath the power in his hands to ſtay a ſin, to permit it is to commit it.* Theſe are points of devotion, which we muſt hereafter more amply digeſt.

The ſecond SECTION.

In what all Devotion and ſpiritual life conſiſteth.

Three ſorts of man in us.

YOu who aſpire to ſpiritual life, know there are three ſorts of man in you alone, the Vegetal, Animal, and Intellectual; and that all your perfection conſiſteth in putting the Vegetal and Animal man under the feet of the Intellectual. A great number of men are now adays vegetals, that is to ſay, who ſo live as if they had no other ſoul but the vegetative as plants, and lead the very life of the muſhrome. Others are animal, who make their ſouls wholy evaporate in ſenſual love, in choler, rage, in brutiſhneſs. Few ſhall you find who are intellectual, who work with reaſon and underſtanding. And behold wherein conſiſteth our excellencie and repoſe, to wit, in raiſing the intellectual man, many times curriſhly trampled on under the feet of concupiſcence, to his proper ſphær, which is the knowledge and union with God.

Hugo miſcel. 2 codic. lib. 3. pag. 17. Notable doctrine of *Hugo*.

To arrive to this point, it is good to note a worthy doctrine of *Hugo* of S. *Victor.* to wit, that there is above us a creating Trinitie, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt; in us a created Trinitie, underſtanding, memorie, will; about us, a dangerous Trinitie, titillation, delectation, conſent; under us, an unhappie Trinitie, into which we fall by ſin, ignorance, weakneſs, impuritie. Reaſon falleth into a triple ignorance, of good and evil, of true and falſe, of ſuteable and diſproportionable. Memorie into three kinds of thoughts; affectionate, being ſuch as concern ſenſualitie; burdenſom, as appertaining to the toyls of life; idle, as all vain thoughts are. The will ſuffereth it ſelf to be ſurprized with three kinds of nets, which are concupiſcence of fleſh, concupiſcence of eyes, and ambition of life.

A man reduced to this ſtate, reſembleth King *Nebuchadnezzar*, who went out of his throne to eat hay with brute beaſts; ſo the miſerable man, after he hath forſaken the ſeat of reaſon, goeth into the ſtable with his beſtial paſſions. The true and onely means to free your ſelf from ſuch unhappineſs, and to return to your firſt dignitie, is to open your heart to the graces and lights of the Holy Ghoſt, and to diſpoſe your ſelf to practice of vertues, which directly reſiſt theſe three plagues of ſpiritual life, ignorance, weakneſſe, impuritie. Theſe are the three monſters which a ſpiritual man ought neceſſarily to ſubdue, that he afterwards may enjoy an aſſured repoſe.

Now to the end you may the more perfectly underſtand the difference between the carnal and ſpiritual man, I will in this diſcourſe following ſet their characters before your eyes.

The character of the carnal Man.

Drawn from *Proſper* de vita contempl. lib. 3. *Secundum ſe ipſum vivere.*

THis is a man who liveth according to man, that is to ſay, according to himſelf, who appliеth all to himſelf, and makes of himſelf his ſcope, his end, his Divinitie. He goes whither he liſt, he converſeth by humour and phantaſie, he ſleepeth when he will, and as much as he will; he eats, & drinks, & laughs, without rule or meaſure; he ſpeaks without diſcretion or reſervation. All that which is ſweet to the ſmelling, ſoft in touching, pleaſing to the eye, delicate to the taſt, charming to the ear, ſeems to be created for him. He paſſionately ſeeks after it, and hath no other law in his paſſions but the power of his bruitiſhneſs, nor maketh any diſtinction of things permitted and prohibited in the licence of all pleaſures.

A charitate ſui conditoris & illuſtratoris reſilit. Foras in exteriora ſic projicit. Senſatarum rerum imagines repreſentat

All ſpiritual actions are hatefull to him: his ſoul, after it hath loſt the good for which he were made, wandereth at random in the vaſt emptineſs of creatures, and iſſueth out by the gates of all the ſenſes, to glut its concupiſcence. If it happen he be deprived the contentments he purſues (as oftentimes the Divine providence frameth obſtacles enough againſt his depraved deſires) he entertaineth himſelf with the idea of his pleaſures, that he may leave nothing in his ſoul untainted with corruption, he makes his memorie guiltie by the repreſentation of his paſſed luſt; he heareth without voice, he ſmelleth without odour, he taſteth without reliſh, he ſees without colours, he toucheth without bodie, and createth imaginarie ſins to gain real torments.

Illa rudis eſt, illa dicacula, illa deformis, illa formoſa.

All his paſtime is onely among dogs, horſes, curioſities of the throat, or love. All women, who have made any impreſſion on his thoughts, are perpetually remembered in his diſcourſe: one in his opinion is fair, and another courteous, one is rude, and another wily; this is plain, and that painted: the head-dreſſing of one pleaſeth, the chopin of the other: behaviour is gracefull in this, diſcourſe in the other.

In the end this immortal ſpirit is fixed to fleſh, and ſold to luſt, to ſerve as an inſtrument for devils in this life, and to afford feuel for the flames of Divine vengeance in the life to come.

The character of the ſpiritual Man.

Partly drawn from the ſame *Proſper* l. 2. de vita contem. c. 21. l. 3. c. 1. & lib. 1. 12.

THe ſpiritual man is properly he, who treadeth in the paths which the Saviour of the world traced out unto us by his example: who contemneth the proſperities which Jeſus Chriſt *deſpiſed, who feareth not the adverſities which he moſt couragiouſly hath endured, who freely teacheth what he taught, who doth what he did, who hopes what he promiſed, and followeth where he led the way.*

This is he who meditateth how to ſatisfie reaſon, not ſenſuality, who more willingly affecth that which may edifie than delight; who rebateth the point of carnal deſires, by ſpiritual pleaſures, who ſubjecteth the fleſh to

the spirit, who preferreth the present time before the future, who will do all which he will according to the rules of the will of God. He never slandereth, he never despiseth any man but himself, he knows not what it is to malign the prosperous, to persecute the miserable, to cure the rich, to seek out his proper interests, to enlarge his estate by unjust practices, to sooth his senses, to content his curiosity, nor to entertain his pleasures.

He is neither puffed up with pride nor precipated by ambition, tickled by vain-glory, nor enflamed with desire of honour, not overborn with delights nor gnawn by hatred, not troubled with contentions, not terrified by force, nor softened by pleasure. Boldness makes him not impudent, iniquity unjust, obstinacy of heart untractable, inconstancy variable, rigour opinative, fury witless, gourmandize curious, disobedience rebellious, vanity a vaunter, infidelity treacherous, easiness of nature fickle, cruelty harsh, perverseness jealous, revenge cholerick, nor malignity injurious. His whole life is admirably enterlaced between action and contemplation, which make on earth a figure of Angels ascending and descending, giving us in this life already a taste of the benefits which we hope in the other.

Active life makes him profit in the world, contemplative sheweth him the way how he may surmount the world: The one goes to it by degrees, the other flies to the top: The one makes him holy, the other perfect; the one causeth him to pardon injuries, the other placeth him beyond the sense of an injury; the one teacheth him to mortifie passions, the other establisheth him in the empire over all passions; the one directeth him to cloth the nakedness of the poor, the other makes him to be dispoiled of himself; the one unlooseneth the fetters of prisoners by his hands, and the other enchaineth him to God; the one giveth succour to the afflicted by his means, and the other voluntarily makes him afflict himself in the imitation of the sufferings of Jesus Christ; the one hasteneth to a neighbour, and the other abideth in God; the one hath exercise, the other joy; the one conquereth, the other possesseth; the one knocketh at the door, the other entereth in; the one despiseth the world, the other enjoyeth God.

Finally, the spiritual man is a man covetous of eternity, prodigal of life, little careful of the present, certain of the future. A man who seems no longer to have any commerce with the world, and who hath nothing so familiar as a life that is as it were buried in death, and who flieth above sepulchres like an Angel, who holdeth not of the earth, but by the slender root of natural necessities, and already toucheth heaven with a finger. A man who is as yet in flesh, though he hath made an eternal divorce with flesh, who is under-foot to all the world by humility, and above all the greatness thereof by contempt of it: who binds himself, to be at liberty; who crucifieth himself, to combat; who mortifieth himself to be the more vigorous, who withereth, to flourish again, and daily dieth, that he may never die.

The third Section.

Of the first monster which the spiritual man should resist, to wit, Ignorance, and of the practice of virtues by which it is subdued.

From whence our evils come.

(a) *Oculis capti fodere cubilia talpæ.* Virgil. Geor.

(b) *Primæ scelerum causæ mortalibus ægris, Naturam nescire Dei.* Silius l. 4.

(c) Five rays of the soul.

THe greater part of men have dexterity in delving the ground like moles, (a) and have no eyes to behold the Sun. Yet all evils proceed from ignorance and the want of the knowledge of God. (b) This is the first Monster which we must assault, the first obstacle we must take away. And for this effect observe a wholesom doctrine, to wit, that God is the Sun of all the Intelligences, and that from this Sun five (c) rays of a lively and quickening light are diffused over the darkness of our understandings. These five rays are faith, understanding, counsel, wisdom and prudence. The first and most excellent light is faith, because the other rays do well enlighten the soul in those operations of which it is, as it were the fountain, but faith alone raiseth him above himself to his beginning, which is God. (d) *Faith is a virtue bold and urgent, which attains to that the understanding cannot reach unto, mounteth above Cherubins, and flies above Seraphins, though they have six wings.* A man without faith is as the Pilot of whom it is spoken in the Proverbs (e) that fell asleep and lost his rudder. What virginity is to the body, the same is faith to the soul. It is the first-born of virtues, the beginning of spiritual life, the life of the understanding, as charity is the life of the will, the pillar of the cloud (f) which hath two faces, the one dark, because it believeth the things which are not apparent, the other lightsom, for that it believeth with an infallible assurance.

Dignity of faith.

Aug. apud Gulielm. Lugdunens.

(d) *Fides res est audax atque improba, perveniens quo non pertingit intelligentia: ipsa, ascendit super Cherubin, & volat super Seraphim sensus alas habens.*

(e) Prov. 21.

(f) *Et erat nubes tenebrosa, & illuminans noctem.* Exod. 14. 20.

The fourth Section.

Practice of Faith.

THat you may well practice the acts of faith, you must know the nature, object, and motive thereof. *Faith* (saith S. *Paul*) *is the foundation of hope, and the proof of things not apparent.* The *foundation of hope*, in regard all whatsoever we hope in matter of Religion, is grounded upon faith, as the statue upon its basis: *the proof of things not apparent*, because it is an infallible argument of truths whereof we have not as yet evident notice. S. *Bernard* addeth, *that it is a first-tast certain and voluntary of truth yet not manifested.* The Gold-smith laboureth upon gold, silver, and precious stones as upon his proper object: and the object which employeth faith are the mysteries revealed unto us by God, and proposed by his Church. Such mysteries ought to be believed for no other motive, but for that God the eternal Truth hath revealed them. The arguments which are drawn from the prophesies, miracles, numbers of Martyrs, purity of the evangelical law, from the correspondency thereof with reason, from the admirable success and consent of all the mysteries, from the conversion of the world, from the means which the Church hath used to establish it self, from her firm constancy amidst persecutions, from the wisdom & sanctity of the professours of our law and such like things, which I have produced in the first obstacle of the second book, are most powerful considerations to introduce us to faith, and to make easie and familiar to us the acts thereof: but they are not properly motives of faith. In the same manner, as the soul draweth knowledge from sense, and yet notwithstanding is above sense; so faith, though she serve her self with these considerations which are able to command the most contumacious spirits, yet is she admirably raised upon a more supereminent sphere, and will abide no other touch but of the eternal Verity, which darteth a forcible lightening-flash into the soul, able to dazle, enlighten, and surprize the most prosperous liberty that may be imagined. Thence the soul cometh to believe, not by humane discourse, by miracles, by doctrine, by sanctity, but because God speaketh inwardly unto it and giveth it so powerful a touch, that she judgeth infallible whatsoever is revealed and proposed unto her by the Church. Behold to what point the good S. *Elzear* Count of *Arian* was arrived, when he said he tasted matters of faith with such certainty and resolution of understanding, that, when Monsieur *Miron* (held for a prodigie of knowledge in his time) and all the most famous Doctours would have perswaded him the contrary of what he had embraced in the

What faith is Hebr. 12. 1. *Sperandarum substantia rerum, argumentum non apparentium.*

Voluntaria quædam & certa prælibatio necdum propalatæ veritatis Bern. de consider.

Its object. S. *Thom.* 2. 2. q. 1.

How we should believe.

How faith works. A fine comparison.

Wherin faith consisteth.

the simplicity of his heart, all their subtilties could not be able to give the least shock to his spirit. This admitted, the acts of faith are,

Touch-stone to know whether one have faith.

I. To submit proper judgement to God with all simplicity and humility of spirit, who speaketh unto us by his Church, by Scriptures, by Traditions, by Councels, by Canons of the sovereign Pastours of the Church.

II. To believe firmly all the Articles of faith which are proposed to us, as well those concerning the Divinity as the humanity of our Saviour; those which concern the Sacraments and ceremonies, as those which appertain to the order and government of the Church.

III. Throughly to retain the summary of the Christian doctrine, to inform your self of the explication of every Article, not for curiosity but duty. To read, repeat, meditate, ruminate them very often: To teach them to the ignorant in time of need: But above all to give direction to your family, that they may be instructed in those things which belong to the knowledge of their salvation. It is an insupportable abuse to see so many, who drag silk at their heels, and have *Linx's* eyes in petty affairs, to be many times stupid and bruitish in matter of Religion, and in the knowledge of God.

IV. To abhor all innovation and liberty of speech, which in any the least degree striketh at the ancient practices of the Church.

Judicious notes of S. *Ignatius* concerning sincere faith. * *Hæc Authoris σφάλματα notanda, non probanda.*

V. And therefore it is necessary, as our Father S. *Ignatius* hath observed, to praise and approve Confession which is made to a Priest, and the frequent * Communion of the faithful, interpreting the devotion of others in a good sense.

VI. To recommend the Sacrifice of the Mass, to love, practice, perswade others to the laudable custom of being present thereat, as much as may be. To esteem Church-musick, prayers, Canonical hours, Supplications, Processions, and such like.

VII. To praise the Orders of Religion, the vows of poverty, chastity, obedience, works of supererrogation and evangelical perfection, ever generally preferring virginity and continency in discourse before marriage.

VIII. To esteem of Reliques, to recommend the veneration and invocation of Saints; to be much affected to the service of the most blessed Mother of God; to approve of pilgrimages, which are orderly performed, Indulgences, and Jubilies, which the glorious King S. *Lewis* recommended to *Philip* his son in his last words.

IX. To have a religious opinion of the abstinences and fasts instituted by the Church, and of the manner of penances and mortifications which religious and other devout persons piously practice.

X. To maintain the commandments of the Church and ordinances of Superiours, both by word and example; and though their lives should not be conformed to their doctrine, yet not to detract nor murmure at their actions in publick or private, thereby to alter in the peoples belief the reverence and respect to their dignity: but as much as shall be expedient privately to admonish them of their defective carriage in their charges.

XI. Highly to esteem the doctrine of sacred Theologie which is taught in schools, and to make account of the great Doctours, whom the Divine providence hath raised in this latter Age valourously to oppose heresies.

XII. Not to insist in ordinary discourses upon exaggerations, comparing men who live in this Age with the Apostles, Doctours, and Saints of antiquity.

XIII. To fix our selves upon the resolutions of the Church, that what our own peculiar reason would judge to be white, we to esteem it black when the decrees of the Church it self shall be so; always preferring the judgement of the Church before our private opinion, knowing that humane reason, especially in matters of faith may easily be deceived, but the Church guided by the promised Spirit of truth, cannot erre.

XIV. Not inconsiderately to be embroyled in the thorny controversies of predestination: Highly to commend grace and faith, but warily without prejudice of free-will, and good works.

XV. Not so to speak of the love and mercy of God that one may seem thereby to exclude the thoughts and considerations of fear and divine justice.

Behold the ordinary rules to preserve your self in faith. If you now desire to know how this virtue is purified and refined in mans heart, and in what consisteth the excellency of its acts, behold them here. You must carefully take heed of having onely a dead faith without charity or good works, which S. *Augustine* calleth the faith of the devil. It is a night-glimmer, obscure, and melancholy; but lively faith is a true beam of the Sun. The acts of a strong and lively faith are:

Heroick acts of faith. *Matth.* 8.

I. To have great and noble thoughts of God, as that brave Centurion of whom it is spoken in S. *Matthew*, who supposed the malady, health, death, life of his servant absolutely depended upon one sole word of our Saviour, and thought himself unworthy he should enter into his house. *Cassius Longinus* a Pagan so learned, that he was called the Living Library, one day reading Genesis, could not sufficiently admire the sublime speculations which *Moses* had of the Divinity, when he wrote of the worlds creation, & that God at the sound of one sole word made the great master-pieces of this universe to rise out of nothing, as heaven, earth, water, the Sun, and Moon.

Cassius Longinus libro. *de sublim.*

II. To believe with great simplicity, removed from all manner of curiosity and nice inquisition. God would not the point of the knife should be lifted up on his Altar to cut it. So likewise the point of humane spirit must not be raised on the Altar of faith, nor the curtain drawn to enlighte the mysteries with the torch of reason. S. *Lewis* was most perfect in this degree, who would not stir a foot to behold a miracle in confirmation of his belief.

Si levaveris cultrum tuum super eo, polluetur. Exod. 20.

III. To believe with great fervour, esteeming nothing impossible to your faith, as did that simple shoemaker, who under a King of the *Tartars*, removed a mountain in the sight of the whole world, by the fervour and simplicity of his faith.

Paulus Venetus l. 1. c. 18. de reb. orient.

IV. Not to stagger nor be afflicted when you ask any thing of God in your prayers, holding it undoubted that it will be granted, if it be for the greater glory of the Sovereign Master, and your more advantageable profit. You must always hold your hands lifted up in some kind as *Moses* did, even to the setting of the Sun, to vanquish our *Amalekites*.

Exod. 17.

V. To have a generous heart and full of confidence in adversity, not to admit distrust during the storm; but with firm footing to expect the consolation of heaven, even when we shall be in the shades of death, as said the Prophet.

VI. Little to prize temporal goods in comparison of eternal: To be ready to dispoil ones self from all the pleasures and commodities of the world, if there be any danger of faith, as that brave Courtier *Moses*, who forsook the contentments of *Pharaohs* Court, to be afflicted with his own people.

Hebr. 11.

VII. To give alms liberally, with a firm belief, that the hand of the poor is the treasury of God.

VIII. To employ even life it self, as so many Martyrs have done, and to seal your faith with your own bloud. This is the most heroical act; but yet it ought to be guided by discretion.

Now to make easie the acts of faith.

I. It is good oftentimes to consider how reason-

How acts of faith may be made easie.

able, glorious, and full of merit this act is. Reasonable, to submit the creature to the Creatour; glorious, to see the Sovereign Lord so served and honoured, that for the defence of one sole word but once pronounced by his mouth, a thousand and a thousand good servants are ready to bestow their lives; full of merit, in as much as we give a free consent, voluntary, and pious, and not being enforced by manifest evidence.

II. To be often confounded in the weakness and incapicity of our understanding, which is found so short in the knowledge of many petty things. There needeth no more but the foot of an Ant to slay it, and a glass of water to drown it. What stupidity then is like this, to be desirous to make ones self overwise, and to judge that impossible which cannot be comprehended in matter of Religion?

III. To apply your mind to the consideration of motives, which may form in your spirit a probability of that which is proposed unto you, as are those I have noted before, and which will give good enterances to the inspirations of God.

IV. To retire from the toyl of senses, which do nothing but disturb when you consult with them in things spiritual; and to raise your soul above flesh to be illuminated by the Sun of Intelligences.

V. To take away the obstacles of all sorts of impurity, and namely of pride & all disordinate affection.

VI. To strike at Heaven gate with prayer, seeing faith cometh unto us from treasures of the Father of light. Faith so planted, fortified, and manured by good works, illuminateth a soul. All the savage and cruel beasts, all the bruitish passions, chimæraes, dreams, irresolutions, which went roaming up and down in this great forrest of confusions, amongst the shadows of night, are scattered so soon as this radiant Sun beginneth to dissipate darkness with his

Hope.

divine rays. Then is it, that a soul wholly clad with the clear lights of hope (which causeth it to expect the blessings of the other life) goeth on with a great and constant resolution, as one who hath for support the infinite power of God, who is as faithful in his promises, as rich in rewards.

Behold how this monster ignorance is overthrown by the arms of light.

The fifth Section.

Of four other rays which serve to dissipate ignorance.

Beam of understanding.

BEsides the torch of faith, God also gives us the light of understanding, of counsel, wisdom, and prudence, which are as unvaluable riches, wholly repleni shing the soul with splendour, as saith the Prophet *Isaiah*. The gift of understanding doth free us from a certain bruitishness, which is the cause that men tying themselves onely to external and sensible things, are perpetually out of themselves: at which time understanding calls them back again, and makes them to re-enter into their house, to see the beginning, progress, and end of the life of man; from whence he cometh, whither he goeth, what will become of him.

Of counsel.

Counsel enlighteneth us in things doubtful, to take a good way.

Of wisdom.

Wisdom putteth us out of an apprentiship, and draweth us from a certain childishness, which maketh men as little ones and carnal, mutually entertaining themselves with temporal things. And the knowledge of God raiseth and causeth them to turn their faces directly towards Eternity.

Of prudence.

Prudence considereth good and evil, according to the quality and quantity thereof. It examineth the circumstances of actions, and sheweth us what ought to be done in such a time, such a place, and such occasions.

The sixth Section.

Twelve fundamental Considerations of spiritual life, partly drawn from that worthy man John Picus Mirandula.

Note, that it is good often to meditate these maxims, either one a day, or all together.

FRom the five rays explicated before, proceed great and goodly lights by direction of which a life wholly new is begun. *John Picus* of *Mirandula*, a great and remarkable man, held for a prodigie of wit, much tasting the content of spiritual life, enlightened by the rays of a wisdom absolutely celestial, establisheth twelve Considerations which we ought continually to meditate on, for the practice of the knowledge of God.

1. Consideration nature and dignity of man.

I. The first, the nature and dignity of man, to wit, that the first and ceaseless endeavour of man should be of man himself; to see what he hath been, what he is, and what he shall be. What he hath been, nothing; what he is, a reasonable creature; what he shall be, a guest of Paradise or of hell, of an eternal felicity, or of an everlasting unhappiness.

Greatness of the soul.

What he is according to nature, a master-piece, where many prerogatives meet together; a body composed of a marvellous architecture; a soul endowed with understanding, reason, spirit, judgement, will memory, imaginations, opinions: A soul which flieth in an instant from one pole to the other, descendeth even to the center of the world, and mounteth to the top; which is found in an instant in a thousand several places, which embraceth the whole world without touching it, which goeth, which glittereth, which shineth, which diggeth into all the treasures and magazines of nature, which findeth out all sorts of inventions, which inventeth arts, which governeth Common-wealths, which disposeth worlds. In the mean time she beholdeth about her self an infinite number of dogs, that bark at her happiness, and endeavour to bite her on every side.

Tyranny of passions.

Love fooleth her, ambition turmoyleth her, avarice rusteth her, and lust enflameth her, vain hopes sooth her, pleasures melt her, despair over-bears her, choler burns her, hatred filleth her with gall, envie gnaweth her, jealousie pricketh her, revenge enrageth her, cruelty maketh her savage, fear frosteth her, sorrow consumes her. This poor soul shut up in the body, as a bird of Paradise in a cage, is altogether amazed to see her self assailed by all this mutinous multitude, and though she have a scepter in her hand to rule, she notwithstanding oft suffereth her self to be deceived, ravished, and dragged along into a miserable servitude.

From thence behold what man is through sin; vanity, weakness, inconstancy, misery, malediction.

What he becometh by grace, a child of light, a terrestrial Angel, the son of a celestial Father by adoption, brother and coheir of *Jesus Christ*, a vessel of election, the temple of the Holy Ghost.

What he may arrive unto by glory; to be an inhabitant of Heaven, who shall see the stars under his feet, which he hath over his head, who shall be filled with the sight of God, his beginning, his end, his true, onely, and original happiness.

2. Benefits of God.

II. The benefits received from God considered in general, as those of creation, conservation, redemption, vocation, and in particular the gifts of the body, of the soul, of nature, of capacity, ability, industry, dexterity, wariness, nobility, offices, authority, means, credit, reputation, good success of affairs, and such like, which are given to us from Heaven, as instruments to work our salvation. And sometimes one of the greatest blessings is (that which few esteem a benefit) not to have all

these

theſe advantages, which lead a haughty, weak, and worldly ſpirit even into a headlong precipice; but quite contrary, good diſadvantages (in the opinion of the world) put him into the eſtimation of heavenly things. Man beholding what he hath been, what he is, what will become of him, from whence he proceedeth, whither he goeth, and how the union with God his beginning is his Scope, But, and Aim; if he doth that which reaſon dictateth to him, he inſtantly takes a reſolution neither to have vein, ſinew, nor artery, which tendeth not to his end, to conquer his paſſions, and no longer to ſerve creatures, but ſo far forth as he ſhall know them profitable to lead him to his Creatour. Everie creature ſpeaketh theſe words to man: *O man keep what is given to thee, expect what is promiſed thee, and avoid what is forbiden thee.*

Bernard. de gradibus humilit. *Serva commiſſum, expecta promiſſum cave prohibitum.*

III. The third conſideration is the paſſion of the Son of God; a bottomleſs abyſs of dolours, ſcorns, annihilations, love, mercy wiſdom, humility, patience, charity, the book of books, the ſcience of ſciences, the ſecret of ſecrets, the ſhop where all good reſolutions are forged, where all virtues are purified, where all knots of holy obligations are tied, the ſchool where all Martyrs are made, all Confeſſours, all Saints. Our weakneſs, our faintneſs, come not but for want of beholding this table of exceſs. Who ever would open his mouth to complain of doing too much, of ſuffering too much, of being too much abaſed, too much deſpiſed, too much turmoyled, if he conſidered the life of God delivered over and abandoned for him to ſo painful labour, ſo horrible confuſions, ſo inſupportable torments? *O my God, my wounded God! As long as I ſhall ſee thy wounds, I will never live without wound.*

S. *Bonav.* in ſtimul. *Nolo vivere ſine vulnere cum te videam vulneratum.*

IV. The examples of all Saints, who have walked in the royal way of the croſs. When we conſider the progreſſion of Chriſtianity, and the ſucceſſion of ſo many Ages, whereſoever our conſideration ſetteth foot it findeth nothing but the bloud of Martyrs, combats of Virgins, prayers, tears, faſtings, ſack-cloth, hair-cloth, perſecutions, afflictions of ſo many Saints, who have as it were won heaven by main force. Such have been found, who had heretofore filled ſepulchers with their members torn with engins and ſwords of perſecution, and were yet alive to endure and ſuffer in their bodies, which had more wounds then parts of body to be tormented. Is it not a ſhame to have the ſame name, the ſame Baptiſm, the ſame profeſſion, and yet to be always deſirous to tread on roſes? To be embarked in this great ſhip of Chriſtianity with ſo many brave ſpirits, which even at this day hourly do wonders in the world, and to go under hatches to ſleep in the bottom of the veſſel, as needleſs outcaſts, and the very ſcorns of reaſonable nature?

4. Example of Saints.

S. *Zeno* homil. de Sancto Arcadio. *Remorabantur in luce detenti quorum membris [laniarent tumuli.*

V. The peace of a good conſcience (the inſeparable companion of honeſt men) which ſugareth all their tears, which ſeaſoneth all their acerbities, which diſſolveth all their ſharpneſs; a perpetual banquet, a portative theater, a delicious torrent of inexplicable contentments, which begin in this world, and which many times are felt even in chaines, priſons, and perſecutions. What will it be when the conſummation ſhall be made in the other world, when the curtain of the great Tabernacle ſhall be drawn, when we ſhall ſee God face to face, in a body impaſſible as an Angel, ſubtile as a ray of light, ſwift as the wings of thunder, radiant as the Sun, when he ſhall be ſeen amongſt ſo goodly and flouriſhing a company in a Palace of eſtimable glory, and when one ſhall lead no other life, but that of God, of the knowledge of God, of the love of God, as long as God ſhall be God? *What will this life be, nay, what will this life not be, ſince all the goods thereof either are not, or are in ſuch a life of lights, which place cannot comprehend; of voyces and harmonies, which time cannot take from us; of odours, which never are ſcattered: a feaſt which never is finiſhed; a bleſſing which eternity well may give; but of which it never ſhall ſee an end?*

5. Inward peace.

Auguſt. Neſcio quid erit, quod iſta vita non erit, ubi lucet quod non capit locus, ubi ſonat quod non rapit tempus, ubi olet quod non ſpargit flatus, ubi ſapit quod non minuit edacitas, ubi hæret quod non divellit æternitas.

VI. It is to be conſidered on the other ſide the condition of this preſent life: A true dream, which hath the diſturbances of ſleep, but never the repoſe; a childiſh amuzement; a toyle of burdenſom and ever-relapſing actions, where for one roſe a thouſand thorns are found, for one ounce of honey, a tun of gal, for bleſſings in apparance, evils in ſubſtance. The moſt happy there count their years and cannot reckon their griefs. The carriers of the greateſt honours are there all of ice, and oftentimes are not bounded but with headlong ruines. Its felicities are floating Ilands, which always recoyl backward at that time when we think to touch them with our finger. They are the feaſts of *Heliogabalus*, where there are many invitations, many ceremonies, many reverences, many ſervices, and at the end thereof we find a table and a banquet of wax, which melts before the fire, and from whence we return more hungry than we came. It is the enchanted egge of *Oromazes*, wherein this impoſtour vanted to have encloſed all the happineſs of the world, and in breaking it there was found nothing but wind. *All theſe pleaſures flatter our ſenſes with an impoſture of falſe colours: why do we ſuffer thoſe eyes to be taken in the ſnares of errours, which are given to us by heaven to behold the light, and not miniſter to lying?* Yea, that which greatly ſhould diſtaſt us in this preſent life, is, we live in an Age ſtuffed with maladies, as old age with indiſpoſitions. We live in a world greatly corrupted, of which may be ſaid, It is a monſter whoſe underſtanding is a pit of darkneſs; reaſon, a ſhop of malice, will, a hell; where a thouſand paſſions outragiouſly inſult over it. Its eyes are two conduit-pipes of fire, from whence flie ſparkles of concupiſcence; its tongue, an inſtrument of malediction; its viſage, a painted hypocriſie; its body, a ſponge of ordures; its hands, the tallons of harpies: and finally it ſeemeth to have no other faith but infidelity; no law but its paſſion; no other God but its own belly. What contentment can it be to live with ſuch a monſter.

6. Condition of this life wel deſcribed

Lamprid. Heliogab.

S. *Eucher.* in paræneſi. *Omnia hæc conſpectui noſtro inſidioſis coloribus lenocinantur: vis illa oculorum attributa lumini, non applicetur errori.*

VII. If there be pleaſures in life, they do nothing but a little ſlightly overflow the heart with a ſuperficial delectation: Sadneſſe diveth into the bottom of our ſoul, and when it is there, you will ſay it hath feet of lead never to forſake the place, but pleaſure doth ſooth us onely in the outward parts of the skin, & all her ſweet waters, run down with full ſpeed into the ſalt ſea. Behold wherefore S. *Auguſtin* ſaid, when any proſperity preſented it ſelf to his eyes he durſt not touch it. He looked upon pleaſure as on a fleeting bird, which ſeemeth as it were ready to be ſeyzed, and flieth away as ſoon as ever ſhe ſees her ſelf almoſt ſurprized.

7 Quality of worldly pleaſures.

Auguſt. Conf. l. 6. cap. 5.

VIII. Pleaſures are born in the ſenſes, and like abortives are conſumed in their birth: Their deſires are full of diſturbances, their acceſs is of violent, forced, and turbulent agitations: Their ſatiety is farced with ſhame and repentance: They paſs away after they have wearied the body, and leave it like a bunch of grapes, the juice whereof is extracted by the preſs, as ſaith S. *Bernard*: They hold it a goodly matter to extend their fulneſs: They muſt end with life, and it is a great hazard if during life it ſelf, they ſerve not their hoſt for an executioner. *I ſee no greater pleaſure in the world than the contempt of pleaſure.*

8 Their ſhortneſs.

Bern. Serm. 10. in Cantic. *Nulla maior voluptas, quam voluptatis faſtidium.* *Turtul.* de ſpect.

IX. Man which waſteth his time in pleaſures, when they are ſlipped away much like waters engendred by a ſtorm, findeth himſelf abandoned as a pilgrim diſpoiled by a thief: So many golden har-

9. The end.

vests which time presented to him are passed, and the rust of a heavy age furnisheth him with nothing but thorns, sorrows to have done ill, and inabilities of doing well: what then remains to be said, but that which the miserable King said, who gave his scepter for a glass of water: *Alas! must I for so short a pleasure, loose so great a Kingdom?*

Lysimachus.

10. Difficulty of penance

X. Evil always beareth sorrow behind it, but not true penance. It is a most particular favour of God, to have time to bemoan the sins of our passed life, and to take occasion by the fore-lock. Many are packed away into the other world without ever having thought of their passage, and such suppose they shall have many tears at their death, who shall not have one good act of repentance They bewail the sins which forsake them, and not God whom they have lost. True contrition is a hard piece of work: How can he merit it who willingly hath ever demerited?

Facilius inveni qui innocentiam servarent, quam qui congruè pœnitentiam agerent. Ambr. l. de unica pœnitent. c. 10.

11. Death.

XI. In the mean time death cometh apace; it expecteth us at all hours, in all places, and you cannot attend it one sole minute, so much this thought displeaseth you. The decrees thereof are more clear and perspicuous, than if they were written with the beams of the Sun, and yet we cannot read them. His trumpet soundeth perpetually more intelligibly than thunder, and we understand it not. It is no wonder that *David* in the 48. Psalm calleth it an ænigma; every one beholdeth the table, and few knoweth the sense of it. Notwithstanding it is a case concluded, we must take a long fare-well from all things which appertain to life, that can be extended no further than life it self: and it is a case resolved that serpents and worms must be inherited in a house of darkness. It is a goodly lesson, whosoever can well learn it. To know it well once, it must every day be studied. Nothing is seen every where but watches, clocks, and dyals, some of gold, some of silver, and others enchased with precious stones. They advertise us of all the hours, but that which should be our last: and since they cannot strike that hour, we must make it sound in our conscience. At the very instant when you read this, a thousand and a thousand perhaps of souls unloosened from the body, are presented before the Tribunal of God, what would you do if you were presently to beat them company? There is but one word: *Timely despise in your bodie the things of which you shall have no need out of your bodie.*

Psal. 48. 5. According to the Hebrew. הידות

Diordorus apud S. Maximum serm. *Omnia ista contemnito, quibus solutus corpore non indigebis.*

12. What followeth death. *Apoc.* 14. *Tertul.* de anima. c. 53. *Hug.* l. 4. de anima.

XII. Your soul shall go out, and of all the attendants of life shall have none but good and bad by her sides. If she be surprized in mortal sin, hell shall be her share; hell, the great lake of the anger of God; hell, the common sewer of all the ordures of the world; hell, the store-house of eternal fire; hell, a depth without bottom, where there is no evil but we may expect, nor good which may be hoped.

Behold the twelve considerations which this most worthy man used to direct himself in the course of a virtuous life; and they so far had prevailed upon his soul, that he resolved after he had finished certain works which he then had in hand, to distribute all his goods among the poor, and go bare-foot through the cities, towns, and villages, carrying a Crucifix in his hand, to preach the cross & the blessings of the other life, employing his whole talent which God had given him to his service. But death prevented him.

The seventh SECTION.

Twelve Maxims of Wisdom, which arise from the twelve precedent Considerations.

Often examine your life by these maxims.

FRom these Considerations twelve goodly Maxims of wisdom arise, greatly necessary for any who would enjoy true happiness.

I. The first is, to give to every thing its estimation, since the beginning of our unhappiness proceedeth from a false value which we set upon creatures. It marvellously importeth to estimate every thing according to its worth. That good man *Epictetus*, said more than one would think, when he gave this advise: *My friend if thou lovest a pot, remember thy self to be a pot.* For want of the knowledge of the price of what we love, we put God under the Altar, and vice above, to allow it the best part of the incense.

1. Good value.

Μίμνησο, ὅτι χύτραν εἶρι- ας τὸν θεὸν χύ- τραν εἶναι.

II. For this cause it is necessary daily to endeavour to enfranchize our selves from the opinions of the world, and to use, not the ballance of wicked *Chanaan*, of whom the Scripture saith, *Chanaan in manu ejus statera dolosa*, but the ballance of *Jesus Christ*, which is the Cross. There we ought to weigh the pleasing and the profitable, good and evil, sowr and sweet, time and eternity, and to proportion our judgements, resolutions, designs, actions, proceedings, to this great ballance which cannot deceive us. And as we are exteriourly to resist this torrent of popular opinions, so we interiourly have our passions which we must necessarily extirpate, that we may give a judgement upon every thing with full liberty, otherwise they cast chaff into our eyes, and so blind us

2. Light of mind in the choice.

Osee. 12. Ballance of Chanaan.

III. To live here as a pilgrime of the world, disarrayed of all: To esteem nothing our own but our selves. All that which maketh us defie, quarrel, contest, accuse God and man, is, that we have thought our selves to be proprietaries of those things of which we have but onely the use. *We must* (saith Epictetus) *take all the blessings and honours of the world as a passenger, who going out of a Ship, gathers cockle-shels upon the sand, yet ever hath his eye upon the ship to which he is engaged.* Saint *Chrysostom* maketh such account of this maxim, that he saith, *There is but one virtue in the world that causeth all other virtues, which is, to carry ones self as a pilgrim of this world, and a Citizen of Paradise.*

3. To live a pilgrime.

Epict. Ench. ri. l. c. 12.

IV. To have a very good opinion of the providence of God, who covereth as it were under the shadow of his royal mantle, all creatures. S. *Augustine* saith, that God hath not made the world, afterward to leave it, like a Carabin who hath shot off his pistol. He governeth and defendeth it, as the good nurse who driveth away the wasp from her infants face whilest it securely sleepeth. He yieldeth himself accountable for all the hairs on our head. *And dost thou then* (saith S. Augustine) *fear to perish, confiding in God? One hair taken from thy head without thy knowledge or feeling, shall not perish; and shall thy soul be destroyed which is the root of all thy thoughts, and of all thy understandings? If God so preserve thy superfluities, what will he do to thy treasures?* Trust with confidence in the providence of God, if you desire always to live content. If your life be a feast, the Divine providence is the salt which seasoneth it. If that be a pilgrimage, this is the staff. If that be a night, this is the break of day. If you will fight, it is a steely buckler. If you sleep, it is a bed of repose. Our life is composed of three shadows, which are time past, time present, and the future. Will you have a good share in them all? said that admirable Emperour *Marcus Aurelius*: *Dispose time past to forgetfulness, the present to sanctity and justice, the future to providence.*

4. Opinion of providence. *Non fecit & abiit.*

Aug. hom. 14. tom. 10. pag. 103. *Times ergo ne pereat, cujus capillus non peribit? Si sic tua custodiantur superfluа, in quâ ta securitate est anima tua?*

Non perit capillus quem cum tondetur non sentit, & perit anima per quam sentit?

Marc. Aurel. Anton. l. 2. de vita sua.

V. To know the ways of this sacred providence, we must take heed not to be too wise, like some arrogant and scattered spirits, who boast to wander and alienate themselves from the way which all Saints have held, and searching out new paths, find every where illusions and precipices. All these lovers of innovation and proper judgement, are *Pharaoh's* Counsellours, who have drunk in the cup of giddiness.

5. To flie evil innovation.

There

Interrogare sapientem dimidia sapientia est. Homo sapiens est quãdiu quærit sapientiam: ubi putat se adepsus culmen pervenisse, desipit.

There is likewise found a little book of Apothegmes, translated out of Arabick into Latine by *Drusus*, which hath these remarkeable words: *To consult with the wise, is to be already half wise. A man is wise so long as he seeketh wisdom, but when he supposeth he hath throughly attained it, then he becometh a fool.*

6. An assured butt.

VI. To have an assured scope to aim at, not onely in general, which is to seek in all things the greatest glory of God, and ones own salvation, but also in particular to make and propose to your self a regular and well-pondered course of life. Some have so many affairs that they have not leisure either to live or die, others have nothing to do, and are perpetually wandering, and as it were looking for the key of their house, and never entering into it. We must take in hand some employment and moderate retirement, therein following the inspiration of God, an intention pure to live in the place which shall be most proper for us, to unite our selves to him according to our capacity, following withal the consultation which we ought to make with our own natural constitution, the direction of those who know and govern us, provided they be dis-interessed from their own passions. It is a business of no small importance to have good success herein. Some find without thinking thereof, conditions which seem made to their nature, as the nest of the Halcyon is fit to his body. Others, for that they have made a false step, are enforced to bite the bridle all their life time, if by patience they do not correct the defects of their carriage. Above all things it is convenient here to purifie your intentions, and if you must be embarqued in the Court life, not to come thither as a *Janniſary* or a *Mamaluck*, to make a fortune, and do nothing else.

Vacation.

7. Solid piety.

VII. To embrace a true and solid piety, such as our Fore-fathers have consigned over to us in all simplicity, and such as the Church instructeth us. Not to plaister nor disguise it for the accommodation of these petty ends: Such a practice is a great abomination, and cannot in conclusion avoid dreadful and dangerous accidents. You must serve God interiourly with great sincerity of heart, and most pure thoughts of his Majesty; exteriourly applying your self to ordinary services and ceremonies with most sincere freedom, without superstitions, scruples, vanities, presumptions, singularities. Behold (saith *Synesius*) the basis of the estate and total greatness of man.

Synesius de regul. ad Arcad.

Κρῆ σισὰ φαῦλε ἰφ ᾗς ἀσὶξει τὸ ἄγαλμα ἡμῶν.

8. Honesty.

VIII. To frame to your self a soul which is in a certain temper of integrity, consisting in well following the light of nature, and the touch of Heaven, which teacheth us we must do to another all that which we would have others to do unto us, and not to offer to another what we dislike in our selves. Behold the road-way of honesty, which whosoever forsaketh to become craftie, ever byassing to his pretended advantages, shall in the end of his account, find himself deceived. That great forementioned Emperour *Antoninus* saith, the wisdom of man consisteth in three points: well to behave himself towards God, which is done by Religion; with himself, which is done by mortification of his passions; and with men, which is effected by sparing and tolerating them, every where doing good, and after he hath done good, to have his ears prepared to hear evil.

Antonin. l. 5. de vita sua.

9. Government of pretensions.

IX. To govern his desires within the limits of his capacity and modesty. It is a great note of folly to attempt all things, and do nothing; to be tumoyled with the present, and to have always the throat of an enraged concupiscence gaping after the time to come; to be vexed with himself, and not to be of power to repose within himself; to make the steps of honour the degrees of his ruin; to raise a fortune like a huge *Colossus*, to make it fall upon his own shoulders, and to leave no other witnesses of his greatness, but the prints of his fall. It is a thing very difficult to have much, and impossible to have all, but it is so easie a matter to despise all, that it consisteth in nothing but in a bare refusal.

Senec. ep. 62. *Contemnere omnia quivis potest, omnia habere nemo.*

10. Tranquility.

X. To procure such an equality of spirit, so even, so regular, that he scarcely feel the approach of happiness, and when it is lost, not to make any shew of it. To behold the good of another as his own, and his own as another mans. To hold riches and honours as a river that glideth to day for you, to morrow for another. It is the nature thereof always to run gently; what wrong doth it to us? When prosperity laugheth on you, look back upon adversity which cometh in the rere, and remember you have seen tall ships lost in the harbour, even as it were in jest. S. *Augustine* pleased to repeat that verse of *Virgil*:

Mene sali placidi vultum, fluctusq; quietos
Ignorare jubes?

Augustin. ep. 113. & alibi.

desirous thereby to signifie to us, that we should no more confide in the prosperities of the world, than to a still sea, which in his over-great calm oft-times presageth the near approaching tempest. Brave and valorous Captains heretofore made a Sacrifice to war in the midst of peace, and in the midst of war dressed Altars to Peace; to declare that in good, we should live in distrust of ill, and in evil, in hope of good, but in both the one and the other ever in equality. This verily is one of the master-pieces of wisdom, which God imparteth to spirits greatly refigned, and who have passed through the most thin and slender searces.

11. Discretion in affairs.

XI. To behave ones self prudently in all kind of occasions, to examine the tenents and utmost bounds, the original, progress, end. Never to judge, till you have seen the bottom of the business, and therein to carry your self so, that if success cannot wait on your desires, you may not justly accuse either any crooked intention, or want of discretion. We are masters of our wils, but God hath reserved to himself the command over events.

12. Meditation of death.

XII. To be always ready to depart from hence cheatfully, when death shall sound the retreat. Saint *Chrysostom* saith finely: *This life is a nest framed of straw and morter*: we are the little birds, shall we putrifie in the stench of this filthy nest? If devotion hath made us wings, why are we slothfull? Let us bravely mount and take that flight which our Eagle tracked out unto us in the day of his Ascension. Remember, the quintessence of al wisdom is the meditation of death. It is a business we should learn all our life time to exercise it once. The faults therein committed are irreparable, and the loss without recovery. This consisteth in three things, resignation, dis-engagement, and union. As for resignation be not too faint-hearted, nor suffer your self to be called upon to pay a debt, which so many millions of men have discharged before you, and which so many millions shall likewise pay after you: shew to those who visit you, patience in your sickness, resolution at your last hour, and not to desire any thing but spiritual assistances.

Chrys. hom. 2. in epist. Pauli ad Coloss.

As for your departure, go out of the world as the chicken out of the shell.

I. Dispose of your temporal goods in time by making a just, clear, and perspicuous will. 2. Restore the goods of another. 3. Pay your debts as far as you can. 4. Lay open your affairs. 5. Give pious legacies, to charge the Altars of mercy with the last victims. 6. Reconcile your self, and above all things beware you carry not with you too much confidence and inordinate affection into the other world 7. Take order for the education of your children. 8. Dispose of offices, if you have any, with an upright conscience. 9. Forget not the labours of your poor ser-

vants. After this diſengagement draw the curtain betwixt your ſelf and all creatures. By a good confeſſion unite your ſelf to your Creatour, by the ſacred viaticum, extream unction, by acts of faith, hope, and charitie, by good ſuffrages of the Church, good admonitions, good purpoſes, good remembrances of the death of our Saviour, yielding your ſoul up upon a Crucifix, as a child who ſleepeth on the breaſt of his nurce.

The eigthth SECTION.

The Practice of Devotion and Prayer.

ONe of the ſhorteſt ways to gain wiſdom is to be devout. Devotion is as it were the flame and lightening-flaſh of charitie: and it is properly a prompt and affectionate vivacitie in things which concern the ſervice of God. It principally ſhineth in prayer and in the exerciſe of the works of mercy. Prayer, as ſaith the great Saint *Dionyſius* the *Areopagite*, is as it were a chain of ſilver, which from heaven hangeth downward to draw man up from earth, and unite him to God. It is the mount *Tabor*, where an admirable transfiguration is made of the ſoul into God: It is the ſpirit which ſpeaketh to God, which poureth it ſelf on God; in concluſion it is coloured by God, even as *Jacobs* ews did denote their burden to be of the ſame colour of which thoſe wands were that they ſted faſtly beheld. It is it which the Apoſtle pleaſed to ſay, *Beholding the glory of God, we are transfigured into the ſame image from brightneſs to brightneſs, as by the ſpirit of God.* Prayer is the conduit of grace. It is (as very well S. *Ephraim* hath ſaid) The ſtandard of our warfare, the conſervation of our peace, the bridle of our impatience, the guardian of temperance, the ſeal of virginitie, the advocate of offenders, the conſolation of the afflicted, the ſepulture of the dying. For the juſt are buried in prayer as the Phenix in perfumes. Prayer doth all. A Chriſtian without prayer is a Bee without ſting, who will neither make honey nor wax. It is to little purpoſe to propoſe unto you the myſteries of faith and the maxims of Chriſtian wiſdom, if you uſe not meditation to ruminate them. It is as meat caſt into a ſtomack without digeſtion, which will do more hurt than good, not of its own nature, but by your indiſpoſition which is bad. From hence proceed the deſolations of the earth. From hence are derived ſo many fals, ſo many miſeries, for that men apply not themſelves to taſt the things of God in prayer.

That which ought to incite us to this exerciſe, is, firſt the neceſſitie, which is ſo great, that in matter of ſpiritual life, it is as requiſite to pray, as in the animal to breath. We are choaked with fleſh and fat and the flames of concupiſcence, unleſs we upon all occaſions open our mouthes to take the gentle air of God.

Secondly, the pleaſures we therein take, in proceſs of time, is verily that which the prophet *Iſaiah* calleth *Sabbatum delicatum*, the delicate Sabbath. As much as to ſay, the delicious repoſe of the ſoul. The corporal eye (as ſaith the learned Prelate *William* of *Paris*) maketh its repaſt upon the beauty of the fields, the flowers, the heavens, the ſtars, and on all the objects which are found in this univerſe. But the eye of contemplation by the means of prayer nouriſheth it ſelf with the excellencie of God and the perfections of *Jeſus*.

Thirdly, the puritie and perfection of the ſoul, which is derived from this exerciſe, ought to ſerve us as a ſpecial ſpur. *There it is* (ſaith Albertus Magnus) *where we carrie our mouthes even to the ſource and wel-ſpring of virtue. There it is where God is known, and knowing him that we love him, and in loving him we ſearch him, in ſearching him we take pains, and in taking pains we find him.*

In the fourth place, we have the example of our Saviour who for our inſtruction ſpent the nights in prayer, the example of the Apoſtles and all Saints, who have practiced and recommended this exerciſe to us.

Voluntas quædam prompta tradendi ſe ad ea quæ pertinent ad Dei famulatum. S. Th. 2. 2. quæſt. 82.

S. Dionyſ. de divin. nomin. cap. 3.

Prayer in mount Tabor

Geneſ. 30.

Corinth. 2. 3. *Gloriam Domini ſpeculantes in eandem imaginem transformamur, à claritate in claritatem tanquam à Domini ſpiritu.*

Praiſe of prayer.

Neceſſitie of prayer.

Os meum aperui & attraxi ſpiritum.

Iſaiah 58. *Sabbatum delicatum.*

Pleaſure. *Sola, prima, ac luminoſiſſima veritas cibus eſt noſtri intellectus. Sola prima inundantiſſimaque bonitas cibus noſtri nobilis ac ſublimis affectus.*

Perfection of the ſoul. *Albert. de virtut. c. 27.*

Pernoctans in oratione Dei. Luc. 6. 12.

The ninth SECTION.

The neceſsitie of Confeſsion.

MEn reſemble ſnails, every one carrieth his own houſe with him, a houſe wholy repleniſhed with darkneſs, although it ever ſeem lightſom: A houſe, which hath neither door nor window, though therein be a thouſand witneſſes which ſee all that paſſeth with as many eyes as heaven hath ſtars: A houſe compoſed of labyrinths, yet cannot the Hoſt hide himſelf in it: A houſe whereinto the ſun peepeth not, and yet may even the very leaſt atoms be ſeen: A houſe, wherein there are perpetual pleadings, yet never any iſſue of proceſs but with iſſue of life. Finally, a houſe which hath two faces altogether different, the one called hell, the other Paradiſe. In a word, this houſe whereof I ſpeak, is the conſcience. It is full of darkneſs, for the thoughts of men are involved in ſuch a cloud of obſcuritie, that neither the devils nor Angels themſelves ſee any thing therein, yet is it lightſom, for ever the eye of propet conſcience reflecteth thereon. There is no door nor window, for all is very cloſe ſhut up; yet do a thouſand witneſſes fix their eyes thereon, for the conſcience alone is called a thouſand-witneſſes. It is compoſed of labyrinths, for there are all flexibilities and ſubtil mazes: in this labyrinth the hoſt cannot hide himſelf; for it is ever day-pierced by the eye of God, before whom neither the abyſs nor hell it ſelf hath darkneſs enough to hide it. The ſun peepeth not in there, for in effect its light which diſplayeth all the objects of the world before our eyes, cannot diſcover the ſimpleſt of our thoughts; yet may the very leaſt atoms be ſeen, for there is not any thing ſo ſubtil which can free it ſelf from the eyes of God. They perpetually plead there; for every moment the conſcience chalengeth us even upon the leaſt ſins, and the iſſue of the proceſs concludeth not but with the end of life, becauſe at that very hour the deciſive ſentence of our eternitie is given.

Nullus moleſtior oculus cuiq; ſuo. Bern. l. 5. de conſiderat.

Putáſne Deus è vicino ego ſum & non Deus de longe? Hierem. 23.

In fine, this houſe hath two faces, whereof the one is called hell, to wit the evil conſcience, and the other Paradiſe, that is the good and innocent, which we cannot throughly ſettle in this great corruption of the heart of man but by a good confeſſion.

Aula Sathanæ, hortus deliciarum, & aureum reclinatorium. Bernard. de interiori domo.

Ambr. in illud rerela Domino viam tuam.

Too much ſhade hurteth ſeeds which begin to grow, darkneſs duls them, and the eye of the ſun ſerves them as a father. Aſſure your ſelf the buds of virtue hold the ſame courſe, there muſt be day to bring them into the light, and he who will hide his life, ſhall looſe all the fruit he may hope thereof. *Confeſſion is the price of our immortalitie, the citie of refuge given us by God: but if it be once ill managed it is not a confeſſion, but a double confuſion, for feigned miſerie excludeth true mercie, nor did ever preſumption well accord with pitie.*

Idem.

Bernard. de interiori domo. cap. 37.

Among the moſt eſpecial exerciſes of devotion are confeſſion, communion, meditation, ſpiritual lection, and the fruit we derive from the word of God. Concerning the practiſe of confeſſion we will onely ſpeak with much brevitie thereof, for at this preſent there are great ſtore of books which teach this method. Hear a true obſervation made by Saint Auguſtine, *That the beginning of our good works,*

Auguſt. tract. 12. in Joan.

works, is the accusation of our evil. If you desire utterly to forsake the animal life to submit to the spiritual, put in the fore-front a good general confession. *Confession* (saith S. Ambrose) *is the price of our immortality: It is the tribute of Heaven, signified by the piece of coyn which* S. Peter *found in the mouth of a fish.*

Gulielm. Paris. de Sacrament Pœnitent. l. 12. Matth. 17.

General confession the beginning of spiritual life.

Necessity seems to require it, for the reasons which follow. First, how many sins are left by the way, how many by culpable ignorance, sometimes through fear, and shame, and other reprehensible manner? Secondly, what invalidities and nullities of confession may happen, now by the defect of the Priest, who perhaps hath not sufficient jurisdiction, sometime through your own indisposition, who neither will have sorrow nor good purpose of amendment, and sometime for other circumstances? Thirdly, who seeth not that the foundation of a life truly Christian, is humility? And we know not how better to attain this virtue, than by representing to our selves, no longer by piece-meal, but wholly in gross, the youth, follies, the slackness, negligences, infidelities, and impurities of our passed life. All that coming to pour it self upon our consideration, like a great squadron, necessarily stirreth in us a great confusion and dolour for our ingratitude. In the fourth place, we ordinarily see those who duely make this act, unfolded and delivered in all its particulars, do come as it were out of the furnace, sparkling with radiant brightness, to form a life absolutely new. You therein observe a conscience most curious, intentions better rectified, actions more purified, a promptness better awakened for the service of God, a modesty more regular in prosperity, a heart more elevated in adversity, a more generous contempt of the world. Briefly, although one should reap but this onely good which is the peace and tranquility of conscience, it would always be a matter marvellously recommendable. And we know by experience, many consciences tormented with divers remorses and scruples, have after a general confession, found themselves wholly pacified, and have begun to breath a more benign air of the mercies of God. To proceed therein, it is good well to sound your heart afore-hand, and to descend into the knowledge of your self, which is a work of no small importance.

Its utility.

The manner.

heavy correction upon us, leaving us to our selves. It seemeth we now have our heads turned backward, never to know what passeth in our hearts. But God in the day of judgement will turn it before, and, if we take not very good heed, to our confusion. S. *Augustine* triumpheth upon this passage: *That which thou hast put behind thee, I will place before thine eyes. Thou shalt see thy impurities, not to correct them, but to confound thee. Turn thy face, go behind thy self, and set thy self before thy self.*

Psal. 49. *Arguam te, & statuam contra faciem tuam.*

August. in Psal. 49. *Qua post dorsum posuisti ante faciem pônam: videbis fœditatem tuam non ut corrigas, sed ut erubescas. Tolle te à tergo tuo, & constitue te ante te.*

The manner will be after an humble and serious invocation of the Holy Ghost, to call to mind all your life, according to the course and progress of ages, remembring your self of the places where you have made abode, the persons with whom you have conversed, the affairs which you have handled, the sins to which you have been most inclined, and which most afflict your conscience. Observing also (if it be possible) the number of those which are most heinous, which if it cannot be done, do not search them out with pensiveness and anxiety.

The order which ought to be observed, is, to run through the law or the ten Commandments of God, and those of the Church, taking every one in his place. As *upon the first Commandment*, to examine the sins of infidelity, of contempt of holy things, of impiety, sorceries, divinations, magick, dreams, superstitions, distrusts of the mercy of God, presumptions of ones own ability, languishment, coldness, hypocrisies, impurities, sacriledges in the service of God; speaking distinctly upon every word, wherein and how, by what motive and to what purpose.

Multa *D. Th.* opusc. 64. de modo confitendi & puritate conscientiæ.

II. *Upon the second*, unnecessary oaths, false oaths, blasphemies, execrations, profanation of things sacred and words of Scripture.

III. *Upon the third*, the exercise of labour, traffick, of civil and criminal justice, and other works forbidden on Sundays.

The irreverence committed on this great day, in neglecting to hear the whole Mass, or some notable part thereof, and employing all your time in excess of tongue, dances, masks, follies, sensualities.

IV. *Upon the fourth*, contempt, hatred, distast, ingratitude, irreverence, disobedience towards father and mother, kindred, and Superiours: Neglect towards your subjects, vassals, and houshold-servants.

V. *Upon the fifth*, the clamours, enmities, quarrels, violences, faithlessness, injustices, oppressions, poisonings, abortions, slaughters, malice, outrages, cruelties committed against your neighbour. The ill usage of your own person, by perplexity, despair, or impatient desire of death.

VI. *Upon the sixth*, fornications, adulteries, incests, whoredoms, ravishments, secret marriages, sacriledges, self-softnesses, pollutions, ill use of marriage, and other infamous luxuries, which *Tertullian* termeth monsters. Adde all that which attendeth on wantonness, as dishonest thoughts, unchaste words, lascivious glancings, kisses, touches, books, pictures, comedies, love-letters, dancings, masks, too free conversations with evident danger of sin, and sometime charms, love-potions, or other attractives, characters, and witch-crafts.

VII. *Upon the seventh*, thefts, pilferies, robberies, connivence with thieves, falsification of instruments, of letters, seals, wills, contracts, scedules, obligations, false purchases, false buyings, false sales, false coyns, deceits, defraudations, surprizes, usurpations of the goods of the Church, simonies, usuries, delays of reasonable payments, injustices, litigious wranglings, excessive expences, foul play in game, cruelties toward the poor, and such like things.

VIII. *Upon the eighth*, false witnesses and sollicitations thereof, calumnies, diffamatory libels, lies, impostures, hypocrisies, dissimulations, flatteries, treasons, confusion of your neighbour.

IX. *Upon*

The tenth SECTION.

The Practice of Confession.

Heart of man *Pravum cor hominis & inscrutabile.* Hier. 17.

THe heart of man is a little abyss which seemeth neither to have bounds, bottom, nor shore. *It is malicious and inscrutable*, said the Prophet. The *Hebrew* readeth in the same place, that it is a supplanter, who escapeth from us like an eel, when we think to hold it, and oftentimes it overthroweth us. The great S. *Macarius* assureth us it is a little vessel, but full of caverns, labyrinths, precipices, lyons, serpents, and other venemous beasts. Moreover self-love, which oftentimes like a wicked watch-man placeth himself at the gate of our heart, will not suffer truth to approach. It maketh him think, it is too crude, drie, austere, old, wrinckled to be presented to such a Prince. In the mean time it relateth all things to the heart to its own advantage, and entertaineth it with a thousand curiosities of conceits. It maketh all vices to be beheld therein in full proportion, and virtue in eclipse.

Macar. hom. 43.

Knowledge of ones self very hard.

Self-love.

This admitted, necessarily the assistance of God is to be implored in a very particular manner, to obtain the knowledge of our selves, and to labour therein couragiously and stoutly without flattering our selves. God threateneth in the Prophet, he will lay a

IX. *Upon the ninth*, enterprizes and designs contrary to marriage, by seducing the parties with words, signs, gestures, letters, gifts, attractions, with deliberate purpose and unbridled desire of sin.

X. *Upon the tenth*, disordinate thirst of riches, principally to the prejudice of your neighbour.

Upon the commandments of the Church, the omissions of Mass, or notable negligences and distractions in hearing it on feasts commanded. The sin against abstinence from meats and fasts appointed; against the use of Sacraments of confession and communion; against the observation of times fit for marriage, against faith and sincerity in the payment of tythes.

Amongst the sins against the law of God and ordinances of the Church are comprehended the seven sins, which we call mortal and capital. As against the first Commandment, the sin of pride, in the great opinion of your self, the obstinacy in your own judgement and will, the disobedience to Superiours, the ambition of honours, vanities, vaunts, follies. The sin of sloth, in slackness, ill expence of time, negligence, remissness of courage, pusillanimity. The sin of gluttony, in making a god of ones belly. The sin of avarice upon the seventh. The sin of wrath and envy upon the fifth. The sin of luxury upon the sixth. Behold an abundance of matter to be examined in a general confession. All is proposed which may have happened. I do not say that we must rest upon every point scrupulously, to search into that which never hath been, and (as they say) shave an egge.

Particular sins.

Every one ought more particularly to descend into the vices of his own nature and profession; as Lords and Gentlemen to examine the sins of pride, tyranny, curiosity, delights, in looking after their pleasures more than the profit of the publick, in exacting things not due, in usurping the pains, goods, sweat, bloud of vassals, and, being men, to have served themselves with men in all prodigality. In neglecting the keeping of peace and justice, the duty, charges, and reparation of places to which they stand obliged. In giving estates, offices, benefices, to vitious and uncapable persons. In violating ecclesiastical rites. In notably damnifying, for the pleasures of hunting and hawking, the fields and possessions of others. In stopping the course of justice by favour. In vexing, tormenting, imprisonning, condemning through passion, without lawful proof. In overlashing, in ambition, lust, bragging, excessive expences and such like things.

Judges and Magistrates, of ignorance, malice, negligences, as being intruded into their places without capacity, by favour and money. In behaving themselves carelessly, without serious study of that which is their profession. In not soundly, seriously, and solidly examining processes, but contenting themselves with superficial notice. In giving sentence for money and favour, and many times against men unheard, without order or form of justice. In going out of the circuit of their jurisdiction, to encroach upon the authority of others. In bearing themselves with passion in affairs. In entertaining bad officers, in prolonging processes by cautelous references or affected laziness. In solliciting the wife and daughter, who plead upon promise of favour. In exercising on festival days acts of judicature without necessity. In neglecting the government and weal-publick, for the accommodation of his own affairs. In tollerating scandalous sins against the honour of God.

Practice of ordinary confession.

Women, about their pomps, curiosities, excesses, dissolutions in apparel and dressings, pride, fierceness, boldness, impatience, quarrels, loves, jealousies, courtings, idleness, and so of the rest.

For those who often confess in ordinary confessions, it sufficeth to examine their thoughts, words, deeds, omissions. Of thoughts, some are burdensom, some affected, some bitter, some vain. The burdensom, as those which proceed against faith and honesty, to persons who much are alienated from ill affections; and such thoughts ought rather to be despised than examined. The affected, as those of complacence, of curiosity, of our own commodity, and of some passion a little exorbitant towards creatures. The bitter, as those of suspitions, jealousies, disdains, aversions, choller. The vain, as those which are brought forth at all moments in the childishness of a scattered uncollected heart, and flie therein as birds do in the air. It is as impossible as unnecessary to take an account of them. It is sufficient to confess in general, and to declare the habitudes and dispositions of his heart.

Thoughts of four sorts.

Words are the interpreters of our soul, and the chariots which carry our senses and affections: Some carry rice, others honey, the rest vineger. They carry rice, who are over-joyous, recreative, impertinent, idle, facetious. They carry honey, who have petty affectations, courtships, lies, exaggerations, complacences, flatteries, soothings, boastings. And they bear vineger, who are somewhat rude, fierce, disdainful, biting, riotous, and ill-spoken.

Words the chariot of the soul.

Deeds concern God, your neighbour, and your self. For that which appertaineth to God, you must first accuse your self of defects in the exercises of devotion, as prayer, vocal, mental, meditation, examen, spiritual reading, the Sacraments. For that which appertaineth to your neighbour and your self, you have four horses in the chariot of imperfection, which transport many of your actions, to wit, vanity, impatience, curiosity, negligence.

Works.

Vanity intrudeth it self into all parts, saith *Cassianus*: into apparel, going, speech, into watchings, prayers, into abstinencies and fasts. It combateth in the midst of virtues, to triumph over virtues. It presenteth it self as well to the victorious, as to the assaylant. *Impatience*, in so many contentions and encounters with your neighbour, and if one have no other adversary he strugleth with himself. *Curiosity*, in too much seeking his own commodities and ease of body. *Negligences* in offices, in mannaging of affairs and charges: omissions, as of good resolved purposes of prayer, and laudable actions, which one ought to do either by justice, or by charity, or by vow, or by rule, or by promise, or necessity. One may upon this choose seven or eight imperfections which most molest him, to be therein short.

Behold as it were the matter of Confessions. For the form to unfold ones self, no man should make strange, if some for the comfort of their memory, having run over the abridgement and summary of matter of Confession, do make an extract of that which concerneth them, principally in general Confessions. The wisest of the Roman Emperours, *Augustus*, was so considerate, that treating upon some affairs with his wife, he spake to her by writing, to avoid mistaking. Can a man take too much consideration in an affair of so great importance, which passeth with God?

When the principal points are marked out, they must be explicated in intelligible terms. There are some large consciences who have nothing to say, some scrupulous, who desire to say all, and some reasonable, who proceed therein with mediocrity. To say he is a great sinner, that he hath broken all the branches of mortal sins, that he hath not served God so well as he should, and that if he have done such or such a thing, he asketh pardon, that is to say nothing. You must specifie and descend to particulars, propose the act, deliver it with lawful and necessary circumstances, touch the motive without extravagancies, and the intention which hath excited us to do it, and continuance of the sin, to represent the state of the soul to the life. Yet for all this you must not so much think upon this preparation nor the means to unfold your self, that thereby the principal

Three sorts of consciences.

part

part of penance be neglected, which is contrition.

Contrition. This contrition is a sorrow to have offended God, not principally for the deformity of sin, and the fear of punishment (for that is nothing but attrition) but for that this sin is committed against God, infinitely good, and infinitely amiable; and for that one maketh a firm resolution to be confessed, and to preserve himself from sin in time to come. Behold the point of contrition, which to attain you must seriously and advisedly represent to your self the greatness, goodness, power, wisdom, justice, love, mercy, benefits of God; opposed to your malice, weakness, baseness, ignorance, presumption, misery, ingratitude, and well figure to your self the hostility of mortal sin, to obtain an eternal detestation against it. To consider how it ruineth riches, honours, credit, reputation, posterity, and Empires. That it soyleth the glory of an innocent life, and leaveth a character of infamy. That it overthroweth bodies, health, good grace; that it openeth the gates of sudden and unexpected death. That it maketh man blind, dumb, deaf, wicked, senseless, stupid, savage, and many times furious and enraged by the remorse of conscience. That it dispoileth a soul of all the graces, beauties, excellencies, priviledges, love, favour of God, hope of life and salvation. That it killeth it, and rendeth it more cruelly than a tiger or panther. That a life of God was needful to take away such a blemish, and that if a soul be spotted at the hour of death, an eternity of flames cannot deliver it, and such like.

Hostility of sin.

In sins which seem least, you shall always have great cause of contrition, when the benefits of God shall be represented unto you, which he particularly and personally hath conferred upon us, opposed to our childishness of heart, tepidity, slackness, infidelity, negligence, ingratitude. As for the proceeding to confession, the preparatives being well made, it is needful to choose a Confessour who hath four qualities, jurisdiction, reputation, knowledge, discretion, and after you have confessed to him entirely, faithfully, sincerely, to accomplish the penance enjoyned you with obedience, promptness, and punctual diligence, afterward to take a new spirit, to resist temptations, and to busie your self in good works with more courage than ever.

Proceeding in confession.

The eleventh SECTION.

The Practice of Examen.

Necessity of examen. THe practice of Confession is made more easie by the examen of conscience, as well general as particular. Think not too much is required of your profession, if there be speech used to you of the examen of conscience. Not onely the Philosophers have made it, as *Pythagoras*, *Seneca*, *Plutarch*, but poor barbarous *Indians*, by the relation of *Apulejus*, took an account every evening of the good and evil they had done each day. This is it, which is required of you. Prepare daily a little Consistory of justice in your conscience; see what passeth within your self, acknowledge your defects, and amend them to prevent the justice of God.

It is said the eclipse of the Sun causeth the earthquake: and the eclipse of reason by ignorance of the interiour man produceth great disorders in the soul. For the wicked spirit (saith *Procopius*) upon the first of Kings, endeavoureth to use us as did the *Ammonites* the inhabitants of *Jabes*: They seek to pull out our right eye, and to bereave us of the sight of our selves, to bury us in great and deep confusions. But let us make use of all the lights which God hath given us, to cast reflections into the bottom of our thoughts. *The conscience is an admirable Tribunal, where Justice pleadeth and Mercie sentenceth. All that which the one writes, the other blotteth out, putting as it were the point of the pen upon the heart of the penitent.*

Cuilelm. Parisiens. c. 12. Sacro pœnite. *In hoc Tribunali sedet misericordia, assidet autem justitia, ubi quicquid contra pœnitentem inscribit justitia, totum delet misericordia, acumen stili velut figens in corde pœnitentis.*

A good Interpreter of the Scripture relateth the vision of a wise man, who on a day sought for the house of conscience, and it seemed to him he beheld a Citie built with goodly architecture, beautified with five gates, which had as many narrow paths ending in one larger way. Upon this way stood a Register, who took the names of all passengers to record them. Beyond that he saw two Tribunes, attended by a great concourse of the common people, who governed the inferiour parts of the Citie: above was beheld a Cittadel, wherein a great Princess commanded, who had a sceptre in hand and crown on her head.

Delrio ser. de Conscientia.

By her side was a Ladie very ancient and venerable, who in one hand held a torch with which she lighted this Queen, and in the other a goad wherewith she pricked her, if she governed not according to her direction.

The wise man amazed, asked in his heart what all this train meant, and he heard a voice within, which said unto him: Behold thy self ere thou art aware, arrived at the house of conscience, which thou soughtest for. These five gates thou seest are the five senses. The way where they all meet is common sense: All the people which enter in by heaps, are the objects of the creatures of the world, which first touch our senses before they pass into the soul. This Register who writeth down the names, is imagination, that keeps record of all things: These two Tribunes are the two appetites, the one is called the appetite of concupiscence, which is ever in search after its desires, the other the appetite of anger, extreamly striving to strike at all obstacles which oppose its good, either real or pretended: This mass of people thou seest, are the passions, which make ill work in the inferiour parts of the Citie: This Princess in the Cittadel with crown and scepter, is reason: The ancient and venerable Ladie by her side, is conscience: She hath a torch to shew the good way, and the goad to prick those that wander: In a word, if thou desirest to know what conscience is, it is a sovereign notice of good and ill, which God impresseth on our hearts as with a hot iron, and is very hard to be taken off.

Dictamen rationis, spiritus corrector, & pædagogus animæ. S. Thom. 1. p. q. 79.

Happy he who often visiteth this interiour house God hath given him, and pondereth all his thoughts, his words, and actions, to adopt them to the measures of the eternal law.

You know a general examen hath five parts: *Thanksgiving*, *invocation*, *discussion*, *petition*, *resolution*. In *thanksgiving*, we thank God principally for the benefits received that day. In *invocation* the light of heaven is required to know our sins, and amend them. In *discussion* an account is asked of our soul, running through the hours of the day, of thoughts, words, works, and omissions. In *petition* pardon of our sins is implored. In the up-shot of all, *good purposes* are made to correct ones self by the assistance of grace. If you think to live in such purity, that you may find nothing more to examine, it is for want of light or application of mind. Know there are six things ever to busie the most perfect in their examen.

Parts.

The first, to ponder the roots of our defects, errours, imperfections. The second, to see the remedies which may be given thereunto. The third, to distinguish true and solid virtues from those which are no other than virtues in apparence. The fourth, to pick out in all our works the intentions and motives which transport us, and what the affections are which at that time govern our soul. The fifth,

Six things in examen to employ the most perfect.

to

to see what wanteth of perfection in good works which we do, and how they may be performed with the most accomplishment. The sixth, to compare our gains, our losses, our encrease, our decrease in matter of virtue.

Particular examen.

A particular examen is made, when one undertaketh to wrastle with one vice alone, and to extirpate one sole imperfection. For he that will sometime strike at them in gross, resembleth the souldier of *Sertorius*, who tugged at a horses tayl, by strength of arm to pull it quite away: Another more wise pulled it off hair after hair, and so prevailed. The like happeneth in our vices and defects. He must pull them away by little threads, who will effectually correct them. Wherefore one riseth in the morning with a thought not to fall that day into such an imperfection, and to oppose it in every place, as some enemy which one would vanquish. After dinner retiring himself apart, he doth three things. The first, to ask an account of his soul of the relapses which have been made into this imperfection. The second, to note the number, making so many pricks with a pen. The third, to purpose to arm himself for the rest of the day. After supper the like exercise is made, and so one findeth out from day to day, from week to week, from moneth to moneth, what profit is made. There is no imperfection so deeply rooted which is not pulled away by the grace of God, you remaining in the constancy of such an exercise.

Plutar. in Sertor.

corde meo quasi ignis exæstuans claususque in ossibus meis, & defeci ferre non sustinens.

The mother of young *Tobie* sighing said: *My son, all our treasures, our riches, our honours, our contentments, our delights were in thy person, and therefore we ought never to be separated from thee.* But it is verily in this subject, we have true cause to speak these words. All is in the sacred Eucharist; the body, the bloud, the soul, the life, the humanity, the divinity of *Jesus Christ*, all that which he hath derived from the Eternal Father, all that which he hath taken from our nature, he yieldeth us in this blessed Sacrament, and doth as the bee who robbeth the flowers of his Masters garden, to restore all again in honey. All the perfections which our Lord hath conferred on his own Person, are seasoned to us in this high and majestical mysterie, as in a honey-comb. It is an extension of the Incarnation of the Son of God: He was once hypostatically united to one sole man, but here he is united to all men as oftentimes as they receive him by a visceral transfusion of himself, as one should melt one piece of waxe within another (as saith S. *Cyril.*) And then who would not desire such an union of a Saviour so merciful with a sinner so miserable? of a sovereign Physitian with a sick man so remedilesse? of a King so powerful with a vassal so wretched? of a Father so benign with a son so refractary? May we not well say, that they which tast not this celestial viand have their rellishes much dulled with the leeks and onions of *Ægypt?* May we not affirm that they lead no other life but of a mushrome? Ought we not al the night before to make our hearts sparkle in good desires and jaculatory prayers, when we go to the bed of our celestial bridegroom.

Tob. 10. *Omnia simul in te uno habentes non debuimus demittere te.*

Greatness of the Eucharist.

Endeavour then to awaken and cherish your desire with a thousand aspirations and elevations of heart, and have always in your mouth some good words, which may be the pledges and earnest-penies of your intentions. Behold the first leaf of the lilie.

The twelfth SECTION.

The practice of Communion.

ALl those who dispose themselves to a life more Christian, know they have not a means more wholesom nor effectual to acquire and preserve the grace of God, than the Sacrament of the Altar, and for this cause it is fit both often and duely to have access thereunto. But a beautiful looking-glass in a golden frame in the house of a blind man; an excellent lute in the chamber of the deaf; a goodly diamond in a truss of straw; a honey-comb in the throat of a dead lyon, what availeth all this? The blind man seeth not, the deaf heareth not, the diamond sparkleth not, the honey-comb nourisheth not. And what profiteth likewise the blessed Sacrament in a faint, languishing, and indisposed soul? Imagine according to that which the learned *Rupertus* saith, that the Blessed Sacrament is the fountain of terrestrial Paradise, which watereth the whole Church with its delicious refreshings.

Communion without preparation, what it is.

Eucharist the foundation or Paradise.

All the faithful draw from thence, but all come not with the same disposition. Some bring thither a heart of paper, that is to say, a childish heart which padleth in the water and no whit profiteth. Others, a heart like a sive, that lets all go through, and retaineth nothing but a little moysture. The rest a heart of a sponge, which is abundantly replenished with the favours and mercies of God. If you desire to communicate fruitfully, make a present to your celestial spouse (who is pleased to feed among lilies) of a lilie of six leaves. There are six remarkable qualities which must be had to accomplish this exercise. Two before communicating, desire and puritie: Two in communicating, humility and charity: Two after communicating, thanksgiving and renovation of the inward man by the oath of fidelity.

Three sorts of hearts.

Lilie with six leaves to communicate

You must then endeavour from the eve of the day you are to receive, to make a furnace of desires in your heart, that so you may say with the Prophet Jeremie: *I feel in my heart a burning fire, which fixeth it self even in my bones, and the violence thereof is such that I cannot bear it.* Let us go to this sacred table as the thirsty Hart to the stream of waters, as an hungry creature to a feast, as the bridegroom to the wedding a thousand times desired, as the covetous to a myne of gold, as the conqueret to spoils. Is not there matter sufficient to serve as a spur to your desires, since there is our beginning, our origen, our treasure, our sovereign good?

Desire.

Jer. 20. *Factus est in me.*

Second leaf of the lilie, puritie.

The second is called *purity*. I speak not of that which concerneth the purging of mortal sins by confession, which is wholly necessary, and cannot be omitted without sacriledge; I speak of purity more subtile and fine, which consisteth in faith, affections, and intentions. You ought first to have a singular faith, and a most worthy and serious understanding of the mysterie, not onely in believing what the Church teacheth us of this Sacrament, either of the reality of the precious body of our Saviour, or of transubstantiation; but to believe it sincerely, clearly, firmly, without curiosity, restriction, or hesitation; not as those who convinced, and as it were confounded with reason, do in some sort believe, and upon the least occasion repent in their faithless heart what they have believed, & make to themselves a faith floating and racking up and down, like clouds under the breath of the winds. When you go to receive the Blessed Sacrament, you must do as *Abraham* did in his Sacrifice, hold the bond-men and ass, which are your senses, at the foot of the hill, and let your will and understanding ascend, lightened with the torch of faith, even to the height, to sink it self down into those resplendent nights of the wisdom of Heaven.

What ought to be the faith of a good communicants.

Intention.

For purity of intention, which is the character of our actions, I would have nothing side-ways nor bearing upon any byas: I will not that you communicate for some humane respect, some civil decencie, or to please those whose favour you desire, nor

nor for some trifling vanity, and sometimes hypocrisie, or other ends and aims which are far estranged from the ways of God. You must communicate with intention to unite your self to God your beginning, to whiten and guild your self with his sights, to enkindle your self the more in his love, to retain the memory of that Sacrifice which he offered on mount *Calvarie*, that is to say, of his most venerable passion; to appease the anger of God for as many sins as are committed; to implore the assistance of Heaven for the necessities of the Church, as well for the living as dead; to obtain for your self and persons of whom mention is made, some victory over temptations, some new virtues, some temporal grace, in as much as shall concern the spiritual state. Briefly, for thanksgiving for the benefits which we receive from his Divine Majesty, both in general and particular.

Purity of affection.

Purity of affections consisteth principally in two points: To banish from your heart all animosities, revenges, quarrels, punctillioes, and readily to reconcile your self before you come to the Altar: The other is to free your self, not onely from affections dishoneſt and unlawful, but also a little exorbitant, which one may have to any creature whatsoever. It is convenient your heart be then as a chrystal-vial filled with clear water, wherein the least moat of uncleanness may be seen. It is to put *Adonis* in the crib of *Bethleem* (which heretofore the infidels did) when we communicate still retaining impure passions with a deliberate purpose.

Adonis in the crib of *Bethleem.*

Germanus Patriarch of *Constantinople* in his Theory saith the pixe, which is the vessel and resting-place where the Blessed Sacrament is put, is called *Ciborium*, as one would say *the Ark of lights*, to teach us that at the onely sight of this Sacrament, we must dispel all thoughts of darkness which have possessed our soul. And for the better obtaining this purity, it is good to practice some devotions in the eve of receiving, as mortification of tongue by retirement and silence, as abstinence, or some other exercise of humility or work of mercy. When the day cometh, run to this heavenly Manna in the morning: Amuze not your self too much in decking and accommodating your body, nor in scattering and disordering your mind in vain cares and sollicitudes, but keep the vessel of your heart as a well stopped pot, to pour it out at the table of your spouse. It is at the instant of receiving that you must imitate the Seraphins of the Prophet *Isaiah*, to hold all your wings still but onely two, which are humility and charity: These are the two wings on which you ought to poyze your self at your pleasure. First, grounding all in reverence before the eyes of this ineffable Majesty, abasing your self even to the center of your nothing, treading under foot all presumptions, vanities, follies, by a most perfect humility of spirit. Secondly, to stir up lively and ardent affections with all the endeavour of your heart, and if that suffice not, offer all to God in the union of his onely Son, and merits of the most Blessed Virgin *Mary*.

Germ. Patriarch. in Theoriâ.

Exod. 5. What ought to be done on the day of Communion.

Third and fourth leaf of the lilly. Imitation of Seraphins. *Isaiah* 6.

Moving wings.

To cherish the affections of these holy virtues, you must have your prayers, meditations, and considerations upon the Blessed Sacrament well prepared and digested with variety, that you may still hold your devotion in breath, as:

Exod. 3. Considerations for Communion. *Moses* before the burning bush.

I. To represent *Moses* in the bush burning, seized with a holy fire, who heard these words: *Put off thy shoes, take away thy sensual affections, the land here is holy, yea it is the Holy of Holies*: This is the noble fire which enflameth Angels in heaven and pure souls on earth, which is enchaled within the species of the Sacrament. What ought you then to do?

Solve calceamentum de pedibus tuis, locus in quo stas terra sanctaest. Reg. 44. The Hostess of Eizeus.

II. To represent unto your self that your soul is as the Hostess of the Prophet *Elizeus*, the good *Shunamite*, who prepareth her heart as a lodging for the King of Prophets, thanksgiving as a table, humility for a seat, and charity for a candle lighted.

Ruth. 2. 8, 9. *Unde mihi hoc ut invehirem gratiam ante oculos tuos? & posse me dignarerin peregrinam mulierem?*

III. To represent to your self that it is a *Ruth*, who accounted it a great favour to be esteemed by *Booz*, and to have leave to glean in the fields after his harvest men, and acknowledging with gratitude so small a benefit, she laid with her face prostrated on the earth: *From whence cometh this favour which I have gained in your presence? From whence proceedeth that you deign to know me who am but a poor forraigner?* What ought you to say?

Esther. 7. 3. *Quæ est petitio tua, Esther, ut detur tibi? Et quid vis fieri? Etiamsi dimidiam partem regni mei petieris, impetrabis.*

IV. That it is as the humble *Esther* before *Ahasuerus*, and that it kisseth the golden rod, and moreover that it understandeth these words: *What is thy demand*, Esther? *Tell me, to the end it may be granted. What wouldst thou have me do? If thou askest me the moity of my Kingdom, thou shalt have it.* Answer, you would have nothing but the King, and that he alone sufficeth you.

Mephibosheth 2 Reg. 9. *Et tu comedes panem in mensâ meâ semper. Quis ego sum servus tuus, quoniam respexisti super me canem mortuum?*

V. That it is as *Mephibosheth*, the son of *Jonathan*, to whom *David* spake these words: *My meaning is, you shall eat at my table all the days of your life.* What answered this little son of the King thereupon? *Alas, Sir, who am I your poor servant that you please to cast your eye upon me, a dead dog, such as I am?*

1 Reg. 1. Jonathan.

VI. That it is as *Jonathan*, who extreamly tired, dipped the end of a wand which he carried in his hand into an honey-comb, and lifting it to his lips, at that instant behold his eyes, before heavy and oppressed, became clear again, and his body reassumed new and fresh vigour. There needeth but a little consideration to a well composed spirit, both to cast it presently down by humility into the center of nothing, and to raise it by love even above the emperial Heaven. One may likewise every time he receiveth, prepare divers meditations to entertain himself more at large, either before or after the mysterie.

Other considerations.

I. As meditation upon the history, considering 1. The eating of the lamb. 2. The washing of feet. 3. The institution of the Blessed Sacrament.

II. The names, as Eucharist, Communion, Sacrifice, Bread, Viaticum, and other such like, practising your self to search out the reason of every one, with application of spirit, to derive from thence things agreeable to the name which one meditateth: As upon the name of Communion, the resolution of peace, concord, and charity.

III. The figures, as the bread and wine of *Melchisedech*, the Paschal Lamb, Manna, the bread of *Elias*, meditating upon the histories and conformities which they have with this Divine mysterie, and the fruits we ought to draw from thence.

IV. The causes of the institution. 1. As to serve us for a memory of the Passion. 2. An incitement of love and charity. 3. For spiritual nourishment. 4. For Sacrifice. 5. For a pledge of beatitude, considering whether we answer to the intention of the Son of God in this action. After receiving you must rest upon the two last leaves of the lilly, which are *thanksgiving*, and *renovation of spirit*. You then must adore this great guest whom you have in your heart, with all the powers of Heaven and creatures of the earth, to play your part as if you were a little string of the great harp of the world. To offer to God the whole world as a votive-table hanged on his altar, collected in the perfections of his onely Son, who is wholly yours, being so freely given to you, so solemnly, so irrevocably, as he whose Divinity, soul, life, flesh, and bloud you have in this incomprehensible Sacrament. To give him thanks for the infinite riches he hath placed in this sacred humanity which you enjoy, and for that he hath given you his Son for father, brother, Master, Leader, Redeemer; for the good he communicateth to all faithful people by the means of this inexhaustible fountain of grace, for the special favours he hath done to you and

Fifth and sixth leaf of the lilly. What you are to do after Communion.

yours, for the natural talents with which he hath adorned you, and likewise for the various change of comforts and discomforts with which he hath enterlaced your life. Briefly, for the present visit which he hath made in the house of your heart, so ill prepared.

After adoration and thanksgiving, followeth *petition* for the faithful and unfaithful, whose conversion we desire: For the Church and all the Prelats which govern it, namely him whom he hath appointed to be our Pastour: For the person of the King and all the Realm: For his kinred, friends, benefactours living and dead. To ask for your self seven gifts, which a holy Virgin (by the relation of S. *Bonaventure*) daily begged of God. 1. Effectual grace to accomplish the law of love. 2. To love all that God loveth. 3. To hate all he hateth. 4. Humility, chastity, obedience, contempt of the world, garnishment of all virtues. 5. That God would make his true Temple of our soul and body. 6. That he would give us his vision in beatitude. 7. That he may be divinely served in this place where you receive the Blessed Sacrament, and in all the other parts of Christendom. To conclude, to make in the end a *renewing* of the oath of fidelity, which we have sworn to our great Master, and to employ our time in his service with more diligence than ever: and since we are upon the palm-tree, let us gather the fruits, which are spiritual food, strength against temptations, heavenly alacrity, light of understanding, flames of charity, union with God, augmentation of virtues, hope of glory, renovation in all our faculties and functions, and namely let us often stay upon some particular object of virtue, which we would ask of our guest in favour of this celestial visitation.

Bonavent. l. de med. c. 3.

Fruits of Communion.

The third is, to divide the Mass into certain parcels; and behold a very considerable manner. Represent to your self five great things in the mystery of the Mass, from whence you ought to draw so many fruits. These five things are, representation, praise, Sacrifice, instruction, nourishment.

Representation, because the Mass is a perfect image of the life and passion of our Saviour, and therefore the first fruit you ought to gather from thence, is, daily to imprint more lively in your heart the actions and passions of the Son of God, to conform your self thereunto.

Five notable things in the mystery of the Mass.

Radicati & superædificati in ipso. Col. 2. c.

Praise. So many words as are in the Mass aim at this purpose, to give praise unto God for this ineffable mystery of our redemption; and to conform your self to this action, you ought to bend all the endeavour of your heart to praise God, whether it be by vocal or mental prayer.

Sacrifice. It is a most singular act of Religion, by which we reverence and adore God for the infinite glory of his souereign Being. And the Mass is a true Sacrifice by eminency, where the life and bloud of beasts is not offered, but the life of a Saviour, which is more worth than the life of all Angels and men. *Cedrenus* recounteth that the Emperour *Justinian* caused an Altar to be made in the Church of Saint *Sophia*, wherein he used all sorts of mettal, of precious stones, of the richest materials which might be chosen out amongst all the magazins of nature, to incorporate all the beauties of the world in one sole master-piece. And verily this Sacrifice is the prime work of God, in which he hath as it were locked up all that which is great or holy in all the mysteries of our Religion. It was the custom daily to proportion the Sacrifices to the benefits of God. When in the old law he gave the fat of the earth, they offered the first-fruits to him: But now that he hath granted to us the dew of Heaven so long expected, his onely Son, we must render to him his Son again, which is done in the Sacrifice of the Mass. And the fruit you should derive from this consideration, is, at the elevation of the host, to offer *Jesus Christ* to God his Father by the ministery of the Priest, and to offer it. First, for a supream and incomparable honour of the Divine Majesty. Secondly, for thanksgiving for all benefits received and to be received. Thirdly, to obtain protection, direction, and prosperity in all your works. Besides offer up all your powers, faculties, functions, actions in the union of the merits of *Jesus*.

Mass a Sacrifice.

Cedren. in Compen. hist. Wonder of Justinian.

Instruction. Those who understand the words of the Mass, may draw goodly instructions from reading the Epistle, the Gospel, the Collects. All in general teach us the virtues of *honour* and *reverence* towards the Divine Majesty, seeing this Sacrifice is celebrated with so many holy, sacred, and profoundly dutiful ceremonies. *Of gratitude*, since God being once offered in the bloudy Sacrifice of the Cross, will also be daily presented to God his Father, in the title of gratitude: And that ought to awaken in us the memory of observing every benefit of God, with some remarkable act of devotion: *Of Charity* towards our common Saviour, and towards our neighbour, since we see a life of God spent for our redemption, and all faithful people.

Instruction. 4. of Mass.

Nourishment. The eye liveth by light and colours, the Bee by dew, the Phenix by the most thin and subtile vapours; and the soul of the faithful by the nourishment which it receiveth in the Blessed Sacrament, which is purely spiritual. This nourishment is not onely derived from the Sacramental Communion, by the real presence of the body of our Saviour, but also by the spiritual Communion which is made, when in the Sacrifice of the Mass, at the time of the Priest his communicating the same dispositions, apprehensions, and affections are entertained,

Nourishment. 5.

Spiritual Communion.

The thirteenth SECTION.

* *The practice to hear Mass.*

** Parcè hac & in transcursu tantùm delibet Lector, ut Canis è Nilo.*

TO hear Mass is verily one of the most serious actions of all spiritual life. Had one all the understanding and reverence of Angels to be present thereat, it would never be enough. Saint *Dyonys* the *Areopagite* saith, that exactly to discharge this duty we must purifie our heart, *Usque ad extremas imagines*, so dispoiling it, that it may be free from all imaginations and humane representations: and that is it which Saint *Bonaventure* hath more clearly expressed, principally speaking of Priests who celebrate: *That the time when they ought to approach, is, when they feel themselves wholly changed and become divine, in such sort that they behold not any thing but God.* *Philo* the Bishop addeth, that the Sacrificers are as the ivory neck of the spouse, which must serve as a chanel for the Holy Ghost to make his graces distil upon the rest of the members that are present at this Sacrifice.

Dyonis. de Eccle. Hierarch. c. 6. Usque ad extremas imagines.

An excellent saying of S. Bonaventure. Cum fuerit totum alteratus, & divinus effectus, ita ut nihil videat nisi Deum, tunc accedat.

The first practice and most ordinary to hear Mass for those who understand the words there spoken, is, to follow them with application of spirit, and to accompany the silence of the Priest with some meditations or vocal prayers.

The second is, to stay ones self upon the signification of all the parts of the Mass: As at the *Confiteor*, to represent to your self man banished from Paradise, miserable, suppliant, confessing, deploring his sin. At the *Introite*, the enflamed desires of all mankind expecting the Messias. *At the Hymn of Angels, Glory be to God on high*, the Nativity. *At the Prayers*, thanksgiving for such a benefit. *At the Epistle*, the preaching of the Præcursour S. *John*. *At the Gospel*, truth preached by the Saviour of the world, and so of the rest.

as if really and actually one did receive. For this purpose it is fit to do three things. First, to excite anew in your self the acts of self-dislike, and contrition for your wretchednes and imperfections. The second, to take spiritually the carbuncle of the Altar, not with the pincers of the Seraphin, but with acts of a most lively faith, a most resolved hope, and a charitie most ardent, to open boldly the mouth of your heart, and pray our Saviour to enter in, as truly by the communication of his graces and favours (which are the rays of this Sun) as by the real imparting of his body and bloud, he gives himself to those that communicate. The third, to conclude all your actions with a most hearty thanksgiving.

The fourteenth SECTION.

Practice of Meditation.

OF four worlds which are the Architype, Intelligible, Celestial, and Elementary, prayer imitateth the most perfect, being a true image of the oeconomy of the holy Trinitie, which according to the maxims of Divines cannot pray to any (having no Superiour) yet affordeth a model for all prayers: For prayer, as saith *Tertullian*, is composed of reason, words, and spirit: Of reason, as we may interpret by the relation it hath to the Father: of words, as it is referred to the Word; of spirit, by the the direction it hath to the third Person. Now this principally agreeth with meditation. For it is that divine silence & delicious ravishment of the soul which uniteth man to God, and finite essence to Infinite.

Exod. 22.29. It is that plenitude and that tear spoken of in *Exodus*, according to an ancient translation: Plenitude, because it repleniſheth the soul with the splendour of consolations and sources, which distil from the Paradise of God: Tear, yea tear of myrrhe, because it distilleth under the eyes of God, as doth the tree which beareth myrrhe under the rays of the Sun. It is a wonderful thing to behold this little shrub, which doth not perpetually expect to be cut with iron, that it may drop forth its pleasing liquor, but the Sun reflecting on the branches thereof, becomes as it were a mid-wife, and maketh it bring forth what is sought after; which caused an excellent wit to say, that it drew life out of its blows, and made a dug of its wounds.

Oh happy soul that resembleth this generous plant, and which repleat with pious desires, holy affections, and sincere intentions, produceth apprehensions and works a thousand times more precious than myrrhe, when in the meditation the rays of *Jesus Christ* (who is the true Sun of justice) strikes the heart!

Necessity and easines of meditation. The practice of prayer consisteth in mental, vocal, and mixt. Mental is that which is exercised in the heart; vocal which is formed in the mouth; mixt participateth of both. Think it not to be a new thing not severed from your profession, to meditate. It were so if one would make your brain serve as a lymbeck for subtile and extravagant raptures, disguised in new words and forms. But when one speaketh of meditation, he adviseth you to ponder and ruminate the points and maximes which concern your salvation, with all sweetnes, that fruit most agreeable to your condition may be derived from thence. The faintnes, weaknes, infidelity, ignorance, drines, which reigneth in your souls, cometh from no other source, but the want of consideration. Take this worthy exercise couragiously in hand, and you shall feel your heart fattened with the unction of the Holy Ghost, and your soul of a wildernes to become a little Paradise of God. Be not affrighted hereat, as if it were a thing impossible for you: use a little method, and you shall find nothing more easie and familiar. What have you so natural in vital life as to breath? And what more proper in the intellectual than to think? Your soul hath no other operation, for night and day it is employed in this exercise. The Sun casteth forth beams, and our soul thoughts. Gather together onely those wandering thoughts which are scattered amongst so many objects into your center, which is God: Employ one part of the spirit, industrie, invention, discourse, which you are endowed withal for the mannaging of worldly affairs: Employ them I say in the work of your salvation, and you shall do wonders.

I undertake not here to raise you above the earth, nor in the beginning to plunge you into the seven degrees of contemplation, whereof S. *Bonaventure* speaketh in the treatise he composed thereof: I speak not to you of *fire, unction, extasie, speculation, tast, repose*, or *glory*, but I speak that in few words which you may read more at large in the works of so many worthy men, who have written upon that subject. First know what meditation is, secondly how it is ordered. What you must understand to meditate well.

Definition of meditation. Meditation properly is a prayer of the heart, by which we humbly, attentively, and affectionately seek the truth which concerns our salvation, thereby to guid us to the exercise of Christian virtues. That you may meditate well, you must know the causes, degrees, matter, and form of meditation. The principal cause thereof is God, who infuseth himself into our soul, to frame a good thought, as the Sun doth upon the earth to produce a flower. It is a goodly thing to have the spirit subtile and fruitful. *It is to work without the Sun* (saith Origen) *to think, to do any thing here without the grace of the Holy Ghost.* Causes.

The first degree which leadeth to good and serious prayer, is a good life, and principally purity of heart, tranquility of spirit, desire to make your self an inward man. Saint *Augustine* reciteth a saying of *Porphyrius* very remarkeable, which he deriveth from the mouth of this perfidious man, as one should pull a thing stoln out of a thiefs coffer: *God the Creatour and Father of this whole Universe, hath no need of our service, but it is our good to serve him and adore him, making of our life a perpetual prayer, by a diligent enquiry of his perfections and imitation of his virtues.* Observe then, the first degree of good prayer is good life.

Aug. l. 9. de civit. Dei. c. 23. Deus omnium Pater nullius indiget, sed nobis est bene cum eum adoramus, ipsam vitam, precem ad eum facientes, per inquisitionem & imitationem de ipso.

The second (as well this Authour hath noted) is the perquisition, to wit, the search of verities by thinking on the things meditated, which are the sundry considerations suggested to us by the spirit, in the exercise of meditation.

The third is the affection which springeth from these considerations: Our understanding is the steel, and our will the flint: As soon as they touch one another, we see the sparkes of holy affections to flie out. We must bray together the matters of prayer as Aromatick spices with the discussion of our understanding, before we can extract good odours.

The fourth is the imitation and fruit of things we meditate on. It is the mark at which our thoughts should aim, otherwise if one should pretend nothing else but a vain business of the mind, it would be to as much purpose to drive away butter-flies, as to meditate. Good meditation and good action ought to be entertained as two sisters, holding one another by the robe.

Matter of meditation. As for the matter of meditation, you must know that all meditations are drawn from three books. Three books of meditation. The first and most inferiour is the book of the great world, where one studieth to come by knowledge of the creature to the Creatour. The second is

the book of the little world, where man studieth himself, his beginning, his end, qualities, habits, faculties, actions, functions and the rest.

The third is the book of the Heavenly Father, *Jesus Christ* our Saviour, who verily is a guilded book, limmed with the rays of the Divinity, imprinted with all the characters of sanctity, and from thence an infinitie of matter is drawn, as those of benefits, of four last things, of the life, death, and passion of *Jesus*, and of all the other mysteries. You must digest every one in his time, according to the opportunity, tast, and capacity of those who meditate. Some appropriate meditations to every day of the week, others make their circuit according to the moneth, others follow the order of the mysteries and life of our Saviour, as they are couched in so many books written of these matters.

Practise and form contained in six articles.

The practice and form of meditation consisteth in six things. The first, to divide the subject you would meditate on into certain points, according to the appointment of some Directour, or the help of a book: As if you meditate upon the knowledge of ones self, to take for the first point, what man is by nature. For the second, what he is by sin. For the third, what he may be by grace.

1. Article.

2. Article.

The second, a little before the hour appointed for meditation, to call into memory the points which you would meditate on.

3. Article.

The third, after you have implored the light and assistance of the holy Ghost, that he would be pleased to direct this act to his glory, and that you have framed to your self a lively thought of the presence of God, and that actually you may meditate to select the points and articles proposed, sweetly, attentively, affectionately: and not to want matter for every point, it is good to weigh the causes, the effects, the tenents, and utmost limits of the mystery we meditate on.

Seven ways to dilate ones self in meditating in abundance upon sundry thoughts contained in this third article.

As in the first point of the knowledge of your self, *What man is according to nature?* A reasonable creature, intelligent, capable of the knowledge of God. *Who made it?* God himself: He would that his Divine hands (saith S. *Basil*) should serve him as a womb. *What are the essential parts thereof?* A soul, a body, an understanding, a memory, a will. *What are the accidentals?* A general mass of so many little parcels, as have their names and entertainments. O the powerful hand which hath composed such a master-piece! *Where was it made?* In the earth, and not in Heaven, to teach him humility. *And to what end made?* To praise God and serve him, and to save himself in praising and serving him. *Who hath concurred to its creation?* God. *Hath he made use of Angels?* No: He would attribute the honour of such a work to himself. *And how did he make it?* He was not content with one single word, as in the creation of the world, but he put his hand thereto, to shew it was a more supream effect of his power. *And when did he make him?* After other creatures, to prepare the world for him, as a cradle, as a Temple, as a Hall to banquet in, and such like things. You see these circumstances, who, what, where, what help, wherefore, when, and how, in every subject of what kind soever will lead you along.

The second manner to dilate your self when you meditate history, is, to represent the divers persons with their words, actions, and passions. As in the mysterie of the Resurrection. The souldiers shivering for fear, the Person of our Saviour all enlightened with splendour, saying: Courage, I have overcome, all power is given to me in Heaven and earth; I come to wipe away your tears, to make your faces bright-shining, to put you into possession of an eternal felicity, and such like things. On the other side *Magdalene* who seeketh her Master, and not content to behold the Angels, speaketh these words, which *Origen* prompteth her: *All these goodly comforters are burdensome to me: I seek the Creatour, and therefore I cannot see any creature without anxietie. I seek not Angels, but him who hath made both me and Angels.*

Oneroſi ſunt mihi omnes conſolatores, quæro Creatorem, & ideò mihi gravis eſt ad videndum omnis creatura. Ego non quæro Angelos ſed eum qui fecit me & Angelos.

The third, to represent things to your self by certain images, figures, and similitudes: as *Hermas* cited in the Bibliothec of the Fathers, who meditating on the joy of worldlings, imagined to himself a delicious meadow, enameled all over with flowers, where certain fat and plump sheep cropped the grasse, and skipped to and fro with many jumps in the delights thereof: And in an instant this meadow became vast, plain, drie, lean, parched, and barren, and the same sheep appeared starven, scabbie, and full of botches, a rude surly shepherd driving them to feed among thorns and brambles. Afterward he applied all that to the voluptuous, and made to himself a perfect representation of their life, to avoid their unhappiness.

The fourth, to extend your self by comparing of one thing to another, as did Saint *Gregorie Nazianzen*, meditating upon the love of God. *Tell me confidently (O my soul) what thou desirest? for I will please thee. Thou wouldst perhaps have* Gyges *his enchanted ring to gain a kingdom. Thou wouldst have all that which is in thy hand changed into gold (the desire of the fabulous* Mydas.) *Thou wouldst covet palaces stuffed with gold and silver; rich possessions, curiosities, boundless honours. Poor distracted man, dost thou not see thy God is all that, and above all that, and incomparably more than that? Thy God is the true riches, the true glory, the true repose, without him all thy blessings would be curses, and with him all thy afflictions may be turned into felicities.*

S. *Gregory* in his Hymns.

The fifth, to make sometimes a dialogue, God, and the intellectual creatures, sensible, & insensible enterchangeably speaking, as did S. *Aug.* meditating upon the perfections of God. *He went wheeling round about the world, and asked in heaven, in earth, sea, and depths, addressing himself to every one in particular, Are you God? And these creatures answered, No, those have lyed who deified us.* And after he had run all over the world, he entereth into himself, and saith to himself: *Who art thou? From whence cometh this creature (my Lord and my God) from whence, but from thee?* By these ladder-steps he mounteth to the knowledge of his Creatour, and plungeth himself in the abysses.

Aug. Solil. 31 *Circuibam omnia quærens te, & propter omnia derelinquens me. Interrogavi terram, ſi eſſet Deus, & dixit mihi quòd non. Tu quis es? unde hoc tale animal, Domine Deus meus, unde niſi à te?*

The sixth, to make sometimes a gradation ascending from degree to degree, as in meditating on these words of S. *John*: *God so loved the world that he gave his onely-begotten Son.* If God should onely appoint a bird to bring the news of thy salvation, would it not seem to thee to deserve many thanks? But what if a reasonable creature? What if a man endowed with all manner of excellencies? What if an Angel? What if an Archangel, a cherubin, a Seraphin? What if all the angels and all the blessed spirits? But all these in comparison of his Son are but as a little drop of water to the vast Ocean. And he hath given thee his Son. O prodigie! O superabundance of love!

Joann. 3. *Sic Deus dilexit mundum, ut filium ſuum unigenitum daret.*

The seventh, easie and fruitfull, is, to ponder that which you meditate on with application to your self, attentively considering the actions and words of our Saviour to form ours. To examin carefully your deportments, and see how oftentimes they wander from this rule of perfection; to repeal them, to square them, to level them as much as you can, according to the model which is set before your eyes.

4 Article of the manner of meditation.

After the discussion of every point, the lights follow in the fourth place, which are maxims and conclusions drawn from the discourse we have made. As if we have meditated upon the knowledge of our selves, to derive this fruit from thence: *That*

We

Lights. *we have nothing of our ſelves, but ignorance, weakneſs, vanity, miſery. That we are wholly Gods. That it is a ſacriledge to live for our ſelves. That we cannot have a worſe Maſter than our own liberty and ſcope, and ſuch like things.*

5. Article. Affections. In the fifth place come the affections, which are flaming tranſportations of the will, bent to purſue and embrace the good it acknowledgeth, as when S. *Auguſtine* having meditated upon the knowledge of God, brake forth into theſe words: *Alas! I have begun very late to love thee, a beauty ever ancient, a beauty ever new. Too late have I begun. Thou wert within, and I ſought for thee without, and have caſt my ſelf with ſuch violence upon theſe created beauties, without knowledge of the Creatour, to defile and deform my ſelf daily more and more.* To this it much availeth to have by heart many verſicles of the moſt pathetical Pſalms, which ſerve as jaculatory prayers, and as it were enflamed arrows, to aim directly at the propoſed mark.

Aug. Solil. 11. *Serò te amavi, pulchritudo tam antiqua, & tam nova: Serò te amavi, & tu intus eras & ego foris, & ibi te quærebam: & in iſtâ formoſa quæ feciſti ego deformis irruebam.*

6. Article. Colloquies. For concluſion you have colloquies, which are reverent and amorous diſcourſes with God, by which we ask of him to flie the evil, or follow the good diſcovered in the meditation. And of all that which I ſay, diſcuſſion, light, affection, a colloquie may be made upon every point, but more particularly at the end of the prayer. And note, in every prayer, eſpecially in colloquies, you muſt make *acts of the praiſe of God*, in adoring him with all the Heavenly hoſt, and highly advancing his greatneſs and excellencies. *Of thankſgiving*, in thanking him for all benefits in general, but particularly for theſe moſt eminent in the ſubject we meditate. *Of petition*, in asking ſome grace or favour. *Of obſecration*, in begging it by the force of holy things and agreeable to the Divine Majeſty. *Of oblation*, in offering your ſoul, body, works, words, affections, and intentions; afterward ſhutting all up with the Pater Noſter.

Another manner of meditation more plain & profitable. Behold briefly the practice of meditation. If you yet deſire one more plain, more facile, and greatly profitable, often practice this ſame. As the true meditation of a good man is (according to the Prophet) the law of God, and the knowledge of ones ſelf, meditate the ſummary of your belief; as ſometimes the Creed of the Apoſtles, ſometimes the Pater noſter, ſometimes the Commandments of God, ſometimes the deadly ſins, ſometimes upon the powers of your ſoul, and ſometimes your five natural ſenſes. The manner ſhall be thus. After you have choſen a place and time proper, and a little ſounded the retreat in your heart from temporal affairs.

Firſt, invoke the grace of God to obtain light and knowledge upon the ſubject you are to meditate.

Secondly, if it be the Creed, run over every Article briefly one after another, conſidering three things, what you ought to believe of this Article, what you ought to hope, what you ought to love: How you hitherto have believed it, hoped it, loved it: How you ought more firmly to believe it hereafter, to hope for it more confidently, to love it more ardently.

If it be the Pater Noſter, meditate upon every petition, what you ask of God, the manner how you ask it, and the diſpoſition you afford to obtain it. If the Commandments of God; what every Commandment meaneth, how you have kept them, and the courſe you will preſently hold, the better to obſerve them. If the powers of your ſoul and five ſenſes; the great gift of God, which is to have a good underſtanding, a good will, a happy memory; to have the organs of eyes, ears, and all the ſenſes well diſpoſed for their ſeveral functions. How you have hitherto employed all theſe endowments, and how you will uſe them in time to come.

Thirdly, you ſhall make oblation of all that you are to God, and ſhall conclude with the Pater Noſter and Ave *Maria*. Another manner very ſweet for thoſe who are much affected to holy Scripture, is mixed prayer, conſiſting in three things. Another way

The firſt, to make prayer to obtain of God grace and direction in this action, as it hath been ſaid above.

The ſecond, to take the words of holy Scripture, as a Pſalm, a text of S. *John*, S. *Paul*, and ſuch like things; to pronounce it affectionately, pondering and ruminating the ſignification of each word, and reſting thereon with ſweetneſs, while our ſpirit furniſheth us with variety of conſiderations.

The third, to make ſome reſolution upon all theſe good conſiderations, to practice them in ſuch and ſuch actions of virtue. Laſtly, to end the meditation with ſome vocal prayer.

The fifteenth SECTION.

Practice of vocal prayer, ſpiritual lection, and the word of God.

THE practice of vocal prayer conſiſteth in three things; to obſerve whom we ſhould pray unto, what we ought to pray for, and how to pray. For the firſt, we know what the Church teacheth us, how next unto the Majeſty of the moſt Bleſſed Trinitie, incomparably raiſed above all creatures, * we pray to the Angels and Saints, who are as it were the rays of this great and incomprehenſible Sun, from whom all glory reflecteth. Above all creatures we reverence the moſt holy Mother of God, who hath been as a burning mirrour, in the which all the beams of the Divinity are united. *Origen* calleth her *the treaſure of the Trinitie*: Methodius, *the living Altar*: Saint Ignatius, *a Celeſtial prodigie*: Saint Cyril, *the Foundereſs of the Church*: Saint Fulgentius, *the Repairer of mankind*: Proclus of Cyzike, *the Paradiſe of the ſecond* Adam, *the ſhop of the great Union of two natures*: Saint Bernard, *the Firmament above all firmaments*: Andrew of Crete, *the image of the firſt Archtype, and the Epitome of the incomprehenſible excellencies of God.* Practice of vocal prayer three ways. To whom to pray. * *Præmonitus, præmunitus.* Praiſe of the Bleſſed Virgin.

All that may be ſaid redoundeth to the glory of the workman who made her, and advanced her with ſo many preeminences; yea that alone affordeth us a ſingular confidence in her protection. The devotion towards this common Advocate of mankind is ſo ſweet, ſo ſenſible, ſo full of conſolation, that a man muſt have no ſoul not to reliſh it. Next, we honour thoſe Angelical ſpirits, who enamel Heaven with their beauty, and ſhine as burning lamps before the Altar of this great God of hoſts. We have a particular obligation to our holy Angel Guardian, whom God hath deputed to our conſervation, as a Celeſtial Centinel that perpetually watcheth for us. We behold in Heaven with the eyes of faith, an infinite number of choſen ſouls, who read our neceſſities in the boſom of God, written with the pen of his will, and enlightened with the rays of their proper glory, who apply this knowledge to their beatified underſtanding. Behold the objects of our devotion. As concerning that which we ought to pray and beg for, our great Maſter hath abridged it for us in our Lords Prayer, a true Epitom of the celeſtial wiſdom; as if one would comprehend all this great Univerſe in the round circuit of a ring. From thence it is that all prayers are derived, as all waters flow from the Ocean. Angels. Lords prayer.

From the union of this excellent prayer with the Angelical ſalutation, the Roſary is compoſed; a prayer as ſingular as familiar to the whole world, whether it be ſimply recited, or whether one proceed therein by the way of meditation upon the myſteries, Roſary.

steries, as many pious and devout books do teach.

Psalter. We have besides this the Psalter of the Kingly Prophet, which operateth that in the Church which the Sun doth in Heaven: It illuminateth, heateth, and makes fruitful all the good desires and devotions of Christianity. Consequently there follow many well digested offices, many Collects, Litanies, Prayers, collected from holy Scriptures and Fathers. You have a plentiful treasurie of them compiled by *Henry Kippenbigius*, able to satisfie the most curious devotions. But all is not in multitude. The Breviaries, Hours, and Manuels of devotion say enough. Those who have obligation of saying some office ought seriously to think of the discharge of their consciences upon this point. But you which have it not, it is reason, with the advise of your spiritual Father, you task your selves upon some daily exercise seasoned with some variety, that every day you may repeat it with exact diligence: and moreover you have many jaculatory prayers drawn from the psalms or other books for all manner of necessities, as well spiritual as temporal, and a list of the persons as well living as dead, for whom you are to pray.

Government of vocal prayer.

The form. When you have the matter digested, it remaineth your self adde form thereunto, a serious attention, a profound reverence, a fervent love. You must imagine with your self, that with those holy old men of the Apocalyps, you stand before the throne of God, with a vial or cup in the one hand, (which is your heart replenished with holy thoughts as with odoriferous balm) and a harp in the other, which is the collection of so many notable prayers. Serve your self well with this celestial harp. Do not as one *Neanthus*, who having inherited *Orpheus* his harp, thought to do wonders, and played so ill that dogs affrighted with his untuneably skreaking noise, tare him in pieces. It is not enough you have so many holy prayers which sound like the string of Gods harp, consigned to you by *Jesus Christ* himself and so many holy personages: you must use them well, lest you find your punishment even in the sacrifice of propitiation. Take heed you sacrifice not (as S. *Gregory* saith) *the calf without flower*, which is, to make prayer with lips without application of heart.

Cup and harp in prayer.

Neanthus. To use it wel.

To sacrifice the calf without flower.

Remedies against distractions. Four things will greatly serve you to resist distractions and driness which happen in prayer. The first, before prayer, and in the time of prayer, frame to your self a lively and strong idea of the presence of God, and when any distraction occurreth, recal your thoughts into their center, by often renewing your intentions in the beginning of every part of prayer.

The second, not being charged with any office by obligation, make a few vocal prayers, and stay upon every word the space of a breathing fit, in the mean time pondring both the word which you pronounce and the person to whom you speak, and your baseness and unworthiness. This manner is very sovereign and available to pray.

The third, to follow the counsel of *Cassiodorus*, to take this vocal prayer which you rehearse, as if it were particularly made for you, or that it originally had born the very like sprouting buds in your heart. So ought you to connaturalize it, and punctually espouse all the affections which the Authour of this prayer had when the Holy Ghost did dictate it unto him. You must rejoyce, bewail, hate, and love upon *David's* harp, as by a certain divine inspiration.

The fourth, often to ask of God the gift of prayer, to offer him all your devotions in union with those of our Saviour, and to chastise your neglects by some voluntary satisfaction. To water and moysten your prayers, and retain them in full vigour, it is needful that as you speak to God in the exercise of prayer, he speak to you in books, and by the mouth of Preachers. Wherefore make a resolution to employ daily some part of your time in the reading of some devout book, as well that which containeth precepts as examples. Go not as it were boothaling with an unsteaddy curiosity, which swallowweth all and ever remaineth hungry; but fixe your thoughts and affections upon that which you read, in such sort that you may be imbrued and coloured with a firm tincture. Good books are as the cave of *Sibylla*. *Cassius Longinus* saith, the inhabitants of that cave had a certain rapture of propheſie; and in often revolving the writings of Saints, the spirit of Saints is acquired.

Good books the cave of *Sibylla*.

Spiritual reading and Sermons.

And as for Sermons, take heed of that canker of worldly spirits, who hear Preachers as *Athenian* Oratours, or as one would a curious lute-player, or a Comedie in the *Burgundian* hostery. If he who preacheth to you have no other intention but to please you, nor you any other purpose but to sooth your own curiosity, he hath wearied his lungs, and you in the mean space have had the itch in your ears; the time will come when he shall have the worm in his heart to gnaw him, and you the tingling in your ears for your punishment. The seller and the buyer shall be paid with the coyn of reprobation. Who speaketh not, and who heareth not, to do and become better, abuseth a word signed with the bloud of *Jesus Christ*, the loss whereof is most dangerous and the account inestimable.

The sixteenth Section.

Of the second combat of the spiritual man against weakness.

ALl that on which I have before very largely discourſed, serves to dissipate the darkness of ignorance, and to replenish a soul with the knowledge of God, with good maxims, good desires, and good purposes: and doubtless nothing would be found more easie and familiar than to do well, were it not temptations come athwart us, which are the remoraes as it were and hinderances of the soul. And therefore it is necessary to frame to your self an undoubted courage, high, and resolute, to resist with an invincible hand, and to strike at an infinite number of obstacles which present themselves in all sorts of occasions, and which bring upon our souls accesses of fire and yce: fire of concupiscence, yce of pusillanimity, to form in the end an absolute inability of virtue. This inability is vanquished by the grace of God and virtue of fortitude, which warranteth courage to undertake, and strengtheneth it to bear what reason dictateth. And although to undertake seem a thing very glorious, it is notwithstanding the hardest task to endure a temptation, to oppose it with unmoved foot, to wraſtle with it, to trample on it, and in the end by virtue to erect tropheys over it.

Temptations remoraes, of the soul.

Sufferers more courageous than undertakers.

Saint *Thomas* very judiciously yieldeth the reasons. 1. Because he who is assaulted seemeth ever in worse state than he that assaulteth: for encountering he always presupposeth himself to be stronger. Now it appeareth, he who undergoeth some brave action of courage is the assailant, and he who withstandeth a temptation, is opposed, and sometimes shaken without thinking thereof; which is far more troublesom and hard, and therefore draweth after it much more resolution in case a good and generous resistance be made against it. 2. The assailant beholdeth the peril as future, and he who is tempted seeth the temptation even almost within his gates, in his heart, in his bowels. 3. The assailant often dis-

S. *Thom.* 1. 2. q. 123.

dischargeth his pistol like an harcubusier before he have leisure to know the danger, and readily retireth: The other who suffereth, burneth as with a gentle fire, and in the mean space if he be patient, he long time stayeth with a reposed rest, yet not striking at all; which is a thing worthy of an eternal crown. The *Alexanders*, the *Cæsars*, who flew like Eagles to the conquest of worlds, oftentimes yielded themselves up to the least temptation. Their strength was disguised, not real.

The seventeenth SECTION.

The arms against temptation, contained in twelve Maxims.

The means to resist temptations.

THE means to resist temptations, is not to frame to your self a spiritual insensibility which feeleth nothing: It is hard to obtain it, so sensible self-love is, and when one hath it, he rather is a stone than a man. It is not to drive away one temptation by another, and do one mischief to be freed of another. For to pursue such courses, is like washing ones self with ink. It is not to hide one from all kind of encounters, and never to do well for fear to have occasion of a combate against ill: but to resist it couragiously in that sort as I will shew. That great fore-mentioned *John Picus Mirandula* hath collected twelve notable maxims, the practice whereof is most profitable to enable your self in spiritual combate against impotency.

Thesal. *In hoc posui sumus.* Temptation our trade.

I. Maxim. That you must be tempted, on what side soever it happen. It is our profession, our trade, our continual exercise. The Eagle complaineth not of her wings, nor the Nightingale of her song, nor Peacock of her tayl, because it is by kind; and it is as natural for man to be tempted, as for a bird to flie, to sing, to prune her feathers. If you forsake not the way of spiritual life fearing to be tempted, and turn head to worldly contentments, hold it for an infallible verity, you therein shall be much more engaged; and which is worse, without comfort, honour, merit, or recompence: you shall leave a paper-Cross, which if you knew well how to manage, would load you no more than feathers do the bird, you will forsake it (say I) to take another, hard, uneasie, and bloudy, which would invest you in the Confraternitie of the bad thief.

Sidon. Apol. l. 2. c. 1.

That great Prelate of *France*, *Sydonius Apollinaris* relateth, that a certain man called *Maximus*, being arrived at the height of honour by unlawful and indirect ways, much grived from the first day, and breathing out a great sigh, spake these words: *O* Damocles, *I esteem thee most happy to have been a King onely the space of a dinner time. It is now a whole day that I have been so, and can no longer endure it.*

A remarkable speech of Maximus. *Felicem te, Damocles, qui non uno longius prandio regni necessitatem toleravisti.*

II. Remember that in the affairs of the world we fight a longer time, we travel more painfully, we reap more fruitlesly. The end of one toyl is the beginning of another. In pains taking there is no hope, but ever to labour. A temporal toyl draweth after it an eternity of pain.

Travel of worldlings.

III. Is it not a meer folly to believe a Paradise, an eternal life, a *Jesus Christ*, who made unto himself a ladder of the cross to ascend to the throne of his glorie, and you in the mean while to be desirous to live here with arms a-cross? To see the Master open the way of Heaven through so many thorns, and the servant not to be willing to tread but upon flowers? To see under a head, all wasted and worn with suffering, delicate members, as one should make to a *Colossus* of brass, feet of flax.

Indignity of curiosity.

Greatness of temptation.

IV. Were there no other fruit in temptation, but the conformity which we thereby have with *Jesus Christ*, the sovereign Wisdom, it would be highly recompenced. A brave Captain said to a souldier who died with him: Although thou hadst been unknown all thy life time, it is no small honour for thee to die this day with thy Master. And who would not hold it for a great glory to have the Son of God for Captain, for companion, for spectatour, for theatre, for guerdon in all his afflictions and tribulations? Who would not account it a great dignity to be daily crucified with him? To distend his hands and arms upon the Cross, in withholding them from violences, rapines, ruins, wherewith the spirit of lying transporteth us? To fetter your feet, and hinder them from running after the unbridled desires of your heart? To make bitter your tongue in subduing the pleasures of taste? To cover your body with wounds, in suppressing the incitements of flesh by a holy mortification? To lessen your self by the contempt of honour, according to the example of him, who being able always to walk upon the wings of Cherubins, would creep amongst us like a little worm of the earth? What a glory were it to say what Saint *Paul* said: *I bear the marks of my Saviour* Jesus *on my body?*

conformity to *Jesu Christ*

Galat. 9. *Ego stigmata Domini Jesu in corpore meo porto.*

V. Not to confide in humane remedies when you undertake to overcome a temptation. It is not a thing which dependeth meerly upon us. It is necessary God go before, and we thereto contribute our free will. If he watch not over our heads, it will be a hard matter for us to keep centinel. No creature is so feeble as he who holdeth himself for strong, being onely armed with his own confidence. *Many good things are done in man, which man doth not: And man doth no good, which God doth not.* Who thinks to resist temptations without his help, is like him, who hasteneth to the Wars, and stumbleth at the threshold of his own door. And therefore an effectual means in this battel, is to insist much on prayer, especially at the first entrance of a temptation.

Distrust of ones self.

Concilium Arausicanum. *Multa in homine bona sunt, quæ non facit homo bona: Nulla vero facit homo bona quæ non Deus præstet ut faciat homo.*

VI. When you have vanquished a temptation, take very good heed you leave not your rank, and wholly slacken your courage, as if there were no more enemies to be opposed. As distrust is the mother of safety, so over-much security is the gate of peril. If your enemy still roam up and down like a roaring lyon, become you on the other side a watchful lyon in the centinels of the God of hosts.

To stand always upon your guard. Isaiah 21. 8. *Super speculam Domini ego sto.*

VII. Content not your self onely to be beaten, but assail your enemy. When Satan lays a snare to entrap you, make it an instrument of merit. If he present a good work to you, which glittereth in the world, thereby to tempt you with pride, make a good work of it, and leave vanity, referring all to the greater honour of God.

To combate your enemy.

VIII. When you are in combate, fight with alacritie, as if you already were certain of victory. Turn away the eye of your consideration from what you suffer, and hold it perpetually fixt upon the reward. A great unhappiness, which maketh many to fall head-long into temptation, is, that they have their minds so stretched and bent upon the thought of pain, they cannot abide to behold the reward which waiteth on them. When the fourty Martyrs were in the frozen lake, thirty nine of them looked back upon the future crown, and one of them unhappily thought of nothing but his punishment. All of them remained victorious except this wretched creature, who toyling the glory of his patience, came out of the pool to die presently after in his infidelity. Do you not think that which comforted our Saviour on the Cross, in that bottomless abyss of calumnies and dolours, was a mirrour of glory, where he saw all his sufferings in crowns? Behold the course which is to be held. To stay a little on the present, and rest in a strong apprehension of the future: And ever to have these words of S. *Paul* in your heart:

What is the cause that many yield.

2 Cor. 4. *Momentaneum & leve tribulationis noſtræ, æternum gloriæ pondus operatur in nobis.*

A ſhort moment of our tribulation worketh in us an eternal weight of glory. Fight then with courage, as if it were the laſt temptation which ſhould aſſail you, and be perſwaded that herein is the extent of your predeſtination. When you have overcome it, govern your ſelf like a man readily preſt to enter again into the liſts, and make one victory the degree for another.

Not to tempt temptation.

IX. Though you be valiant, brave not danger, tempt not temptation, caſting your ſelf into the occaſions thereof through preſumption of heart. He that much affecteth hazard, in ſtead of finding glory therein, ſhall trace out his own tomb.

A ſovereign means.

X. A ſovereign means to conquer temptations, is, ſeaſonably to diſcover the countenances of them, to open your heart freely to your Ghoſtly Father, to declare your thoughts, to know them well, to conſider their nature, and to ſee their power they have over your ſoul. It ordinarily happeneth what the good *Epictetus* ſaith: *It is not the thing that troubleth us; it is our fantaſie.* How many temptations would be vanquiſhed by ſleighting them, if one took but a little leiſure to laugh at them? We make Elephants of flies, and of little dwarfs who by ſtealth pinch us, we frame Gyants. We reſemble young children, who for fear of a vizard, hide themſelves with tears in their nurſes boſomes: but take away the maſk, and give them it to handle, and they will make ſport with it. How many things ſeem terrible and impoſſible to us, which we find ridiculous and eaſie to overcome, if we never ſo little touch them with our finger? In temptations of puſillanimity, it is good to repreſent to your ſelf theſe falſe Gyants as dwarfs: But in that of luſt, you muſt not deſpiſe any thing, rather lay hold of little threads, as if they would become huge cables. Both in the one and the other there is nothing to be done, but to daſh theſe little *Babylonians* againſt the ſtones. Withſtand beginnings, and ſuffer not your enemies to fortifie themſelves to your diſadvantage.

Sweetneſs of victory of a temptation.

XI. The ſtone of offence and ſcandal to many, is, that they lively preſent to their imagination the ſweetneſs of ſin, and never conſider the pleaſure which is derived from the victory over ſin. As ſoon as man is plunged in the puddle thereof, behold a bluſhing ſoul, drenched in penſiveneſs, melancholy, and deſpair, whom a loathſom pleaſure, which paſſeth away as a dream, furniſheth from a dream with a heap of ſcorns, ſorrows, and confuſions: But quite contrary, that ſoul which hath reſiſted, findeth herſelf content, generous, advanced, ſatisfied with holy comforts, which come from the Paradiſe of God. Few men revolve this thought, which Saint *Cyprian* much recommendeth: Behold why the number of the damned is very great; and yet notwithſtanding doth it not ſeem to you very reaſonable, that man, who a thouſand times hath yielded to temptation, ſhould once in his life time taſt the ſweetneſs which is in the victory over a temptation, to rejoyce for ever? Many have been diverted from a great and manifeſt precipice, by conſidering theſe words: *Well, go to: To yield to ſin, what will be the end thereof? To purchaſe repentance at ſo dear a rate! To render up a renown of ſo many years, as a prey to a moſt unhappy moment of pleaſure! Where is the faith promiſed to God? Let us at leaſt ſeek out ſome place where he is not: And where is he not? So many ſtars, ſo many Intelligences wherewith the world is repleniſhed, are ſo many eyes to behold thee: Himſelf looketh into the bottom of thy conſcience. Ask leave of him if thou wilt ſin. But how ask, and how obtain? Exerciſe a little patience, and this temptation will vaniſh away as a cloud. Thou goeſt about to commit a ſin, the pardon whereof is very uncertain, but it is doubtleſs through all eternity, when thou haſt committed it, God himſelf cannot make it to be undone.*

XII. Think not you are the leſs acceptable to God when he ſuffereth you to be tempted, yea with diſhoneſt thoughts, which to chaſte ſouls are extreamly irkſom. Alas, why? If S. *Paul*, that Cherubim, ſcorched with celeſtial ardours, who fixed his foot upon the front of the ſtars, if we follow the opinion of S. *Ambroſe*, *Theophylact*, and *Oecumenius*, felt the ſtings of concupiſcence in a fleſh rapt to the third Heaven, think you for having ſome good diſpoſitions of well-doing, you ought to be freed from wars of nature, which ever keep in humility your ſoul a little too indulgent to it ſelf?

The eighteenth SECTION.

Remedies againſt paſſions and temptations which proceed from every vice.

I.

TO conſider that paſſion is a motion of the ſenſual appetite, which proceedeth from the imagination of good or evil, with ſome agitation of the body.

II. That there are eleven paſſions, ſix in the appetite of concupiſcence, which are love, hatred, deſire, averſion, joy, ſadneſs. Five in the appetite of revenge, which are hope, deſpair, boldneſs, fear, anger.

III. That there are two means to vanquiſh all paſſions, whereof the firſt is a precaution of mind againſt the occaſions and vain apparences of all things of the world; and the ſecond a ſerious entertainment of the mind in better things, as prayer, ſtudy, labour, affairs: But above all you muſt beg of God the light and ſtrength of his holy grace, which infinitely ſurpaſſeth all humane remedies.

We here adde ſome preſervatives againſt paſſions and the moſt ordinary vices.

Againſt carnal love.

I. To conſider the barrenneſs of worldly loves, which are the true gardens of *Adonis*, wherein nothing is gathered but wretched flowers environed with many thorns.

II. To ſet a true eſtimate upon things, and not to be deceived with apparences.

III. To keep watch over your ſenſes, to avoid the opportunities and occaſions of ſin, and above all to have recourſe unto God, upon the firſt impreſſion of your thoughts.

IV. To free your ſelf by main force from the preſence of objects, to be delighted with ſerious purpoſes and good employments.

V. To preſent to your ſelf very often, the defect, ingratitude, levity, inconſtancy and treachery of creatures, which we moſt ſervilely love.

Againſt averſions, hatreds, and envies.

I. To eſteem nothing great in this life, is the way to envie nothing.

II. To love onely the great inheritance of the land of the living, which never becomes leſs by the many and ſeveral diviſions made to thoſe who poſſeſs it.

III. To conſider attentively the motives which excite us to love our neighbour, as the participation of the ſame nature, ſame life, ſame bloud, and like profeſſion, and ſuch other reaſons, which are as ſo many knots of amity.

IV. The wretched life of *Cain* to live in envie, troubles,

troubles, diſturbances, and rage of a diſtempered ſpirit, which cauſeth the immortality of its being to contribute to the eternity of its pains.

V. To behold how envy ere it is aware, ſerveth many times to the advancement of thoſe who are envied.

Againſt coveteouſneſs, worldly hope, and joy.

I. The diſquiet of an hungry mind.

II. The unſatiableneſs of deſires.

III. The wars and battels we muſt oft-times undergo to ſatisfie one ſole deſire.

IV. The diſhonour of denial inſupportable to a generous ſoul.

V. The dependence and ſlavery we muſt endure, to pleaſe thoſe from whom we expect the accompliſhment of our deſires.

VI. The frailty in offending God through too much greedineſs of temporal things

VII. The poor and ſhort pleaſure taken in things we moſt ardently deſire.

VIII. That God many times affordeth us the accompliſhment of our deſires as a puniſhment of our imperfections.

Againſt ſadneſs and deſpair.

There is a holy ſadneſs, as that we entertain upon the paſſion of our Saviour, or for our ſins, which is a gift of God, and not a puniſhment.

There is another furious, which hath no ears, and which is rather cured by miracles than precepts.

There is one natural, which proceedeth from humour, and another vitious, foſtered by evil habits and neglects of ſalvation.

I. Againſt this laſt, we muſt conſider our deſires and affections oft-times make up all our ſadneſs, and that the true means to leſſen the cares which conſume us, is to ſweeten the ſharp and ardent love we bear towards worldly things.

II. The ſmall account we make of God, is the cauſe we many times are troubled at frivolous things, either diſtantly threatning us, or already happened. He that would truly love this great God, who deſerveth all the love both of Heaven and earth, ſhould not ſuffer fear or ſadneſs for any thing, but the loſs of the love of God, which no man looſeth if he be not willing to forgo it.

III. Nought but tears of the damned is remedileſs. He that may be in the way of Paradiſe, ſhould not make a kind of hell on earth; and who may hope this great All, ſhould never be ſad for any thing.

Againſt evil confidence.

I. That to be confident in evil things, is to have a deſperate inſtrument of ones own miſery, which entertaineth all exorbitancies of the heart to make them the more puniſhable.

II. That there is no aſſured confidence againſt the power of God, which in an inſtant ruineth the poſterity of the greateſt Tyrants.

III. That the ſtrongeſt things are waſted by the weakeſt. Lyons have been eaten up by flies, and ruſt (though contemptible) conſumes the hardeſt mettals.

IV. That to be confident through preſumption of ſtrength, is the high-way to become ridiculous in enterpriſes, and unfortunate in all ſucceſſes. We muſt not go about to ſoar to the ſun with the wings of a Reare-mouſe, nor ſail on the Ocean in the ſhell of a Tortoiſe.

Againſt fear.

I. Neither to deſire nor love any thing inordinately, is the path-way to peace, where fear never harbours.

II. To have a ſtrong charity towards God, and to love him fervently, with perſwaſion of his reciprocal love. This is the means to enter into a firm confidence. For what evil may we fear againſt us when God is with us.

III. We many times fear evils which are the ſources of great bleſſings, ſome are not truly evils, other much leſs than we make them, and many will never happen. Why will you abide where you are not, and put your ſelf on the rack in your imagination.

IV. He who reſolves to ſuffer all that God will have him, takes in hand a powerful remedy againſt all ſorts of fears: For he who is a Maſter over ſorrow, commandeth terrour, ſince the evil preſent is much more troubleſom than the future.

V. There are natural fears much tied to fleſh, unleſs they be vanquiſhed and ſweetened by frequent cuſtom with the things which are feared, and converſation with men confident and couragious.

Againſt anger.

I. To conſider how it depriveth us of ſix things very precious, to wit, of wiſdom, juſtice, civility, concord, truth, and the ſplendour of the ſpirit of God.

II. How it ſuddenly transfigureth a man into a little monſter.

III. How it is hurtful to the ſtate of health, which we ſo tenderly love.

IV. That it abaſeth the perſon ſurprized with it, and eſpecially if he be in ſome eminency of life and dignity.

V. That the effects thereof are cruel, the ſpoils pernicious, events ſhameful, and falls for the moſt part irrecoverable.

VI. The contentment to have kept back an evil word, which had deſtroyed a good affair.

VII. The abſtinence from curioſities and niceneſs of life, cutteth aſunder the ſinews of anger. The leſs curious a man is, the more humble he is, and the more humble, the leſs ſenſible is he of the croſſes which happen to things without us.

VIII. We muſt prevent occaſions, and not afford them too much power over our hearts in all thoſe things, the loſs whereof may trouble us.

IX. To eſchew the occaſions of places, of perſons, recreations and affairs, which uſe to diſturb the peace of our minds.

X. If one feel himſelf inwardly moved, to bridle the tongue, that ſo the apprehenſions of the heart may not break forth. To reenter into your ſelf.

To ask truce of your paſſion, ſtedfaſtly believing that you ſhall pardon many offences, if you begin to underſtand before you grow angry.

Againſt vanitie.

I. To repreſent to ones ſelf very often the extream vanitie of all worldly things.

II. The miſery of the preſent ſtate, wherein all things invite us to humility.

III. The vanity of opinions, which afford us nothing but wind.

IV. The blindneſs, incapacity, inconſtancy, perverſeneſs of mens judgements, who often love and admire all that which is the moſt vitious.

V. The frailty of honour and reputation, which is ſought by unlawful ways.

VI. The tortures and torments of a vain ſpirit.

VII. The oſtentation in good ſucceſſes, the diſcouragement in bad

VIII. The ſurprizal of his practices and imperfections, which cannot be hidden from the moſt judicious.

IX. The

IX. The worm which gnaweth all good works by the means of vanity, and the ſhameful deprivation of eternal comforts to attend the ſearch of earthly ſmokes.

Againſt gluttony.

I. Repreſent unto your ſelf the miſerable ſtate of a ſoul bruitiſh and bemired in fleſh.
II. Hardneſs of heart.
III. The dulneſs of underſtanding.
IV. The infirmities of body.
V. Loſs of goods.
VI. Diſreputation.
VII. What a horrour it is to make of the members of *Jeſus Chriſt*, the members of an unclean creature.
VIII. What indignity it is to adore and ſerve the belly as a beſtial and baſe god.
IX. The great exceſs of ſins which proceed from this ſource.
X. The puniſhments of God upon the voluptuous.

Againſt intemperance of tongue.

I. To conſider that it is the throne of vain-glory.
II. An evident ſign of ignorance.
III. The gate of ſlander.
IV. The harbinger of ſcoffing.
V. The Architect of lying.
VI. The deſolation of the ſpirit of piety.
VII. The diſſipation of the hearts ſafety.
VIII. The inſeparable companion of idleneſs, as ſaith S. *John Climacus*.

Againſt Sloth.

The indefatigable labour of all creatures in the world both civil and natural.
II. The facility of good works after grace given by *Jeſus Chriſt*.
III. The anxiety of an inconſtant and fleeting ſpirit.
IV. Shame and contempt.
V. The confuſion at the day of Judgement.
VI. The irrecoverable loſs of time.

Of three temptations which hinder many in the way of perfection, to wit, ſhame of well-doing, over-much affection to ſome creature, and penſiveneſs in well-doing.

The nineteenth SECTION.

Againſt the ſhame of well-doing.

MAny would quickly be in the way of a life truly Chriſtian, having ſouls of an excellent temper, and pious reliſhes of God, but that they have one temptation; who would believe it? it is the ſhame of well-doing. Their ſouls are big with good deſires, reſembling the Eagles ſtone which ever hath another in it, and never brings it forth. So have they in their hearts (according to their own opinion) a good reſolution ſeriouſly to embrace devotion: but the fear of what men will ſay, ſcattereth as many good thoughts as the heart can conceive. What practice of remedies will you have againſt this puſillanimity, effeminate ſoul? Onely conſider what you do, and if you be aſhamed, it can be of nothing but of your ſelf.

Eagles ſtone.

Unworthines to be aſhamed of wel-doing.

Firſt I aſk, who maketh you bluſh in the ſervice of your ſpouſe? Do you bluſh at his poverty? At his deformity? At his ignorance? Or tell me, what decay have you obſerved in him to imprint a bluſhing vermillion on your face? Poor? How can he be ſo, ſince he maketh all rich? Deformed? How can he be ſo, ſince he is original beauty ſpred over all the creatures of the world? Ignorant? How can he be ſo, ſince he is the Eternal Wiſdom? Tell me then, what have you to be aſhamed of? Some will ſay, that you would ſeem to be virtuous and devout. Do not ſo, but be ſo indeed. If you have not cauſe to bluſh for Heaven, why ſhould you bluſh for virtues, which are the daughters of Heaven? Behold what ſacriledge you commit: Shamefac'dneſs is made for vices. It is the veil wherewith nature covereth them when they endeavour to hide themſelves, and you will ſhadow virtues. Alas! the Martyrs have become red with bloud to preſerve devotion, and you bluſh with ſhame to betray it. A feaveriſh reſpect towards ſome creature which paſſeth away in the turning of a hand, hindereth perhaps thirty or forty years of virtue. O miſery!

Secondly, what have you ſo much to excite and drive you forward in well-doing? Think you your ſelf to be at this preſent the onely creature in the world which taſteth devotion? A thouſand and a thouſand well qualified have advanced the ſtandard of piety. If the number of the bad authorize wickedneſs, why ſhould not ſo goodly a troup of honeſt men furniſh us with confidence enough to vanquiſh one impious fantaſie, which verily is nothing, nor hath any ſubſtance, but what your remiſneſs affordeth it?

Number of the devout ſhould ſettle you.

Then tell me in the third place, what is it you ſo much fear, to addict your ſelf wholly to devotion? The twinkling of an eye, a ſilly ſmile, a breath of words, which quickly paſſeth and hurteth none? And behold why you forſake God. What is more eaſie to be overcome than all that? A little ſilence anſwereth all. It is not required of you you ſhould oppoſe your arms againſt the violent ſtream of a torrent. Silence onely is demanded, and to hope well, which are the two eaſieſt things of the world. Will you put a great affront upon a babler, who flouteth at your devotions? Anſwer him not. All he ſaith is to put you into paſſion; your impatience pleaſeth him, your ſilence confounds him. In the end he cannot ſay ſo much, but that you may hear much more. He hath but one mouth, and you have two ears. Let *Michol* revile, and perſiſt you in dancing before the Ark, your patience ſhall ſtop all mouths, and in the end purchaſe all crowns. But you fear you cannot perſevere in the way of virtue, and that many changes may caſt ſome aſperſion of inconſtancy upon you. You do well to fear your ſelf, if you ſo much expect perſeverance from your ſelf. But if you look for it from God, ought you not to have more hope of his goodneſs, than fear from your own infirmities? You are not adviſed to make your devotions eminent by ſome notable alteration, extraordinary in the exteriour, accompanied with ceremonious enforcements inſupportable to your condition. No: But undertake a devotion ſweet, facile, and conform to common uſe, which hath leſs of outward ſemblance, and more of inward worth: So ſhall you the better preſerve it, and it ſhall be the more profitable for you.

Doubt and childiſhneſs of this ſhame.

Iſai. 11. *In ſilentio & ſpe erit fortitudo veſtra.*

2 Reg. 9.

What you ſhould fear.

The twentieth SECTION.

Love of creatures.

AFter ſhame, cometh likewiſe a ſnare much more dangerous, to wit, the love of creatures. Many ſouls ſeem already to poyze themſelves and

Adhering to creatures marreth all.

and soar into the skie, but there is some little thread, wretched, and weak, which fettereth their feet. One cannot forsake such a lodging, another such an exercise, a third such a custom, a fourth such a company, which in the mean space dissolveth the course of his good purposes, maketh his heart become childish, and sometimes dull and stupid to the relishes of God. Amongst all encounters this is the most powerful which proceedeth from the passion of love, and sometimes among persons who have their souls most pure, and such as are in their own opinions far removed from this mischievous passion, yet are not without peril. If this should come like some other gross and carnal love with an arrow and torch in hand, one might more easily defend himself; but it approcheth with a little sting, subtile, slender, and as it were wholly spiritual, that one cannot well perceive it in the beginning. It resembleth those little flying worms which *Phædon* speaketh of, that unperceivably sting: *When they have fixed their sting, we do not know they have stung us, until we see some swelling rise upon the skin.* So in such petty love-daliances we see not the wound nor sting, we know not what we suffer, what we do, what we undertake, what we desire. One doth hardly know that he loves: notwithstanding the soul is puffed up, and goeth out of its limits, and is dissolved into an Ocean of disturbances, which are very prejudicial to puritie. It were better to have as it were some kind of leaprousie, than such a passion: For that would infect but the body, but this diveth in the end even into the bottom of the soul, weaveth its web in the marrow, forrageth all over that which hath vigour in our inward parts, leaveth meagerness and sterility, and maketh our heart like to those abortions of pearls which have been blasted with lightening, having in stead of a bright substance, nothing else but an exterior film.

Passion of love.

Love is like to infects.

Phædon. apud Sencec. ep. 49. *Adeo tenuis illis & falleus in periculis vis est, tumor indicat morsum.*

The danger thereof.

What shall one do in this case? It is a very easie matter to give a preservative that may keep us from the blow, but it is very difficult to draw the soreness from the wound. You need sometime but the very wind of your hat to turn away a thunder-clap, that it may not strike where it seems to be aimed; the thunder maketh his claps as remedilesas suddon and violent: even so this passion in the beginning may be dispelled with a very little heed and dexterity, but when passage is made for it into the heart, it raiseth a tempest. But in conclusion, what means is there to stay it? It will be told you, you must have recourse to prayer, to meditation of the Cross, the day of Judgement, the invocation of the Blessed Virgin and Saints, the frequentation of Sacraments, fasting, the austerities of penance, and these are good remedies: Yet you notwithstanding will say, what prayer can one make when he is enguifed in a passion which perpetually buzzeth in his brain? Do like *Jonas*, crie out of the Whales belly, call from the bottom of the abyss with many jaculatory prayers. But to what use will austerities serve? the bodie is subdued, it is true; but yet passion remaineth still in the bottom of the soul. It nought importeth: the weakness of flesh by little and little cutteth the sinews of passions which are inherent in the flesh. All this, you will say, is likewise feasible, provided I be not thereby separated from the company of such a one. And behold the inconveniency; you will perpetually put oyl into the flame, and not have it burn.

Preservative.

Ordinary remedies.

Sovereign remedies.

I. The most sovereign remedy, is, what you least desire, though you make shew of desiring health. All that which cherisheth the maladie, is the presence of the object. Our passions resemble ecchoes: Do you not see that ecchoes the further you go from them, the less repercussion there is, they lessening and loosing themselves in the air. This affection, that speaketh so loud by reflection of the countenance which you daily behold with so much contentment, will quickly vanish by a little absence. But one day alone of separation is an Age to you: Suffer this Age, and the time will come it shall not last an hour with you.

Passions are ecchoes.

II. Verily all well considered, the play is not worth the candle. Must you inflict so many pains upon your bodies, so many torments on your mind, loose so much time, make so many ill tongues talk, to please I know not what petty, wicked, and foundered desire, which you know not what it is, nor to what it tendeth?

Folly of this passion.

III. If you knew what you desired, you would be ashamed of your self, you would have cause to be amazed that so noble a spirit should suffer it self to be transported with such follies. The notable *Raymond Lullius*, who passionately was enamoured of a Ladie, wife, and honest, when purposely to cure his frenzie, she shewed him one of her breasts eaten and gnawn through with a canker, and extreamly hydeous to behold, *Stay simple man* (said she) *behold what you loved*; he at that instant coming to himself, spake: Alas! was it for this I lost so many good hours, that I burned, became entranced, that I passed through fire and water? All lovers would say the like were the scarff taken from their eyes.

Cure of *Raymond Lullius*.

IV. It well appeareth you want some great affront, some real pains, some serious employment. It is the superfluous excess of idleness which dissolveth your heart into these effeminacies. You were better have some mischievous process against you, than all these trifling entertainments. Frame some good employment to free your self from a bad. Remember that which was said: *When one hath no leisure to live, he hath no leisure to love.*

Want of employment.

Hier. ad Rustic. *Vivere non licet, & fornicari licebit?*

V. Represent to your self that a thousand undaunted courages (for that they have twice or thrice resisted passion constantly) have found themselves free, at liberty, in peace and tranquality of spirit, wholly admirable, and you for want of a little resolution daily tumble and involve your self in your fetters. Make a little resistance, cast away I pray all these little urchins which afflict you. Is an absence so troublesom, that to avoid it you must torture your body, vilifie your spirit, and yield your reputation up as a prey to slander? You shall no sooner put the wedge into the block, but it shall be done; you shall have a soul victoriously elevated over passion, which shall rejoyce amidst the tropheys thereof.

Strength of reason.

The one and twentieth SECTION.

Against sadness.

HAve you never represented to your self the poor *Elias* lying under the Juniper tree, oppressed with melancholly, and saying to God with an effectionate heart: *My God it is enough; take my soul. I am no better than my fore-fathers?* This passion often happeneth in persons who are entered into the list of a life more perfect. Anxiety crosseth them, sadness gnaweth them, melancholy afflicteth them, and Satan (willing ever to fish in a troubled water) serves himself with this disturbance of mind, to make them return back again to the false pleasures of the world. What remdy, what practice shall we confront this mischief with? Let us use *Davids* harp to charm this dangerous devil of *Saul*. You are sad, say you: It much concerneth you to sound your heart, that you may know from whence this pensiveness proceedeth, and apply fit remedy thereunto. Sometime sadness cometh from an indiscreet zeal, when one will of his own accord undertake

Reg. 3. 19.

Sadness the snare of Satan.

dertake austerities, neither ordered nor digested by counsel. He cannot find good success, yet is ashamed to go back again, which is the cause he is tormented between the hammer and the anvile. Sometime it proceedeth from a great immortification of passions, which at the entrance into a spiritual life (he beginning to pick quarrels with them) put themselves into the field, assailing and turmoyling the mind. As it is said, a little fish called the wasp of the sea, in the dog-days stingeth and disquieteth the repose of other fishes. It is perhaps as yet in your soul: neither day nor night, winter nor summer, cold nor heat, but good and evil struggle who shall get the upper hand, and this war troubleth you. Sometime it proceedeth from a great tenderness of heart, and a passionate love of ones self. It seemeth to a little girle who weepeth in the nook of a chamber, that the whole world is interessed in her sorrow, and that every body should bemoan her. Nothing is like to her unhappiness, her burdens are of lead, and all others are as light as feathers; or if you weep not with her, she becometh the more melancholy, and if you do sorrow with her, she taketh a higher tone to deplore her grievances. There is many times much niceness in our sorrows, and oftentimes our tears are nothing else but meer fopperies. From this self-love proceedeth vanity and complacence, which serve us with worm-wood to season our morsels withal.

Causes of sadness. Immortification

Tears of self-flatterers.

Self-love.

The man who is over-much pleased with himself, necessarily displeaseth many, and to gain too great a friend within himself, he purchaseth sundry enemies without himself. All things cannot happen to his wish, and as good successes inebriate him with contentments, so evil torture and immoderate contristate him. Briefly, bad melancholly often riseth from a jealous and envious eye: The good hap of another is a straw in his eye, which ever will trouble him, if charity bring not her helping hand. Behold here a lamentable mischief. All the perfections of another are ours when we love them in another, and when we hate them they are thorns in our eyes, which extreamly torment us. Have we not pain enough within our selves, but we must plant crosses in the prosperity of others? Sound your heart, and see whether your sadness proceeds from one of these five sources, or from many of them together. Take away the cause by the favour of Gods grace, by the help of your endeavour, courage, and resolution, you shall have the effect, and enjoy a peaceable soul, like Heaven smiling in a bright serenity.

Jealous eye.

Parum alicui est si ipse sit felix, nisi alter fuerit infelix. Salvian. de gubern. Dei. lib. 5.

My sadness, say you, cometh not from this occasion. Would to God it were so. You were already sufficiently happy, if all I have said were not of force to make you sad. From whence cometh it then? From the accidents which befal me on every side; and if nothing happen to me, I am unquiet with mine own self. If you think to live wholly without sadness, you must frame a new world for your self. Sadness is a bitter plant which groweth in your garden: you must know at one time or other what tast it hath. To think wholly to free your self, is to make your self a King in the cards, and onely to brave it in paper, like the ancient Philosophers who had their hands shorter than their tongues. Our Saviour was contristated in the dolorous garden, watered with bloudy sweats, to teach us the perfection of a Christian is not in being sensible of sorrow, but to moderate the same with resolution.

Sadness a plant of our own growing

The best remedy is that which *Jesus Christ* hath shewed to us, to wit, Prayer. It is a wonderful contentment to speak to God, and to tell him your afflictions. Behold you not in a garden-bed how those poor tulips are shut up with melancholy under the shadie coldness of the night? And you may well say the Sun within his rays beareth the key to open them: For so soon as he riseth and courteth them a little with that eye which exhilarateth total nature, behold they unloose themselves, dilate themselves, and witness their joy for the arrival of this planet. The like happeneth to your heart, it sometimes long remaineth benummed and frozen for want of having recourse to prayer. Learn a little to talk with God by jaculatory prayers. Learn to complain your self to God, and to seek the remedies of your wounds in his mercies, and you will find a great lightening and alacrity.

Remedies.

The second, to have a spiritual Father or a discreet and faithful friend, to whom one may unburden his conscience with all confidence and security. The cloud, how dark or surchaged soever it be, in that proportion it emptieth it self, cleareth, and the heart unburdening its calamities in the ear of another, becometh more bright and lustrous.

Thirdly, some spiritual Fathers advise a discipline, to suppress interiour sadness by exteriour sorrow: But this remedy is not for all sorts of men. Saint *Hierom* is a better Physitian, who ordained for certain melancholy men, rather to use the fomentations of *Hypocrates*, than to afflict their bodies, and distil their brains in other practices. You must take very good heed you make not your self a *Timon*, and hate men and life, entertaining your self in hypocondriack humours, which throw a mind into the gulf of disturbance. God willeth us to take moderate pleasure in creatures, which he hath made for our content and ease, that we may enjoy them in time and place, every one according to his condition, profession, and rule of wisdom. *Synesius* saith, the Creatour hath given the feeling of pleasure to sense to serve as an arrest to the soul, and to hold it in good quarter with the body. Saint *Thomas* among the remedies of sadness, prescribes sleep and bathing. The Scripture it self counselleth us to give wine and other fitting draughts for them to drink, who have their hearts oppressed with bitterness If one think to make a great sacrifice to God, resting perpetually, stretched and involved in a pensive austeritie of spirit, as being desirous to avoid all pleasures of life, he deceiveth himself: It hath happened, that many running in their own opinion to Paradise by this path, according to peculiar fancie, have found themselves on the borders of hell.

Hier. ad Rusticum. *Hypocratis magis fomentis, quam nostris monitis indiget.*

Remedies of Hypocrates.

Not to play the *Timon*.

Pleasure lays hold of the soul.

Somnus & balnea dolorem mitigant. S. Thom. 2. q. 38.

Date siceram merentibus, & vinum iis qui amaro sunt animo. Prov. 2.

Fourthly, to remember our life is a musick-book, seldom shall you find there many white notes together in the same line: black are mixed among them, and all together make an excellent harmonie. God gives us a lesson in a little book which hath but two pages, the one is called Consolation, the other Desolation: It is fit for each of them to take its turn. In the day of adversity think of prosperity: In the day of prosperity remember your self of adversity. That great Prelate of *Cyrenum* said, that the Divine Providence hath mingled our life, as one would do wine and water in a cup; some drink the purest, some the most compound, but all tast a commixtion.

Our life is a musick-book.

Synes. in hymno.

Fifthly, if you exactly compare our condition to that of an infinite number of miserable creatures, who groan in so many tedious and disastrous torments, you will find your fardel but a dew. But we have a certain malignity of spirit, which ever looks back on the good it hath not, to envy it, and never considers the evil from whence it is freed, to render thanks to God. Behold some are in the bottom of a dungeon in fetters, others are bowed in painful labours from the rising to the setting Sun, to get their bred. Some have the megrim in their head, the gout in their feet and hands, the stone in their kidneys. Others are overwhelmed with business, loss, misfortunes, strange and portentous accidents, yet carry it out with courage. Your heart is nipped

nipped with a little sadness, and behold you despair; what effeminacie of spirit is this? It is said hares seeing themselves pursued on every side, had one day resolved to drown themselves, but coming to the brink of a river, and beholding frighted frogs who cast themselves at all adventure in the water to escape: *Courage* (said they) *we are not yet the most miserable creatures of the world, behold those who are more fearfull than we.* Ah how often should we say the same, if we saw the miseries of others!

Unworthines of sadness.

Sixthly, is it not a goodly thing to behold a man, who probably speaking is in the favour of God, who is here nourished with Sacraments, with *Christs* body and bloud, with the word of his Master, who liveth among so many helps and comforts, spiritual and temporal, who expecteth a resurrection, a Paradise, a life eternally happy and happily eternal, in so beautifull a societie of Saints, to frame pensiveness and scruples to himself of his own head, to afflict himself like a Pagan or a damned soul, that hath no further hope? It is related that God one day, to give an antipast of beatitude to a holy man turmoiled with sundry cogitations, caused an unknown little bird to chant in his ear in so melodious a manner, that instantly his troubled spirit became clean, and pure, and held him rapt many years in the most tastfull delicacies may be imagined. O if you often had strong imaginations of Paradise, how your melancholy would melt and dissolve, as snow before the Sun-beams!

Noble tears.

Lastly, sing spiritual canticles, labour, employ your spirit without anxiety, and if needs you will weep, lament your imperfections, bewail the miseries of the poor, sorrow for your curiositie, lament the passion of your spouse, grieve and sigh at your impatience, after this glory of Paradise, weep over the deluge on the earth, look back like a chast dove on the ark of your good father *Noe*, the father of repose and consolation: Then will I say of such tears with S. *Ambrose*: *O the delicious tears, O the pleasing complaints, which extinguish the fervours of our mind, and make our affections sweetly to evaporate!*

Dulces lachrimæ sunt ipsi fletus jucundi, quibus restringitur ardor animi, & quasi relaxatus evaporat affectus.

The two and twentieth Section.

The third combate of the spiritual man against impuritie.

Joan. 2. Three sources of impietie.

All impuritie of life, ariseth from three sources (whereof S. *John* speaketh) concupiscence of the flesh, concupiscence of the eyes, and pride of life. Let us now see the practice of virtues which oppose these three sorts of impurities. Against concupiscence of the flesh, temperance, chastitie, modestie do wage war: Against the concupiscence of eyes, to wit, the unbridled desires of temporal blessings; povertie, justice, charitie, mercie, gratitude: Against pride of life, humilitie, obedience, magnanimitie, patience, clemencie.

The three and twentieth Section.

Practice of Chastitie.

Chastitie is a virtue which represseth the impure lust of the flesh, a celestial virtue, an Angelical virtue, which maketh heaven and Angels descend upon the earth, and in this kingdom of mortalitie planteth the image and titles of immortality. *Clemens Alexandrinus* maketh mention of certain enchanted mountains, at the foot whereof was heard a voice as of people preparing themselves for battel; a little further, the encounter and conflict, and on the top, songs and triumphs. Behold as it were the condition of three sorts of chastitie. With some it beginneth with labour and uncertaintie; there is at the first toil and resistance against lust, but the even thereof is not known. With others it is become more manly, as being already practiced in combats. With others it triumpheth after a long habit, yet notwithstanding whilest here on earth it abideth, it is never absolutely secured.

Three sorts of chastitie.

Clemen Alex. stromat.

The acts thereof are,

Acts.

I. To renounce all unlawfull voluptuousness of the flesh.

II. To abstain from carnal acts, not onely those which are unlawfull, but sometime such as are permitted among married folk upon just occasion, or for some certain time, which is very ordinarie; or perpetually, which is singular and remarkable in the lives of some Saints. So *Martianus* lived with his wife *Pulcheria*, and *Henry* the Emperour with the Empress *Chunegundis*.

III. To repress all the desires and concupiscences of flesh, and if one have any feeling thereof, not to give consent thereunto.

IV. Never to stay at all upon thoughts and imaginations of things dishonest; but so soon as they present themselves, to chase them away and extinguish them in your heart, no otherwise than you should quench a burning hot iron in a fountain.

V. To mortifie your senses, which are most commonly the fore-runners of sin, and above all to restrain your eyes, which according to the opinion of S. *Isidore*, are as dishes wherein luxurie serveth up the viands of voluptuousness. They are the windows, the alurements, the snares, the conduits of love: It buddeth in the eyes, that it may at leasure blossome in the heart. And therefore it is fit to stand upon your guard with so subtile and vigorous a sence, which often filleth the soul with appetites and flames. I do not say that one should look upon nothing, and always live as if the soul were buried alive in the flesh; but I affirm, you must divert your sight from objects which dart a sting into a mind sensible of such penetrations. As for the ears, there is no doubt they may serve as handles for love, and that it hath taken many that way. An evil word hath fingers to incite the flesh: He who heareth it, and he that willingly speaketh it, is not innocent before God. Smelling blasteth chastitie, and tast roughly assaulteth; but kisses and unchast touches cut her throat.

Eyes.

Oculi patellæ luxuriæ. Isidor. apud S. *Bern.* tom. 1 serm. de luxuria.

Salvian. l. 3. de gubernat. *Oculi tui videbunt extraneas, & cor tuum loquetur perversa.* Prov. 23. 3.

VI. To flie idleness, reading of love-books, comedies, stage-plays, immodest pictures, feasts, private familiarities, loose companie, and all occasions of sin.

VII. To have in detestation even the shadows of impuritie. To speak, to proclaim in every place the praises of chastitie, and for this purpose to love penance, mortification of the bodie, labour, rough and harsh apparel, modestie, even to the seeming somewhat wayward, the Sacrament of the Eucharist, the meditation of the four last things, devotion towards the most blessed Virgin, and all that may conduce to the maintenance of honestie.

VIII. To remain firm in great and forcible temptations is verily the trophey of chastitie. Since (as *Plato* hath said) *the triumph of virtue is to have the power, not the will to sin.* It was a notable act of continencie in *Charls* the eigth, ardently to love a maiden endowed with an exquisite beautie, to have her at his dispose, and yet to abstain for one sole word which this poor creature spake to him, brought even into his chamber: For she by chance perceiving the picture of our Ladie, cast her self at the Kings feet, shewed him this image, crying out with a face all bathed

Chastitie of *Charls* the 8.

Lyps. in monitis politic. lib. 2. cap. 17. Exemplo 12. addit datos puellæ 500. aureos.

bathed in tears: *Sir, I beseech you for this Virgins sake preserve the honour of a silly maid.* At this word spoken for a young King enkindled with love, and absolute in power, to conquer the motions of lust, is it not a matter that meriteth much applause?

Johannes Moschus in prato. A couragious Ladie.

IX. To contemn great rewards and high advancements of fortune, for the preservation of chastitie: As did that noble Lady of whom *John Moschus* speaketh, who seeing her husband consume in perpetual prison for debt, not able any way to relieve him, was reduced to terms of extream and miserable want, and besides pursued by a man of prime note, with all sorts of allurements, offers, and accommodations, which might shake and stagger an afflicted heart, and enforce her to condescend to a sin, which seemed to have necessity for a patroness; she notwithstanding stood firm like a rock, preferring chastitie poor and patient, before a rich and delicate dishonour. I could also nominate creatures as pure, as strong, adorned with most excellent natural parts, more chaste, more wise, more fortunate than *Lucrece*, who with as much industry as courage, have refused powerful and passionate men, that sought them with such excessive benefits, as would have overwhelmed any inferiour chastitie. But they, not to commit one onely sin, covered under the curtain of the night, have despised treasures, to guard another jewel in an earthen vessel, who for this act deserve to be raised above the stars.

Abraham the Hermite.

X. To withdraw the chastity of others from this sink, with liberal alms, great labour, infinite incommodities: As that worthy Hermit *Abraham* did, of whom *Surius* speaketh, who loaden with years and merits, went into a brothel-house in disguised habit, to reduce a Niece of his that went astray: as at this day many honest matrons, worthy of eternal memory, spare nothing to gain poor abused doves out of the faulcons tallons, and dedicate them to Altars, where soon after they work wonders in matter of virtue.

Hieron. in vita Pauli & Sabel. l. 5. c. 6.

XI. To suffer in your body great torments, yea death it self for the defence of chastity, as many holy virgins have done. As that youth, reputed the son of a King of *Nicomedia*, who fast tyed on a bed of flowers and wooed by a Courtizane with intention to corrupt him, spit out his tongue like a dart of fire and bloud in the face of this she-wolf. A tongue, which in dumb eloquence speaketh to all posteritie, and proclaimeth the honour of chastitie.

Lingua silet, clamatque silens loquiturq; pudorem, Sanguine quæ vixit sola pudicitiam.

A bold attempt of Didymus.

XII. To expose your self to great sufferings for the preservation of others chastitie: As that brave *Didymus*, a young beardless Gentleman, who beholding a poor Christian maid, named *Theodora*, thrown into a brothel, caused her to escape by giving her the habit of a man, and himself remained for pledge in the attires of a woman, expecting the fury of executioners who gave him the crown of Martyrdom. Saint *Ambrose* makes him speak to the maid to this effect: *Sister, I am come hither as an adulterer, and if it please you I will go out a Martyr: Let us change habits, I pray you: We are as I perceive both of one stature: My apparrel very well fitteth you, but yours will set much better upon me, and both will agree in the service of* Christ Jesus. *My attire shall make you a virgin, and yours me a Martyr. You shall be most fortunately clothed, and I more happily despoiled. It was so done.* Didymus *was apprehended, and* Theodora *understanding it, run back like a lyoness amidst the swords to die with him.*

Ambr. lib. 2. de virgin. *Quasi adulter ingressus, si vis, Martyr egrediar. Vestimenta mutemus; conveniunt mihi tua, & mea tibi; sed utraque Christo. Tua vestis me verum militem faciet, mea te virginem. Bene tu vestieris, ego melius exuar.*

The twenty fourth SECTION.

Practice of temperance.

S. *Thom.* 2. 2. quæst. 141.

TEmperance, taken in general, is a virtue which represseth the appetites of concupiscence in things that please the senses, especially of touch and tast. The temperance of touching consisteth in chastitie; that of tasting is properly abstinence and sobrietie. It is the first virtue which God seems to have required of man from the worlds infancie; the first tribute of sanctitie and innocencie, which our first parents could not leave without loosing themselves and all posteritie. A virtue, which is the horizon that separateth vegetative man from the intellectual: A virtue, which raiseth us from the earth, and bringeth us near to heaven: A virtue which makes a noble soul shine in a mortal bodie, as a torch of odoriferous wood in a Christaline watch-towet. On the contrarie, a bodie surcharged with kitchin-repletion holdeth the soul as one would a smoking snuff of a candle in a greasie lantern.

Temperance the first tribute of sanctitie.

The acts of this virtue are,

I. In refection to have no other rule but necessitie, no other aym but the glory of God, and entertainment of the bodie for the service of the soul. Saint *Augustine* after his conversion came to meals (as himself saith) as into an infirmarie to take a medicine.

Refection of bodie. S. *Aug.* Conf. l. 31. *Hoc me docuisti, ut quemadmodum medicamenta sic alimenta sumpturus accederem.*

II. To take all the necessities of bodie as the *Ægyptian* dog doth the water of *Nilus*, running, thereby saving himself from superfluous excesse. To take them as the souldiers of *Gedeon* drank at the fountain, in the hollow palms of their hands, cheerfully, not prostrating themselves on the ground; or as the dove taketh grains of corn, pecking her meat up with her bill, and turning her eye to heaven.

III. To eat and drink with all civilitie, decencie, discretion; and seeing we must use this necessarie trade of a beast, to do it at least like a man.

IV. To abstain from prohibited meats in times limited by the Church, exactly to observe fasts devoutly ordained by the same authoritie, and practiced by our Ancestours, not becoming nicely curious, nor repining at Lenten abstinencies. To prescribe also a law to your self of some fasts of devotion upon certain dayes of the week, and especially friday, as many noble personages have done, and daily do. *Gallen* that great Physitian advised to make a fast from ten days to ten, in the manner of a physical prescription, affirming it was an excellent mean to defend ones self from great and dangerous maladies.

Fast of *Gallen* *Joann. Sarisb. Policr.* lib. 8.

V. To be very sober in drinking, to take little wine, and mingle it well. Drunkennes (saith Saint *Ambrose*) is a superfluous creature in the world: It is the scorn of nature; it is an old shoe soaked in water. A man is no longer a man, but a bottle perpetually filled and emptied: He lives like a But, which doth nothing but leak and roul up and down; and when the head thereof is knocked out, you find nothing there but lees and dregs: wine is a familiar or spirit which possesseth him, and is the milk of *Venus* which nourisheth his concupiscence. All his life is an enterlude, and drunkennesse his tomb. All men truely great are sober. It is utterly to degenerate from Nobilitie to be addicted to this infamous vice. You who serve Kings, who are in their Royal seats as the Sun in the heavens, remember your selves that heretofore in the Sacrifice of the sun hony was offered, not wine.

S. *Ambros.* de *Elia* & *Jejun.* A drunkard what.

Væ qui potentes estis ad bibendum.

VI. To be very temperate in the quantitie of viands: For it is a very great shame to make ones self as it were a living sepulchre of all sorts of butcheries, and build to your self a tomb of fat, with excesse in eating, as did the wretched *Dionysius* spoken of by *Ælian*, who had grooms of his chamber about his bed ever readie night and day to prick him with needles, with distances between, lest his fat conspiring with sleep should suffocate him. On the other side, it is dangerous to destroy your stomach by scrupulous and extraordinarie observations of your own inventing, which may put you into a course of providing

Phylocorum Histor. lib. 12.

providing pain for your self and attendance for others.

VI. Not to be so curious in the choice of delicate meats, but to take them indifferently according to your quality and profession. It may happen, that a Noble man feeding on a curious dish with sobriety, may observe temper, and another cracking his guts with beans fall into a nasty superfluity of gourmandise. The virtue of temperance is not so much in the matter as the manner. It is written, that a great *Roman* Lord, being retired into the deserts of *Egypt* to attend contemplation, was one day visited by an *Egyptian* Monk, who had all his life time been a gross peasant bred among cows and cattle, and had an iron stomack, which in excessive quantity devoured the most lordid and despicable meats. This man much scandalized to see the *Roman* Monk feed on that which seemed delicate to him, and to drink a little wine at his repast, forsook his Cell with small account of his host, and much presumption of his own temper, when the other miraculously penetrating into his thoughts reprehended him, and he at that time easily acknowledged himself very short of his perfection whom he despised.

Shameful law of the *Sybarites*

VIII. Not to have your mind employed on sauces and kitchin-cookeries, as those lasy *Sybarites*, who made such account of a new kind of broth found out, that by an express law they permitted the authour thereof to enjoy it alone one whole year, before the invention should be communicated to any other.

Strang greedines.

IX Not to enlarge your thoughts upon viands with a greedines and profusion of spirit, as if one would swallow the sea and fishes therein, as *Epicharmus* writeth of a certain gentleman, who bowed his whole body in eating, crashed his teeth, made a noise with his chaps, blew his nose, rubbed his ears, made a certain sound in his throat, all his body went a long with it. A true mediocrity of feeding, is, to be neither too greedy and gluttonous, nor too abstinent or transported; but modest in your countenance, prompt to help, prudent to see what is done, and to prevent want in others. It would ill become a Noble man so to abstract his spirits at the table, as those good religious men of whom it is recorded in the history of the Anchorets of *Ægypt*, that they took capon for cabbadge: They were at *Theophilus* the Patriarch of *Constantinoples* table, and did eat like mad men, thinking they still had been in their Monastery. It happened the Bishop carving to the eldest of them, gave him the wing of a capon, and courteously said unto him: *Father eat hereof, doth not this capon seem good meat to you?* He comming as it were out of a trance: *How? is this capon then, Sir? I pray you pardon us for we took it for cabbage, else verily none of us had touched it.*

Notable distraction.

X. Not to out-run the hours of repast through impatience: not to be so addicted to serve our curiosities and delights, that thereby we leave not a good dinner to do a good work. Is it not a shameful thing of one *Huguccbio*, who lost two towns as *Jovius* relateth) for fear he should loose a good meal, so that it being at the same instant in his power to give order for a revolt which was plotted, he rather chose to sit out his dinner, and by this means forsook a fair opportunity?

Huguccbio lost two cities for a dinner.

XI. To content ones self with a little upon occasion, as the young *Theodosius*, who thought he had made a good meal when he had eaten certain sops of bread steeped in water, within the Cell of an Hermit. The wise *Hebrews* have a proverb, which saith: *Man is known by three things, by anger, by his purse, by his glass.* It is a note of a well mortified spirit when complaints are never made of wants that happen in service for the mouth

Man known by 3. things.

XII. To speak willingly of sobriety, yea even in a feast, like the *Persians*; or frame some other honest discourse which may give refection to the soul while the body taketh his, and beg perpetually of God to deliver us from the necessities of the body, and that he weaken in us these base concupiscences of the flesh, that we may preserve for him this his tabernacle in all purity.

The five and twentieth. Section.

Practice of Modesty.

Modesty is important.

MOdesty is a branch of temperance, a goodly and eminent virtue, which seemeth as it were to incorporat our soul, and make her visible in her actions, whose office is to guid the motions, gestures, words, mirth, habit, gate, and garb, and all that which appertaineth to the exteriour ornament of the body.

Her actions are.

To speak, what?

I. To govern the tongue, to speak truth in time and place, roundly and freely, without deceit, palliation, boasts, impostures, detractions.

II. Never to have a bitter and furious silence, prying into anothers words, nor to use a tattle unmannerly, clamorous, and tiresome, catching the word out of another mans mouth, as little chickens do, who snatch bits one from another, It was the comparison which father *Gontery* of happy memory used.

III. Not to be magistral, with a counterfeited gravity, nor riotous, haughty, fierce, rude, no buffon, nor loud laugher: *A fool* (saith the wiseman) *crackleth in laughing, as thorns in the fire.*

Tone of voice.

IV. Not to have your tongue either of too high or low a tone, but moderat, distinct, in sweet, honest, ordinary, intelligible accents.

Countenance.

V. To have the composition of your countenance, pleasing, gratious, modest, without crabbedness or affectation; the carriage of your body native, comely, free from extraordinary gestures: Not to have a giddy head, like a linnet, always shaking, no wrinkled brow, nor crumpled nose, no perplexed visage, nor eyes wandring, wanton, or proud.

Habit.

VI. The apparel neither superfluous, fantastik, nor dissolute, without too much affecting new fashions, nor peremtorily out of your own conceit tying your self to the old; but to attend your own condition, and remain in the lists of the modesty which is most practised by the wisest. Above all let women beware they set not to sale to carnal eyes that nakedness of their breasts, which may serve for baits for sin. The Scripture saith, *Whosoever shall cause sparkles of fire to flie into another mans corn, shall be accountable for all the dammage which the flames shall make.*

Means to acquire modesty.

VII. To acquire modesty, it is good to represent to your self often before your eyes our Saviour conversing upon earth, and to pray him he will give us a soul pure and radiant, like a star, which impresseth his rays upon the body as the Sun on a cloud, in, and through all, to edifie our neighbour.

The six and twentieth. Section.

Practice of prudence and carriage in conversation.

Isidore. Uranoscope.

HAve you observed a fish in the natural history, which the *Greeians* call *Uranoscopus*, as one would say the beholder of heaven? This admirable creature, contrary to the nature of others, hath but one eye which is as it were a vertical point fixed directly in the top of his head, ever elevated, and

perpetually open, to discover so many labyrinths of snares and treacheries as commonly are in the sea. Some will say it is *Tobias* his fish, a notable creature, which not onely contributeth his gall to illuminate the eyes of the body, but his example to enlighten the eyes of the mind. It is a true Hierogliph of prudence, which telleth us we should at this day converse in the world as in a sea full of monsters, tempests, rocks, perils, surprises, and that we must have the eye of prudence throughly awakened and purified, to preserve and maintain it among so many hazards. This prudence in a word (according to S. *Bernard*) is nothing els but the knowledge of good and evil, which sheweth how we should demean our selves, and the ways we should tread, in the course of our life and affairs. It is one of the principal virtues, because all our actions depend on it. Yea prudence holdeth them as it were enfolded in the plaits of her robe, and unfoldeth them according to place, time, persons, occasions, which to know, is to know all.

S. *Bernard.* serm. de Vi-lico.

Importance of prudence.

It is said, a *French* King enquiring one day of a man, who was held in great reputation of wisdom, after divers instructions to govern himself and guide his Kingdom, this wise man took a fair large sheet of paper, and for an infinite number of precepts which others use to produce upon this subject, he onely wrot this word: *Modus*, *Measure* or *Mean*, thereby inferring, that the whole mysterie of our wisdom and felicity consisteth in doing things with grace, fashion, and measure, and that is it which prudence teacheth. We speak not here in particular of the Religious, oeconomical, military, politike, monarchical, but in general of the direction of life in ordinary conversation: For that seemeth annexed to the virtue of modesty. Imagine to your self that prudence, as antiquity hath presented it unto us in their Hierogliphs, is a hand enchased with eyes, which hath five remarkeable fingers, wherein all discreet actions are contained. These five fingers are memory, understanding, circumspection, fore-sight, execution: which is to say, that for the practice of this virtue,

All wisdom reduced to one word.

Prudence a hand sprinkled with eyes.

Five fingers of prudence.

Memory.

I. A good memory is necessary, to remember things passed, as well what one hath read in books, as those which are observed by proper experience; for that much conduceth to inform the judgement: And besides, he that in all actions hath not memory, when there is occasion to manage some affair, oftentimes findeth he hath not well called to mind all particulars, which putteth him into confusion. Behold why (as all men have not servants for memory, as had the Kings the great men of *Persia*, and *Romans*) it is necessary to have recourse to registers, records, and table-books to help your self. Some are of so happy memory, that they go (as it is said) to gather mulberries without a hook, to the well without a pitcher, into the rain without a cloak,

Understanding.

II. To be intelligent and able to judge well: and for this purpose he must endeavour to know the men with whom he converseth, their nature, humour, their capacity, intention, and proceeding, to penetrate affairs even to the marrow, not contenting himself with the outward bark and superficies. To consider them in all senses, all semblances. To put a tax upon things according to their worth, not to run into innovations, and cunning inventions, which disguise objects. To take counsel of the most understanding, faithful, and disinteressed men, to condescend to good counsels by docility of spirit after they are well examined, even to rest upon that which hath most honestly, integrity, security.

Docibility.

Choice.

III. In every deliberation which one makes upon any occasion to preserve ones self from four very dangerous rocks, which are passion, precipitation, self-conceit, and vanity. Passion colloureth all businesses with the tincture it hath taken. Precipitation goeth headlong downward into ruin. Self-conceit, not willing to forgo some hold, gnaweth and consumeth it-self. Vanity maketh all evaporate in smoke.

4. Rocks of prudence.

IV. To have a great circumspection and consideration not to expose your self but to good purpose. To doe like that sea-crevis, which hideth himself till he hath a shell over his head, and striketh no man. To spie occasions out, and mark how the little hedg-hog doth, into what quarter the wind changeth, to alter the entrance into his house. To stand always upon your guard, to discover the ambushes and obstacles which occurre in affairs. To hold the trowel to build with one hand, and the sword in the other to defend your self. Well to observe these four precepts: *To have your face open, but your thoughts covered from so many wiles, which perplex our affairs: To be sober in speech: Not lightly nor easily to confide in all men, nor on the other side to shew too much diffidence.*

Circumspection. *Pagnin. Junius.*

V. To be very vigilant in affairs, to fore-see what may happen in occasions, and prompt to find out means which may forward the execution of a good design. You find yet to this day in some old medals for a Hierogliph of prudence, a mulberry-tree having a crane upon his branches, and on the stock thereof a *Janus* with two heads: To teach us, that one proceedeth in matter of prudence, first, by not precipitating, no more than the mulberry, the wisest of all trees, which is the last that blossometh, to enjoy them with the more security, and thereby to avoid the pinching nips of frost; In watching as the crane doth, who abideth in an orderly centinel: In casting the eye upon what is past, and fore-seeing the future, as this ancient King of *Italy*, to whom for this cause is given a double face.

Fore-sight & vigilance.

Hierogliph of prudence.

VI. To use dexterity, promptitude, and constancy in the execution of things well resolved on; that is the type and crown of prudence. Many brave resolutions are seen without fruit or effect, which are like egs full of wind: All is but a shadow and a meer illusion of prudence. Seasonable time must be taken, for as *Mithridates*, one of the greatest Captains of the world, saith: *Occasion is the mother of all affairs*; and time being well taken, you must execute warily, effectually, constantly. *Ferdinand* Duke of *Bavare* seems to have made a recapitulation of the principal actions of this virtue upon a piece of coyn, where was to be seen, prudence like a wise virgin seated on the back of a Dolphin, and holding in her hand a ballance, with this motto in three words: *Know, Choose, Execute quickly*. The virgin bearing the ensigns of wisdom, said, you must know: The Ballance, that you must ponder and elect with mature deliberation: The Dolphin with his agility, that you must set a seal upon your businesses by a prompt execution.

Execution.

Occasio omnium gerendarum rerum mater.

A notable medal.

Cognosce, elige, matura.

VII. In the conclusion of the whole, the best wisdom is to distrust your own judgement, and to expect all from heaven, often asking of God not a wisdom humane, crafty, and impious, which is condemned; but the wisdom of Saints, which investeth us with the possession of a true felicity. *The thoughes of mortal men are fearful, and their providence uncertain. My God, who is able to know thy meaning, if thy self give him not wisdom?* Behold the virtues which guid the senses and conversation of man, against the disorders of flesh and bloud, the chief plagues of nature. Let us now survey those which oppose the second impurity, to wit covetousness.

True prudence.

Cogitationes mortalium timidæ & incertæ providentiæ nostræ, sensum autem tuum quis sciet, nisi dederis sapientiam? Sap. 9.

Of

Of the vritues which oppoſe the ſecond impurity, called covetouſneſs, to wit poverty, juſtice, charity.

The ſeven and twentieth SECTION.

Poverty of rich men.

Three ſorts of poverty.

THere are three ſorts of poverty; poverty of neceſſity, poverty by profeſſion, poverty of affection. Poverty of neceſſity, is that of the wretched, a conſtrained, needy, and diſaſtrous poverty. Poverty by profeſſion, is that of Religious, profeſſed by their firſt vow, which is meritorious and glorious. Poverty of affection, is an expropriation from the inordinate love of terrene goods.

We ſpeak not here to you (O Noble men) of the poverty of rogues, which is infamous, nor of that of the Religious, which to you would be inſupportable, and to your condition unſutable; but of the poverty of affection, the practiſe whereof is neceſſary for you, if you deſire to be Cittizens of Heaven. The practiſe is,

Practice of the poverty of affection.

I. To acknowledge all the goods and poſſeſſions you have, are borrowed, which you muſt infallibly reſtore, but when, you know not. You live here like birds, who are always hanging in the air, where either fortune diſpoileth, or death moweth the meadow, and then it never groweth again. It is a great ſtupidity of ſpirit, a great unthankfulneſs to God, if you account that to be yours which you may dayly loſe, and which in the end you ſhall forgoe for ever. Think not you have any thing yours, but your ſelf. *If you love riches, put them in a place aſſured for eternity.*

Auguſt. ep. ad Armentar. & Paulinam. *Divitiæ ſi diliguntur, ibi ſerventur, ubi perire non poſſunt.*

II. If you be not poor, live in riches like the poor. Oftentimes place your ſelf in thought, even in that ſtate you were born in from your mothers womb, or in that ſtate you muſt return unto in the earth. You then will have no cauſe to become proud of your riches, when you ſhall ſee your ſelf encompaſſed with falſe feathers, faſtened together with wax, which with the firſt rayes of the other life will ſcatter and flie away.

Non ſublime ſapere, & nec ſperare in incerto divitiarum. 1. Tim. 6.

III. Never ſuffer gold and ſilver to predominate over you like a King, but hold them under obedience like a ſlave. All theſe things come from the earth, and are made for the uſe of an earthly body: What eſteem can a Soul make of them, unleſs ſhe become terreſtrial? If you regard neceſsity, you have but very little need of them: if your own ſenſual appetites, you ſhall never ſatisfie them. Leave concupiſcence, and ſerve neceſsity.

IV. Live in ſuch a manner, that if you did know it to be purely and ſimply the will of God, you ſhould from this day be deſpoiled of all your wealth, and nothing left you but ſo much as would ſuffice to entertain life, you notwithſtanding would ſhew this change to be acceptable to you, ſaying with holy Job: *God hath given it to me, God hath taken it from me, his name be praiſed.* *Theodoret* makes mention of a very rich man, a *Perſian* by nation, and a Chriſtian by profeſsion, called *Sames*, from whom the King of *Perſia* took all his plentiful poſſeſsions, depriving him of gold, ſilver, garments, ſtock, revenues, and retinue; and not contenting himſelf with that, gave his wife and houſe to a ſervant of this holy man, further enforcing him to ſerve as a ſlave to this varlet, moſt ungrateful and barbarous to his good Maſter. Behold herein whither humane miſeries may arrive. Notwithſtanding *Sames*, a rock of conſtancie, was never a whit ſhaken, having this maxime well imprinted in his heart, that for acceſſories, we muſt never loſe the principal.

Martyr of poverty. *Sames.*

V. Govern your houſe in all frugality and modeſty: Make the expences which you know to be neceſſary and agreeable to your eſtate, not as a poſſeſſour, but as ſteward, and know you ſhall be accountable of the poors portion before God. Apprehend not ſo much the future time, either for your ſelf, or children, nor afflict your ſelf for preſent or paſſed loſs. Likewiſe when you have good ſucceſs in your affairs, paſs over it as a wary Bee over honey, not clamming your wings, according to the notable ſentence of S. *Auguſtine* in his Epiſtle to *Romanian*. Living in this manner, although you have *Cræſus* his wealth, you ſhall live happily poor. It is ſaid, that a great Pope with all the riches which he had, and dayly diſtributed for ſupply of needy mankind, was thought to be poorer (and as I may ſay, more expropriated) than a ſilly Hermit, who had nothing in his Cell but a Cat, he now being become a Maſter over his own affections.

Divitem te ſentiant pauperes.

Auguſt. ad Romani. ep. 113. *Non fruſtrà in mullis copiâ pennæ habet apicula, nectit enim hærentem.*

The eight and twentieth SECTION.

Practice of Juſtice.

Neceſsity of Juſtice.

THat which the air is in the elementary world, the ſun in the celeſtial, the ſoul in the intelligible, juſtice is the ſame in the civil. It is the air which all afflicted deſire to breath, the ſun which diſpelleth all clouds; the ſoul which giveth life to all things. The unhappineſs is, it is more found on the paper of Writers, than in the manners of the living. To be juſt, is to be all that which an honeſt man may be, ſince juſtice is to give every on what appertaineth to him.

It's Actions are,

First Juſtice.

I. To ſubject within us the body to the ſoul, and the ſoul to God: For the firſt actions of injuſtice are to place paſsions upon Altars, reaſon in fetters, and not to ſearch for the Kingdom of heaven, but in the ſway of our own private intereſts.

II. Concerning him who ſits in place of magiſtracy, to have an ardent zeal for the maintenance of lawes, to bend all his endeavours, to apply all the forces of his mind and courage to authorize juſtice, to ſtrengthen his arme againſt the torrent of iniquities, and to put all his peculiar intereſts under the diſcharge of his employments. He muſt have a great ſpirit to carry himſelf in that manner, and eſpecially in a world of corruptions. A good and perfect juſticer, like unto *Job*, is a Phenix. Ages as ſcarcely produce him, and when he dyeth he contriſtates the whole world. Where ſhall you find him who can attribute to himſelf this rare commendation couched in the books of this worthy man: *I am clothed with juſtice as with a garment; I am adorned with righteouſneſs as with a diadem; I have been an eye to the blind, a foot to the lame, a father of the poor, I brake the jawbones of the unjuſt man, & took the prey out of his teeth.*

Job. 19.

Juſtitiâ indutus ſum, & veſtivi me ſicut veſtimento diademate, judicio meo. Oculus fui cæco & pes claudo: Pater eram pauperum, contrebam molas iniqui, & de dentibus illius auferebam prædam.

III. Not to know the favour either of parents, friends, fleſh, or blood, when there is occaſion of doing an act of juſtice, as *Canutus* King of *Denmark* did, who after he had examined the proceſs of twelve theeves and condemned them, found one who ſaid, he was extracted of royal blood: *It is reaſon* (ſaith the King) *ſome grace ſhould be done to him, wherefore give him the higheſt gibet.* So the famous *Zeleucus* to ſatisfie the law, pulled out one of his own eyes, and the other of his ſon. So *Andronicus Commenus* cauſed publiquely to ſet one of his favourits on the pillory, and commanded all thoſe who wrought miſchief under the hope of his favour, *either to leave injuſtice, or life.* So the Emperour *Juſtine* ſuffered one of his greateſt minions to be apprehended at his own table by the Provoſt, and thence dragged to execution.

Helmodi Chronicon. Admirable Juſtice without favour.

Peremptorium est in principe vel auram adorari munerum, vel favorem quaerere personarum. Cassiod. *Ignis devorabit tabernacula eorum qui munera accipiunt.* Job. 15.

IV. To abhor those who betray justice either for money, revenge, love, or any other passion as monsters of nature, murderers of mankind, to hold them anathematized with the great excommunication of nature. Not to admire their fortune, nor in any sort to participate in their riches, to become a companion in their crimes, holding this undoubted, that the fire of Gods judgement will devour their Tabernacles who practise these corruptions. In the form of an oath exhibited under the Emperour *Justinian*, the Magistrates sware to maintaine Religion and justice, according to their power, and in case of corruption they wished upon themselves by way of execration the trembling of *Cain*, the leaprosy of *Gehezi*, the lot of *Judas*, and all that which may astonish man.

Oath of Magistrates under *Justinian.*

V. To have ears always open, and bowels of compassion ready to hear the complaints of widdows, orphans, afflicted, and forlorn people, who endure all the torments of the world to break through the press to manifest their miseries. The Emperor *Trajan* hath done many brave and eminent acts, but none of his atchievements were so resplendent as the justice he readily afforded to a virtuous widdow. Her son had been slain, and she not being able to obtain justice, had the courage to accost the Emperour in the midst of the Citty of *Rome*, amongst an infinit number of people and flourishing legions which followed him to the wars he was then going to take in *Valachia*. At her request *Trajan*, notwithstanding he was much pressed with the affairs of a most urgent war, alighted from his horse, heard her, comforted her, and did her justice. This afterward was represented on *Trajans* pillar, as one of his greatest wonders. And it is said, he was highly commended and admired by S. *Gregory* the great.

Notable act of *Trajan.*

VI. To doe good and to execute justice with expedition, not stretching the leather with the teeth, as said the good King *Lewis* the 12. taxing the delayes, reverences, and neglects of Judges. The Chronicle of *Alexandria* relateth an admirable passage of *Theodor.* King of the *Romans*, to whom a widdow named *Juvenalis* made her complaint, that a suit of hers in Court was drawn at length for the space of three years, which might have been dispatched in few days. The King demanded who were her Judges, she named them; they were sent unto and commanded to give all the speedy expedition that was possible to this womans cause, which they did, and in two days determined it to her good liking. Which done, *Theodorick* called them again: they supposing it had been to applaud their excellent justice now done, hastned thither full of joy. Being come, the King asked of them: *How commeth it to pass you have performed that in two days, which had not been done in three years?* They answered: *The recommendation of your Majesty made us finish it. How?* replieth the King, *When I put you into office did I not consign all pleas and proceedings to you, and particularly those of widdows? You deserve death, so to have spun out a business in length three years space, which required but two days dispatch.* And at that instant commanded their heads to be cut off. The good *Juvenalis* was so strucken with admiration for such an act, that she came to the King to render thanks, and to offer candles to him as to a holy Saint. And would to God *Theodorick* had still persevered in such integrity.

Strange act of Theodorick. Chron. *Alexandrinum.*

VII. Not to be contented with conscience alone, but to have science also, well to examine matters, and to observe the formes of right: Not to cause any body to be punished or tormented by precipitation without sufficient proofs. It is a lamentable thing, when through a desperat hast an innocent is bereaved of that in a moment, which never can be again restored although he should live an hundred years. But it is to be wickedly unjust, when that is also confirmed by malice and cruelty, which was begun by mistaking: As happend to *Piso*, who rashly condemned a poor soldier to death, wrongfully suspected of the murder of his living companion. As the innocent man had now his neck under the sword of his executioner, this camerado of his, supposed to be slain by him, appeared living and in health. The Centurion, who attended the execution, brought them both back again with much concourse of people, to present them to *Piso*. This furious judge enragedly ashamed of the first sentence which he overhastily had given, commanded they should both be put to death, and that also the Centurion should be added to them: One because he was already condemned, although guiltless, another because he was thought to be dead, and the third, because he would preserve in the Judge wisedome and innocency. This Barbarian shortly after paid for this fault joyned with many others, by a merveilous turn of Fortune, and a most shameful death.

Mad cruelty of Piso. *Senec.* de ira. lib. 1. c. 16.

VIII. To be more inclining alwaies to mercy than severity; yet notwithstanding well to take heed, least this mercy degenerate into a softnesse very prejudicial to the maintainance of justice. Also to visit prisons, to see what is fit to be done, and not suffer prisoners to consume in a tedious and irksome misery without true cause of delay.

IX. To extend the hand, that honest men may be maintained, protected, recompenced for services done to the Common-wealth, and Malefactours punished, and used according to their demerits, since *reward and punishment* (as *Democritus* said) *are the two Divinities of Weals-publike, and the two poles on which the affairs of the world do move.*

X. As for the justice of particular men, it is to obey Laws and Magistrates, keep peace and concord among their neighbours: To wrong no man in his honour, body, goods, allies, reputation, nor any thing that appertaineth to another, either by word, deed, or by sign.

Justice of particulars.

XI. To be true in words, loyal in promises, faithful in proceedings, to handle the affaires which one manageth roundly and freely without dissimulation, deceit, treachery, to avoid usury, and all unjust gain, to pay debts, not to withhold servants or hirelings wages, to be ready to satisfie those whom one hath offended, often to beg of God that in the day of his great Assises we may appear in the robe of Justice, to expect with all confidence the benigne breath of his mercies.

The twentie ninth SECTION.

Practise of Gratitude.

Beneficia pulveri, si quid mali patimur marmori insculpimus A singular saying of Sir *Thomas More.* Amb. l. 6. Hexan. c. 4. *Tobies* dog.

ONe Of the noblest acts of justice, is the acknowledgement of a benefit. A virtue very rare in this Age, where (as well Sir *Thomas More* said) *good turns are written in sand, and injuries and revenges on marble.* Saint *Ambrose* assureth us it was not without mystery young *Toby* took a dog for the companion of his voyage: God would he should learn acknowledgement of benefits in the nature of this creature, the Hierogliph of gratitude.

The acts of acknowledgement, are,

Gratitude of Hebrews. *Joseph.* Anti. l. 4.

I. Not to deny, dissemble, nor ever to forget a benefit, but to acknowledge it, retain it, praise, extol it, as the ancient *Hebrews* did, who set marks on their armes, and ensigns at their gates, for the remembrance and acknowledgement of a benefit received. It is a great shame to be ashamed to owe a benefit, and to avoid the sight of a benefactor, as if his presence upbraided either our ingratitude or disability.

II. To

II. To be thankfull, not onely in the presence of the benefactour by some little vain ostentation of acknowledgement, but to publish it to others in time and place, and to retain it as it were engraven in a respective memorie.

III. To recompence him according to power, not onely in proportion but superabundantly, which that it may be the better effected, to consider what is given to us, from whom, when, and how. A benefit is ever best accepted from a friendly, frank, and free hand, and many times from whom it is least expected, in a pressing necessitie. A benefit from a harsh man, given as it were frowardly, is a stonie loaf of bread, which necessitie enforceth us to take, not free-will. It is no gift, when that is given which can no longer be withheld; as *Emanuel* the Emperour, who seeing his full coffers in the hands of the *Persians*, said to his soldiers: Go take them, I give them to you. It is a negligent and remiss giving, when the extream want of a poor man is expected: As the fountain of *Narni*, which never distilled its streams but on the eve of a famin. A small courtesie seasonably done deserveth much, and that was the cause why King *Agrippa* made a poor servitour, named *Thaumastus*, the second person of his kingdom, for that he had given him a glass of fair water in his great necessitie, when under *Tyberius* he was tied to a tree before the Palace of the Emperour, and endured a most ardent thirst.

Sordid liberalitie of *Emanuel Comenus.*

Leander in umbriâ.

Joseph. lib. 18. antiq. *Thaumastus* the second man in a kingdom for having given a glass of water.

IV. As it is not good to suffer a benefit to wax old, so it is not always expedient to recompence it so readily, as if we bear our obligation with impatience, and that we had an opinion this benefit came to us from a hand besmeared with bird-lime, with intention to grasp another. The best way is to let your observances creep into credit, in time and place, with so much the more precaution as they ought to have the less of ostentation.

The thirtieth SECTION.

Practice of Charitie.

Eminentissimum charismatum. S. *Iren.* l. 4. c. 63. S. *Maximus Oeconom.* cent. 1. 38. *Reg.* 4. c. 2. *Plenitudo legis Charitas. Aug.* tract. in epist. *Joan. Dorotheus* 5. Bibliothec. PP. Doct. 6.

SAint *Ireneus* (as we have said) calleth charitie a most excellent present from heaven, the top and zenith of all virtues, gifts, and favours of God. Saint *Maximus* saith, it is the gate of the Sanctuarie, which leadeth us aright to the vision of the holy Trinitie. It is the double spirit which *Elizeus* required, wherewith to love God and our neighbour. Behold the whole law, behold all perfection. You are not much to afflict your self (saith S. *Augustine*) to become perfect. Love God, and then do what you will: For if you desire to know whether your love towards God be real and not counterfeit, mark how you love your neighbour. By how much the lines draw nearer one to another, so much the more they approch to the center: By how much the nearer you approch to your neighbour in love, by so much the nearer you are to God.

Acts of Charitie.

The Actions of this Royal virtue are,

I. To have an affectionate delight in God, for that he is God, all-wise, all-good, all-powerfull, all-amiable, all-just, all mercifull; the original fountain of all wisdom, goodness, power, beautie, justice, mercie. Most heartily to rejoyce that he sitteth in the throne of glorie, as in an abyss of splendour, adored without intermission by all the celestial powers, by all the Saints, by all the exalted Spirits. To desire that all the creatures in the world might adore and serve him, that all understandings were replenished with the knowledge of him, all memories with his benefits, all wills with his love. Such was the affection of that good Fryer *Giles*, companion to Saint *Francis*, who was much moved in beholding the beauties of God, and afterwards wept bitterly because, as he said, love was not beloved enough.

Amor non amatur.

II. To be sensibly sorrowfull for the impieties, heresies, infidelities, errours, sins, dissolutions, which have covered the face of the earth. To resent the injuries done to God, as one would the rebukes of a good father, of a loving brother, or of some person most tenderly affectionate, as the apple of your eye. It is an admirable thing to see in Scripture a poor Princess, daughter in law of *Heli*, falling in travail upon the news brought her of the taking of the Ark of covenant, and death of her husband and neighbours; for her neither to think of father, brother, husband, no nor the pains of her child-bearing, nor to complain of any thing but of the surprisal of the Ark, and to have dying these words on her lips: *Farewel the glory of* Israel, *since the Ark of God is taken away*; what zeal is this in a woman? And now adays one cannot loose a greyhound, a curtal jade, a bird, but all the house is filled with noice and outcries, whilest for injuries done to God the hearts of men are very insensible.

Mervelous zeal of a Lady. 2. Reg. 4. *Translata est gloria de* Israel, *quia capta est Arca Dei.*

III. To love all mortal men as creatures made to the image of God, but above all, the faithfull, in the qualitie of persons destined to the sovereign beatitude: to wish them true blessings, as justification, grace, virtues, spiritual progression, glory. Moreover to desire they may be fortunate in riches, honour, credit, good success in their affairs, if such comforts may conduce to procure them beatitude.

IV. Never to despise, never to judge rashly, never to interpret other mens actions in an ill sense; but to compassionate their infirmities, bear their burdens, excuse their weaknesses, make up and consolidate the breaches of charitie happened by their fault, to hate imperfections, and ever to love men, yea even your enemies. Therein the touch-stone of true charitie is known. The means to preserve one from his enemies, is to pardon enemies, said S. *Augustine*. One of the goodlyest spectacles, able to attract Angels to to the gates of heaven to behold it, is neither Theaters, Amphitheaters, Pyramids, nor Obelisks; but a man, who knoweth how to do well and hear ill, and to vindicate himself from ill by doing well.

Discè diligere inimicum, si vis carere inimicum. Aug. in Ps. 99

Cardinal *Petrus Damianus* relateth, how he being a student at *Faenza*, one told him of an Act of charitie happened (as I believe) in his time, at the same place, of which he made more account than of all the wonders of the world. It was a man, whose eyes another most trayterously had pulled out, and this accident had confined him in a Monasterie, where he lived a pure and unspotted life, yielding all offices of charitie according to the abilitie of his person. It fell out this cruel creature who had done this mischievous act sickened of a languishing maladie, and found himself enforced to be carried to that same place where he was whom he had bereaved of sight. His heart said within him, he would never endure him, but for revenge would put out his eyes. On the contrarie, the blind man made earnest suit to do this act of charitie to him withall the most fervent endeavour, as if he had sought some great fortune from the hand of a Prince. Behold he prevailed, he is deputed to the service of the sick man, and he dedicated to him all the functions of his bodie, except the eyes which the other had pulled out. Notwithstanding (saith the Cardinal) he wanted not eyes, having those of supreme charitie and patience. You would say this good blind man was all eyes, all arms, all hands, all heart, to attend this sick man, so much consideration, vigour, diligence, and affection he used. And what should they here say, who upon the least affronts burn with a revengefull spirit.

An excellent passage of charitie.

V. Not to have a lazie and languiſhing charity, which is onely in idea, but to be diligent, cordial, ſtrict; not for particular ends, but the taintleſs maximes of virtue. It was a great folly in thoſe Philoſophers called the *Contemplators*, who placed perfection in ſitting with arms a-croſs, without doing any act to aſſiſt in the ſociety of men. Witneſs the prime Prince among them, named *Pirrho*, who beheld the ſtars whileſt his companion *Axaquus* falling into a ditch cried out for help: They both were found, the one in this miſery deſpairing, and the other contemplating. It was ſaid to the Maſter: *What do you here, my friend? Why endeavour you not to draw your companion out of this ditch?* No other anſwer would he make: *Let me alone. I meditate how to become an honeſt man.* And behold him a lazy truant, without any further ſearch in giving aid to this miſerable man. In the whole hiſtory of *Pliny* the beſt word is this: *It is a Divinity for one man to do good to another, and behold the moſt aſſured way of eternal glory.*

Laert. l. 6.

Stupidity of *Pirrho.*

Sine, meditor ut bonus ſim. Plin. l. 2. *Deus eſt mortali juvare mortalem, & hæc ad æternam gloriam.*

VI. For this purpoſe you ought to know not onely at your finger ends, but to have both in heart and hand the works of mercy ſpiritual and corporal. You muſt diſpoſe your ſelfe with eſpecial endeavour to alms-deeds. There is the ſchool of rich men, it is their leſſon, their philoſophy, their heavenly Alchimy, their juſtification, their ſalvation, their glory. The practiſe of almes is not now to be required. It is eaſily found. There are as many waies of mercy, as there are miſeries in mankind, which are every day expoſed to our eyes: A thouſand fold happy are they who ſeriouſly bend themſelves to comfort ſuch, every one to the proportion of his power. How many brave and noble ſpirits are induſtrious in that kind? Some (as the Emperour *Titus*) thought they had loſt a day wherein they had obliged no man. Others daily fed ſome poor creature, in whom they acknowledged the perſon of *Jeſus Chriſt*. Others went up and down into publike ſtreets, to find out the neceſſities of men, to relieve and conſolate them. Others humbled themſelves continually to the ſervices of the ſick and indigent. Others taught this practiſe to their little children, almoſt from the nurces breaſt; as ſoon as they began to ſtutter out words, they were made oratours for the poor. Others diſtributed their revenew in equal portions to Churches, needy perſons, and for their own maintenance. Others gave the firſt fruits of all their increaſe of profits. Others founded and inſtituted a thouſand excellent works of piety. Behold good life herein, fair hope, and generous charity. And is it not to be the ſcorn and ſcandal of mankind to amaſs riches for worms, for moths, for children many times wicked, drunken, looſe Libertines, who will play and diſport upon their parents tombs? It were a notable inſcription if one ſhould put theſe words upon your monument, which *Valerius* gave to one called *Gillias*:

Almes.

QUOD GILLIAS POSSIDEBAT, OMNIUM QUASI COMMUNE PATRIMONIUM ERAT: HIC IPSIUS LIBERALITATIS PRÆCORDIA HABUIT, ET DOMUS EJUS QUASI QUÆDAM MUNIFICENTIÆ OFFICINA. What Gillias had, was the poſſeſſion of all mankind. This man had his heart and entrals compoſed even of Charity it ſelf: His houſe was a ſhop of bounty.

Iſta verò injuſtitia magna, ut egeat Dominus & habeat unde luxurietur filius tuus. Auguſt. l. de diſciplina Chriſtiana. Val. 4. c. 8.

Of Virtues that oppoſe the third impurity, which is pride of life.

The thirty firſt SECTION.

The practice of humility and magnanimity.

TO ſay that Noble men and perſons of quality have no need of the virtue of humility, is to ſay that ſick men have no need of health. Humility is the element and orb of virtues. It is the gate of Chriſtianity (ſaith S. *Cyprian*) and we ought not to think that man will be loyal to faith, who is unfaithful to the virtue of *Jeſus Chriſt*, to wit, humility. It is neceſſary for all men, but eſpecially great ones, who are more roughly aſſaulted by the ſtorms of pride: And if this virtue be a contempt of it's own excellency, where ſhall you find out this excellency to find out the contempt thereof? Shall it be in mean and inferiour ſpirits? They naturally are in their own way of baſeneſs, but not therefore in the path of humility. *The moſt exact humility is that, which hath more of honour, and leſs of the ſenſe of honour,* ſaith S. *Bernard*. The ſtars are beheld in the bottom of a pit, and profound humility maketh the moſt radiant ſplendours appear in greatneſs. The ſun diſpelleth the groſſeſt vapours, and draweth the thinneſt and ſubtile to himſelf: How much the more you leſſen your ſelf, ſo much the nearer you ſhall approach to the Sun of true glory. If you deſire to practice this celeſtial virtue, behold the actions.

Primus Religionis introitus. Ciprian. de Nativitate Chriſti. Humility of great men. *Magna virtus eſt humilitas honorata.*

I. Do not intoxicate your brain with a mad vanity of noble race, which cauſeth many to dig out and diſentomb their Grand-fires, as it were from the aſhes of old *Troy*: and as *Auſonius* ſaith, in ſo carefully ſearching out uncertain parents, they many times give occaſion to think they have none certain, Nobility is not to be blamed, ſince it is the happineſs of good extraction, but to be vauntingly puffed upon this occaſion, is a meer folly. He that ſhould revolve and riffle the whole maſs of mankind (ſaith *Plato*) ſhould find there is no King, which commeth not from ſervitours, nor ſervitour who commeth not from Kings.

Acts. Pride of Nobility reprehenſible.

II. Not to affect, nor ſeek after humane praiſes, flattery, complacence, ticklings of reputation, which inebriate all ſhallow brains. Nor through affectation to diſplay a large liſt of titles and qualities. The time hath been when men named lands; at this day lands denominate men. So many abject villages, boroughs, hamlets, brave it in paper, and ſet our memories on the rack to name one man, who ſhould rather be named and renowned for virtues, which are the inheritance of men. Our Anceſtours, who raiſed their titles upon noble actions, were men of heaven: but now when we ſo paſſionately ſeek to acquire names of the earth, we well thereby declare we are men of the earth.

Names of land.

III. When one is arrived by virtue to ſome fortune and condition eminent, not at an inſtant to turn his brain as with a voluntary drunkenneſs, and forget not only his poor parents but himſelf alſo, affecting wry-mouths, crabbed looks, diſdains, ill countenances, and much exteriour ſeeming, to blot out the memory of his extraction. The good *Primiſlaus* being come from the fortune of a peaſant to the Sovereingty of *Bohemia*, cauſed his country-caſſock and high ſhoes to be kept in the Church, and yearly repreſented to him, to renew the memory of his bloud, and thereby cheriſh his own humility. *Pope Benedict* the eleventh, the ſon of a ſilly peaſant, his mother being brought unto him in a rich and ſumptuous habit, with intention much to pleaſe him, turned his eyes away, and ſaid he could not acknowledge this woman for his mother. But ſhe afterwards returning to him in her ruſtick attire, he acknowledged her, and yeilded all the duties of a good ſon. Their hearts were deep in humility, & not of theſe petty ſpirits, who are aſhamed of their beginning, and reſemble thoſe beaſts, which think they are well hidden if their heads be covered, ſhewing the reſt of their bodies.

Modeſty in it's exaltation. Humility of *Primiſlaus* and Pope *Benedict* the 11.

IV. Neither to make your ſelf *Fierabras*, nor the Knight of the burning ſword in matter of valour. Thoſe who moſt brave it in words, are found very

ſhort

Rodomonti. short in performance. The world is full of *Rodomonts*, who onely are transported with arrogant and sudden furies, as *Rabsaces* in the Scripture; but few are found truely valourous. When *Homer* maketh his brave Captains march, he gives them silence for guid. Contrarywise he maketh cowards to babble and chatter like cranes. The one pass along like great rivers, letting their streams glide softly with silent majestie; the other do nothing els but murmur like little brooks; A sign of not being valiant at all, is to strive to seem valiant.

Vanitie of beautie. V. To boast the beautie of bodie, is to have a great defect in the judgement, which is the beautie of the soul. It is verily a desperate vanitie, when a Lady, under the colour that some scribling Rimer hath given her the locks of *Aurora*, the eyes of *Venus*, the port of *Juno*, the feet of *Thetis*, makes her self the Queen of *Antioch*, and glorifies her self many times with a beautie meerly imaginarie. Queen *Stratonica*, wife of *Seleucus*, had not one hair upon her head, yet notwithstanding gave six hundred crowns to a Poet, who had celebrated her in his verse, and sung, that her hair had the tincture of the Marigold. I know not how this soothing flatterer meant it, but this Queen became very proud, which made her so much the more ridiculous. Although this beautie were true, it is but white and vermillion skin distended over a carkase, which covereth many ordures: It is a dung-hill blanched with snow, an Idol of fools, a flower of the field, which hath (as it were) for horizon the instant of its birth. We may well give it the epitaph of the Rose:

Ridiculous pride of Queen Stratonica.

Mirabar celerem fugitivâ ætate ruinam,
Et dum nascuntur, consenuisse rosas.

Here lies the Rose *in one day come*
From the first Blossom to a Tombe.

VI. A much more notorious folly it also is to boast and brave it in apparel, which are plaisters of the scars of sin, to wit, nakedness; borrowed feathers from all kind of birds, unpunished thefts, witnesses of our povertie, which causeth us to beg the assistance of all creatures to cover our shame. What an indignitie is it to be desireous to brave it above ones state, qualitie, or port, and to arrive at this height, ofttimes to bear the fat and marrow of the poor in the plaits of garments? Nay these many rapines are not sufficient to entertain this enraged prodigalitie. Debts must grow which cannot be discharged: Silk must be dragged at your heels, and a Sergeant readie behind you; to shew gold, and hide miserie and sin; to adorn a bodie, as if it were a Temple of *Ægypt* with all possible splendour, and to lodge within it the soul of a Rat. What infamie is it to behold in a banquet a *Roman* Lady, called *Lollia Paulina*, carrie about her in chains, carcanets, and pretious stones, a million of gold, and her father, who had dispoiled all the *Roman* Provinces to cloath this onely daughter, drink afterwards poyson, overwhelmed in the despair of his own affairs? Is not the chamlet coat of the greatest of all our Kings, S. *Lewis*, is it not of power to confound all Courtiers of both sexes, who having nothing worthy of praise in them, would dignifie themselves with apparel, shewing they have like Peacocks a little head, little brain, beautifull feathers, and a long tail?

Habits.

Plin. l. 9. c. 35. Paulina bare about her a milion of gold.

VII. Not to be proud for riches, for they are a river which now this day pass along by your lodging, and are no more yours than the river of *Seyne*. Nor to look with a surley face in great fortunes and dignities; for it is a vizard in a Comedie, which must presently be pulled off. Not to value your self highly for a happie memorie; for it is as it were the bellie of the soul, many times filled with much windines: not for wit, for it is often but thin, like the spiders web, fit to catch flies and nothing else: nor for the judgement, for much to confide therein is a dangerous leprousie in the heart of man.

Supereminence of person.

Modestie. VIII. To measure your self by your own rule, to know your own abilitie, not overmuch to presume of your own forces, not to undertake a great burden, and shrink under the weight of it. To speak little of your self, and of all that which is your own, not to overprize, nor deject your self, to do good without speaking of it, to obey the commandments of Superiours faithfully, readily, courageously, to moderate desires, to love mediocritie in all things, to have a sweet, affable, and respective conversation.

Megnanimity IX. If you be truly humble you will necessarily have the acts of magnanimitie, which are to undertake great things for the honour of God: For there is not any thing so potent as the humble man, who expecteth all his power from heaven. To contemn the promises and menaces of great men, when they request or command you to do any injustice.

Arist. Eth. 3. X. To drive from you with courage any obstacles, which present themselves to divert you from a good work: to make little account of all the states and dignities of the world: To enter into it, stay in it, go out of it, ever with the same countenance. To take honour as a tribute, which you are to put into the coffers of God. To abide continually both in adversitie and prosperitie within your self. To recompence a benefit liberally, never to detract, to praise sparingly, beg seldom, admire nothing lightly, nor complain of any man. To hold rank among great men without vanitie, and to humble your self to inferiours through charitie. Not to undertake many things, but perform brave things. To hate flatterie as a plague, hypocrisie as a poyson, complacence as a mockerie. To do and speak freely, what is reasonable. Not to remember injuries. To aym rather at true honour than profit.

The thirty second SECTION.

Practice of Patience.

Praise of Patience. BEhold that which setteth a seal upon all virtues, patience, ever the first in the list and last in the triumph. It is the crowned pomegranate which hangeth among bels in the lowest border of the high Priests robe of the old Law. It was a goodly thing to carrie all the world on his habit, all was imperfect without the crown of patience; she it is which hath the bell, to teach us, that all virtues are very excellent, but it belongeth not to them to proclaim victorie without patience and perseverance. Other virtues are as those ancient Painters, who subscribed at the foot of their table, *He painted, he made*: but patience may affix, *I have made, I have perfected*, since it giveth full accomplishment. It is the school of Christianitie. *So learned are we* (saith S. *Ambrose*) *as we have patience: so much do we participate with God as we can suffer by his example. He hath taken a bodie to be able to suffer, and to make himself altogether the mirrour of sufferers, and the reward of those who have patiently endured. If we suffer not to imitate him, our soul is no longer ours: For it is the word of the Son of God, that we possess not this soul but by the means of patience. If we leave it, we loose all.*

A notable observation upon the habit of the High Priest.

Ambr. super Proverb. Tantò quisque minùs ostenditur doctus, quantò minùs ostenditur patiens.

Vita PP.

For the practice of this virtue, I require not you should be a Saint *Macarius*, who for having killed a gnat which stung him, went (as if he had committed a great act of impatience) for the space of six moneths, exposing his naked bodie to all the flies, gnats, and wasps of the wilderness, to be revenged on himself. This patience is not for your purpose, learn one more ease.

Patience of S. Macarius.

Patience of great men, what. I. That you a little bear with your self. All follie hath this propertie with it, that it is perpetually in disturbances, ever wearie of the present, and with open mouth gaping for the future. It leapeth like quick-silver, it boundeth and skippeth from thought to thought, from purpose to purpose, from place

Acts.

to

to place, as the Stag from the hillock to the mountain, from the mountain to the hillock. And all that proceedeth from impatience of heart.

First patience to endure ones self.

Take for the first act of patience to reclaim your self within your self, not to be still upon change, to rest with firm footing in the conditions, professions, employments, recreations, in which through duty you are engaged.

To spare men and endure men.

II. To spare men as saith the Emperour *Antonius*) and suffer men. You would have men speak, laugh, go, and spit, even after your fashion, that is the way to please you. Superiours molest you, equals trouble you, inferiours can do nothing to content your appetite, the noise of a door, the wind of a window, a glass broken, a mess of broth over-salted, a flie in the kitchin negligently driven away by a servant makes you enraged. You have more disturbances than the winding *Euripus* hath waves. This proceedeth from the great weakness of your understanding, effeminacie of flesh, tenderness of education, custom of curiositie, sickness, and giddiness of spirit. If you do not seasonably prevent the mischief and daily accustom your self to tollerate some inconvenience with sweetness and patience, you will become a monster in conversation, insupportable to all, and in conclusion troublesome to your self. What an indignitie is it, that a man full of rebellions against God, should desire that men and beasts serve him according to all his humours? Some slight fellow will be so observed in puncto, and a thousand and a thousand Kings have endured a million of indiscretions of their servants with patience. Is it not said that *Philip* the second, King of *Spain*, having written a letter with his own hand, with much studie and labour, to be sent to the Pope, when he asked for sand to cast upon it, his Secretarie half asleep poured the ink in the standish upon it? This would have put you into a furie, and yet behold a man of this eminencie bare it without speaking one angrie word to his servant.

Calumnies.

III. From hence you shall learn to suffer calumnies and slanderous words, not raising a storm in your mind about the interpretation of a doubtfull word, not to frame differences about the leg of a flie. Not to be amazed at forged imputations, which trench even upon the Diadems of Kings and Miters of Popes. The buckler wherewith you must resist them is contempt and innocencie. It is said, the Basilisk desirous to infect a looking-glasse killeth himself by repercussion of vapours which proceed from his own bodie, and the calumniator doth the like, when he meeteth with a pure unspotted life: It is a smooth glass, which slayeth him with his proper arms. Speak onely these royal words of *David*, a King and Prophet: *My God, if thou suffer this persecution against me, at the least I beg the sacrifice of my patience may ascend to thy Altar in the odour of sweetness.* S. *Ambrose*, as I have demonstrated before, hath observed, that this great man was so disposed to patience, that being persecuted by his son *Absolom*, and at the same time furiously pursued with the foul slanders of *Shimei*, he took the clamorous tongue of this detractour, to make as it were an Antidote of it, and apply it to the sorrow he received from the parricide of an unnatural son.

1. *Reg.* 36. Patience of David. *Si Dominus incitat adversum me, odoretur Sacrificium meum.*

Verborum contumelia paricidii levavit erumnam.

Maladie.

IV. Patiently to endure a maladie: It is a hard matter in vehement pains, but that some outcries and exclamations escape nature. I know not what heart that Gentleman had of whom the table of constancie speaketh, who played on a lute when his leg was cut off with biting saws and burning cauteries, without breathing forth one sillie sigh. That is not exacted of you, but that you use some moderation, and above all you have a soul resigned, principally in dolours and small maladies, which give you leisure enough to re-enter into your self.

Heroick acts of patience.

V. Finally to swim in a strong stream, you must fortifie your self, against all humane accidents, as are the hurly-burlies of fortune, (which in a moment thrust a man down to the bottom of the wheel) banishments, imprisonments, shipwracks, loss of goods, infamous accusations even of innocency it self, crimes, calamities, death of friends, neer kindred, fathers, mothers, brothers, children, and all that which hath sadness and horrour in nature. Out alas! what lightenings, thunders, tempests on all sides? What traps, what snares? O man (miserable creature) drenched in the water of thy tears, which are more familiar to thee than the sea and rivers to fishes; where wilt thou save thy self, if thou put not thy self under the shelter of patience? All is replenished with miseries, and to be desirous of exemption is a petty apostacie in nature. Tribulation is the Kings high-way, beaten and tracked with the sacred steps of thy Master, and with a countless number of Saints, who all of them have made their afflictions the degrees of their glory. Behold thy *Jesus*, he is the brazen serpent, planted in the wilderness of this world, which healeth all the bitings of our impatience. Behold patience, it is the salt of the Prophet *Elizæus*, which purifieth the polluted waters, and sweeteth all the bitterness of life.

Patience the Sanctuary of mortals.

The thirty third SECTION.

Practice of dayly actions.

Every day a table of life.

ALl our virtues are included in our actions, and our actions in the hours, the hours in the day, and the day in the moneth, the moneth in the year, and the years in the Ages. Every day is a brief table of our life, and the means to make ones self perfect quickly, is to perform all our daily actions with mature consideration and perfection. Behold a portraict, the lineaments whereof I have taken from a man endowed with great wisdom, religion, and integrity, whom I would willingly name, did I not fear to offend his humility, able to endure any thing but his own praises.

Means of perfection

I. It is a long time since the sun for your benefit hath dispersed the shadows of the night, that you may rejoyce at the sight of the great spectacle of the works of God; and yet your curtains are still shut to entertain you in the duskie image of death. Get out of your bed, and think this goodly star, which maketh you begin the carreer of this day, will this day run more than ten or twelve millions of leagues. And you, how many steps (I pray) will you set forward to draw neer to virtue? This indefatigable harbinger is gone forth to score you out the lodging of a tomb, so many minutes are so many points deducted of our life. Will not you follow the counsel of the Son of God, and do well whilst it is day? A great night will speedily involve you under it's wings, wherein you shall no more have further means to travel.

Motive to pass the day well.

II. Take every day as a day in harvest. Take it as a day of a fare, or mart; take it as a day wherein you are to labour in the mines of gold; take it as a ring, which you must engrave, adorn, and embellish with your actions, to be in the evening offered up at the Altar of God.

Day pretious.

III. Represent unto your self a notable consideration of S. *Bernard*, that your actions pass, as not passing: For every good work you do, is a grain of seed for life eternal. Say as did *Xeuxes* that painter so renowned, *Æternitate pingo*, I paint for *eternity*.

To paint for eternity.

IV. Follow the counsel of S. *Thomas*. Do every action in the virtue of *Jesus Christ*, desiring to have all

Counsel of S. *Thomas*,

all the good intentions and affections of the Church militant and triumphant: Do it as if thereon depended the praiſe of God, the good of the whole world, all your happineſs, and as if it were to ſet a ſeal on all your works.

S. *Thom.* de moribus divinis.

To provide on the evening for the day to come.

V. Begin from the evening the purpoſe of good works which you are to perform the next day, what points you ought to meditate on, what vice you ſhould reſiſt, what virtue exerciſe, what affairs you are to handle, to make all appear in its proper time with a well matured providence. It is the thread of *Ariadne*, which guideth our actions in the great labyrinth of time, otherwiſe all runneth to confuſion.

Diligence in the morning.

VI. Have ſo much curioſitie in you, as ſometime to know of what colour the day-break of morning is, cutſtrip the ſteps of light, according to the counſel of the Wiſeman, to praiſe God. Take good heed leſt you imitate that hog *Epicurus*, who boaſted he had waxed old without ever beholding the ſun riſing or ſetting. It is a good cuſtome to riſe in the morning, but very difficult to perſwade women ſo, and all the Antipodes of nature, who change day into night, and night into day. That famous *Apollonius* held in his time for an Oracle of the world, coming very early in the morning to *Veſpaſian's* gate, and finding him awake, conjectured thereupon that he was worthy to command an Empire, and ſaid to one who accompanied him: *Undoubtedly this man will be Emperour, ſeeing he is ſo early a ſtirrer.*

Ἀνὴρ ἄρξει.

Three parts of the day.

VII. All that which you are to diſpoſe the day unto, is divided into three parts, Devotion, Buſineſs, Recreation. Devotion muſt carrie the torch and open the door to all our actions.

Awaking.

VIII. Make account at your firſt awaking to give all the firſt fruits of your faculties, ſenſes, and functions to the divine Majeſtie. Let the memorie preſently put it ſelf in mind, that it ought to do the work of God. Let the underſtanding caſt a conſideration upon its Creatour, like a flaſh of lightning. Let the will be enkindled with his love. Let the heart ſhoot forth ſome fiery ſhafts, ſome deſires and ſome affections wholy celeſtial. Let the mouth and tongue endeavour to pronounce ſome vocal prayer to the moſt Holy Trinitie. Let the hands figure on the forehead and breaſt the ſign of the Croſs, ſince they are lifted up to heaven. Let the arms and feet ſhake off the ſluggiſhneſs of ſleep, as S. *Peter* did the chaines at the voice of the Angel. Behold a good beginning, how to offer ones ſelf to God. The hair was pulled from the victim, and put into the fire before it was ſacrificed; ſo muſt you draw away at your awaking thoſe ſlight-eractions, to give beginning to your Sacrifice.

IX. This action ſhould ſerve as a preparative to another more long and ſerious devotion, which you are to make in your cloſet, when firſt you come out of your bed. If you have ſo gorgeous garments to put on, that neceſſarily you muſt beſtow ſome notable time to dreſs you, it is a miſerable ſervitude. Obſerve you not it ſhould be done to render your tribute to God? Then cloath your ſelf indifferently, as much as ſhall be neceſſary for comlyneſs and health. Afterward with bowed knees uſe five things, *Adoration, Thanksgiving, Oblation, Contrition* and *Petition*.

Exerciſe of the morning.

Five things to be practiſed.

Adoration, in adoring God proſtrated on the earth, reſounding like a little ſtring of the worlds great harp, and offering to the Creatour this whole univerſe as a votive-table hanged upon his Altar, wholly reſigning your ſelf to his will. For this act, it is very expedient to uſe the Hymn of the three children in the fornace, who called all creatures as by a check-roul, to the praiſes of God.

Thanksgiving for all benefits in general, and particularly for that you have happily paſſed over this night. The Church furniſheth us with an excellent form of thankſgiving in the Hymn *Te Deum laudamus*.

Oblation, of your faculties, ſences, functions, thoughts, words, works, and of all that you are, remembering the ſentence of S. *John Chryſoſtom*, *That the worſt avarice is to defraud God of the oblation of your ſelf.* Offer to God the Father your memorie, to repleniſh it with profitable and good things, as a veſſel of election; to the Son your underſtanding, to enlighten it with eternal verities, to the Holy Ghoſt your will, to heat it with his holy ardours: Conſign your bodie to the Bleſſed virgin, to preſerve it under the ſeal of puritie.

Contrition in general for all ſins, and particularly for ſome vices and imperfections which moſt ſurcharge you, with a firm purpoſe to make war againſt them, and extirpate them with Gods aſſiſtance.

Petition, not to offend God mortally, nor to fail with grace, light, and courage to reſiſt thoſe ſins to which you are moſt inclined. To practice thoſe virtues which are moſt neceſſarie for you. To be guided and governed this very day by the providence of God in all that may concern the weal of your ſoul, bodie, and things external. To participate in all the good works which ſhall be done in the Chriſtian world. To obtain new graces and ſuccours for the neceſſities of your neighbours, whom you then may repreſent, and this by the interceſſion of Saints, wherewith your prayer ſhould be ſeaſoned. It is then to very good purpoſe to ſpend ſome quarter of an hour at the leaſt in reading ſome ſpiritual book, imagining it as a letter ſent from God to you, for direction of your actions.

Spiritual leſſon.

X. When you put on your apparel, to acknowledge your great ſervitude, ſo to ſerve with much induſtry the moſt abject and brutiſh part of man. To think you garniſh a bodie, which even this very day may be a putrified rottenneſs. What time and diligence had *Jeſabel* uſed in the laſt day of her life to adorn and deck a bodie, that was trampled under the feet of horſes, and gnawn by dogs ſome few hours after?

Cloathing.

Maſſe muſt be heard at a due hour, in the manner before related, and that is a moſt eſpecial act of devotion.

Maſſe.

XI. The ſecond employment of the day, is in the affairs which one mannageth, whether it be for the publick or for your own particular, in the government of your familie, or diſcharge of ſome office. A good buſineſs is a good devotion, and nothing is ſo much to be feared as idleneſs, which is a very antheap of ſins. *He who taketh pains* (ſaid the ancient Fathers of the deſert) *is tempted but by one devil; he that is idle, by them all.* There is no perſon ſo noble or eminent, that ought not to find out ſome employment. If iron had the reaſon of underſtanding, it would tell you, it better loved to be uſed by much exerciſe, than to ruſt and conſume in the corner of a houſe.

Affairs.

XII. In the practiſe of charges, offices, affairs, to uſe *knowledge, conſcience, dexteritie, diligence. Knowledge* in learning that which is profitable to be known, for the diſcharge of dutie, in informing ones ſelf of that which cannot be gueſſed at, in hearing counſel, examining and weighing it with mature deliberation. *Conſcience*, in adminiſtering all things with integritie according to laws both divine and humane. *Dexteritie*, in doing all things diſcreetly, peaceably, with more fruit than noyce. In ſuch manner that one ſhew not anxietie in affairs, but like that Prince of whom in ancient time one ſaid, That in the moſt buſie occupation he ſeemed ever to have the greateſt vacation. *Diligence*, obſerving occaſions well, and performing every thing in time and place.

He that hath never ſo little ſpirit and good diſpoſition, ſhall always find wherein to employ himſelf, principally

principally in the works of mercy both spiritual and temporal, amongst so many objects of our neighbours miseries.

Recreation. XIII. Time of repast, recreations, sports, and visits should be very regulat, for fear nature be not dissolved in a lazy and bestial life, greatly unworthy of a noble heart. Away with gluttony, play, detraction, curiosity, scoffing, babling. Let the conversation be as a file, to smooth and cleanse the spirit, and ever to adapt it to its proper functions.

Elevation of heart to God XIIII. One should not in affairs, recreations, retirements, omit at some times to elevate his heart to God by jaculatory prayers. Happy are they, who in every hour of the day do make unperceivably some litle retrait in their hearts, casting their eye like a lightning-flash upon the hour past, and foreseeing the direction of the next. Above all, after dinner it is fit to reenter into ones self, and to see the good order which hath been given for the execution of the mornings good purposes.

Evening. XV. In the evening before you go to bed, you are to use examen of conscience, Lytanies, and other vocal prayers, with the preparation of the meditation of the next day; happily to shut up the day with acts of contrition, faith, hope, charity, prayers for the living and dead. Thereupon settle your self to sleep with some good thought, to the end according to the Prophet, your night may be lightned with the beauties of God. If any interruption of sleep happen, mark it out with jaculatory prayers and elevations of heart, as anciently the Just did, who for this cause were called the crickets of the night. This doing, you shall lead a life replenished with honour, repose, satisfaction towards your self, and shall each day advance one step forward to eternity.

The marks which amongst others, may give you a good hope of your predestination are principally twelve. First. A lively, simple, and firm faith. 2. Purity of heart, which ordinarily is free from grievous sins. 3. Tribulation. 4. Clemency and mercy. 5. Poverty of spirit disengaged from earth. 6. Humility. 7. Charity towards your neighbour. 8. Frequentation of the Sacraments of Confession and Communion. 9. Love to the word of God. 10. Resignation of spirit to the will of your Soveraign Maister. 11. Some remarkeable Act of vertue exercized by you upon occasion offered. 12. Devotion to our Blessed Lady: In honour of whom you shall do well to observe daily three things. First, to present unto her an oblation every hour of the day of the Angelical salutation, when at the striking of the clock you recal your heart to your self. Secondly, to exercise some mortification of mind or body, by some motive of the imitation of her vertues. Thirdly, to give alms to her honour either spiritual or temporal.

This have I enlarged in a litle manual called THE CHRISTIAN DIVRNAL.

Instructions for the Married.

The thirty fourth. SECTION.

Of the misery of ill governed marriages, and to whom we may impute it.

THE great evils in ill managed marriages, made S. *Gregory Nyssen* and S. *Iohn Damascene* say, wedlock had not been invented, but to serve as a remedy for the wound of concupiscence, and that if the first Authours of mankind had remayned in original justice, the world would have been multiplied in a manner wholy Angelical, rather than by the ordinary ways of marriage. Notwithstanding S. *Augustine* and S. *Thomas*, who diligently looked into it, assure us marriage was treated in the state of innocency by natural ways, since *Eve* was created before sin, and given to man to serue as a companion for him in the worlds propagation. But if the divine providence would have pleased to have made choyse of other means for this increase, he had created millions of men in the beginning of the world, like unto Angels, and not one man alone, nor one sole woman, who were set in the front of all Nations of purpose to produce them with that progress of time and succession we therein observe. I pronounce, marriage had been without the ardours and disturbances of concupiscence, the paines of child-bearing, disloyalty, riots and discontent: but rather entertained with a tender love of the man towards the woman, and a perfect obedience of the wife towards the husband, with a sweet education of children, free from poverty, loss, and all sorts of troubles. Christian Religion endeavoureth to recal wedlock to the purity of the first institution, whilst good liking accordeth with the commandments of God, and the immutable laws of eternal Justice.

Nyss. lib. de hom. cap. 18. Damasc. l. 2. de fide ortho. c. 30.

There is a most remarkable thing written of the Peach-tree, that in *Persia*, which was the first and onely place heretofore of its growth, it was venoumous and mortal, but being carried and transported into other countreys, as *Ægypt*, *Greece*, *Italie*, *France*, it wholy changed nature, and loosing with the country its malignity, bare, and to this day beareth fruits rellished with muth tastfulness. The like is marriage, a strange plant if you leave it in its Province, that is to say within the limits of nature, extreamly passionat, and irregular; beware of poyson and death: but if you transplant it into the Evangelical Law, and manure it with order, continency, and that restriction which the law of God dictateth to you, you shall derive delectation and profit from it, for the solace and ornament of humane life. Nay we must affirm, the exorbitancies which now raign in the world, and which draw so many miseries along with them, make married people very often feel most harsh conditions, and to render marriage a soyle as natural for cares, as it is barren for roses and violets.

Marriage now adays throughout the greatest part of the world is a poesy of thorns, we know not where to lay hold of it, on what side soever it be touched it pricks the fingers. Marriage is the ivy of *Jonah*, exteriourly verdant with some apparance of cheerfulness and delight, but the worm of grief and anxiety gnaws the root within. Marriage is the plant which the *Indians* call the thorny bodkin: it is all over sprinkled with stars, and the rayes of these stars are nothing els but prickles: Maydens take heed, one may think to gather a star, who shall find a sharp thorn.

Marriage is the balm of *Arabia*, whereunto little vipers hasten to make their nests: such an one sees the leaf and sents the good odour, who perceives not the little serpents of a thousand disturbances which lie hidden there-under.

Marriage is the island of dreams of which the Ancients speak, where a thousand griefs are presented, covered at first with the veil of pleasure; you would swear they were little *Cupids*, who say, Come to me young man, come to me, come hither fair maid, come hither. They are entertained, they are courted, in an instant they take off the mantle, and appear as they are, with ugly countenances and horrid shapes. Marriage is a stormy sea, where nothing is to be seen but ruins, tempests, and shipwracks; one cries *mercy*, and another *help*, *save if it be possible*; and there are very few who arrive at the haven without infinit hazard.

Nescis quia Ismael est qui tecum ludit.

Marriage

Marriage is a long pilgrimage, which finds but three hosteries: The first is called false pleasure, the second repentance, the third calamity, and if you go any farther, you shall meet with despair.

The first difficulty there encountered, is, that of a free-man you become a bond-slave, and the sweet liberty which nature impressed on the heart of all living creatures, is the first trophey you must hang up over the bridal bed: *The wife* (saith the Apostle) *hath no power over her own body; that jurisdiction is reserved to the husband: nor can the husband reciprocally dispose of his own body, for it is in the power of the wife.*

Mulier sui corporis potestatem non habet, sed vir: similiter vir sui corporis potestatem non habet, sed mulier. 1 Cor. 7.

Nay did she know into whose hands she consigned this precious treasure, it would be some comfort to say thus much at the least. If I be a slave, I will choose a good Master. But thou silly maid, who hast been so tenderly bred, and hatched up under the wings of thy parents as a chaste dove, art put into the hands of a husband, as into the tallons of a faulcon. When he wooed thee as a suitor, he made shew of much mildness, he was a lamb, nay rather a wolf in a sheep-skin. No sooner was marriage consummate, but the mask was taken off, he shewed what he was, a gamester, a man chollerick, base, barbarous and tyrannical, that held this wretched dove in his bloudy claws, making her hourly vapour out her life through the sighs of her sorrows. Young man, who as yet art not fettered in the bands of marriage, thou makest love to a maid with infinite services, and for that purpose thou learnest to dance the cinque-apace, thou clothest thy self in silk, and cuttest thy beard in fashion, thou dost crisp and comb thee, thou dost court thy hair, and knowest not thou seekest for a Master. Thou thinkest thou hast found a precious stone, but thou meetest with a counterfeit: Thou thinkest she is a lamb, but she proves a wolf, yea a serpent which beareth fire and flames: thou must take her at adventure, and such as she is must keep her. Oxen and asses are tryed before they be bought (sayes Saint *Hierom*) but wives are taken without notice of their humour and deportment.

Nulla uxoris electio, sed qualiscumque venerit habenda. Hierom. contra Jovin.

Nay, which is worse, this poor maid with huge sums purchaseth her slavery. Fathers and Mothers have sweat hard for the space of twenty or thirty years, to amass a portion: Behold they have attired, decked, and adorned her like a temple, and she is led out with the sound of violins, as to the galley, and many times thrown into the arms of a husband who wasteth all. And the young man to become a slave, makes a thousand journeys, offereth a thousand supplications, a thousand thanksgivings, and as many salutations: Ah poor creatures, if you be weary of your liberty, are there no prisons, caverns, nor chains more pleasing?

Galley-slaves who toil at the oar, hope after five years, after ten years, or some term prescribed them, to be discharged from bondage. The ill married are enforced to expect death for freedom from their fetters; and there is not any Deitie to which they offer more vows and candles than to death, which is notwithstanding the terrible of terribles.

I give you leave to think, when two contrarie humours meet, as fire and water, a holy man with a spitefull and an immodest wife, or a noble spouse with a wicked husband, what an affliction it is. Saint *Augustine* relates that certain thieves, cruel and bloudy, to torture captives resolved on an execrable barbarism, which was, to joyn and straightly tie a live body with a dead, and so let the poor patient expire amongst ordures and insupportable stenches. It is the very like, when a holy and pious wife meets with a husband impious, wicked, and unnatural: she alive by grace and virtue is joyned to a rotten carrion, which intollerably tormenteth her, and if she in such occasions exercise patience, she gains so many crowns as there be hours in every day.

Let us pass further, and not here conceal some roses of marriage mingled among thorns. If beauty be therein, jealousie doth easily slide into it; and doubtless it is more aimed at, and is more subject to be surprized by temptations: If there be deformity, it much altereth the band of affections. If there be riches, and ample fortunes, they are exposed to much embroylment, great travel, and infinite peril; for the strokes of thunder ruine not any thing so often, as the tops of high steeples: If there be povertie, it is a misery intolerable. Are there children? wives, you know how dear they cost you. They who are tortured on the rack, suffer nothing in comparison of a poor creature, who is constrained to be delivered of her fruit by a travel extraordinary, hydeous, painfull, and oftentimes in seeking to give life to another, she there leaves her own. This sometime happeneth, because those children come into the world laden with benefices, mitres, and croziers. Abuse precedes birth; they are fathers before they are children: It is not yet known whether they be males or females, and all the world sees they already are charged with ecclesiastical livings. Mothers, you still bear them in your entrails; their fortunes, their accidents, their maladies, their deaths, through a reflection of nature imprint on your hearts all their passions, all their disasters; you are transfixed with as many martyrdoms as evils happen to your children; nay, should all succeed prosperously and according to the course of nature, yet must you a second time produce them to honours, estates, and fortunes. This pain perpetually ties you to the rack: To have them upon your hand, and not wherewith to provide for them, is a very sensible sorrow, yet richly to endow them is to give them wherewithal to enkindle their lust, entertain disobedience, and cherish vice. You think after your travels they will afford you the like, who oftentimes prove lewd, ungratefull, and malicious wretches, that waste the wealth you amassed for them, as it were on your tombs. Behold the slender scantling of the toyls and perplexities of marriage, drawn from the Doctrine of holy Fathers. I wonder not at all, those ancients in the ceremonies of marriage carried before the bride a torch made of black thorn, and never of any other wood; to testifie wedlock was replenished with difficulties very thorny. Nor shall I any more admire their custom, who in like manner caused the new wife to touch fire and water. For to say truly, she passeth through the boyling ardours of many dolours, through the waters of infinite many afflictions, and may repeat that verse when she hath met with some ease: *I have passed through fire and water, and thou hast set me in repose and comfort.*

Raram fert mixturam cum sapientiâ forma, & nihil est tutâ in quo totius populi vota suspirant. Molestum est possidere quod nullus habere vel amare dignatur. Pauperem alere difficile est, divitem ferre tormentum. Mulier cum parit tristitiam habet.

Psal. 65. 12. *Ecce transivimus per ignem & aquam, & eduxisti nos in refrigerium.*

Now, it is not sufficient to have expressed the inconveniences of marriage, if we also declare not the causes and remedies thereof: and this (Reader) is the reason, why I desire you to proceed in your attention. Men who will always conclude to their own advantage, speaking of this matter, cast all upon women, and ordinarily affirm we must not ask from whence the evils of marriage come, it is enough to say one cannot be married without a wife, and that woman is the source and seminary of all the miseries and disasters which happen in this affair.

Behold a very slippery place, what shall we answer? It seems that generally to condemn women,

were to produce more testimonies of passion than marks of judgement. They are the mothers of men by nature, nurses by charity, and as it were hand-maids by patience. It is the devout sex, the sex of compassion and pitie. They daily do many good things, they succour the necessities of the poor, they visit hospitals, prisons, the sick; they replenish Churches, and edifie families with examples of pietie; and can you then speak ill of them? Notwithstanding, as we are not to flatter them, so it is undoubted that those who have once resigned themselves to evil, and become libertines in sin, are the cause of many ills, and practice much frailty in their sex, and cunning in their behaviour, to disturb families and the affairs of the world, if not guided by virtue. If we now will consult with the Ancients both Greek and Latine, they will tell us wonders; but let us hearken to Holy Scripture and Fathers. First in *Genesis* chap. 2. where the creation of woman is declared, it is said, that God caused a profound sleep to steal upon *Adam*, and that being asleep he drew woman out of his side. These words are very considerable. What meaneth it that God before he made woman, caused sleep to steal into the eyes of *Adam*? I will not here tell you, that some have glossed, that he could not have admitted this production of woman in any other manner: but I affirm with the Septuaginta, this sleep was an extasie, with Saint *Augustine* that it was a rapture, and with others a trance of spirit: For he then had need enough to fortifie himself with consideration, since woman came into the world, who would bid him many battels. Poor *Adam* fell into an apoplexy, into a convulsion, into swooning fits, as already feeling the cross thwartings, passions, and afflictions, he should receive from woman.

Immisit Deus soporem in Adam, cumque obdormivisset, tulit unam de costis ejus, & replebit carnem pro eâ, & ædificavit Deus costam quam tulerat in mulierem. Adam *particeps Angelicæ curiæ intravit in sanctuarium Dei.* August. l. 9. de Genes. ad lit. הורעוח Aquila. Κατὰ φορὰν. Symach. κάθοδον. Tertul. *Accidentium spiritus.*

Moreover who can but admire the phrase, which the Scripture useth in this creation, where it is said woman was *built*. Good God! what meaneth this? thou already hadst erected so many goodly buildings, Heaven and earth, the high and low stations of the world, thou hadst created *Adam* with a plentiful concurrence of many parts, and yet the Scripture saith not, thou then didst build, but when woman was to be created, *God built*, God made his first piece of architecture. And why? It is because woman is a house, wherein the heart of man should inhabit, who is, alas! there but too often captive? Or is it, that a woman costs as much in making, as a fair house? To build a house you must have so much sand, lime, stone, timber, iron-work, manufactures hands, strokes of hammers, masons, carpenters; and to dress and attire a woman so many coiffs, kerchiefs, cawls, so many false hairs, paintings, gowns, petticotes, chopins, verdingals, whalebones; so many carcanets, gold chains, jewels, gemmes, attendants, that a house were almost as soon built, as a woman furnished.

What doth she when she is built? Saint *Augustine* saith, she becomes the scholler of a serpent, the gate of sin, the fountain of errour, and the rust of pietie? Good God! what unhappiness is this? If from the side of man a flaming dart or keen sword had been drawn, they would have done less hurt than an evil woman; which I speak without prejudice of the virtuous. The first woman ungrateful towards God, a traiteress to her husband, a murderess of her race, made a bridge for Satan to pass into the world, and needs would lodge him in her heart, whom God had confined to the deep pit of hell.

Others, who have prostituted themselves to evil for these five thousand five hundred and thirtie years that the world hath circumvolved, have acted upon this large Theatre of many forms, so many bloudy tragedies, that they make histories to blush thereat. The daughters of *Loth*, the *Thamars*, *Athaliaes*, *Jezabels*, *Vasties*, *Helenaes*, *Fredegondaes* approve it, and their ashes also incessantly produce others into the world, Work-mistresses of all mischief.

Alas Mothers! instruct your daughters well whilst they are young, breed them up in the fear of God, frame them to duty, imprint on their tender hearts as with a searing-iron, the love of chastity, modesty in their behaviour, and devotion in their souls.

And you young men, who suffer your selves to be cheated and deceived by impudent women, permitting them to bewitch you with love-drinks and wicked attractives, open your eyes and behold the precipice before you, and then I doubt not you will abhor it. Trust not their familiar conversation and dalliances; know they are full of danger, and that there is not any can resist them without the particular grace of God. Strength little availeth; the *Sampsons* sunk to the ground: Wisdom is to seek; the *Solomons* fell: Valour therein is short; the *Davids* found it: Sanctity is not free from their batteries. the *Elishaes* were persecuted by women, and the *John Baptists* therein lost their heads: That venerable face, those eyes enflamed with heavenly rays, which won reverence from the wild beasts of the desert, could not mollifie a female dancer. That wise head where the maxims of eminent virtues resided, was taken from the shoulders of a Saint, carried in a dish to a banquet by the sacrilegious hands of a shameless woman: That tongue from whence distilled a stream of honey, was pricked and pierced with a bodkin wherewith the wretch used to curle her hair. Now according to the counsel of Saint *Chrysostom*, take into your hands this bloudy head, ask of it, O head which should never die, who hath drenched thee into the wanness of death? Who hath bathed thee in this bloud? Who hath put out thine eyes, the torches of the elect, and thunder-strokes of the wicked? Who hath layed an eternal silence on that tongue, which first of all announced the Kingdom of Heaven? *The love of women.* Lyons and Tigers reverenced me in wildernesses, and women massacred me in a Kings Palace, women mingled my bloud with wine, and made me as a pompous morsel of their tragical banquets.

Efficacissimum est glutinum ad capiendas animas mulierum. August.

When I say this, I not onely accuse women, but carnal men, who suffer themselves to be allured and surprized with sottish love, and trampling under foot the honour of God, the presence of Heaven and Angels, the conjugal bed, and faith promised to their wives, wallow themselves in execrable adulteries, which fill families with opprobrie, confusion, and tragedies; why say I families? nay, Kingdomes and Empires: and if we will well examine it, we shall find the greatest part were turned topsie-turvie by fooliish love.

O you that sigh, hearing speech of the furious disorders this unhappy sin brings into the world, I beseech you with Saint *Paul*, by the very bowels of our Lords mercy, offer your bodies to God as an hoast lively, holy, and acceptable to the Divinity; and you especially who are in the state of marriage, entertain your beds honourable and chaste, cemented with a perpetual knot of faith, love, and peace, that God may please thereon perpetually to shower down from on high his holy benedictions, and after the course of this painful life, crown you with comforts in the glory of the Blessed.

The

The thirty fifth SECTION.

That the evils of marriage ought not to be imputed to sex, but sin; and of the disorders committed in this Sacrament.

IF the unhappineſs of marriages proceeded onely from women, we might neceſſarily conclude they were alwayes unfortunate, as never being without a woman: but ſince experience daily teacheth there are of them excellently governed, we muſt not impute to the condition of ſex that which proceeds from the vice of depraved nature. Though the Scripture condemn evil women, yet it beſtoweth ſo great elogies on the virtuous, that they are able to dazle calumny, and enlighten virtue. One while woman is called, *A Lamp which ſhineth on a holy candleſtick*: a title onely given to perſons eminent, as it was ſaid of Saint *John Baptiſt*, *He was a burning and reſplendent lamp.* The body of this Lamp is the rib created by the hand of a great Work-man, the ſoul is the fire of it, virtue the light, grace the oyl, devotion the match and nouriſhment, and marriage the holy candleſtick whereinto it is put. Another while, ſhe is called a Sun: *As a Sun* (ſaid the Wiſe-man) *riſing in the world from the palace of God.* Whereby he would have us to underſtand, that a *Mary* ſhould ſo near approch to the Divinity, that ſhe was to poſſeſs the higheſt place above Angels, Thrones, Virtues, and all Intelligences. Sometime the ſame Scripture, to declare the rank a virtuous woman holds in the world, preſenteth unto us a ballance, in one ſcale a woman, and in the other all the riches of the world, and woman is the weightieſt. *A chaſte woman is a grace above all graces, admitting no compariſon.* And beſides holy Writ, repleniſhed with the virtues and remarkable acts of famous women, the Wiſe-man ſeems alſo to have undertaken as a task, the praiſe of women, in the panegerick of the one and thirtieth chapter of the Proverbs. There he compareth woman to a ſhip carrying victual from a far diſtant countrey, deſirous to ſignifie that ſhe is laden as much with virtues, as a ſhip with merchandize. Do you ſeek for devotion in her, a moſt eſtimable ornament of ſouls? Behold how the great Saint *Auguſtine* by ſingularity calleth this ſex, the devout ſex. Their firſt mother, as I told you, was created in terreſtrial Paradiſe; and they are perpetually at the gates of celeſtial Paradiſe, either praying or hearkening to the word of God. Were there not women, who accompanied our Saviour with his holy Mother in ſo many painful pilgrimages, ſuccouring his neceſſities according to their abilities? And is it not a prodigie, that on the day of that bloudy and dolorous paſſion, which ſhook the pillars of Heaven and made the Apoſtles flie, women were found who followed the Son of God with heart, affection, preſence, tears, ſighs, even to the foot of the Croſs; terrours of arms, fury of ſouldiers, earth rent in ſunder with ſorrow, and Heaven wholly covered with darkneſs, unable to force affrightment into theſe ſouls to ſtop the current of their holy undertakings? Beſides, they have done ſo many ſervices to the Church, yea ſo many wonders, that not onely Cities, but whole Kingdoms have many times been converted and brought to the knowledge of God by the means of women. Deſire you prudence in them? Behold a poor *Thecuite*, who treateth with King *David* of *Abſaloms* reconciliation, with ſuch dexterity, that ſhe obtained whatſoever ſhe asked. See in the Hiſtory of *Eſther*, how by the treachery of *Aman*, ſwords were drawn out of ſcabbards to be thruſt into the throats of an infinite number of poor innocents, throughout all the Provinces of the Kingdom, at which time God raiſed a young captive, an *Eſther*, who ſo well knew how to temper the ſpirit of this harſh and haughty King, that ſhe made him open his ears to innocency, and ſhut them up from flattery and cruelty: withhold the wings of thunder already ſhot over the heads of thoſe poor Citizens, and turn them againſt the guilty. If you among them ſeek for juſtice, the hiſtory of the ancient *Gauls* will ſhew you, that anciently they decided differences among people, and often ſtaid arms ready to encounter, planting the Temple of peace in the midſt of furies and liberty of arms. Yea God himſelf for the government of his people, was pleaſed to make uſe of a *Debora*, whom the *Hebrews* called by the name of a *Bee*, for her wiſdom, valour, and induſtrie.

Lucerna ſplendens ſuper candelabrum ſanctum. Eccleſ. 26. *Erat lucerna ardens & lucens.* Joan. 5. 35.

Sicut ſol oriens mundo in altiſſimis Dei.

Gratia ſuper gratiam, omnis ponderatio non eſt digna continentis animæ.

You will perhaps think ſtrength is wanting in this ſex: Behold *Judith*, who conſecrated her victorious hand to the defence of her countrey, and ſlaying *Holofernes*, defeated a whole Armie ſpread over *Judea*, and ſurging on every ſide like a furious deluge. And if you will thereuntoadde the hiſtories of later times, ſee a ſhepheardeſs, a ſimple maid, commonly called *Ieanne la Pucille*, who oppoſed herſelf as a wall for the defence of this Kingdom againſt *Engliſh* arms, with ſuch military proweſs, that ſhe ſeemed to bear fire, bloud, war, and victory in her hands.

Erat Debora *pro Prophetis.* Jud. 4.

Tu gloria Hieruſalem, tu lætitia Iſrael, tu honorificentia populi noſtri, quia feciſti viriliter. Judith. 15.

Let us then no longer ſay that woman is the ſeminary of evils happening in marriage: but rather that they are vices which proceed from both, when the husband and wife take the liberty of doing ill.

The firſt diſorder is, that ſuch matches are almoſt never made but for covetouſneſs. We do not well to call this an iron Age, it is all compoſed of gold and ſilver. Heretofore marriages were made for love, which cauſed them to be of a laſting condition, and to be indiſſoluble: but now adays avarice alone predominateth. We thought love was the moſt powerfull Archer of the world to transfix a heart; but avarice is found to confront him. Had a maid now all that which fools uſe to couch in their writings, the brows of *Juno*, the eyes of *Venus*, the hands of *Miuerva*, and feet of *Thetis*; if ſhe be not rich, were ſhe *Pandora* her ſelf, if ſhe bring not where-withal to guild the hand of her husband, it is no match for him.

Si uxorari oportet, ſit amor in cauſſa. Hieron. in ep. ad Ruffin.

Oculos ſuos ſtatuerunt declinare in terram

And from hence it comes, that marriage is not as it were marriage, but a mercenary traffick, a fare, a market, where reaſonable creatures are ſold like bruit beaſts. Ancient laws teſtifie, that heretofore nothing was given with maids in marriage but their apparrel, mean enough I warrant you: It was for men who ſought them, to endow them. This is practiſed ſtill in the new world, to wit, in *China*. It is a treaſure there to have many daughters, men buy them with large ſums of money, which they give to the parents that breed them; now they purchaſe men, and with huge portions buy their bondage. This makes their parents hair to wax grilly, and impoveriſheth families, which fear to be over-burdened with daughters; becauſe one cannot be rid of them, nor drive them away but with a rod of ſilver, ſo much this miſchievous avarice, this feaver of the heart, this voluntarily frenzie hath prevailed upon the ſpirits of theſe times. And were the maids in this caſe ſuch as they ſhould be, ſeeing the covetouſneſs of men, they would rather reſolve to take God for a husband in the ſtate of virginity, than yield their bodies and riches up to a husband, who ſeeks after nothing leſs than themſelves. S. *Hierom* relateth an excellent paſſage of *Martia* daughter of the great *Cato*, who ſaid, that among ſo many Gallants as made love to her, there was not any fit for a husband. Say the like, maidens, avaunt mercenary husbands who have the fever of money, marry them to the mines of *Peru*, and not to virtuous maids.

The second evil I observe, is riot, which now adays wasteth body and goods, and becomes more insatiable than hell. It is asked why avarice swayeth in marriages, and wherefore husbands are so greedy of portion? because indeed they stand in need of it to entertain the bravery and vanity of their wives apparel. It is a prodigious thing to what height this folly is mounted: Lawyers are much troubled to reckon up all the attires and trinkets of women, what pain shall then the husband suffer to buy them?

O woman, what makes thee so passionately to desire these gauderies? Thy first mother, whose garments were cut out by the hands of God, was contented to be clothed with skins, and now seas must be sailed over, and the bounds of elements broken, to seek out dressings for thee. Miserable that thou art, who inordinately deckest thy self, and for an ill purpose! Knowest thou not thy garment is to thy body, as the plaister to the wound, or any ivy leaf to stop a cautery? S. *Isodore* said, before sin *Adam* and *Eve* were clothed with light: O precious attire! The Sun will have no other mantle than his own rays, nor the rose any other robe than her scarlet; because nature hath sufficiently adorned them: So man, had he continued within the limits of original justice, would not have wished any garment but innocency. Sin is come, which hath by reflection impressed an ugly scarre both on soul and body; and needs must gold and silk be sought out to involve it. A man in former Ages was seen, who having feet of wood, shod them with golden pantofles: O miserable, and ridiculous vanity! Woman doth the like to cover her wretched body, which one of these days must putrifie, and which hath received the wound of sin and death. All the most exquisite beauties of nature must be drawn together; yea marry, if it could afford any comfort and ease to the body: but you shall many times behold a young gentle-woman groan as at a torture, under the weight of her garments, yet she for all this will have, and adore her own punishment. The great Chancellour of *England*, and glorious Martyr *Thomas Moore*, was he not pleasantly disposed, when he said to one who complained of heat: Ah silly creature, what wonder is it? thou carriest upon thee meadows, vine-yards, mills, mansions, and Islands, in the value of Jewels; how canst thou possibly be cool? This was the cause why *Tertullian* complained before him: *A little Cabinet makes shew of a large patrimony. Twenty three thousand Crowns are disbursed for one rope of pearls. A womans neck puts on woods and Islands, and her ears which are so curious, waste ample revenues,*

Tertul. de habitu muliebri. *Brevissimis loculis patrimonium grande præfertur, uno lino sestertium inseritur, saltus & insulas tenera cervix fert, graciles aurium cutes exlendarium expendunt.*

But the matter most to be lamented, is, that it often happens, the servile and unfortunate husband buys all this bravery at the charge of the poor, and if any perhaps wring these gorgeous garments, there will be some danger the bloud of the poor may distil from it.

The third disorder is the discord which proceedeth from the ill government of men, from the obstinacy of women, and jealousie of both. And verily we may affirm the sleight vanities of wives, are much more tollerable than the disorders of men. It is no ordinary folly, but rather a rage and madness to see a poor woman full of children, groan under the heavy burden of a houshold charge upon her hand, daily fading and withering away like a plant without juice or moysture, to live on gall and tears, and in the mean time a disloyal husband to consume in excess of diet and game (the instruments of Satan) that substance God gave him for the entertainment of his family.

O ungratefull and unnatural wretch, who to give way to thy passion trampleſt under-foot the commandments of God and honour of marriage! This money which thy cruel hand so profusely scatters in game, if thou wouldst well understand, is the bloud of this poor creature which was so charily to thee recommended: It is the sweat of her parents labours, they are her proper entrails which thou piece-meal teareſt in this fatal dicing-house. I do not say thou art a homicide, there is some difference between thee and a murderer. The murderer in an instant taketh away life and bodily pain both together; but thou who livest in perpetual riots, thou draweſt the vital parts from this afflicted turtle one after another, which thou oughteſt to love as thy self. Thou cutteſt the throat of thy family, of thy poor and unhappy children, who are thine own bloud, which thou shouldest fervently affect, hadst thou not renounced nature, and entertained the heart of a bruit beast for that of a man; what say I a beasts heart? *the Lamiæ have bared their breasts, they have given suck to their young, and there is not any but the daughter of my people who is cruel as the Ostrich of the desert.*

Lamiæ nudaverunt mammas, lactaverunt catulos suos: filia populi mei crudelis sicut struthio in deserto. Hier. Thren.

Knowest thou to whom S. *Paul* compares such a man? to a Cannibal, to a Barbarian? No, he tells thee he is worse than an Infidel: *If any one neglect his own, and namely his domesticks, he hath renounced faith, and is become worse than a Pagan.*

Si quis suorum & maximè domesticorum curam non habuit fidem negavit & est infideli deterior. 1 Tim. 5.

On the other side the obstinacy of woman is a horse hard in the mouth, head-strong, untractable: and I can no longer wonder (said one) that she was made of a bone, since many times her head is so hard; which brings infinite trouble on a family. The Ancients dressing up the statues of the Moon in humane shape, set on her shoulders the head of the Sun, to shew, a virtuous wife should have no other will, nor other intentions nor glory, than the will, intentions, and glory of her husband, if they be reasonable. It is the doctrine of S. *Paul* to the Ephesians: *That wives should be obedient to their husbands as to* Jesus Christ *himself, because the husband is head of the wife, as* Christ *of this Church.*

Mulieres viris suis subdite sint sicut Domino, quoniam vir caput est mulieris, sicut Christus caput est ecclesiæ. Ephes.

But if she withdraw and disunite herself from this tye of obedience, and incessantly vex her husband with her obstinacy, this will be to him a martyrdom almost insupportable. The rocks of *Caucasus* are much gentler than a wicked woman: which verily you may see in the history of *Job*, to whom the evil spirit granted a wife to be the accomplishment of his afflictions. For this holy man, after the loss of his large possessions, so strange, so sudden, so dreadful; after his poor children were murdered and undone, had for tomb the ruins of their own house; after he saw himself changed into a scurf, covered over with ulcers, and placed on a dung-hill before the eyes of a citie whereof he had been Lord, he then thought the rage of Satan was satisfied: but he made use for the last piece of battery, of a spitefull and malicious woman, who seeing her husband in this plight, said unto him: *Do you still remain in your simplicity? curse God and die.*

Adhuc permanes in simplicitate tua? benedic Deo & morere.

But amongst all these disorders, no influence is more malign than jealousie, which cruelly tortures marriages, when it hath once bewitched the weak brain of man or woman, interpreting all the actions of each part in evil sense. Why went she to such a place? Did she not smile upon such an one? Did she not cast a pleasing glance upon such an one? Why spake she of such an one? And why shewed she compassion in such a mans mishap? Questionless she loves him, her affection grows cold towards me. Behold the idol of false zeal, whereof the Prophet *Ezechiel* speaketh at the entrance into the temple of *Ierusalem*.

Behold how before the temple of marriage, which is holy and sacred, man placeth the statue of jealousie, and daily offers a thousand sacrifices of sinister suspitions, ill digested fantasies, purposes wicked and injurious, to the prejudice of one who is in heart both chaste and modest.

Awo-

A woman oftentimes is made loyal by thinking her loyal, and he who doubts faith well observed, puts himself in danger to ruin it by his suspition. There are some care not to forsake innocency, when they have lost reputation, and when they entertain the opinion, their actions are ill interpreted, they are in danger to do all sorts of mischief. It is far better to think well of an hundred faulty, than ill of one innocent. It is a notable mystery to judge of hearts, nor is it any wonder that God reserved it to himself. Besides, as jealousies are very prejudicial to wedlock, so they cause many tales and matter of mirth to arise in a Citie repleat with curious people, who many times fatten themselves with the mishaps of another, and it often happens that from jesting they draw men and swords in revenge to act horrible tragedies. Happy they who know how to prevent by wisdom all those miseries which may grow from malice and misfortune, or discreetly correct by patience, what prudence cannot avoid.

The thirty sixth Section.

Very profitable instructions for the Married, drawn from the choice of holy Fathers, and abbreviated in a short discourse.

NOw will I descend to instructions suitable to this subject, and let you know (O husbands and wives) you should greatly take heed in all your deportments, as well in the beginning, middle, as the end. It very much importeth to begin with a good choice, and to enter with prudent consideration, and strong resolution unto the Sacrament of marriage: For that ought a long time to be deliberated, which is to be done but once for the whole life. What sense is there to thrust some forward upon marriage with a forck, when they have no disposition thereunto, and divert others who are more notably called to this kind of life? What rigour of parents, to tie young people by command to matches from which they have infinite eversion? Is it not enough to have the contentment of sage direction over a free-will, without usurping a petty tyranny upon the functions of nature? I do not tell you, you must readily obey all those who marry by the eye, without calling reason to counsel, or having any other guid in a matter of so great importance than the exorbitancy of their sensuality: But for my part, I hold it unfit to be violent by striking at the reasonable inclinations of children, for the accommodation of interest; otherwise, marriages are made without love, to create love afterward without marriage. It is a ridiculous thing to put wedded couples into the nuptial bed, without any fore-knowledge, as if they had been brought thither in a sack. So likewise should you not draw these treaties at length, lest they drag with them some disorder, and waste love before the beginning thereof. Love, which commenceth by fervours of a fire of tow, very often endeth in ice. Happy they who have the blessing of success, and are favoured from above to make an equal alliance between good hap and virtue. It was a great simplicity amongst those Ancients, who offered sacrifices to Fortune, to make their beards grow handsomely, and not to crave the benediction of God in their matriages. Fathers and Mothers give riches (said the *Wise-man*) but a wise wife is properly the gift of God. If one have matched ill, he must correct by prudence what wants of felicity. Beware, O husbands, for in this kind of life, which so straitly ties you, you are accountable to God, to your selves, to your wives: To God you owe a sincere conscience, that you may serve him worthily in the vocation wherein he hath established you, to become a member of humane society. Beware you hasten not to matriage as to a duty of nature, and not a Sacrament; if so, you wed like a *Saracin*, not a Christian. Those, saith the Angel to *Tobit*, are in the power of the fiend *Asmodeus*, who banish God from their hearts, and have no other intention in marriage but to satisfie their brutishness. Observe marriage as an invention of Almighty God, to produce man on earth, and to make elect for heaven. Entertain it as a golden myne, from which vessels of election are to be taken for the other world. Love your condition, and think you have a great priviledge, since you are to afford Heirs to your houses, Citizens to cities, Religious to Monasteries, and Angels to Paradise. Look upon God in the midst between you both, since he perpetually beholdeth you: The nearer lines draw to the center, the more they approach one to another: The nearer you are to God, the better shall you be united. If you build not the foundation of your house upon the fear of his Divine Majesty and sincere devotion, you raise fortunes like a *Colossus* of glass, which will shiver in pieces over your head.

Tob. 6. 17.

After you have resigned this your conscience to God, you owe to your self the government of your senses and use of reason; and (as it appears) you are, O men, strictly bound in marriage the more to render your selves men, since God placeth you therein to afford men to the Christian Common-wealth. It is necessary you draw from the fountain of wisdom more wit and more light, since you are to make use of it to enlighten a wife and children, who depend on your direction.

As for the duty of both, I find if marriage be a Lilly, it must have six leaves, which are *Respect*, *Love*, *Loyalty*, *Support*, *Direction*, and *Help*. It is fit love begin by a certain *Regard* which man and woman should bear one to another all the time of their life. For the functions of this society permitting a great familiarity, if it be not counterpoyzed with a chaste reverence, soon degenerateth into contempt. The wives *Respect* ought to pass even to obedience, which the Apostle S. *Paul* so punctually recommendeth to Christians, and the husbands should be mixed with a tenderness and moderation, to let him know, God drew woman out of his side to make her his companion, and not his slave.

Mulier collateralis viro. Gloss. in Gen.

It is good for the entertainment of this respect, that both of them accustom to conceive a good opinion of each others abilities: For where there is dis-esteem, honour will hardly be found, because it is tyed to worth, as the shadow to the body. For this purpose they must endeavour to cover the defects they may have by nature, by other virtues in their power, and to persevere in a belief of sufficiency in each ones condition.

To this respect the *Love* is added, which should be rendred according to the precept of S. *Paul*, in the matter of conjugal duty. For it is an intollerable thing, and wherein God may be grievously offended, when a woman imagineth that to be married is nothing else but to have a Coach to her self, to buy stuffs according to her own fantasie, to become brave, and have no regard to obligations essential amongst the married. But we may truly affirm all love of sense is very low, if it tend not to those eternal sources of amities, which distil from the Paradise of God, and learn to love by grace and reason, that which is to be loved. God, to cement this love together, drew woman out of man (saith *Tertullian*) as some part of a liquor from the vessel which contained it: He made two of one, to put them both afterward into one. It is to tear each others flesh, and gnaw their bones, to waste one another by discord, the most capital plague of marriage.

Tertul. de resur. carnis.

Holy love is always accompanied with mutual

Domus & divitiæ dantur à parentibus: à Domino autem propriè uxor prudens. Prov. 19. 14.

loyalty in any thing which concerneth conjugal chaſtity, as being the knot of affections and foundation of all the happineſs of the married. O wife, a ring is given you of a circular form, to teach your loves are limited within the nuptial bed. The ring, which heretofore bare the ſeal of promiſe, to ſignifie your heart ought to be ſealed with charity, and cloſed up from all other pretenſions. Believe not thoſe make-bates who tell you, good is of its own nature communicable, and that a fair wife is not for one alone, that chaſtity is a note of deformity, and that a husband and a friend are not things incompatible. Theſe are not words, but hiſſes of the ſerpent. Fear the leaſt blemiſhes of honour, and do not ſo much as caſt an eye upon the ſmoke of this cole, which now adays burneth ſo many unhappy ſouls. Love not to be wooed and courted by ſo many eyes and lips, nor to behold ſuch worldly pleaſures, to become pliant to others, or to attempt to afford love, and receive none back again. Out alas! theſe ſleight entertainments breed many acerbities. They are enchanted apples which poiſon all who taſt them. Men likewiſe, remember the beſt leſſons of loyalty which your wife can learn, ſhe muſt derive from your example. Think not becauſe you are a man, all things are permitted you, and that your ſex is a ſanctuary for your crime. If you be the head (ſaith S. *Auguſtine*) move it that way whither you would have the body follow. You are the more bound to conjugal chaſtity, becauſe you ought to be the moſt wiſe & ſtrong, becauſe you have the moſt employments to divert your temptations in the affairs of civil life, and laſtly becauſe you have moſt liberty, and may make your evil moſt general by diſturbing many wedlocks, as it happeneth to reprobate and inordinate ſouls in this kind.

Caput ducat, corpus ſequatur. Auguſt. Serm. 49.

I adde to loyalty *mutual bearing with defects and imperfections*, which is a ſingular virtue in marriage. For we being in this world as in a territory where good and evil eaſily mix together, there is no plant which hath not its worm, nor beauty which ſuffereth not diminution. There are not any married couple ſo accompliſhed, who have not vices, defects, and imperfections, which who practice not to digeſt through Chriſtian patience, ſhall become not unlike a ſea-calf, ſaid to be always moody againſt his fellow. The husband and the wife are upon the river called *Life in marriage*, as in a boat: If there happen a leak, and it receive water, they muſt ſeek to ſtop it preſently, and if you have nothing to put into it, rather ſet a foot upon it, than pierce round about it to make the leak wider. A word or indiſcreet action hath eſcaped; to what purpoſe is it to reproach or pick quarrels with a man or woman upon it on all occaſions? Rather uſe the ſpeedieſt remedies you may, and if none be at hand, bury it in ſilence.

Finally, know you enter into marriage for *direction* and aſſiſtance; and though direction be principally proper to man, notwithſtanding it is a poor buſineſs to ſee a woman have neither care nor government in her family, imagining ſhe from morning till night ſhould have no other employment but to dreſs her ſelf, and many times to be attired when divers think of unclothing to go to bed. It is a ſhameful thing to prattle all the day long, and make a whole city trot upon her tongue, and yet be ignorant of what is done in her own houſe. A virtuous wife ſhould not onely govern her family, but with wiſdom and diſcretion temper her husbands paſſions; and if ſuch things eſcape him, redreſs them rather by love than power. If God heretofore cauſed a ſhe-aſs to ſpeak, to inſtruct a falſe Prophet, why ſhould he not at a need draw a good word from the mouth of a diſcreet woman, to ſet man into a fair way. Know we not that the laſt unhappineſs of *Pilate* was not to have believed his wife, much more enlightened by God than himſelf?

As for *help*, it is ſo neceſſary, that next after the comfort of poſterity marriage is conſtituted for that end. It is not enough to aſſiſt a mortal body in its infirmities, but ſo much as one may mutually to manure a ſoul immortal; you muſt between you ſhare all your proſperities and adverſities: I ſay proſperities, to moderate them; and adverſities, to honour them: you muſt mutually ſtrive to lend a ſhoulder, and if your burdens be weighty by the yoke of neceſſity, ſanctifie them by your patience. You muſt think it is a bleſſing even from God, to be choſen out to preſerve a husband, or a ſick wife, ſince this infirm creature is the Image of God, and your proper fleſh, to whom you render duties, which perhaps at this time ſeem thorns unto you, but ſhall one day be crowns if you know how to make virtues of your neceſſities. Be not diſcouraged through puſillanimity, but do like the Dolphin, who raiſeth himſelf with much alacrity againſt the ſea-waves during the tempeſt. Underſtand you not the Holocauſt muſt burn from evening till morning? Burn in this fire of love and tribulation, expecting to ſee glory in the day-break to crown your perſeverance. Though God allot you no iſſue, yet no whit the leſs love your comfort: God oftentimes ſuffereth barrenneſs of body to afford fruitfulneſs of virtues.

The thirty ſeventh SECTION.

Inſtructions for Widdows.

PErfect widdows are in the Church as the horizon of Marriage and Religion; they participate of both conditions, when they be in the world for the example of the world, for the government of their children and family; but they alſo have a ſhare in the life of the Religious, when they wholly diſpoſe their hearts to God.

We ſometimes ſee a bank of earth, which keepeth two ſeas from intermixing, but being taken away, thoſe two waters will paſs along together, and enguſf themſelves one within another. O how often ſaid you, during the knot of marriage, that if God once took away your husband, you would wholly be for him? Conjugal obligation and affairs of the world was your bank and your obſtacle; but now God hath taken it away, diſſolve your heart into his.

This is the paſſage where you are expected: Here it is where proof ſhall be made of your conſtancy. When you have deplored the death of your husband as a wife, you muſt learn to bear it like a Saint. It is a wretched virtue not to know what elſe to do than bewail the dead, and be deſirous to derive glory from the peeviſhneſs of your ſorrow. If we could draw aſide the curtain of Heaven, to ſee the ſtate of ſouls already paſſed out of mortal bodies to the promiſed recompence of the faithful, how much we ſhould be aſhamed and confounded at the weakneſs of our tears: we ſhould ſee this great Eternity ſeated in a chair of diamond, all ſparkling with ſtars and brightneſs, holding a flaming mirrour in its hand, at which time it would let us behold a goodly harmony of all the beatitudes theſe glorious ſouls now enjoy, ſeparated from the contagion of our mortality: then wiping away the tears from our eyes, it would ſay to us with a voice repleniſhed with ſweetneſs and majeſty: Why bewail you theſe kinred and friends, who live better than ever in my boſom, abſorpt in a torrent of eternal felicities?

An hundred and an hundred-fold happy are the dead, who depart in the favour of God! Behold them

them for the time to come diſcharged from labours: Behold them freed of a thouſand and a thouſand cares, fears, pains, paſſions, maladies, wants, ignominies, and all thoſe evils which divide our miſerable life: Behold them folded within the arms of the Sovereign, where they reap the good works they ſowed on earth. You are much troubled, O widdow, that this your ſpouſe is at this preſent of the houſhold of God, an inhabitant of his manſion, and a poſſeſſour of his glory. Have you ſo many tears to lament miſeries, that you waſte them in felicities? as if it were a great unhappineſs to paſs from the ſervitude of the ſlaves of the world, to the liberty and joy of the children of God.

This is admirably well expreſſed in the 21. Chapter of *Exodus*, where God at the going forth of Ægypt, ſhewed himſelf to *Moſes*, *Aaron*, *Nabal*, *Abiud*, and all the moſt eminent of this Nation, having ſaphires for his foot-ſtool (which are ſtones of a celeſtial colour;) whereupon a learned Commentary drawn from the *Hebrew* Interpreters moſt divinely anſwereth, that God would ſay unto them: You have laboured in Ægypt with much patience about morter and tyles; and behold all your tyles turned into ſaphires, into heavenly ſtones, to build of them the foot-ſtool of your glory. This is it which the moſt Bleſſed Eternity ſaith to us concerning the dead whom we deplore. It is not fit any longer to take pains with tyles and morter; buſineſſes, cares, troubleſom affairs of the preſent life are paſt; there is not any thing but repoſe, peace, glory, and felicitie. Behold that which comforteth all ſolid and generous ſouls, with lively, fruitful, and eternal conſolations. Will you have a ſingular reſignation in the death of your kinred, which may daily happen and fall out of neceſſity? Behold Saint *Lewis*, when news was brought him of the death of his mother Queen *Blaunch*; he ſoon perceived by the countenance of the meſſengers, who were the Archbiſhop of *Tyre* and his Confeſſour, they were ready to tell him ſomewhat able to afflict the heart of man, before they could open their mouthes: Let us go (ſaith he) into my Oratory; (for it was the magazin where this great King took up arms to combate againſt worldly diſaſters:) and when they came thither, ſpeak now, what have you to ſay? Sir, God who had a long time lent you your mother for the good of your perſon and Kingdom, hath taken her out of the world for her own repoſe. At theſe words S. *Lewis* fell upon his knees before the Altar, and lifting up his hands to heaven, ſaid: *O my God, I give thee thanks thou haſt afforded me my dear mother whileſt it was thy will, and that now according to thy good pleaſure thou haſt taken her to thee. It is true, I loved her above all the creatures of the world, and ſhe well deſerved it; but ſince thou haſt bereaved me of her, thy Name be for ever bleſſed.*

Conclude your tears as he did, but never the reſolution of your widdow-hood. It were to be wiſhed a good vow might fix it with a nail of adamant: but that ſhould be done with diſcretion; for all in woman being frail, her tears can have no conſtancy. You may have read in the hiſtory of the unhappy Politician, the ſorrow of *Glaphyra* the wife of *Alexander*, ſon of *Herod*, whom his father moſt cruelly put to death to ſatisfie his chimæraes and ſuſpitions. Never woman more paſſionately reſented the death of her husband: her lamentations were yellings, her tears torrents, her words furies, her countenance deſpair, and life a little hell. There was no light to be ſeen after the eclipſe of her Sun, no world after her little world, nor life after the loſs of the moity of her ſoul. In the mean ſpace ſome babler inſinuating hereupon, and ſaying, ſhe did ill to afflict her ſelf for a death which could not but be happy, ſince it was free from the ſenſe of pain; and that for her ſelf (it was true) her loſs was unſpeakable, but the providence of God made it reparable by a ſecond wedlock, which would wipe away her tears, and that in her conſtancy the world approved all but the reſolution ſhe took to remain for ever miſerable. She ſo much with time mollified her courage upon the like remonſtrances, that ſhe married the brother of her dead husband, and after him a third, the King of *Mauritania*. *Joſephus* reJoſeph. 17. Antiqu. lateth that the firſt night of her wedding, the ſoul of her husband appeared to her, and ſaid: *Glaphyra*, you have approved common bruit, which ſays women are light. Where are now your tears? Where your ſorrow? Where the vows you made me? Your words were full of promiſes, your promiſes of oaths, and your oaths of perjuries and infidelity. For after my fathers cruelty had violently pulled away this my immortal ſoul, which now ſpeaks to you, you laid aſide your great grief, which ſeemed would never have an end, and yielding your ſelf up to the importunities of ill propoſed ſuits, you have admitted my brother into your bed, entertaining my memory and aſhes, as if I had been but a ſhadow; and not content herewith, after his deceaſe you married the King of *Mauritania*; and behold you now have turned your wanneſs into vermillion, your tears into pearls, and ſorrow into gold and ſcarlet. You are drenched in delights over head and ears, and take ſo much pleaſure among the living, that you forſake the memory of the dead. Now know, although you be ſo ungrateful towards me, I have not forgotten you; nor ſhall it be long before you be with me. The poor Queen was ſo terrified with this viſion, that ſhe was quickly taken into the other world, leaving (ſaith the hiſtory) by the publication of this apparition, a notable proof of the immortality of our ſouls.

Yet we do not forbid ſecond wedlocks: but all widdows are advertiſed they muſt proceed with great diſcretion, and that according to the Apoſtles counſel, the greateſt perfection reſts in widdow-hood. But above all, ſo uſe the matter, that this widdow-hood be not idle, that your children may find you a true mother, the Church a perpetual votareſs, virgins a protectrice, the poor a charitable nurſe, Monaſteries a good friend, orphans a tutreſs, the houſe one retired, ſocieties an example of good odour, and God above all a faithful ſervant. To encourage you to this reſolution, you ſhall preſently hear Saint *Hierom* ſpeak, who uſed words to this effect in the Treatiſes he wrote unto two widdows:

You have learnt in marriage the troubles of marriage; God was pleaſed to give you this ſchool to inſtruct you for widdow-hood by your own experience. You have vomited up the choller which ſurcharged your ſtomach, would you take it up again to bear it in your mouth? Would you return to the ſnare from whence you went? Fear you the world may want, if you bring no children? Let it fail through virtue rather than be ſupported by weakneſs. All thoſe who are married, have not children, and ſuch as have, are many times enforced to curſe their fruitfulneſs. To whom (ſay you) ſhall I leave all this wealth, ſince I am mortal? To God, who cannot die: To Jeſus, that you may make an heir of your own Maſter. Your father will be afflicted at it, but God glorified: your family mourn, but the Angels will rejoice. Let your father do what he will with his riches; it is not to him to whom you owe your birth, but to Jeſus the Authour of your regeneration.

Beware of thoſe venemous creatures, who ſeek their gain from anothers charge, and who tell you there is no ſenſe that a young woman ſhould waſte her youth in ſad ſolitude, and neither taſt the delight of children,

noy reward of pleasure. If you have posterity, why desire you a second marriage? and if you have none, why fear you not a second sterility? If you be a mother, you perhaps set over your children, not a nursing father, but an enemy; not a parent, but a Tyrant. Needs must you forget your own children in the pursuits of your loves, and trick up your self in the defection from your orphans, who as yet scarcely know how to lament or understand their own misery. Alledge not here unto me, wealth, affairs, and services: No woman takes a husband, but to lye with a husband. Otherwise what a folly were it to resign up her chastity to multiply her riches? What will it be when a husband shall persecute you having your estate? What will it be when you no longer shall be suffered to love the children by your first husband, and that you must hide your self from doing them any good, and hate them, to shew you have renounced the ashes of the dead? If you have children of a second wedlock, be you never so good, you shall be a step-mother: If you spare ought from your son in law, you will be cruel; and if by accident any ill befal him, it is you did it; if you deny him meat, you are ingrateful, and if you give him any, you have poisoned him.

It is time you bury to your self all these pleasures in the tomb of your husband. Counterfeiting cannot make a fair accord with tears, nor doth grief permit the pomp of attire. Meagerneß and fasts should be your pearls, and prayer your perfumes. If a Queen of Carthage *said heretofore of her husband, He that espoused me in the first wedlock took my heart and love with him, let him enjoy, let him possess them unto the grave; If she set glass at so high a rate, what shall we do by gold and pearls? If a Pagan widdow in the law of nature condemned all the pleasures of marriage, what may be expected from a Christian Ladie, who ows her chastity not onely to a dead husband, but a living God, and with whom she ought to live and reign for ever? The reputation of chastity is a most delicate Lilly in the person of women: It is a very beautiful flower, but there needs no more than a little breath, a little bad air to corrupt it, when age bendeth towards vice, and that she hath the freedom of a husbands authority, whose shadow many times might serve as a bulwark to chastity. What doth a widdow in so great a family, and amongst so many servants, whom I would not have her to despise as servants, but regard with some modesty, remembring with her self they are men? If the state and quality of her condition require a retinue, let at the least some ancient grave man be seen to bear sway, who by his good life may commend the honour of his Mistress. I know many of them, who having shut their door against strangers, have had an ill report raised by occasion of their houshold servants, who ministred matter of suspition, either through excess of their bravery, or their gentle garb and handsomness of proportion too lovely; either for their age proper to wantonness, or the vanity of a haughty spirit, or confidence in the favour of their Mistress.*

All that by prudence should be prevented, which the world through malice may imagine. I desire not to see about you a houshold Steward so spruce, nor any servant who may savour of an effeminate Comedian, no wanton musician (the true instrument of Satan) to poison your ear with his warbling. Have nothing remiss, nothing which may smell of the stage in your family, but rather Quires of widdows and virgins, to be an honour to your sex, and to serve as a recreation in your most innocent delights. Let the reading of godly books never be laid aside, and let your prayers be so frequent, that they may serve as a buckler to repel the fiery arrowes of evil thoughts, which ordinarily assail youth. Let virtue consummate the good, which intemperance had prepared for it self. Redeem virgins, to present them to the chamber of the spouse. Take care of widdows, to mingle them as violets amongst virgins and Martyrs. It is a garland you shall give to God for his crown of thorns, wherein he bare the sins of the world.

It is very hard, and almost impossible to cut away all the seeds of passions, which we may call avant-passions, because concupiscence sootheth our senses, and insinuateth it self very subtilely: but it is in the power of the will to dismiss or entertain them. The God of nature said in the Gospel, evil thoughts, homicides, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness-bearings, blasphemies, proceeded from the heart. *The spirit of man is more propending to evil than good, from the first cradle of infancy, and in the battel of the spirit and the flesh, whereof the Apostle speaketh, our soul is almost wholly floating, and knows not to what part to incline. No man comes into the world without bringing vice and ill inclinations with him, and he is the best who hath the least evil, and can preserve a fair body amongst many little infirmities.* Matth. 15. Galat. 5. 1.

The Prophet said he was troubled, and that thereupon be held his peace. He tells you one may be angry without sin, like Architas *the* Tarentine, *who said to his servant:* I would chastise thee, were I not angry; *which sheweth it was no sin, but a simple passion, for otherwise anger puts not the Justice of God in execution. That which is spoken of one passion, may be understood of another. It is proper to man to be moved with choller, and for a Christian to overcome choller. So the flesh desires carnal things, and by the itch thereof draweth the soul to mortal pleasures: But it is your part to quench the heat of lust by the love of Christ, and to conquer the flesh when it seeks liberty, by the help of abstinence, in such sort that in eating it may search for nourishment, not lust, and bear about the spirit of God descending into it, with a firm and even pace. Every man may be subject to passions, which are common to nature: We are of one and the same clay, of the same element. Concupiscence may as well be found in silk as in wool: It neither fears the purple of Kings, nor contemns the poverty of beggers. You were better have the disease of stomach, than will. Rather let the body obey, than the spirit; and if you must needs make a slippery step, do it rather with the foot than modesty, not flattering your self before sin with pretence of a future penance, which is rather a remedy of misfortunes than an ornament to innocents: For you must ever defend your self from wounds where sorrow serves for remedy.* Psal. 76.

To Maids.

The thirty eighth Section.

The praises of virginity, and the modesty they ought to observe in their carriage.

THe great S. *Basil* calleth virginity the perfume of the living God; and I note from the thirtieth chapter of *Exodus*, this perfume of God which is spoken of, was composed of four ingredients, to wit, of Galbanum, Myrrhe, Onyx, and Incense. Galbanum is the juice of an aromatick herb, as white as milk, and which borrowing its name from milk, figureth unto us the whiteness and purity of virginity; Myrrhe it is mortification; Onyx a kind of little oyster, from whence issued a most odoriferous savour, signifies its constancy; and Incense in flames its patience in tribulations. But as for purity, I say reasonable nature hath engraven on the hearts of all mortals, and namely maids, so particular a love of integrity, that souls the most prostituted to sin, have ever had some remorse and feeling of the honour they had forsaken. S. *Basil* apud Meliſſam. λογιάδιον μικρόν.

Should I prove this by a passage of Scripture or a Father, it were the less effectual; because it may be said, chastity ought to be praised by such lips, I will evict this verity from the confession of a Pagan, to let

let you understand it is a voice of nature. Behold a passage of *Seneca*, whom I have ever much admired: It is a wonder (saith he) that prostituted women still retain some modesty, and that those bodies which seem not to be made but to serve as an object for publick uncleanness, have ever some veil for their unhappy patience. The infamous place it self is in some sort bashfull. See the cause why there never hath been any people so loose and exorbitant, which afforded not some honour to chastity, convinced by their own conscience. But we must likewise affirm it was never known to be true purity, until the standard was advanced by *Jesus Christ*, and his most Blessed Mother.

Senec. naturalquæstion. l. 1. c. 16. *Est aliqua etiam prostitutæ modestia, & illa corpora publico objecta ludibrio aliquid quo infelix patientia latear obtendunt, adeò lupanar quoque verecundum est.*

We find even among those who lived in the law of nature some shadows of chastity. We have from the relation of *Tertullian*, that one *Democritus* voluntarily made himself blind by earnest looking on the Sun, that he might not behold the corporal beauty of women, shutting up two gates from love, to open a thousand to wisdom. But what chastity is this (I pray) since himself confesseth he did it not for any other purpose but to be freed from the importunities of lust, seeking out therein his own peculiar ends, not the honour of the Creatour? A Christian Champion proceedeth much otherwise: He hath eyes for the works of God, and none for concupiscence. He pulleth not out his eys to bereave himself of the spectacle of this universe, but teareth from his heart all the roots of depraved thoughts, to prepare therein a Paradise to our Sovereign Lord and Master. He sees all, and desires nothing: and although he touch at the sense of it, stays not in the consent. There is never a more undoubted triumph of chastity, than to deprive ones self of the instruments of evil. For as very well *Climachus* saith, the dead are never crowned, nor any man justly praised for having the impotency of doing ill. We find in ancient Rome *Vestal* virgins, and in the Citie of *Egea*, and Temple of *Delphos*: We are not ignorant that many have made profession of virginity; but what virginity? a virginity mingled with idolatry and secret impurities, loose liberty, and thoughts resigned to all kind of objects. Which caused *Tertullian* to say: (a) *O goodly continency, which offers sacrifice to hell!*

Tertul. Apolog. *Christianum uxori suæ soli masculum nascitur animo adversus libidinem cæcus est.*

Νυχθὸς σ'ίφια ἔτραι ἀδύτοις δίκαις ἀφ' ἁμερίαν τὸ πᾶχυς.

Melissa. (a) *O continentiam gehennæ sacerdotum! diabolus præcipit & auditur; nihil apud eum refert alios luxuriâ alios continentiâ occidere.* Tertul. ad uxorem.

Virginity amongst Christians admitteth not one sole glance with deliberate consent, one dishonest thought, if voluntary. It reverenceth its secrets, and tells it not, Let us sin, none see us, there is nothing but darkness round about us, which cannot accuse us, our sins shall be letters sealed up from God. Nay much otherwise, the eyes of God are two flaming torches more resplendant than the Sun it self, which will drench us in the abyss, and for this cause we keep chaste our most secret thoughts. O excellent and admirable purity! O the true juice of Galbanum! O the true tribute of heaven!

Quis me videt? tenebræ circumdant me, quem vereor? delictorum meorum non commemorabitur Altissimus. Eccles. 23. *Oculi Domini multò plus lucidiores sunt super solem, circumspicientes omnes vias hominum, & profundum abyssi.*

Consider now the second ingredient of the perfume of God, which is *myrrhe*, to wit, mortification of senses. Where shall we find throughout the whole Synagogue, and all antiquity a chastity preserved with so many austerities and mortifications, as in true Christianity? Saint *Ambrose* in an Oration he made against *Symmachus*, mocketh at *Vestal* virgins, who made a shew to embrace virginity, living in superfluitie and delights; which is as if one would quench hot embers with oyl, or hope for beauty from the dawbing of a cole. Mortification of appetites hath ever been esteemed by Saints as a Palliffado of the delicious garden of chastity, and formal reason proveth unto us, that to cut off a vice subsisting in the flesh, necessarily the sinews of the flesh must be taken away. You may have as many fruits of honesty, as there are of it in terrestrial Paradise; you may have an infinite number of virtues, the ordinary companions of purity of body. If you destroy mortification, the serpent will enter into your garden and sting you.

Eccles. 10. *Qui dissipat sepem mordebit eum coluber.*

O Maids, you infinitely betray the glory of your soul, when you think to preserve the treasure of purity in vanity, bravery, and curiosity, which have ever been accounted the nest of immodesty. How can you imagine that living in banquets, pleasures, dissolute sports, among stage-plays, love-pamphlets, and continual occasions of sin, you can keep to God the faith you promised him in your confessions. You deceive your self, you have betrayed your bulwarks, and ruined your ramparts; the serpent will rush in upon you to suck your bloud, and then will be a fit time (indeed) to crie out murder.

Quis miserebitur incantatoria serpente percusso? Eccl. 12. 13.

You take delight to play with aspicks, and then say they have stung me, give me a remedy. Must you needs confide in serpents? Must you needs approch so near to a creature untractable? With what arms think you did the Church in its first beginning preserve this gift of chastity, and raise it to such a degree, that it filled the world with astonishment, but by flight from occasions, but by rigours and austerities of life? What flames of sensuality did not they quench who lived in wilderneses covered with skins, companions of bruit beasts, feeding on roots pulled up with their nails, and steeped in the sweat of their fore-heads?

Circuierunt in melotis, in pellibus caprinis, egentes, angusti, afflicti, quibus dignus non erat mundus: in solitudinibus errantes, in montibus, speluncis, & cavernis terræ. Hebr. 11. 18.

All passed times have infinitely commended a *Joseph* for leaving a cloak in his flight in the hands of an unchaste Mistress: He forsook his own (saith Saint *Ambrose*) as no longer accounting it his, since it was in the hands of an adulteress, and thought a garment touched by the hands of an unchaste woman was no longer for *Josephs* wearing. If this act be laudable, what shall we say of those who have not left a simple habit already polluted by an evil touch, but quite forsaken and abandoned in their best health, their own bodies, although most chaste and innocent, to preserve purity of soul by an extraordinary mortification of flesh? What shall we say of a Christian maid, of whom *Isodore of Peluſium* speaketh, who seeing herself sollicited by a yong man, shaved her head close to the skin to cure anothers love, depriving herself not of a coiff, not of a petticote or gown, but of an ornament which is on womens heads as flowers in meadows? What shall we say of those, who to chastise a slight glance rather curious than unchaste, have put irons about their necks, that so they might perpetually look on the earth, as unworthy to behold heaven? And what of others, who were threescore years without sight of any creature? Is not this properly to cast off, not a cloak as *Joseph*, but the body as if it were dead? Is not this to live in mortal flesh as if he had it not? And can you think God hath sold virginity to such, at the price of so many travels and mortifications, and will afford it you in pleasures and continual conversation amongst men, since where there is most battel, is most merit? What else is it to say, I will have wherewithal to overcome, but that I will have wherewith to undo my self? Beware lest you purchase an eternal ignominie, where you promise your self a triumph. For amongst all the battels in Christian Religion, none is more sharp than that of chastity, where the danger is daily, and the victory very rare.

Relquit sua tanquam non sua, quæ adultera suis manibus detinebat, & aliena judicavit, quæ ab impudicitiâ poterant comprehendi. Ambros. de Joseph.

Isod. pelus. l. 2. ep. 53.

Acepsimas ut refert *Theodoretus* & Menæa Græca.

Quid est dicere volo habere quod vincam, nisi volo habere quo peream? vide ne unde te putas habere triumphum æternum incurras opprobrium: inter omnia enim Christianorum pia certamina sola sunt dura prælia castitatis, ubi quotidiana pugna, & rara victoria. Auguſt. de viandâ famil. mulier. to. 9.

If you regard the third ingredient of this perfume, which is the *Onyx*, solid and permanent, the symbole of constancy; where can you meet with a virginity more bravely defended than among Christians? For if constancy (as Saint *Thomas* teacheth) consist in surmounting all difficulties and obstacles which offer to cross a good affair, who hath overcome more innumerable in quantity, more sharp in kind, more various in quality, than virginity? Domestick enemies are ever most to be feared, and such there

are

are who have torn Lions, that could not rend from their hearts the least passion: But virginity, how many times hath it within its own body extinguished the flames of concupiscence by couragious and magnanimous acts, as are those which we find in the lives of so many holy creatures? How often did some roul themselves in ice and snow, as Saint *Francis?* How often did others drag themselves over thorns, all torn and bloudy, as Saint *Benet?* How often did others fight against fire with another fire, taking in open hand the prime element to vanquish the principal passion, as Saint *Marcian?* It seems to me when I hear of these combats, I may apply a notable place of the Seventy fourth Psalm to them: *Help, O my God, help; the earth of this mortal flesh is all on fire, it is consumed, if you assist not.* What have you to fear, faithfull soul? answereth the God of hosts. Be firm in your good purpose, it is I who will strengthen the columns and foundations of the earth: It is I who will shiver in pieces the bows, arrows, quivers, bucklers, and swords; yea all the temptations and powers of hell opposed against thee. My God, thou madest it; O what peace I now find in my heart, what great and divine lights descend upon me from the eternal mountains.

Liquefacta est terra, ego confirmavi columnas ejus, confregi potentias, arcum, scutum, gladium, & bellum. Factum est in pace locus ejus, Illuminans tu mirabiliter de montibus æternis. Psal. 74. & 75

Behold the interiour combats, but if you regard the exteriour, what violences, what warlike engines have not been employed against virginity? The teeth of Lions and Tigers were onely to be feared in beasts, yet they have been sought out in forrests and wildernesses, to be encouraged against virgins, and virgins have vanquished them. How many times hath a Lion been seen let loose against a silly Christian maid in an Amphitheater, to lick her feet, and in sight of four-score thousand people adore his prey, taking upon him that courtesie, which in men was wanting? Coals, which cast up devouring flames, frying-pans, boyling cauldrons made their hair stand an end, who afar off beheld them without danger, yet virgins felt them on their bodies, virgins overcame them, virgins stood free from hurt in the midst of these horrours, singing the praises of God, and the triumphs of chastity. Wheels armed with sharp irons to make bodies flie in pieces by gobbets, were the practises of Satan, never seen, heard, or thought on, yet being applied to the bodies of virgins, virgins blunted and rebated them with their tender and delicate flesh.

O quàm pulchra est casta generatio cum claritate! immortalis est enim memoria illius &c. Et in perpetuum coronata triumphat, in coinquinatorum certamine præmium vincens Sapient. 4.

Now, that none may object all this to be done by wily tricks of extatick souls, and that there could not be a true constancy observed therein, which is onely seen when there is a firm setling for some good space in the exercise of a virtue, you find an infinite number of them, who waxed old in great combats, great afflictions, great austerities, great flatteries, yet never left their resolution. And to let others pass under silence, who are innumerable, I will onely remember a maid of *Alexandria*, endowed with an exquisite beauty, and sued unto with all possible importunities, who hid her self in a sepulchre of the dead, and lived twelve years in a little cell, made to lodge such as had nothing to do with the world, she being found in this manner, and asked what she meant to do; made answer: *I preserve the treasure of chastity amongst these dead carkases, from whence I behold not the sparkles of concupiscence to flie.* O my God, what constancy is this! what vigour of spirit! what adamantine courage! and what may weak souls say to this, who yield at the first brunt, and seem to have nothing in the world more easie and familiar, than to loose that which can never be recovered.

Thesaurum castitatis servo inter arentes calvarias, unde nulla flamma erumpit. Raderus.

To conclude, constancy being never consummate without perseverance to the last breath, behold the fourth ingredient of the perfume of God, which is *incense*, and you shall see that as incense is melted on coals, so many have been dissolved in torments for the defence of chastity. Some have presently yielded up their lives, others were burned with a slow fire, delivering their bodies up to flames, as freely as one would be dispoiled of a garment. Witness that young man mentioned by S. *Hierom*, fast tyed with silken cords upon a bed all strewed over with flowers, who in such posture having nothing at liberty but his tongue, spit it out all bloudy in the face of a lewd woman, who came to tempt him. Witness another maid called *Lucie*, who lived a virgin among many others, and whose exquisite beauty was sought unto with vehement sollicitations by a powerfull Lord, who having command and authority in his hands, sent messengers of his fury to seize on this innocent lamb; and whilest they were at the gate menacing to kill her, and to set all on fire if this poor creature were not delivered into their hands, the maid came forth; who is there, Sirs, said she? What demand you? I beseech you tell me whether there be any thing in my power to purchase your Lord and Masters love? Yea, answered they, in a flouting manner, your eyes have gained him, nor ever can he have rest till he enjoy them. Well, go to then (saith she) onely suffer me to go to my chamber, and I will give satisfaction in this point. The poor maid seeing herself between the hammer and the anvile, acted a thing at that time which could never have been done without the particular revelation of God; she spake to her eyes, and said: How my eyes, are you then guilty? I know the reservedness and simplicity of your glances, nor have I in that kind any remorse of conscience. But howsoever it be, you appear to me not innocent enough; since you have kindled fire in the heart of a man, whose hatred I have ever more esteemed than his love: Quench with your bloud the flames you have raised. Whereupon with a hand piously cruel, she digged out her eyes, and sent the torn reliques embrewed in her bloud to him, who sought her, adding: *Behold what you love.* He seized with horrour, hastened to hide himself in a Monastery, where he remained the rest of his days to expiate his loves. O incomparable patience! I would go further, but she stays me. For what can I speak more, having said this? Is it not enough to shew chastity can do little of it self, but that it dissolveth as incense on the burning coals of charity? To give away the light of the day, the sweetest of all creatures; to give up her bloud drop after drop; to give her torn eyes, so to avoid a sin, which faithless souls account but a sport! Infinite many pusillanimous people, justly chastised for their sins cannot endure the least sting, but with complaint and murmur against God; they burn, but it is as lawrels, crackling in the flames: but this virgin in the sharpest rigours of a most sensible torment burnt sweetly, couragiously, silently. O what a perfume of the living God is virginity! If the smoke of the bodies of the damned, and despairing *Babylon* perpetually mount to Heaven in a sacrifice of vengeance, may we not affirm this delicious perfume of virginity will on the other side ascend as a sacrifice of honour, whilest there is Religion and Altars, men and Angels? O women, prodigal of a good irrecoverable! Ah wretched maids! Ah young witless women, that give for a momentary delight a treasure for which the Church hath shed so much bloud! Ah inexcusable treachery, to give to a bold libertine what is taken from *Jesus Christ!* Ah pusillanimity, to yield at the first shock, by delivering up a gift of God, for which so many virgins have persisted under the teeth and paws of Lions, under the sharp irons of tyrannical wheels, in cauldrons of scalding hot oyl, in the tearing out their eye-strings, in dislocation of their bones, and massacring their bodies, yea even to the last breath of life.

Raderus in viridario.

Unhappy

Unhappy victim made a prey to dishonour, what wilt thou answer to an *Agnes*, a *Tecla*, a *Katharine*, a *Lucie*, when they shall shew thee their palms, their bloud and wounds, more bright and radiant than the stars in the skie? And what will they say? behold what we have suffered for a virtue, which thou hast so sleightly valued as to trample it under foot, and through a strange prostitution hast thrown into their eyes who required it not. O mothers, breed your daughters piously, and preserve them as pledges charily recommended unto you by Almighty God. What a shame, what an ignominie, nay, what a fury, to behold maids now adays ill taught, bold amongst men as souldiers, wanton as leaping kids, and impudent as Syrens! who hath ever sequestred shamefac'dness from the soul that did not separate modesty from the bodie? How can you account a gadding house-wife, a dancing reveller, an idle wanton to be modest, since the strongest chastities have now adays much adoe to defend themselves from calumnie? Snares are laid on every side, as well upon the mountain as the valley. There is not a stone whereon some scorpion sleepeth not. Never was the lust of impudent men so enflamed, and yet you dally without fear or danger. Hearken to the advise of S. *Hierom*, concerning the instruction of maids, with which I will conclude this discourse:

Hierom. ad Lætam.

Let a maid, who ought to be the Temple of God, be so instructed, that she neither hear nor speak any thing which tendeth not to the fear of God: Let not impure speeches approch her ears: Let her be ignorant of worldly pleasures: Let her tongue in her tender years be seasoned with the praises of Jesus Christ: Let her banish young men from her company, who have any loose fashion in their behaviour, and let the maids themselves who come amongst them, be alienated from worldly commerce, least having been ill disciples of sensuality, they thereby become the worse Mistresses. If she also learn to read, let her letters be made of box or ivory, and be all called by their names, that so they may be a recreation for her eyes, to serve as instruments for her instruction. Let her in good time practice to write, and let her tender hand be guided on the paper, to trace the letters which are shewed her: Let her have some reward for doing well; for in this her minority these sleight ornaments prove to be an allurement to virtue. Let her have companions for emulation, and entertain a generous envie against their praise: Let her not be chidden if she be of a heavie spirit, but encouraged by the help of commendation: Let her take delight to overcome, and be as loth to be vanquished. Heed must be taken she hate not studie and travel, least the bitterness she may conceive in her infancy, spread beyond her most innocent years. Let the first letters she begins to call, compose some holy names, to prepare her memory to piety: Let her have a governess grave and modest: Let her entertain her companions with serenity of countenance: Let her become affable and amiable to all the world. Accustom her not to wear pendants in her ears, to paint, to load her neck and head with pearls: Change not the colour of her hair by art, nor frizle or crisp her with fire and irons, lest it prove a prediction of infernal flames. Take heed she be not touched with the hammer, which now adays strikes all the world, to wit, Vanity: Let her not drink in the cup of Babylon, *which is Impurity; beware she go not forth with* Dinah, *to see how the maids of the countrey are attired: Let her not be a dancer, nor gawdy in apparel. Poyson is not given but by rubbing the goblet with honey, nor doth vice deceive us but under colour and pretext of virtue.*

Above all, let her see nothing either in father or mother, the imitation whereof may make her guilty: Let her be disposed to the reading of good books, and never appear in publick without the advise of her mother: Let her not entertain some spruce young Amouriſt to cast wanton glances; nor let her bear particular affection towards any of her servants, who may whisper in her ear, but cause them to speak aloud, that all the rest may hear. Let her orderly every day offer her devotion to God; be very sober in her deportement, and delighted with works worthy of her condition. Let her be most obedient; nor ever so hardy as to see any, or undertake ought, without their leave who govern her. Doing this, she shall save her soul, and edifie all the world.

To Fathers and Mothers.

The thirty ninth SECTION.

Concerning the education and instruction of their children.

O What a goodly chain of gold is Charitie, which with its many lincks enchaineth the world! The more closely it shutteth, the more strength it affordeth: The more it tieth our hearts, the more it fasteneth our felicities. The first liberty of a reasonable creature, is the thraldom of an honest love, wherein fathers and mothers have a great part; for their union floweth from the bowels of nature, and none can falsifie it who violate not the first laws of the world. The father loves the son as a portion cut from himself, naturally the son loves the father; and so often as he wandereth from this love, he is like a fish out of the water. This was the conceit which S. *Ambrose* had upon the passage of Genesis, *Let the waters bring forth fish.* Let the good mother be the water, and good children the fish, saith he. God once commanded the water to bring forth fish, and instantly it obeyed, and ever since for almost these six thousand years that the world wheels about, the water feedeth its fishes without murmur, and the fish never go out of the water but by constraint. O man, who hast taught divisions between father and son, mother and daughter, thou shouldst be ashamed: Entreat the water to teach thee, and the fish to shew thee thy lesson. It is a strange thing the Patriarch *Noe*, justly provoked against an unnatural son, who had revealed the nakedness of his father, shooteth the arrow of malediction, not against the head of the guilty son, but his children; He curses not *Cham*, but *Canaan*; and if you ask why, *Theodoret* upon *Genesis* answereth, *Noe* would not curse him whom God once had blessed: For this had been to take off the seal of the Sovereign Master, and raze his edicts; but S. *Ambrose* says very pertinently, that *Noe* the more to punish his evil son, cursed him in his race, as if the wounds which fathers receive in the affliction of their children, were more sensible to them than their proper and personal hurts. Take away the beam from the Sun, and he shines not; the stream from the fountain, it drieth up; the member from the body, it putrifies; the son from the father, and he no longer is a son. This admitted and resolved, we draw a necessary consequence from the reciprocal love between two; and since we must hereafter speak of the duty of sons towards their parents, let us now pursue the course begun, and mention the duty of parents towards their children.

Producant aquæ reptile. Genes. 1.

Quam bona mater sis aquæ hinc considera, & homo, docuisti alterationes parentum in filios, separationes, odia, offensas: disce ergò ab aquâ quæ sit parentum & filiorum necessitudo.

Maledictus Chanaan servus servorum erit. Genes. 9.

One would not at first perhaps believe what I say, but it is most undoubted: Parents are in some sort more obliged to their children, than children to parents. For who is more bound than he, who by justice both divine and humane, oweth most? Now what owe children to their parents? The life they received, which they cannot render again, and therefore are not bound to it: Well may they owe the honour

honour which falls upon themselves, well the helps and services in case of necessity: But the father, so soon as the infant hath set foot into being, is very straightly obliged to provide him two things, nourishment, and instruction according to capacity. These are the two heads of this discourse, wherein I purpose to shew (O fathers and mothers) that you commit a great sin when you abandon your children, to become a prey of misery, ignorance, and iniquity.

The reasons are evident: For first, you sin against the grand Law of nature, written by God with a stile of fire, not onely on the hearts of all living creatures, but even on plants, which is to cherish what they have produced. Grapes hang on the vine, fruits on the tree, and take with time their just encrease from the juice and substance of the wood which brings them forth. The lamb knows his damme among a thousand to suck her, and asks the tribute of nature: Eagles bear their young on their backs: Serpents throw themselves many times into boyling cauldrons to save their egs: The Pelican, as the report is, lets her self bloud, to make a bath of it for her brood. And you in this vessel of the vast world, wherein all creatures row alike in this point according to the course of nature, would you be an unprofitable burden? Deserve not you to be banished from all the parts of the earth, and not to enjoy any thing but fire, or nothing to settle on, since the one is barren, and the other devoureth all? Secondly, see you not that neglecting your children, you do like an adulterer, not a father? For what seeks the adulterer, posterity? No: To afford a child to the world, servant to God, a Citizen to the Commonwealth? No: To have a creature, who may serve for the exercise of his charity, to be an object of his providence, and an encouragement for his diligence? No: what pretends he then? loathsom and lewd lust: And what do you else, when after consummation of marriage and the birth of a son, you carelesly leave him without providing for his necessities? Besides, if (as saith *Tertullian*) it is to be a homicide anti-dated to hinder the generation of a man, what will it then be when he is already born and registred amongst mortals, through remisness and sloth to suffer him to die with hunger, cold, thirst, and misery? When wrinkles and grisly hairs shall seize on your forehead, when old age shall bow your back, and necessity cast you into calamity; with what face dare you crave help from that son or daughter, whom you all the time of their life have neglected? Were it not well all creatures made complaint over your ashes?

Homicidii festinatio est prohibere nasci. Tertul. in Apol.

This man will perhaps answer, As for my part (Gods name be praised) I have had a care of my children. They want nothing necessary for sustentation of life. Is it enough to give them necessaries? But how do you give them? without love, and void of charity; as a stony loaf given and taken by constraint. Fathers and mothers, it is a strange thing to see your odde proceedings: One loves the male, another the female: One the girles, another the boyes: One this, because he is nosed like himself, the other that, because she hath her eyes gate, and speech: The father takes his Idol to his side, the mother hers, and in one and the same house set up Altar against Altar: If you strike my little Deity, I wil not spare yours: If you bring not incense to mine, I will overthrow yours. Childish and ridiculous people! to cast affection on children through sensuality, passion, and fury, perpetually to fall out about children, to let them suck discord with their milk, from the example of those who begot them; what is it else but early to put a sword into the hand of these little creatures, but to tear one another, and to cherish factions and partialities before their eyes be open to understand them?

Partiality of parents.

Let them look to it who govern in such manner (saith the other;) as for my self I take no other care than to breed my children well, and regard them all alike. What do you call breed them well? Behold another vice: Some offend through negligence, others with too much indulgence. You term well-breeding the child to cramme him up to the throat, and let him have all he asketh. Senseless creature, see you not first, you do a great injury to God? He hath trusted a child in your hand to be bred like a man, and you have made a lump of flesh of it, a bears whelp, and think there is nothing to be done but to lick it, that it may grow. Secondly, it is a base thing to say, the Soveregn Creatour having made you a Father, Master, Directour, and Governour over this infant, you should forget the character God hath engraven on your face, and make your self a slave of a gluttenous belly, and an irregular concupiscence. Besides, you put spurs to his vices to make him run headlong into the precipice, you nooze haulters to strangle him, you light torches to consume him. For what good can be hoped, nay what evil not expected from a child bred up in pride and effeminacy? Hear *Tertullian* speak: *Take away the curiosities and superfluities. It is not the life of a Christian: He hath renounced faith who breedeth his children in riot.* Is it not a goodly thing to see *Hercules* spin silk, with those hands which were made to vanquish monsters? Know, God hath put us into the world to hew monsters more pernicious than hydraes or *Cerberus*, and not to make coronets of roses. You cannot breed your children in voluptuousness, and not thereby render their souls soft and effeminate, which quite extinguisheth the flame of a generous spirit; and yet you complain, that coming to the degrees of maturity, they are fit for nothing but to live lazily and pick quarrels. But it is no whit to be wondered at: It is the tincture you gave them from their most tender years. You have made them al their life time to dance to the tune of their own proper wills, light, fond, and childish, and now you would put the bridle over their necks, and make them lead a serious life. Know you not what happened to the horses of the *Sybarites*, an effeminate kind of people, who were so intoxicated and addicted to dances and balls, that not so much as their horses but learnt to dance? In the mean time their enemies awakened them, and so closely pursued them, that they were enforced to take arms for the defence of their lives. They drew into the field a brave squadron of Cavalry, the flower and strength of the Citie; but a fidler seeing them approch, mounted on these dancing horses, promised their Adversaries to deliver them into their hands whilest they were dancing. And instantly he began to strike up his violin, and the horses to bestir themselves in dancing, to break all their ranks, and put the Army into disorder; which shamefully made them become a prey to their enemies. Behold (O indulgent parents) what happeneth to your children: You have always bred them in sottishness, sports, and liberty, the fatal plagues of youth: when they must come to combate, to undertake some brave affair, some thing important for the good of their Countrey, for the honour of your house, for the advancement of themselves, they stand eclipsed. Nay, perhaps it might be tollerable to behold them benummed & stupified in worldly affairs, but they are deaf, blind, and dumb in matters concerning God; so that whilest you seek to make great and powerfull Lords of them, you (ere aware) have drawn the malediction of the serpent upon them, and made them creep on their bellies, as much as to say, according to the interpretation of some Fathers, to spend their thoughts, study, and affection, upon the care and education of the body, to the prejudice of the soul. Yet you would have those creatures to be instructed in the

Discutienda sunt delicia quarum mollitie & fluxu fides virtus effeminari solet. Tertul. de cultu fœmin.

Genes. 3. 14. *Supra pectus tuum & ventrem tuum gradieris.* vel vñ vbi nãs vñ aut. Aq. 70. Interpr.

the law of God: How can it be? Do you not well know that *Moses* seeing the *Israelites* dance with full bellies about the golden calf, brake the tables of the Law? If you demand the reason, S. *Hierom* will tell you, he knew the Law of God was not for sporters, dancers, and drunkards, and that in the Kingdom of intemperance an eclipse ensues, not onely of the Divine law, but of nature also.

Exod. 32. *Sciebat Dei sermonem non posse audire temulentos.*

I come to the second point, which is instruction, so much recommended in Scripture. *If you have children* (saith the Wiseman) *instruct them, and take great care of them from their childhood.* You must think your children be as Temples of God recommended unto you from the hand of God himself. It is an intollerable thing to have good cooks, good lacheys, good grooms, good horse-boys, to serve the belly and stable; and a father who sends his son to school many times ignorant whether the Master be black or white, good or bad, mild or harsh, religious or wicked. If kine or hogs are to be driven into the fields, one is sought out who knows the business: but to trayn up a child of a good family, an idle fellow many times is trusted, who hath in him no talent at all but malice and ignorance. Fathers and Mothers, fear you not God will say unto you: My house is forsaken, I freed it from evil spirits, I withdrew it from the power of devils, I purged, decked, and adorned it; I put it into your protection, I consigned it into your hands; what have you done with it? Why have you polluted it, and why suffer you it still to lie drenched in ordure? You have put the lamb into the wolfs keeping, you have given the victim to the slaughter-man, you are the cause of his unhappiness, you have twisted the coard of his ruine so soon almost as the web of his life. Fathers and mothers do well, if they become as great Saints as are the Hermits of the desert; but if they neglect their child, they render themselves guiltie before God of one of the greatest injustices in the world. The Scripture in praising the great Patriarch *Noe*, doth not onely say he was a good man in his own person, but in his whole race, so far as his power extended.

Filii tibi sunt, erudi illos, & cura illos à puerilibus illorum. Prov. 7.

Noë *vir justus & perfectus in generationibus suis.*

As much honour and glory as it is to leave a good Citizen to the Common-wealth, so much dishonour and infamy it is to afford it ungracious wretches to trouble its repose, disunite peace, and embroyl affairs. They are such of whom the Scripture speaketh: *They shall be nayls in your eyes, and launces in your sides, and they shall oppose you in the land of your abode.* Cruel father that thou art, who quite dead and turned into ashes, afflictest the Common-wealth by children ill instructed; thou woundest and tearest Christianity. Were it not justice thinkest thou, to break up thy tomb and disturb thy ashes, for having voluntarily bred a little viper for thy countrey, to which thou art accountable for thy life? And from hence it cometh to pass, that fathers who have carried themselves so negligently and perfidiously in their childrens instruction, are the first who drink down the poyson they mingled for others, over-whelmed with toyls and miseries, for the continual disorders of these extravagants. O how often they make complaint like the Eagle in the Emblem of *Julian*, when strucken by a mortal arrow partly framed out of her own wings, she said, Out alas, wretched bird that I am! must I breed feathers to serve as a swift chariot to the steel which transfixeth my body? Must I bring forth children to give me the stroke of death? What remedie then for this unhappiness, which creeping into the bowels of the most flourishing Monarchies, depopulates and deprives them of good subjects, and furnisheth them with shadows of men? What remedy; but to observe three things in this matter? First, to give a good tincture of Religion to your children, pious apprehensions of God, and a filial fear of his judgements. Secondly, to manure them with arts suitable to their understanding and condition, to settle them in the world upon some good employment, lest having nought to do, they become fit to act any evil. Thirdly, to accommodate them, as much as possibly and reasonably may be, with exteriour moveables, called the blessings of fortune, that necessity open not them the gate of iniquitie; and then leave the rest to the providence of God, whose eye is alwayes open over his work. Behold the course most fit to be observed: Pietie goeth foremost; for as the eloquent Prelate of *Cyrenes* saith: It is not onely the foundation of houses, but of whole Monarchies.

Erunt vobis clavi in oculis, & lanceæ in lateribus, & adversabuntur vobis in terrâ habitationis vestræ. Num. 31.

Cyrus. ad Arcad.

Parents now adays seek to do quite contrary, and set the cart before the horse; they voluntarily imitate the stupidity of those *Ægyptians*, who prepared Altars to a Reer-mouse, for no other reason but that she is weak-sighted, and is a friend of the night. Now they preferred darkness before light, by right of antiquity: but these do much worse; for putting Heaven and earth into one ballance, they set an estimate upon terrene things, to the villifying and confusion of celestial. Nay, there are mothers to be found so malicious, as was one named *Clotilda*, not the Saint, but a mad woman, who being put to her choice either to consent her sons should enter into a Monastery to become religious, or resolve to see them loose their lives, Kill, kill, said she; I had rather behold them dead than Monks. How many are there now adays, who for a need would suffer their children to become Pages to Antichrist, to make a fortune, at the least would well endure to see them preferred to honour in the great Turks Court, with ship-wrack of their Religion? There are few Queen *Blanches*, either in courage or worth, who rather desired to behold her children in their grave than in sin. They must now adays be either *Cæsars* or nothing. None fear to put them into infamous houses, into scandalous places, to give them most wicked Teachers, to thrust them into snares and scandals under hope of some preferment: Nay, with how many travels and services, crouchings and crimes, do these miserable creatures purchase their chains? *All cannot find a fortune in Court. Warfare picks out those with a kind of disdain, whom it entertains for labours and hazards of life. Onely virtue shuts not the gate against any, yet it is daily despised.*

Non omnes curia admittet: castra quos ad laborem & pericula recipiant, fastidisse legunt; bona mens omnibus patet. Senec. Ep. 44.

Unfortunate fathers and wretched mothers, live on gall and tears, rise and go to bed with gnawing care, to set an ungratefull son on the top of fortunes wheel, who quickly grows weary of them, and after their deaths, gluts himself with the delights they with so much industrie prepared for him, mindless of those who obliged him: Nay far otherwise, he unfolds the riots of his unbridled youth even upon their tombs. God grant this evil may pass no further, and that the father and son do not one day reproach one another in the flames of hell, that the one ministred matter of damnation, and the other gave accomplishment. *William* the learned Bishop of *Lions*, relateth, that a young Hermit, retiring into a horrid wilderness to attend the exercise of penance, saw his father and brother, whom he had left in the world, embroiled in ill causes, at that time deceased and buried in everlasting fire, who made hydeous complaints, the son questioning his father as authour of his ruin by amassing unjust riches for him, and the father answering, the son was the source of all his calamities, since to make him rich he had spent his miserable life in perpetual anxiety, and now suffered eternal punishments in the other world, for loving a disloyal son more than Almightie God. Curled blindness, to buy tortures and gibbets with afflictions

Guliel. de *Lugdun.* tract. de avarit. rubric. 11.

and crosses! O fathers and mothers, let your first care extend to those whom you begat, to teach them virtue, rather by your example than others instruction. These young creatures are your shadows, your ecchoes; they turn and wind themselves easily to imitate those who gave them life, and from whom they hope both wealth and honour. Wo to the father and mother, who make their children witnesses of their crimes, and not content to be evil, make their sin immortal in the immortality of their descent. An infant, though but two years old, should be used with much regard, as if it were an intelligence enchased in this little body. It is a great sacriledge to impress the first tincture of vice on those, who as yet rest in the innocency of baptism. The good *Eleazar* being advised to dissemble his Religion to save his life, or at least to make semblance of eating hogs-flesh, beholding round about him many youths who expected the end of this combat, pronounced these worthy words couched in S. *Ambrose*: God forbid I should serve for an incentive to the vices of these young people, who should rather be a pattern of wisdom. God forbid I defile my gray hairs with this execration, and that posterity may take notice I opened the gate to impiety by my example. That is undoubted which *Julius Firmicus* spake: Nothing hath so much advanced the power of Satan, as the making of sinfull gods. The young man looking on the statue of *Jupiter* soothed his own lust, and drew the nourishment of his sin even from Altars. So doth the son, who beholds himself in the vices of his father, and takes paternal authority for pledg of his wickedness. I leave you to think, if in Exodus 22. He who unawares suffered a silly spark to flie into his neighbours corn be guilty of the fires hurt, as we heretofore told you, what will it be with a father, who in his house shall enkindle the torch of iniquity to enflame his whole family? First then lay the foundation of piety, and consequently find employments for your children, lest they consume in idleness, which is the seminary of all vices.

Ambrose. l. 2. de Jacob. *Nequaquam contingat mihi ut sim senex incentivum juvenilis erroris, qui esse debet forma salutaris instituti.*

Adulterio delectatus aliquis? Jovem respicit; & inde cupiditatis suæ fomenta conquirit.

Julius Firm. de error. prof.

Charlemain soon put his sons to exercises, and commanded his daughters to sow or spin, that the gate might be shut up against lazy sluggishness of spirit, wherewith the soul suffers it-self insensibly to slide into all sorts of corruptions. Yea, great discretion must beused in this point, not to enforce children to undertake vocations wholy disproportionable to their humours and qualities, to make them thereby row all the rest of their life against the stream. Saint *Basil* in the Epistle to *Eudoxus* praiseth the *Athenians*, who tried the nature of their children before they put them to any profession, proposing unto them sundry instruments of all kind of arts, and easily admitting that to which they most inclined. As for accommodation, you must therein reasonably provide according to your estate, and not according to the extravagant ideas of this insatiable Age. It is an admirable thing to see to what a height these offices and huge marriages are mounted: I think they will flie into the Kingdom of the Moon. The time hath been when a man was thought rich who had fifty crowns of yearly rent: We find when the marriages of the daughters of *France* exceeded not six thousand crowns payd down. Nay which is more, daughters were bought; and now they purchase husbands with prodigious sums. This is it which wasteth spirits, which renders instructions unprofitable, and throws all our evils into the despaire of remedy. If you knew well how to order this matter, you would find repose and facility in the rest of the government of youth; and when you have done that which belongs to you, leave the rest in the hands of the divine providence, who well understands how to handle the web of our lives, and to apply every one to what is fittest for his salvation. If all I have said (O fathers and mothers) be not sufficient to instruct and perswade you, I would draw hither out of the other world *Hely* the High-Priest, severely punished by the revengeful hand of God for negligences committed in the education of his children. He would cry aloud unto you. I am that *Hely*, heretofore the prime man amongst the people of God, that *Hely*, from whose lips passed so many brave oracles; that *Hely*, who with the winck of an eye made the people obedient; that *Hely*, who shined as a pharos in the Tabernacle of God; and in the mean space for permitting youthful follies and indiscreet libertie to my children, see me become the object of the most enflamed anger of God which may be imagined against one of my profession: Behold me cast from the High-Priest hood as a rotten member, my house everlastingly deprived of that honourable dignity, all my posterity condemned to die under the scourge of God, and not any one of them ever to attain to mans estate; another enriched with my spoils, which my Nephews shall never see but to wither with grief, in consideration of the felicity of their rival; my two sons sensual and voluptuous slain in one day, my daughter in Law dead in childbed; but above all, through my sin, the Ark of God taken away by enemies, and dishonoured by Infidels; and lastly, my self buried under the ruins of my countrey as the last victim of Gods justice. O Sovereign Creatour of Heaven and earth, how terrible thou art! nay, how just, nay, how severe, to chastise parents for the sins of their children! but how reasonable in this their punishment? Fathers and mothers fear, fathers and mothers shake under the hand of the Omnipotent: fathers and mothers, be satisfied with your own sins, and carry not your childrens into the other world; instruct them so, that in their education you may find the discharge of your consciences, they good doctrine, and you rest and comfort to have well bred them.

The fourtieth SECTION.

Advice to children concerning the duty they should render to their fathers and mothers, contrary to the contumacy of irregular youth.

THe Wiseman said it was a hard matter to break a triple coard. A triple law, divine, natural, and civil, hath straightly bound children to the honour and duty they ordinarily yield to parents. He is forsaken of God, an enemy of nature, and an infringer of publick tranquility, who would be exempted.

Funiculus triplex difficile rumpitur.

First I say, nature distilleth with the soul those amorous infusions of amity, which children have towards their fathers and mothers. The beam belongeth to its sun, the river to its fountain, the branch to its tree, and the child to his progenitours. They are not Storks alone who have taught us the law of reciprocal love: Lions, though of nature untractable, of life savage, even in their roring moods, which make woods and mountains tremble, give us a lesson of this charity. Lions whelps, whose paws itch and bloud boileth in their veins, go chearfully a hunting to seek out food for their sire now worn with age. And hunters have often observed an old Lion lying in the entrance of a cave, and a young one to come laden with booty, putting it into the paws of the other who expected it. He received the prey making

shew

ſhew of a thouſand thanks to his whelp, which freely divided the prize according to the law of nature. Theſe inclinations are found even in birds of rapine, who pull the prey one from another to feed thoſe with it who begat them.

Albertus Magnus noteth, that fowlers ſeeking for goſhawks found one in a vaſt wilderneſs perched upon a tree, not offering to ſtir from them, but ſeeming wholly immoveable. They wondring why this bird flew not away at the ſight of men as well as others of her kind, perceived ſhe was weak, blind, lame, and waſted with decrepit age; whereupon they hid themſelves, expecting the coming of other goſhawks, when inſtantly behold two haſtened thither laden with meat which they pulled in pieces, and thruſt into the beak of the poor old one. They made no doubt, but theſe were the young who fed the dam. O what charms of natue! Nay rather what providence of God! Is not he an Apoſtata to the great Law of the world, who violateth charity due to fathers and mothers?

As for humane Laws, what have they in them more noble or Religious than the charitable offices of children towards thoſe who begat them? If we believe the hiſtory of the *Perſians*, there have been ſome found amongſt them who voluntarily made wounds on themſelves to bury therein ſome part of the bodies of their parents reduced to aſhes? A matter truly very ſtrange, and which confoundeth the ingratitude of children, who deign not to preſerve the memory of their fathers ſo much as in their hearts, much leſs their aſhes on their bodies.

Ælian. l. 16. de animal. c. 7.

Hath not *Tertullian* written, that certain people called the *Naſamones* through much reverence held their meeting over the tombs of their Anceſtours, as upon Oracles? Doth not *Herodotus* make mention of the *Iſſedons*, a people of *Scythia*, who enchaſe the heads of their deceaſed Anceſtours in gold, and reverence them as things ſacred? And although there be in this action reprehenſible ſuperſtition, yet it is much more tollerable than the Law of the *Ægyptians*, who burnt incenſe to rats and crocodiles.

Tertull. de anima c. 57. *Herodot.* l. 4.

On the other part *Nicholas Damaſcene* aſſureth us, the *Piſidians* preſented the firſt fruits of all the viands of a feaſt to their fathers and mothers, thinking it an unworthy thing to take refection without honour done to the Authours of life.

Nicho. Damaſc.

Yea, *Plato* paſſeth ſo far as to call parents ἀγάλματα καὶ κειμήλια as one would ſay houſhold Gods, the pledges of Religion, the relickes, and choiceſt pieces of the houſhold meaſure. *Solon* would never eſtabliſh the Law againſt parricides, ſaying, God forbid a monſter ſhould ever come into our Common-wealth. Againſt impoſſible crimes there needs no prohibition. Did not *Romulus* the like in the inſtitution of his Common-wealth? He never inſerted one word of the ſin of parricide as if it had been a meer Chymæra: and verily ſix hundred years paſſed in the city of *Rome* amongſt Pagans, and not ſo much as the name thereof known. The firſt ſtained with this barbarous cruelty was one *Lucius Oſtius*, deteſted afterwards through all Ages. Men not knowing what puniſhment to invent for this monſtrous ſin, it was ſaid ſuch ſhould be thrown into the water, ſhut up in a ſack, with an ape, a cock & a viper.

Plato leg. 11.

Finaly *Ariſtotle*, who is ever in argumental diſcourſes, will not make uſe of any for the honour of parents: For ſaith he, that man who doubteth of the honour of Gods and parents, let him be inſtructed, not with words but ſharp puniſhments.

Ariſt. 8. Top.

As for the divine Law, what hath it more authentically recommended than this band of charity? What doth it inculcate with more eſpect, after the honour of God, than duty towards parents? For whom are recompences awarded, if not for the piety of children? And for whom menaces, but for their rebellion? Saint *Thomas* in his ſeaventh little treatiſe obſerveth, how in the Decalogue after that which concerneth God, immediately followeth the precept of the honour due to the Authours of our life, for the reſemblance they have to God. And *Philo* ſaith, this commandment is the knot and tye of all the Law. Saint *Auguſtine* writing upon the paſſage of Saint Paul, *God from whom all fatherhood proceedeth*, ſaith, that God is the Prince of all fathers, and fathers the Vicars of God, becauſe they give children (although with dependence on the Soveraign Cauſe) both being, education, and inſtruction.

S. *Thom.* op. 7.

Philo in vitâ *Moſis.*

A quo eſt omnis paternitas.

This duty of children towards parents being proved by the triple knot of the Law natural, civil, and divine: I will now enlarge upon the four parts thereof, which are, love, reverence exteriour and interiour, obedience, and ſuccour. I ſay love; for what child is there can hate his father if he be not unnatural? How (o wicked ſon) can the hatred of a title ſo ſacred, ſo ſweet, aſcend into thy heart, if thou art not become a banquerout in nature? If Tygers, and Lions had the like obligation, they would honour him, and thou perſecuteſt him? Ah! but he is unreaſonable, troubleſom, and inſupportable, what wilt thou not ſay? He is thy father, and therefore to be ſupported: behold the rock whereon all the waves of paſſion ſhould crack aſunder. But I know not what antipathy I have contrary to his nature, I cannot reliſhe him. Muſt we talke of nature, when there is queſtion of the God of nature? Know you not what the excellent Martyr S. *Juſtine* ſaid, *To live according to nature, is to live like an Infidel*? If your nature cannot agree with one whom you are bound to love, you muſt bridle that ill nature, you muſt put reaſon into command, and paſſion into fetters. Tell not me, you have endeavoured to mollify it, but find it untractable. Rather ſay, you are refractary againſt the yoke, which nature hath put over your neck from your mothers womb, for which cauſe ſee whether in the judgement of prudent men who may adviſe you, you yield him that duty which God commandeth.

Juſtin ep. ad. *Zenam* & *Serenam.*

The ſecond part of your tribute is reverence. For it is natural to fathers and mothers, who by the light of reaſon are tennants of that honour which both age, nature, and the commandment of God hath put into their hands: and if any thing happen to the contrary, it galls their heart, and transfixeth them more ſenſibly than one can imagine. For which cauſe the Wiſeman ſaid. *Honour thy father both in word and deed with patiente.*

In opere & ſermone, & omni patientiâ honora patrem tuum Eccl. 15.

It is a malignity and a moſt intollerable baſeneſs, to ſee children of poor or indifferent extraction advanced either by the gale of favour, or by their travel and induſtry to ſome publick charge, who no ſooner have ſet foot therein but their brains turn, and they ſcarcely acknowledge thoſe who gave them life and breeding, which is the firſt moveable of all the wealth they either poſſeſs or may hope. But yet far more barbarous are they that deſpiſe their parents, who heretofore rich and wealthy, are now deſpoiled even to nakedneſs, and drawn dry to the very marrow, to place them in dignities: This is a tyranny, which deſerveth that all the ravens from the brooks and lay-ſtals ſhould fly with fury upon him to pick out the eyes of this offender, who hath dared to contaminat himſelf with ſuch an attempt.

Vngrateful creature, thou art aſhamed of nature, thou bluſheſt at the divine providence, what ſay I bluſh? nay thou diſmembreſt it; a father who is the ornament of thy head, and happineſs of thy houſe if thou knoweſt how to uſe him, reduced by thy inſenſibility, thy cruelty, into the condition of a ſervant, whilſt thou perhaps feedeſt dogs, hawks, or ſome fatal harpies worſe than dogs or hawks.

Where is thy brow, thy blushing, thy understanding? Oh but he is poor. True, because thou hast despoiled him, because thou hast wasted him, because he voluntarily made himself poor to make thee rich.

Tell me, was it not an honour to King *Agathocles*, who from being the son of a potter raised his fortune to a Throne, was it not (I say) an honour to mingle on his cup-boards earthen vessels with his rich pieces of gold and silver plate, that he might not bely his birth? Nay, so far was he from blushing, or from being ashamed at it, that he made boast and trophey of it: What then would he have done by his poor father, if he set such a value upon the mean implements of his cottage? And thou wholly Christian as thou art, canst not behold without confusion of thy countenance what a great Captain, a great King, a great States-man sought to proclaim to all the world.

Contempt of the person of fathers entreth sometimes so far into their souls, as it hath transported them into horrible and tragick acts. Never have I read any thing upon this subject with more amazement, than that mentioned in *Justine*, of a certain *African*, named *Cartallus*, who was by the peoples consent raised to an eminent degree of dignity, and casually upon some solemn embassage sent into a place where his father, with many other, was banished. He looking on himself at that time like a peacock gloriously furnished out with the rich ornaments of his employment, thought it was not suitable to his honour to admit that his father should so much as see him. The unfortunate father became so enraged with this refusal and pride of his son, that instantly he raised a sedition, and mustering together a tumultuary Army of exiles, he fell upon his son, although a Magistrate, took him, condemned him to death, presently prepared a high gibbet, and attired (as he was in gold & scarlet with a crown on his head, caused him to be fastened to this fatal tree for a strange spectacle. What fury of despised nature is this, and what butchery?

Let us pass on to the third tribute, obedience, which (as an Ancient said) is the mother of felicities: It is the first band of families, and chief foundation of Monarchies. S. *Gregory Nyssen* hath a notable observation, saying, that *Moses* of set purpose caused the *Hebrews* to wear ear-rings, giving them thereby to understand, their beauty and grace was in the ear, to wit, in obedience; and verily in Exodus the people beginning to revolt, their ear-rings were taken from them, as from men unworthy of this priviledge. That which is expressed in Deuteronomie is much more bloudy and terrible, where the father and mother are permitted to bring forth a disobedient and refractary son in publick, and upon their own deposition to cause him to be stoned to death by the people. It seems this Law was well understood by a silly Pesant (a *Mardonian* by Nation) named *Rachones*, (a) who being the father of seven sons, perceived the youngest of them played the little libertine and unbridled colt: What doth he to bring him back into the stable? First he endeavoured to cure him with fair words and reasons, but finding him to reject all manner of good counsel, he bound his hands behind him, carried him before a Magistrate, accused him, and requires he may be proceeded against as a delinquent against nature. The Judges, who would not discontent this incensed father, nor hazard the life of this young man, sent them both to the King, who at that time was *Artaxerxes*, The good man went thither, resolved to seek his sons death, where pleading before the King with much fervour and forcible reasons, *Artaxerxes* stood amazed at his courage. But how can you (my friend) said he, endure to see your son die before your face? He being a gardiner, as willingly (said he) as I would pull away leaves from a ranck lettice, and not hurt the root. The King perceiving this resolution and zeal of justice in the poor man, of a gardiner made him a Judge, and severely threatened his son with death, if his carriage were not better.

See young man, behold wicked son, who disobeyest thy father and mother, not in a slight matter or of little importance, but in such as concerns thy life, safety, and reputation; see what thou maist expect from the justice of God, since that of men hath so much severity in this point.

You dare dispense with your selves in the Laws of piety and Religion, not shewing, even on festival days any more feeling of God than a beast; doth this seem tolerable? you haunt the company of buffons, wicked and wretched creatures, which wast the means that are not yours, weaken your body, violate your reputation, and defile your soul, and is not this a crime? You make resolutions and frame chymæraes without advise either of father or mother, you bring them into debt, you treat clandestine marriages, you thrust those alive unto their graves who gave you life; and can you think the vengeance of God will ever have leaden feet? Faithless and bruitish as you are, how many fathers for far less faults have inflicted severities on their children, dreadful even to those who read them. *Marcus Scaurus* in the *Roman* history sent this message to his son, who fled with the rest of his Army defeated by the Cimbrians: *Son, you are born of a father, who knows either to vanquish or die, rather send me your bones than return alive after the death of your honour.* A father could not endure the flight of a son, which was very excusable in a general defeat, because it seemed to cast some blemish upon his family; and you who surcharge your house with reproach and confusion, would you escape unpunished? Another father, *Aulus Fulvius*, understanding his son had rancked himself in the faction of *Catiline* (a wicked wretch, who supported and debaushed all the youth of *Rome*) caused him to be taken in the place, and condemned to death, and this young man begging pardon with all manner of suppliant intreaties had no other answer, but, Son I begat you to make war upon *Catiline* in your Countries quarrel, not in *Catilines* cause to assayl your mother. And who can but wonder at another *Torquatus*, that had a son in great employments of the Empire, flourishing in honour, age, and reputation; who being accused by the Embassadours of *Macedonia*, to have ill carried himself in their Province, when he had it in charge; this father with the Senats permission would himself be Judge in the sons cause, heard the accusers two whole days together, confronted witnesses, gave his son full scope to defend himself and to produce all that he could for his justification, in the end on the third day, he pronounced sentence: *It having sufficiently been proved unto me, that my son* Syllanus *hath ill acquitted his charge, and taken money from the allies of the* Roman *People, contrary to the command of Laws and honesty, I declare him from this time forward unworthy both of the Common-wealth and my house.* The unfortunate son was so overwhelmed with melancholy upon this judgement given by his father, that the next night he killed himself, and the father esteeming him degenerate, would not so much as honour his funerals with his presence. Good God what severity! what thunders, what lightnings against the disobedience of sons among Pagans. And you wicked sons, in Christianity, where the Law of love should oblige you to the duty, which I prove unto you with an adamantine knot, do you think all is permitted you? And you fathers, are not you most worthy of your unhappiness, when you cherish by a negligent and soft indulgence the disobediences of your children, which you should root up from their infancy

Exod. 32. *Tollite inaures filiarum vestrarum auribus, & afferte ad me.*

Filius noster iste protervus & contumax est, monitis nostris audire contemnit, comessationibus vacat, luxuriâ atque convitiis: Lapidibus eum obruet populus, & morietur. Deuter. 21.

(a) Ælian. var. hist. lib. 1.

fancy, and not suffer them to grow to the prejudice of your houses, with so many bloudy tragedies as are daily seen in the mournful theater of the worlds miseries?

Fili suscipe senium tam patris tui, & non contristes eum in vitâ illius & si defecerint sensus, veniam da, & non spernas eum in tuâ virtute. Eccles. 3. Qui timet Deum honorat parentes, & quasi Dominis serviet iis qui se genuerunt.

Let us conclude upon the fourth duty of children, which is succour: *Son receive the old age of thy father and mother in thy bosom: Take heed thou do not contristate them in any kind: Beware thou scorneſt them not, if they chance to fall into any debility of spirit: Assist them with all thy might.* It followeth: *The child which feareth God never fails either in the honour or ayd he should yield to his parents: nay more, he shall serve them as a servant his Master.* We need not here seek out examples in holy Scripture, or where the Law of nature is handled; the more our proofs are taken from Infidels, who had nothing at all but the light of reason, so much the more colour and weight they have. I will not make mention here of a *Roman* daughter (*a*) who fed her father from her own breasts, condemned to dye of hunger between four wals; you may sufficiently see that often recorded in writing. Yea, under *Peter* of *Castle* there lived a man that never ceased weeping until he were put to death instead of his father, who was to be executed. I speak nothing now at all of that, but cannot omit an example recounted in Bibliotheck of the great wit *Photius*, who telleth on a time there happened in *Sicily* (as it hath often been seen) an eruption of *Ætna*, now called mount Gibel: It is a hydeous thing, and the very image of hell, to behold a mountain which murmurs, burns, belches up flames, and throws out its fiery entrails, making all the world fly from it. It happened then, that in this horrible and violent breach of flames every one flying, and carrying away all they had most precious with them, two sons, the one called *Anapias*, the other *Amphinomus*, carefull of the wealth and goods in their houses, reflected on their father and mother both very old, who could not save themselves from the fire by flight; and where shall we (said they) find a more precious treasure than those who begat us? The one took his father on his shoulder, the other his mother, and so made passage through the flames. It is an admirable thing that God in consideration of this piety, though Pagan, did a miracle: for the monuments of all antiquity witness, the devouring flames stayd at this spectacle, and the fire roasting and broyling all round about them, the way onely through which these two good sons passed was tapistred with fresh verdure, and called afterward by posterity the holy field, in memory of this accident.

(*a*) Fulgos l. 5. c. 3.

What may we answer to this, what can we say, when the virtues e en of Pagans dart lightening-flashes of honesty and duty into our eyes? What brasen or adamantine brow can covetous and caytive sons have, who being rich and abounding in means, deny necessary things to those who brought them into the world, yea have the heart to see them struggle with extream misery, whilst they offer a sacrifice of abomination to their burning avarice? Wicked son, wreched daughter, know you what you do when you commit such a crime? You hold the soul, bloud, and life of your progenitours in your coffers, you burn them with a soft fire, you consume them with a lingring, and shameful death; you are accountable before God for what they suffer. And for whom is remorse of conscience? For whom infamy? For whom necessity? For whom punishments in the other life, but for such as in this manner abuse a treasure so recommended by God? Take heed (O children) take heed of breaking this triple cord of the Law divine, natural, and civil, which indissolubly tie you to the exercise of that piety which you have abjured. Take heed of irreverence, disobedience, and ingratitude towards your parents; expect not onely in the other life the unavoydable punishments of Gods Justice against such contumacy, but in this present life know you shall be measured with the same measure you afforded others. You know the history of the miserable father dragged by the hair with the hand of his son unto the threshold of his door, where seeing himself unworthily used, Hold son, saith he, it is enough, the justice of God hath given me my due; I committed the like outrage heretofore against my father, thy Grand-father, which thou at this instant acteſt upon me: I dragged him hither, and behold me hither haled: Go no further. O Justice! O terrour! O dreadful spectacle! Great eye of God, which never sleepest over the crimes of mortals. O divine hand, which ever beareſt arms of vengeance hanging over the heads of rebellious children! How terrible thou art? who can but fear thee? who will not heareafter tremble at the apprehension of thy judgements?

Children be pious, live in the duty you have vowed and resigned to your progenitours, and to all your superiours: Live full of honour and glory in this world, live in expectation of palms and crowns which you shall enjoy in the other world. And you likewise fathers and mothers, embrace charity towards your good children with all affection, and if any forget their duty, and afterward stretch out hands humbly to your obedience, receive them into favour, exercise mercy towards them as you desire should be done to you by God our common father. But if you still groan under the ingratitude of wicked children, and the fear of future evils, wipe away your tears, sweeten your acerbities, season your bitterness with the comfort of a good conscience. When you have done all you can and all you ought to do, leave the succes to God, and say unto him, My God who hast seen the cause of my afflictions to proceed from my self, accept my good desires for the works of this evil child, my sufferings in satisfaction, and my patience for sacrifice.

THE FOVRTH BOOK.

Of the impietie of Courts.

The unhappie Politician.

HItherto, having proposed the motives and obstacles that men of qualitie find in the way of Christian perfection, I have made a collection of the most wholesom instructions, which may guid them to the wisdom of heaven. Consequently I purpose, according as time and leasure will permit, to write the historie of the holy Courts, pursuing the course which I proposed in the Preface. But this volume being become big alreadie in the press, requireth nothing but the seal upon it. Behold the cause why I have been willing to affix it thereon with two books of grave and admirable histories, which may serve as a scantling of the whole piece I intend. The scope of all this work is to declare a most worthy saying of S. *Augustine*, *That nothing is so miserable as the prosperitie of the wicked, nothing so happie as true and solid pietie.*

To bring these two verities into their full lustre of light as well by example as precept, I have chosen two Courts very different. The one is the Court of *Herod*, the other of *Theodosius* the younger. In the one the disasters of impietie are beheld, in the other the happiness of virtue. Verily I have cast the eye of my consideration upon divers histories, and have seen none which may make great men more sensibly apprehend how those who rule in Courts and places of dignitie by meere policie and humane prudence, accommodating Religion to their own interest, are deceived, than the life and death of this unfortunate King of *Judea*. He had an infinite natural judgement, an admirable penetrating wit, a courage unspeakably dauntless. A man who derived from nothing, advanced his fortune even to the Regal throne, and established it amongst so many thornie affairs, as to make himself admired by the wisest of the world. But because he built upon this Maxim of impietie, that Religion and Law must be made to serve our proper interests, he led a life full of crimes and disturbances, concluded with the most disastrous death that may be imagined. That also which hath made me resolve upon this historie (drawn from *Josephus*, with some other little fragments and memorials, dilating it according to the talent of my stile, without using any other transcription,) is, that besides *the unhappie Politician*, you shall read therein *Innocencie persecuted* in the life of a Lady, who hath been a true mirrour of patience, and whom I purpose to propose as one of the greatest ornaments of our holy Court. It is from hence I may truly gather a most beautiful rose amongst the sharpest thorns, shew calmest serenitie in the roughest storms, and seek the honey-comb in the lions throat, since I in *Herods* Court endeavour to find out the patient and chast *Mariamne*, the true Table of innocencie, unworthily used.

Mariamne wife of *Herod*, the picture of patience.

The sufferance of this poor Queen would deserve to be consecrated with a pen of Adamant, in the Temple of Eternitie, since she is able to dazle the eyes of the most hardie, to replenish the mouthes of the most eloquent, and ravish the minds of those who admire no vulgar things. God, who ever raiseth the glorie of his Elect as it were upon the depth of the greatest miseries, seeing the soul of this Princess amongst the most eminent and illustrious, thought he must give her a large field for encounter, to reap the richest palms of patience, and he gave her *Herod* a bad husband, a barbarous persecutour, an infamous executioner: but ever more sutable to the patient *Mariamne* in the qualitie of a persecutour and a hang-man, than in the office of a husband. To conceive the strength of this anvil, we must know the force of the hammer which beateth on it. To speak sufficiently of the singular virtue of this Queen, we must thereunto oppose the malice of *Herod*: we necessarily must behold how this disloyal man holding his life, scepter, and crown, from the house of *Mariamne*, for recompēce therof took from her, her scepter, crown, and life, after he had drawn her bowels out, causing her nearest of kin to be put to death before her eyes, then casting her all bloudie upon the pyle, where the bodies of her parents and brethren were burned, as the last sacrifice of his furie, yet never at all startling her invincible patience. Every man speaketh of *Herod*, as of a man of morter steeped in bloud, as of a Tyrant, who would murder mercie it self; but every one knoweth not the wiles he used to possess himself both of the Queen *Mariamne* and scepter of *David*, oppressing the one with all ingratitude, and governing the other with unspeakable mischief.

The estate of the Kingdom of *Judea* before *Herod* came to the crown.

About some fiftie years before the Nativity of our Lord and Saviour, the kingdom of *Judea*, which had subsisted, although amongst strange eclypses and horrible vicissitudes, from King *David*, almost a thousand years; after it had so many times tottered, and so often by many shocks and concussions been established, in the end found its total ruin and tomb in the discord of two brothers. At that time *Hircanus* reigned, a good man, but a bad King, who neither had fortitude, valour, nor courage. He used as much remisness in his charge, as he practiced innocencie in his manners His overmuch easiness made him degenerate into a certain stupiditie, and being unapt to do ill, he rendered himself capable to be an instrument of all kind of evils, by being too easie for the impressions of another. He acknowledging his own weakness, freely resigned the dignitie and burden of rule to his brother *Aristobulus*, a valiant and hardie man, who had little succes and many enterprises.

Hircanus.

Aristobulus.

Antipater the father of *Herod* affected the Kingdom of *Judea*.

In the mean time *Palestine*, during the inconstant wavering of this Royaltie, was much courted by her neighbours; but above all by *Antipater*, father of *Herod*, an *Idumean* by Nation, an *Arabian* in manners, wealthie, factious, able to overturn a large Empire by his subtil wiles, had for a long time a plot upon the Kingdom of *Judea*. He well foresaw it would

would be a matter very difficult for him to force a passage for his wicked ends, whilst this courageous lion *Aristobulus* bare sway; but were he dismounted and *Hircanus* seated again in his throne, all would be in his own power. What doth this *Arabian* then? he soweth in the souls and minds of the people seeds of revolt against *Aristobulus*, saying, *They were very remiss and disloyal, so to suffer His Countries lawful King to be dethroned, to whom nature had granted Empire, to transfer the Kingdom to a malicious and turbulent spirit, who quickly would with ill manage make them feel the ruin and desolation of all* Palestine. *That they had forsaken a King blameworthie in nothing but in surplusage of goodness, to take another, who having made entry into principality by the gate of infidelity, could not raign but in the disastrous miserie of his Countrie. Although* Hircanus *should pick out his right, he were dispensable in this his modestie. The more unworthy he should esteem himself to rule, the more were his worth. The glorie, which he endeavoured to decline in the undervaluing of his own person, would wait upon him even to his tomb. Yea, should they object to him his great sweetness & facility of nature, it were more suitable to the piety and gentleness of the* Jews. *If doves were to choose themselves a King, they would rather have a statue than a spar-hawk.*

This wilie spirit by such like remonstrances quickly found much credulitie, partly in the minds of those who affected innovation, partly amongst such as were guided by justice; but all saw not how under the colour of publike good, he sought to raise a Monarchie for himself or his heires. He, thus having already put the iron into the fire, gained the heart and opinion of *Hircanus* by all kind of observances and testimonies of amitie; which was a matter not hard to do, this Prince suffering himself to be governed by those who made shew of any the least affection towards him. Behold him now as Procurator, Tutor, and Master of this flexible spirit, whom he so under pretext of friendship possessed, that the actions of *Hircanus* sought no other issue, no other extent, but as they were guided by the thought and counsels of *Antipater*. Notwithstanding, when he proposed to him to make war against his brother, to repossess himself of the Royal Throne, he found his heart all of ice, & was fain to use his best endeavour to enkindle him, by reason of the excessive coldness of nature. In the end he on day plainly discovered to him. *That this abrenunciation of rule which he had transacted with his brother, was a thing incompatible with his honour and life. What eye would not be dissolved into tears, to behold him despicable and wretched, whilst his brother lived in all superabundance and pomp? It were to confound the Laws of nature, it were to authorise tyrannie, to say, that little theeves should live in fetters, and* Aristobulus, *who had usurped a Kingdom, sit in silken robes and resplendently glitter in diamonds. That a Kingdom was a shirt, which never was to be put off but with life. That they were tales of lasie Philosophers to affirm that Diadems were tissued with thorns, their Rubies and Diamonds never having pricked any man. The life which* Hircanus *then led was good for a Religious* Essean, *but not for a King. To conclude, that the people desired with passion to see him reestablished in the throne of his Ancestours.* He plied the ear of the Prince with so many forcible words, that he already began to gain him: but yet found himself combated by two powerfull reasons, the one was his oath, by which he had renounced principalitie, and the other his weakness. From the oath *Antipater* absolved him, saying he had sworn to a sin, and that there was no obligation to execute it. For inabilitie, he made overture unto him of *Arabian* succours, which he had in his power. So that finding him wavering upon this wicked passage, he cast into his soul black jealousies of his brother, as of him, who after he had usurped his estate, would enterprise on his life, counterfeiting conspiracies framed against him with so much art, that *Hircanus* yielded himself up, and gave him an absolute commission to make war or peace, as best pleased him. This concluded, the apple of discord is cast, *Antipater* faileth not to solicite *Arethas* the *Arabian* King, who cometh with a huge Armie to fall upon *Palestine*, not without barbarous hostilities and lamentable desolations, even to the next straitning of *Aristobulus*, and the holding him besieged in *Jerusalem*, the capital Citie of his Kingdom.

Cunning of *Antipater.*

Pompey in Palestine

But as the greatest serpent devoureth the lesser, it happened about the time of these undertakings, the *Romans* under the conduct of *Pompey* the Great making their Eagles to glitter in *Syria*, and leading an Armie of fire, before which the pettie Kings were but as chaff, forced the *Arabian* to retire into his kingdom, they marching in all parts victorious, and undertaking to give law, peace, and war to whom they pleased. The two brothers fail not to seek the gracious favour of the *Roman*, every one in his own way, with their best endeavour, well seeing, that therein was the main of the business. *Aristobulus* as the more free, courageous, and royal, found in the very beginning most favour, having presented to the *Roman*, amongst other largesses, a golden vine, one of the most curious workmanships of the world, which was afterward seen to serve as an ornament in the Capitol. In the end, behold the two brothers contesting at the feet of *Pompey*, to plead not for a meadow or a wine-yard, but for a Kingdom, little considering, that putting their fortune into the hand of a stranger, who had no other law but his own ambition, under the shadow of arbitration he would fix his tallons. *Antipater* beholding from the beginning the ballance to bend towards *Aristobulus*, as unto him from whom the *Romans* had most cause to hope readiest service for their pretences, spared not to disgrace him, to lay aspersions on him, to cast the *Romans* into a distrust of his spirit, and perpetually play the sleeping dog before *Pompey*, in such sort that *Aristobulus*, forseeing well that this pernicious man abusing the name and weakness of his brother, sold them both to the *Romans*, stood upon his guard; having more animositie than abilitie to resist the armie of a vast Empire. The poor Prince shrinking under the burden of such an enterprise, is taken, put into fetters, with two of his sons, and as many daughters, and was lead to *Rome* to serve as a sport in *Pompeys* triumph. *Jerusalem* is made tributarie, the High-Priests place given to *Hircanus*, and all authoritie in the hand of *Antipater*. It was a spectacle which drew teats even from those who before loved not *Aristobulus*, to behold this unfortunate King in fetters, with the Princes his sons, and those much to be deplored Princesses, his daughters, all heires of their fathers miseries, who left their countrie, where they had flourished with so much honour, to seek amongst tedious and irksom voyages both by sea and land, servitude, or death, which ever is the ordinarie vow and prayer of the wretched. *Antipater* as yet all bloudie gathered the Palm of this victorie, and establisheth his little Monarchie, which he a long time had plotted. *Hircanus* resembled an old sepulchre, which retaineth nothing but a bare title, all was acted by him in apparance, and nothing for him in effect: the other entertained and courted the *Romans* with his money, gave presents, sent and received Embassadours, practised supports, gained correspondencies, corrupted powers, ruined resistances which opposed his greatness, and made this poor High-Priest in all things to bear the seeming scepter. Then seeing him dayly become more weak than himself, to secure this state upon his own sons, he makes the eldest, to wit *Phaselus*,

Aristobulus prisoner, Jerusalem tributary.

Antipater established.

Unhappy Politician.

Governour of *Jerusalem*, and giveth to *Herod* his youngest the Tetrarchie of *Galilee*. Some time after having sucked down all the wind which his ambition presented to him, and not knowing what more to do, he drank a cup of poyson, which in a banquet was offered to him by the slie cunning of *Malichi* his enemie. Behold the current of humane things. These Spirits enraged by mad after greatnes, which they pursue with all manner of toyl and sinister practises, are as those little bubbles that rise on the water in time of a tempest; they encrease and crack in a moment.

Beginning of Herod.

Antipater being dead, his two sons *Phaselus* and *Herod* divide the succession; each one holdeth firmly his share, and striveth to possess the heart of *Hircanus*, making him always personate his own part. *Herod* as soon as he was in office, even in the life of his father, being as yet but fifteen years of age, well discovered what he would be by his natural inclinations, which proceeded from him, as flashing streaks from a cloud, to be instantly turned into lightening. He had a malign spirit, craftie, ambitious even to furie, and whose fingers perpetually itched after bloud and slaughter. And verily he defiled his tender years and first beginning of principalitie with effusion of humane bloud, falling not onely upon one called *Ezechias*, reputed a Pirat, but he also cut in pieces with him many *Jews*, without either warrant or knowledge of the cause, which involved many innocents in this ruin. The mothers of those people massacred by young *Herod*, went out of the Temple disconsolate, with their hair disheveled; requiring justice of *Hircanus*, who was no other than a meer idol of principalitie. Notwithstanding, much importuned by the cries and lamentations of these weeping women, and incited by the Peers of his Kingdom, he ordained that *Herod* should appear before a tribunal of justice. In this action the young man sufficiently shewed the boldnes of his spirit, and fiercenes of his courage. The other who were accused came to this Parliament of *Judea* altogether in mourning habit, he thither went as to a feast or a Theater, waited on with a flourishing retinue, clothed in scarlet, frisled, perfumed, and besides with the recommendations of the *Romans*, who sent nothing but armed words, commanding the Judges to pardon without any other process. He then being but fifteen years old, so amazed the Judges and Advocates with his very fashion and countenance, that of all those who were prepared for long pleadings against him, there was not one to be found that had the heart to mutter in his presence. One of the Judges called *Sameas*, an honest man & more hardie than the rest, cried out aloud to King *Hircanus* there present, *Sir, I wonder not this young Lord commeth in such equipage to this barr; every one doth what he can for his own safeguard: But I admire that you and your Councel suffer him thus to proceed, as if he came hither not to be adjudged, but to murther the Judges: you presently through favour will enfranchise him, but be one day by Justice will assail yours.* And verily of the whole Senat no one escaped, whom *Herod*, being come to the full mannage of the Kingdom, put not to death, except him, who delivered his opinion with such libertie. It is reported of *Sameas*, that when afterward there was question moved to receive *Herod* for King, the rest constantly opposing it, he freely said, he gave his voice to *Herod*; and some amazed thereat, *Let it not seem strange unto you* (saith he) *God in his indignation will give unto you a bad King, and a worse he cannot find than Herod, He is the scourge you stand in need of to chastice your infidelitie.* Hircanus then seeing the Judges animated by *Sameas*, more inclining to the ballance of justice than mercy, caused him secretly to be shifted away. For he embosomed him with love, and so hatched the serpents egge in his breast.

Liberty of a judge

Grave speech.

Herod, nothing inferiour to his father in policie, pursuing his plots and examples, inseparably united himself to the *Romans*, gayning them with all manner of services, and entertaining *Hircanus* to serve his turns, as a shadow, with all manner of complacence and flatterie. The Kingdom of *Judea* seemed as yet not to behold him but at distance, his brother *Phaselus*, as the eldest, held the best part. *Aristobulus*, whom you have seen led in fetters to *Rome*, had also two sons, the eldest of which was called *Alexander*, father of this chaste *Mariamne* whose patience we decipher. The other was *Antigonus*, with whom *Herod* had much occasion. Of both he discharged himself in proces of time. For the unfortunate *Alexander*, successour to the unhappines of his father *Aristobulus*, putting himself into the field, with such troops as he could amass together in the disaster of his fortune, was in favour of *Herod* oppressed by the *Romans*. *Antigonus*, having escaped out of captivitie wherein he was held at *Rome*, with *Aristobulus* his father, gave *Herod* matter enough to work on. For putting himself into the *Parthians* power, he wrought so much with promises and hopes, that they undertook to establish him in his Royal throne. And thereupon they arm both by sea and land, and handle the matter so by force and policie, that they stir up *Hircanus* and *Phaselus*. *Herod* with much difficultie saved himself, and though he hada courage of steel, was so astonished with this surprise, that it was a great chance, he had not ended his life upon his own sword. *Hircanus* unworthily used by the commandment of his nephew *Antigonus*, had both his ears cut off, and thereby made for ever uncapable of the High-priestood. *Phaselus* the brother of *Herod* enraged with the turn of fortune, voluntarily knocked out his own brains against the side of a rock.

Great revolution in the Kingdom of Judea.

Herod, who always cleaved to the fortune of the *Romans* as ivy to a wall, seeing his affairs reduced to an extremitie, imploreth their assistance, representeth the outrages of *Antigonus*, the hostilitie of the *Parthians*, signifieth the services of his father *Antipater*, promiseth on his part all the world, and so handleth the matter, that beyond his expectation he is declared King, and at that instant *Antigonus* enemie of the people of *Rome*, as a fugitive and ally of the *Parthians*. *Herod* pursueth him with might and main, ayded by the *Roman* forces. The miserable *Antigonus* after a very long resistance was imprisoned, becoming the very first of Kings, who, by commandment of *Mark Anthony*, was executed with a punishment most unfit for his qualitie and condition, and among the *Romans* not usual, leaving his head upon a scaffold in the Citie of *Antioch*, for no other cause, but for the defence of the inheritance of his Ancestours. But *Strabo* saith, *Mark Anthony* could find no other way to make *Herod* to be acknowledged for King, while there was yet any of the bloud Royal left capable of rule, so much this people loved their natural King, and abhorred a stranger.

Entry of *Herod* to the crown.

After these slaughters, *Herod* mounteth to the top of the wheel, behold all the thorns (as he thinketh) pulled out of his feet, he now had nothing to grapple with, but an old man, an infant, and two women, the last remainder of the noble race of the *Asmodeans*. *Hircanus* was the aged man, who in truth grew old among the thorns and horrible changes, of his state. He was as yet captive among the *Parthians*, but the King, although a *Barbarian*, had so much commiseration of his so greatly afflicted goodnes, that he permitted him to live with all free libertie in his Citie of *Babylon*. This poor Prince, who had passed his whole life void of ambition, bare the change of his fortune with great equalitie and temper of mind. The *Jews*, who at that time inhabited in the *Parthians* dominions, beholding him all wounded, disfigured, wretched,

wretched, abandoned, disarrayed, did notwithstanding honour him as their King with so much respect and reverence, that he had almost found a Kingdom in Captivitie. *Herod*, who saw this man might serve as a colour for those spirits, that would aym at him in the swinge of his affairs, as yet not well confirmed, dispatcheth an expres Embassadour to the *Parthian* King, with many presents and letters, sweetned with silken words, wherein he besought him not to bereave him of the greatest contentment he could possibly have in this world, which was to be grateful to those who had obliged him. *Hircanus* (said he) was his benefactour, his Protectour, his Father, and since God had given him some repose in his affairs, it was an unspeakable comfort to him to share the scepter, greatnes, and affluent content of Kings, with a friend so faithful & worthy to be beloved. The King of *Parthia* willing to gratifie King *Herod*, whom he beheld supported by the *Roman* Empire, the power whereof he more feared than honoured the virtue, gave free leave to *Hircanus* to go whither he would, he put the busines in consultation with the prime Peers of his countrie, who much disswaded him: But through the easines of his singular nature, which ever swallowed the bait without consideration of the hook, he yielded himself to the dissembled courtesies of *Herod*, and returned directly to *Jerusalem*, where he was received with infinite demonstrations of amitie.

Behold the whole Regal familie in the hands of this Tyrant. *Hircanus* had but one onely daughter named *Alexandra*, a woman no whit of her fathers temper, for she was extreamly haughtie, and had much adoe with herself to bite the bridle in this servitude. She was mother of two children, one son, and one daughter; the son was the little *Aristobulus*, and the daughter *Mariamne* married to *Herod*.

Marriage of *Mariamne* to *Herod*.

Mariamne was accounted the most beautiful Princes of the earth; for *Gellius*, who went prying after all the beauties of the world, to make relation thereof to *Mark Anthony*, having well considered all the most exquisite Master-pieces of Nature, when he beholdeth *Mariamne* in *Palestine*, he protesteth all other beauties were terrestrial in comparison of this, which seemed to have been composed amongst the the heavenly Orbs. This man saw nothing but the exteriour bark, and was rapt with admiration, but her form was not worthy esteem in comparison of the noble qualities of her mind. She was a grandchild of the great *Machabees*, well versed in the Law of God, discreet, wise, stayed, circumspect, courteous, chast as *Susanna*, but above all courageous and patient; who lived in *Herods* Court as *Job* on the dunghil. Never beautie and virtue were so disgraced in any match. This creature which had power to make so many brave Princesses to sigh for her, and who might have beheld so many obsequious services done at her foot, hath now *Herod* for her husband, who had nothing humane in him but lineament and figure. It was to match the Lamb with the Wolf, the Dove with the Faulcon, and to tye a living body mouth to mouth with the the dead, to marrie such a Lady to so Prodigious a Monster. But he, who already had power in his hand, passionately sought her, as well for her incomparable beauty, as besides for ever to establish his state, considering the alliance of this little creature, descended from so many Kings, would cover the obscuritie of his house, and gain him more reputation among the *Jews*,

Mariage by Euphonie *Mariamne*.

Hircanus grand-father to *Mariamne* and *Alexandra* her mother, seeing *Herod* was Master of his desires, the Scepter already in his hands, although by injustice and tyrannie, measuring all things by his fortune, not person, judged this way might be yet advantagious, and that his wife might mollifie him, and make him favourable to the Royal bloud. The generous Lady well foresaw that the putting her into *Herods* hands was to cast her into the Lions jaws. But not to gainsay those to whom she had been taught to sacrifice her whole life, and to obey the Laws of necessitie, she under-went the yoke, fortifying her Royal heart against all the stormy tempests, which seemed already to menace her. Behold her married, *Herod* loveth her, as the hunter venison, for his appetite and advantage; his love being not of power to make him loose one sillie grain of his ambition or crueltie. This perverse and violent spirit, who held the Kingdom as a wolf by the ears, ever wavering, yea even, in the secure safetie of his affairs, endeavoured nothing but to rid himself of those, whose spoils he possessed, the respect of this good Queen being not able to sweeten or soften his savage humours. He well shewed how little affection he bare towards her allies, when it might any way import his pretended interest, even at that time when there was question to substitute a High-Priest in the place of *Hircanus*, who having his ears cut off with much deformitie, necessarily fell into the irregularity ordained by Law, which forbad him Altars. *Herod* daily saw the young *Aristobulus* in his Palace, son of *Alexandra*, and sole brother of his wife, a most accomplished Prince, to whom every one destined the Myter. He sets his eyes a-wandering, and finds out on the further side of *Euphrates* in the Citie of *Babylon* an unknown Jew, named *Ananel*, and createth him High-Priest. This was a pill, which *Alexandra* the mother of *Aristobulus*, and *Mariamne* could not swallow, yet thought fit to dissemble it. She saw her house manifestly dejected, in that her son after so many obligations was dispossessed of an honour, to which, bloud, nature, and the consent of the whole world called him, to give it to a man of no value, she could not so well digest her choler, but that she thundred more lowdly, than the miserie of the time and malice of *Herod* permitted.

Herod depriveth the Royal stock.

Aristobulus the brother of *Mariamne* put from the High-Priesthood.

Mariamne still reposing in the calmnes of her noble spirit, declared to the King in her natural sweetnes, *That he was, the support of her house, greatly decayed, and at that time upon such terms, that she had no care to pretend to scepters, she onely desired to breath her last in the world with honour. If he should give a Miter to her brother Aristobulus, it were to make a creature, from whom he had no cause at all to fear, his throne being throughly established, and he being one from whom resonably he might expect any thing, having the tender youth of this Prince as a soft piece of wax in his hands. This act would make him rule in hearts, as well as in Provinces, when he should be known to be a father and a Protectour of a young son of Hircanus, whose virtue he always had honoured. Briefly, that the honour which she had by matching with him seemed not compleat to her, whilst she saw her allies kept from degrees, wherein he might establish them without prejudice of his authority.*

Prudence of *Mariamne*.

Herod suffered himself this time to be gained by the charming sweetnes of *Mariamne*, and having deliberated the affair with his Councel, he resolved to give the High-Priests place to young *Aristobulus* his brother in law, which was performed with much ceremonie. He assembleth his friends in the hall of his Palace, then sending for *Alexandra*, he made in the presence of them all a premeditated speech, complaining of her, & saying, she had a mutinous & turbulent spirit, which sought nothing but to embroyl the affairs, and take a Scepter from him which heaven had caused him to purchase with so much travel and pain, to put it into the hands of an infant, to the prejudice of the Queen her daughter. Notwithstanding

The youn *Aristobulus* created High-Priest.

withſtanding that, forgetting all injuries, he could not neglect his own diſpoſition, which was to do good even to thoſe that wiſhed him ill; in confirmation whereof he gave the High-Prieſthood to her ſon, his purpoſe having never been other, and the ſubrogation of *Ananel* having not been made but during the time of expectation of maturitie in the tender age of an infant.

The ambitious woman.

This ambitious mother, according to her ſex, and indeed beyond her ſex, upon the offer of this High-Prieſts place, was ſo ſenſibly tranſported with joy, that tears guſhed from her eyes, and ſhe at that inſtant freely proteſted to Herod, *That ſhe had endeavoured all ſhe could poſſibly to keep the Miter in the Royal familie, ſuppoſing it an unworthy thing to tranſfer it els-where: but as for the Kingdom, ſhe never had pretended thereunto, and that ſuch reſolutions ſhould never enter into her thoughts. Whenſoever it ſhould pleaſe Almightie God to call her out of the world, ſhe would die well ſatisfied, leaving her ſon High-Prieſt and her daughter Queen. As for the reſt, if ſhe had exceeded in ſome words, ſhe was excuſable as a paſſionate mother towards a ſon, who well deſerved to be beloved, a mother in law of the King to whom kindred and alliance permitted ſomewhat the more libertie, and a daughter of a King to whom ſlaverie was a hard morſel, and her ſtomach unable to digeſt it. But hereafter, ſince he uſed her ſo courteouſly, he ſhould have no cauſe to complain of her obedience. Hereupon they ſhook hands, and behold they are friends.*

But out alas! The amities of the world are like the felicities thereof. If the amities be deceitful, the felicities are tyed to a rotten cable, or grounded upon the moving ſand. The poor mother rejoyced for a little ſenſe-pleaſing flattery of her feaveriſh ambition, and ſaw not that her ſon was not (to ſpeak really) the High-prieſt, but a ſacrifice of the ſavageneſs of *Herod*. The diſcreet *Mariamne*, who by long obſervation had learned to hold proſperity as ſuſpected, ſuffered her heart not to be ſo diſſolved into joy, but that ſhe ſtood ſtill armed againſt the counterbuffes of Fortune.

Entrance of *Ariſtobulus* into the High-Prieſthood.

The feaſt of the Tabernacles, greatly celebrated amongſt the *Jews*, being come, *Ananel*, after he had ſerved as an o in ciphering, is ſhamefully rejected; *Ariſtobulus* beginneth to excerciſe his charge. He was at that time but ſeventeen years of age, yet of a gallant ſtature, tall, and ſtraight as a palm tree, radiant as a ſtar, and very like his ſiſter. When the people beheld him cloathed with the pontifical habiliments, which were repleniſhed with majeſty, and to go towards the Altar and perform thoſe ceremonial rites with ſo much gravity and comlineſs, he appeared as a new Sun, which brake out of the clouds, and came to gild the world before covered over with darkeneſs. All the hearts of thoſe poor *Hebrews*, which ſo much had ſighed in the civil wars, freſhly bloomed, and newly opened themſelves, as roſes at the benigne, and gentle aſpect of this young Prelate. His excellent natural graces enchaſed in the majeſty of his robes, rendred an incredible luſture, which dazeled the eyes of all beholders. Some ſtedfaſtly beheld him and became as ſtatues, yet ſhewing by their tears their eyes were not made of marble. Others ſpake to him with infinit dumb teſtimonies of a never-ſilent hearty affection. The reſt made reſentments of their hearts burſt forth from their lips, not being able to with-hold acclamations too free and profuſe for the ſeaſon, but for their love excuſable. They remembred the virtue of the ancient *Machabees*, who had delivered them from Idolatry; they knew the wretched *Hircanus* was no other than a ſhadow following his own funerals; they retained the freſh memory of the grand-father of this young High-prieſt, *Ariſtobulus* the Great, who had been carried & bound fettered to *Rome* like a gally-ſlave; they were not ignorant how *Alexander* his father and *Antigonus* his uncle, had loſt their lives by oppoſing the government of a ſtranger: This young Prince onely remained free from ſo many ſhipwracks, and in the green tenderneſs of his youth they ſaw all the hopes of their Country to bud and bloſſom. And as one is credulous to hear what he affecteth, they perſwaded themſelves, *Herod*, who at the beginning had demanded the Kingdom in the name of this young *Ariſtobulus*, would come to let go his hold, giving way to juſtice, and for this cauſe they with the more liberty enlarged themſelves in theſe applauſes; but poor creatures, they reckoned without their hoſt. *Herod* having beheld this countenance in the people, inſtantly obſerved that according to his own Maxims he had played the Clark, and that this was not his ordinary manner of proceeding; entring at that time into a furious jealouſy, he maketh the High-Prieſt, and his mother, and wife, to be ſo narrowly watched, that neither within nor without the Palace they could ſtir a finger, but *Herod* was advertiſed of it. The prudent *Mariamne* amongſt theſe ſuſpitions lived ſtill in grace, ſweetning upon one ſide and other all acerbities as much as buſineſſes of that nature would permit. But her mother *Alexandra* touched to the quick to behold her ſelf amongſt ſo many ſpies, ſhe, who was ever deſirous to converſe and live with all royall liberty, reſolved to play at double or quit, to break the guyves of ſpecious ſervitude, or yield her neck to *Herods* ſword, if it ſhould come to paſs her calamity tranſported her into ſuch extremity. What doth ſhe? *Cleopatra*, that Queen who had filled the world with her fame, was then in *Ægypt*, and naturally hated *Herod*, as well for his barbarous diſpoſition, as for particular intereſts of her own perſon: For ſhe knew he much had entermedled in her affairs, and given *Mark Anthony* counſel to forſake her, yea to kill her. This Tyrant was ſo accuſtomed to ſay, Kill, that he eaſily adviſed others to uſe the ſame medicine, which was with him to his own maladies frequent. It is a ſtrange thing, that *Cleopatra* one day paſſing through *Judea*, he reſolved to ſend her into the other world, thinking therewith to gratifie *Mark Anthony*, but was diſſwaded by his friends, ſaying it was too audacious to attempt, and able for ever to ruin his fortune. The deſign was never publiſhed: But *Cleopatra* had cauſe enough beſides to hate *Herod*, which much emboldened *Alexandra* to write to her in ſuch like terms.

Malice of *Herod*.

ALEXANDRA

ALEXANDRA, to the Queen CLEOPATRA, Health.

Madame,

Letter of *Alexandra* to *Cleopatra*.

SInce God hath given you leave to be born the most accomplished Queen in all qualities, it is fit your Greatness serve as a sanctuary for the innocent, and an Altar for the miserable. The wretched Alexandra, *who hath much innocency, void of support, and too many calamities without comfort, casteth her self into the arms of your Majesty, not to give her a scepter, but to secure the life of her and her son, the most precious pledge which remaineth of heavens benignity. Your Majesty is not ignorant that fortune having made me the daughter and mother of a King,* Herod *hath reduced me to the condition of a servant. I am not ambitious to recount my sufferings, which I had rather dissemble; but whatsoever a slave can endure in a gally, I bear in a Kingdom, through the violence of a son in law, who having stoln the diadem from my children, would also deprive them of life. We are perpetually among spies, sharp knives, and black apprehensions of death, which would less hurt us, if it were more sudden. Stretch out a hand of assistance to the afflicted, and afford us some petty nook in your Kingdom till the storm be over-blown, and that we may see some sparkles of hope to glimmer in your affairs. Glory thereby shall abide with you and with us everlasting gratitude.*

Cleopatra having received these letters, made a ready answer, and invited her to hasten speedily into *Ægypt* with her son; protesting she should esteem it an unspeakable glory to serve as a sanctuary and refuge for the affliction of such a Princess. Resolution of departure is taken, but the execution is a hard task. The poor *Io* knows not how to withdraw her self from this many-eyed *Argus*. In the end, as the wit of woman is inventive, especially in matters that concern their proper interests, she, without discovering ought to any one, no, not to her daughter *Mariamne*, fearing least her nature too mild should advise her rather to rest in the lists of patience than to attempt ways so perilous, she I say, onely advising with her own passion in this business, caused two beers to be made (a matter of ill presage) to put her self and son into, thinking by this means to elude the diligence of the Guard, and so to be carried to the sea, where a ship attended her, and by this way save her life in the power of death. But by ill hap a servant of hers named *Æsop*, who was one of those that were appointed to carry the beers, going to visit one called *Sabbion*, a friend to the house of *Alexandra*, let some words fall of the intention of his Mistress, as thinking to to have spoken to a faithful and secret friend of hers. The perfidious *Sabbion* had no sooner wrung the worm out of this servants nose, but he hasteth to open all to *Herod*, supposing it was a very fit opportunity to work his reconciliation, he having a long time been suspected and accounted to be of *Alexandras* faction. *Herod* after he heard this news, wanted not spies and centinels. The poor Lady with her son is surprised upon the beers, drawn out of the sepulcher of the dead to return to the living, ashamed, and disgraced, that her Comedy was no better acted, little considering that after her personated part had failed, she could nothing at all pretend to life. *Herod* notwithstanding, whether he feared the great credit *Cleopatra* had, or whether he would not wholy affright *Alexandra*, thereby with the more facility to oppress her, contained himself in the ordinary dissimulation of his own nature, without speaking one sole word unto her. Although very well in the face of this painted hypocrisie was seen, that the clouds were gathered together, to make a loud Thunder-crack, & raise an unresistable tempest.

Enterprise of Alexandra

The caytive, after he had given so many deaths in the horrour and affrightment of arms, would inflict one, even (as it were in sport) upon a fair sommers day. Being at dinner at the house of the miserable *Alexandra*, feigning to have buried in deep oblivion all what was past, saith, that in favour of youth he this day would play the young man, and invite the High-Priest *Aristobulus* his brother in law to play at tennis with him, or some other like exercise, The sides were made, the elumination was enkindled. The young Prince; hot and eager, played not long but he became all on a water, as at that time happened to many other Lords and Gentlemen. Behold they all run to the rivers, which were near this place of pleasure where they dined.

Pitiful death of young *Aristobulus*.

Herod, who knew the custom of *Aristobulus*, and well foresaw he would not fail to cast himself into these cold baths, suborneth base villains, who under the shew of pastime should force him to drink more than he would. All succeeded as this traiterous wretch had premeditated. *Aristobulus* seeing the other in the water, uncloathed himself quickly, and bare them company. There was no cause why he should swim, sport, and dally upon this element, ever dangerous, although less faithless than *Herod*. The poor sacrifice skipped up and down, not knowing the unhappiness which attended him. But the accursed executioners remembred it well: For spying their time in this fatal sport, they smothered the poor High priest under the waters, in the eighteenth year of his age, and the first of his High-priesthood. This bright Sun, which rose with such splendour and applause, did set in the waves, never to appear again, but with horrid wanness of death on his discoloured visage.

Vanity, and misery of the world.

Humane hopes, where are you! True dreams of the waking, aiery fantasies, fleeting fires, which shine not, but to extinguish your selves, and in being put out to bereave us of light, leaving us the evil savour and sorrow of loosing it! This Prince so accomplished, that nature seemed to have framed him to be the object of thoughts, the love of hearts, the admiration of souls; this Prince, in whom was stored all the glory of the Royal house of the *Asmoneans*; this Prince, who was to marry the Miter with the Diadem, and raise all the hopes of a lost race; behold him by a most treasonable practise smothered in the water, in an age, in a beauty, in an innocency, which made this accident as full of pitie, as it was unfurnished of remedies.

Sorrow upon this death.

Vpon this news the whole City of *Jerusalem* was in as great a confusion, as if *Nebuchadnezzar* returning from the other world had been at the gates thereof: In every place there was nothing to be seen but tears, groans, horrour, astonishment, yellings, representations of death: You would have said that every house bare their first-born to buryal, as was seen heretofore to happen among the *Ægyptians*. But above all, *Alexandra* the disconsolate mother afflicted herself with uncurable sorrow: sometime she wept, prostrated on the body of her son, and sought in his eclipsed eyes and dead lips the remnant of her life. Sometime she rouled her eyes like a distracted lunatike, calling for fire, sword, halters, and precipices, to find in them the catastrophe of life. The sad *Mariamne*, although infinitly patient, had much ado to resist the impetuous violences of an incomparable sorrow. She loved this brother of hers most dearly, as her true image, as the pledg-bearer of her heart, as the hope of her house, all rent in pieces: All confounded as she was, the good daughter reflected on the wound of her mother, and stayed near the corps of her brother, as if she had been the shadow of the same body. Then turning herself to God, she said to him with an

affectionate

Singular resignation.

affectionate heart: *My God, behold me presently in that estate, wherein I have nothing more to stand in fear of, but your justice, nothing more to hope, but your mercie: He for whom I feared, for whom I hoped, all that which one may fear or hope in the revolution of worldly occurrents, is taken from me by a secret judgement of your providence, ever to be adored by my obedient will, although not to be penetrated at all by the weakneſs of my thoughts. If I yet among ſo many acerbities, ſuck ſome ſweetneſs out of the world, in the preſence of delicious objects of which you have bereaved me, behold me wholly weaned, hereafter I will find therein nothing but wormwood, to the end that renouncing the comforts of the earth; I may learn to taſt thoſe which are proper to your children.* Behold how fair and reposed ſouls draw honey from the rock, and convert all into merit, yea even their tears. The impatient, like *Alexandra*, afflict themſelves without comfort, torment themſelves without remedy, and many times become deſperate without remiſſion.

Extream hypocriſie of *Herod.*

What ſhall we ſay? *Herod* himſelf in this ſad conſort of ſorrow, would needs play his part. He maketh externally appear in a diſſembled hypocriſie, all the ſymptoms of a true ſorrow. He deteſteth play, he accuſeth fortune, he complaineth Heaven had ſiniſterly envied him an object, on which he deſired much to make all the love and reſpect appear he bare to the Royal bloud, from whence he greatly derived his advancement. He moſt ceremoniouſly goeth to viſit the Queen and her mother, and when he findeth them weeping about this dead body, ſcalding tears flowed from his eyes, whether it were he had them at command to make his diſſimulation the more great, or whether he verily had at that time ſome reſentment of grief, beholding on one ſide this little bloſſom ſo cruelly cropped under the ſythe of death, and ſo many celeſtial beauties, which had for limit and horizon the inſtant of their birth; and on the other ſide conſidering theſe poor Queens, drenched in a ſea of ſorrow, which had force to draw tears from rocks. This crayterous creature had yet ſome humanity in him; and I could well believe that nature had at this time wrung theſe tears by violence from his barbarous cruelty, notwithſtanding he feigned willingneſs to ſtop his paſſion with mälineſs, afterwards turning himſelf to the Ladies, he ſaid: *He was not come ſo ſuddenly to wipe away their tears, which had but too much cauſe to be ſhed, as for himſelf, he had enough to do to command his own: Nature muſt be ſuffered to have her ſway; time muſt have his, and would apply a plaiſter to this ſorrow. That he would perform for the memorie of the dead, whatſoever an onely ſon might expect from a paſſionate father, and a puiſſant King; that hereafter he would be true ſon of* Alexandra, *true huſband and true brother of* Mariamne, *ſince God was pleaſed to redouble theſe obligations in him by the loſs they had ſuffered.*

Tyranny of revenge.

O the powerfull tyranny of the appetite of revenge! *Alexandra* whom one might have thought would burſt into contumelies and reproches (as well knowing *Herod*, what face ſoever he ſet upon the matter, was Authour and plotter of this death) held herſelf conſtantly in the degrees of diſſimulation, not ſhewing to the King any diſcontent on her part, and all for the hope ſhe had to be opportunely revenged in time and place. *Herod* retiring, thought he had acted his part well, free from any ſuſpition of offence, ſeeing *Alexandra* ſpake not a word, who heretofore too frequently accuſtomed to complain in far leſs occaſions. To apply the laſt lenitive, he cauſed the funerals of the dead to be celebrated with ſuch pomp and magnificence, that nothing could be added thereunto, as well in the order of the equipage, as in the curioſity of the perfumes, with which the body was embalmed, and the magnificent furnitures of ſepulchre. The moſt ſimple and ignorant ſuppoſed all this proceeded from a real and ſincere affection; but the wiſeſt ſaid, they were the tears of the crocodile; that *Herod* could not cordially deplore his death which had taken a ſtraw out of his eye, and put him in full poſſeſſion of the Kingdom of *Judea*. *Alexandra* joyning the paſſion of her ſorrow to her reſolution of revenge, immediately after the obſequies, faileth not to give notice to Queen *Cleopatra* of all that had paſſed, with ſo pathetical a letter, that every word ſeemed to be ſteeped in tears of bloud. *Cleopatra*, who was apt enough for theſe impreſſions, ſuddenly takes fire, and affecteth the affair with that ardour ſhe would her own cauſe; ſhe rowſeth up her whole Court, ſhe ſtorms, ſhe perpetually filleth *Mark Anthonie's* ears, crying out, it was a thing inſupportable to ſee a ſtranger hold a ſcepter, to which he could pretend no right, to maſſacre the heir with ſo much barbarous cruelty, to torment with ſervitude poor afflicted Queens, contrary to all equity, reaſon, and Royalty of their birth. *Anthonie*, who knew *Herod* to be his creature, and the work of his own hands, would not willingly underſtand theſe complaints. Notwithſtanding to pleaſe *Cleopatra*, he ſwore a great oath, he would examine the buſineſs in ſending for *Herod*, and if he were found culpable of ſuch a villany, he would inflict an exemplar puniſhment upon him.

Herod accuſed.

Behold *Herod* cited to *Laodicea*, where *Mark Anthonie* was to remain for a certain time, whither he was ſummoned to appear and purge himſelf of the murder of *Ariſtobulus*, of which he was ſuppoſed to be the Authour. This was a clap of thunder to this diſloyal wretch, which moſt powerfully awakened him, when he leaſt thought of it, and put ſuch terrours upon him as are not to be imagined. Upon one ſide he had before his eyes the image of his offence, and the voice of bloud, which rung in his ears; on the other ſide he ſaw all his fortune depended on *Mark Anthonie*, who at that time handled nothing but by the counſel of *Cleopatra* his mortal enemy, and whom he well knew to have an enterprize in hand upon the Kingdom of *Judea* for her advancement. But nothing ſo troubled his brain as a furious jealouſie: For he imagined that *Anthonie*, a looſe and wanton Prince, one that courted all the Princely beauties of the world, would do the like to his wife, whoſe picture he formerly had, and that with the more eaſe to enjoy her, he would make him ſerve as a ſacrifice for his fatal loves. This ſpirit of his was torn and diſtracted on all ſides, and in all objects diſcovered precipitation and affrightment: one while he ſeemed to reſolve to undergo a voluntary baniſhment, ſometime he ſuppoſed death more ſuitable, other-while he framed to himſelf ſome purpoſe of reſiſtance: but nothing appeared to him better than to delay, and draw the buſineſs out at length as long as he could.

Herod's affrightment.

Anthony preſſed with the voyage he undertook to war againſt the *Parthians*, ſent inſtantly for him; delays and excuſes thruſt him further into ſuſpition. Neceſſarily he muſt go, or reſolve to looſe all. He taketh leave of his mother in law *Alexandra*, and *Mariamne* his wife, without ſeeming to be amazed, without complaint, without giving teſtimony of his diſcontent, as if he had a ſhort journey of pleaſure to make. Laſt of all, he had his own mother, and his ſiſter *Salome* in Court, to whom he much recommended vigilancy over the deportments of thoſe whom he eſteemed to have wrought him the miſchief. Then drawing his uncle *Joſeph* aſide, he ſpake theſe words to him: *Uncle, you know the occaſion that tranſporteth me to* Laodicea, *which truly is very difficult, ſeeing my innocency aſſaulted by powerfull and ſecret malice, which would be ſo much the more dreadfull, if it had as much effect as paſſion: But I hope to find day-light through the ſtorm, and that you ſhall ſee*

me

me return triumphant over calumny through my integrity, as I have already raised tropheys over hostility by arms: If God shall otherwise dispose of me, it is a meer plot prepared against me for the beauty of my wife, on whom Mark Anthonie *may perhaps have some design, and this may be a cause to shorten my days, and be thereby to get more liberty for his unbridled passion. But I for the present conjure you, by the love which I have born you, by my fortune which you reverence, by bloud and nature; if happily you bear I am otherwise used than my quality and innocency permit, never let the death of* Herod *be waited on with the injury of his bed: Preserve the Kingdom for your self and your bloud, and cause my wife instantly to take her leave of this world to accompany me in the other: Kill her courageously, lest another enjoy her after my death: If the souls of the dead have any feeling of the affairs of the world, that shall serve me for a solace.*

Horrible jealousie.

Joseph much amazed at this manner of proceeding, doth notwithstanding promise him he would perform all according to his will, if necessity so required; but that his fortune ever powerfull and invincible made him conceive other hopes in all kinds. Thereupon he set forward on his way, carrying along with him the richest parcels of his treasure, to make a present of them to those, whom he should most stand in need of, shewing in all things else, as much confidence in his countenance, as he hatched despair in his heart.

Great pleading against *Herod.*

When he was arrived at *Loadicea*, he found strange informations prepared against him, which strongly charged him with the murder of *Aristobulus*. It was shewed to *Mark Anthonie*, how *Herod* ever had a design upon the scepter of *Judea* with a desperate and enraged ambition: That nothing so much perplexed him, as to see *Aristobulus* alive, to whom he in conscience knew the Kingdom in such sort belonged, that himself durst not demand it of the *Romans*, but under the title of Regency, whilest the right heir grew to maturity: That he had converted this Regency first into an Empire, afterwards into a Tyranny, removing as much as he could the Royal bloud from dignities, to advance men of no worth; witness *Ananel* placed in the High-priesthood of which *Hircanus* was despoyled; and that which made him alter his resolution therein was, not good affection, but importunity, and evident danger of popular commotions, which he well foresaw rose upon this rejection of the bloud Royal. That *Aristobulus* being preferred to the High-priesthood, received with all alacrity and applause of the people, he shewed this action to be most hatefull to him, being not sufficiently able to cover the fury of his envy under the ordinary mask of his hypocrisie: That after this time he had not ceased to persecute the dead Prince and his mother, in such sort, that finding no longer repose among the living, they were enforced to put themselves into the coffins of the dead, to be carried to the sea, and from thence to be transported to *Ægypt*: That he had caused them to be surprized in the act, and in sequel thereof had not afterward sought any thing more than to be rid of them: That the young Prince was drowned in the water, not alone and separated from the rest, but manifestly smothered by the insolent youth of the houshold and bosom of *Herod*.

All this process (as was then said) was so evident, that had it been written with the rays of the Sun, one could not wish more perspicuity. The voice of bloud cried to Heaven, which the trayterous wretch could not stop. The picture of this poor Prince, which had a little before his death been carried into *Ægypt*, was presented with a singular admiration of his beauty: His ghost was made to speak, which asked justice of *Mark Anthonie*, for having been so unworthily, so inhumanely murdered in the flower of his tender years, by the most horrid treason that ever was perpetrated. The tears of the disconsolate mother were not omitted in her absence. *Cleopatra* made this whole Tragedie to be presented, the combate was much enkindled, and the battery was forcible. *Herod*, who wanted no eloquence in his own occasions, replieth with a countenance very lowly and modest:

Apologie of *Herod* full of craft.

Prince, and you Sirs who are of the Counsel, I hold the scepter of Judea, *neither of* Hircanus *nor* Alexandra, *never having had any purpose to flatter them for this end, yea much less to fear them. You know (Most Illustrious* Anthonie*) the Kingdom is in my hands, I hold it of you; from you all my greatness ariseth, and in you all my hopes are concluded. If you command, I am at this present ready, not onely to leave the scepter, but my life also, which never have I been desirous to preserve but for your service. But it troubleth me, the way of death being open to all the world, the path of reputation, which is more dear to me than life, should be shut against my innocencie. I am persecuted by women, and much I wonder, how the soul of Queen* Cleopatra *wholly celestial, can nourish so much spleen against a King, who never hath failed in any respect lawfully due to her merit. For* Alexandra, *it is not strange that she raise such a storm against me; her fierce and haughty spirit hath always opposed my patience, endeavoring by all means to disparage my government, to pull a crown from me, which a more puissant hand than her Ancestours hath placed on my head. What apparence is there, that being by the favour of the* Romans *a peaceable possessour of a Kingdom, the which even by the consent of my adversaries I sought not (so regular was my ambition) I should attempt a horrible crime, which cannot fall but into the mind of a monster? No man will be wicked in chearfulness of heart; the memorie of the recompence which man proposeth to himself, ever beareth the torch before the crime. To what purpose should I attempt upon the life of* Aristobulus, *to settle my affairs? They were already established, your gracious favour (most Noble* Anthonie*) hath afforded me more than all their machinations can vanquish. But I perpetually have kept back the bloud Royal from dignities: What keeping back is it, when I have cherished them in my own bosom, as much as possible? Every one knows* Hircanus, *the prime man of this Royal family, being held as a prisoner among the* Parthians, *I bent all my spirits, employed all my credit to have him set at libertie, and to procure his return to Court, where he now liveth in full tranquilitie, enjoying all the priviledges of Royaltie, but the carefull sollicitude of affairs. It is known, I have divided my crown and bed with his grand-child* Mariamne, *making her both Queen of people, and wife of a King. I have given the High-Priesthood to her brother* Aristobulus *of my meer and free will, not enforced by any constraint (as being absolute in the mannage of my own affairs) and if in ought I delayed him, it was because the minority of his age ran not equal with my affections, but in effect he hath been beheld High-Priest at eighteen years of age, which is a favour very extraordinarie.* Alexandra *his mother, who maketh way to this businesse, hath ever had all the libertie of my Court, except the licence of ruining herself, which she passionately pursueth. For what reason had she to hide herself in a coffin, and cause herself to be carried in the night as a dead bodie, to steal from my Court, and after she had wronged me in mine house, to traduce me among strangers? If she desired to make a voyage into Ægypt, she needed to have spoken but one word, it had been sufficient: But she pleaseth herself in counterfeiting a false peril in a real safetie, to thrust into the danger of life those who make her live in all reposed assurance. I having discovered this practice, did not let fall one word of bitterness against her, desirous she should enjoy at her ease the sight of me as a spectacle of patience, & thinking all folly sufficiently punished with its own proper conscience. Certain time after, the death of*

this young Prince happened, which draweth tears of compassion from me (for I loved him) and much it troubled me, his mother perverted the frankness of his excellent nature, and put more stuff out for his youth, than he was able to stirre together. He is dead, not in my house, but in the house of his mother, dead, by an accident which no man could prevent; dead, sporting in the water, a faithless element, where a thousand and a thousand have without any such purpose perished, dead, among the youth of the Court, with whom daily he disported himself. His own meer motion bare him into the water, the bravery of his youth caused him to dally even in danger it self, without any possibility to divert him, and his own mishap hath drowned him. It is to tie me to hard conditions, if Alexandra *will make me both accountable for the youthfull levities of her son, as if I were his governour, and of the frail inconstancy of elements, as if I were Lord of them.*

This pernicious spirit spake this with so much grace and probability, that he gained many hearts: So much force had eloquence even in the hands of iniquitie. Behold him now on the shore out of peril, remaining in *Anthonie*'s Court in all liberty, to attend the sentence of his justification. In the mean time, being (as he was) wise and liberal in all occasions, by force of presents he purchased the hearts of the chief, and made all the accusation of *Cleopatra* appear to be the passion of a woman ill advised. *Mark Anthony* himself said to *Cleopatra*, she did ill to intermeddle so much with forreign Kingdoms, and that if she took this course, she would raise enemies prejudicial to her estate. That *Herod* being a King, it was not fit to use him like a subject, and that it would be her happiness rather to have him a friend, than an enemie.

As these things were handled in *Anthonie*'s Court, the Queen *Mariamne* and her mother *Alexandra* ceased not to be observed by the sollicitous diligence of the mother and sister of *Herod*. *Joseph* his uncle played the Goaler, and often visited Queen *Mariamne*, sometime to treat some affairs with her, sometime in the way of complement. This man began to burn like a butterflie in the eyes of this incomparable beauty, and much affected her, although he saw himself far off from all manner of hope. Notwithstanding he found some contentment to have fixed his affection in so eminent a place. This passion made him foolish and full of babble, having already rudeness enough of his own nature, which made him utter strange extravagancies. For one day, there being occasion to speak of *Herod*'s affection to *Mariamne* his wife, *Alexandra* the mother mocked thereat in an exorbitant fashion, and indeed somewhat too bitter, according to her custom. *Joseph*, who was desirous to entertain the Queen in the good favour of his Master, were it out of folly or drunkenness, said: *Madame, your mother* Alexandra *may tell you what pleaseth her: But to give you a clear and ample testimony of King* Herod *your husband his love, know, that in case he happen to be put to death, he hath commanded me to kill you, not being able to abide in the other world without your company.* At these words the poor Ladies looked pale with horrour. Out alas, the frantick man (said *Alexandra* in her heart) what will he do living, if after death he intend to destroy those who are yet alive?

An act of great stupiditie in *Joseph*, uncle of *Herod*.

In the mean time many bruits (the dreams of the credulous) were spred through *Jerusalem*, that *Herod* was dead, that *Mark Anthony* had caused him to be executed, he being convicted of the murder of *Aristobulus*; whether these rumours were divulged by *Herods* enemies, or whether himself caused them to be secretly buzzed, to try the face and disposition of the times. The wife *Mariamne* seemed to believe nothing; *Alexandra* grew passionate, and bated like a hawk on the pearch, entreating *Joseph* with all possible supplications he would remove them from Court, and conduct them to the Court of Guard of the *Roman* Legions, disposing them into the hands of Colonel *Julius*, from thence to pass to *Mark Anthony*; for she vehemently desired this Prince might see her daughter, perswading herself that so soon as he should behold her, he would be taken with her beauty, and doe any thing in her favour. These intentions being oblique, were unhappy in the success, and all *Alexandras* pursuits served her for no other purpose but to vent her passion.

Return of *Herod*.

In the end *Herod* returneth victorious, with authenticke testimonies of his justification and *Anthonies* amity, notwithstanding the endeavours of *Cleopatra*, God, reserving this parricide for a life like *Cain*, attended with a death most dreadful. His mother and sister fayled not presently upon his arrival to serve him up a dish of their own dressing, and to tell him the design which *Alexandra* had to put herself into the power of the *Romans*. *Salome*, envious against *Mariamne* even to fury, steeping her serpentine tongue in the gall of black slander, accused her of some secret familiarity with *Joseph*; whereupon *Herod*, who was extreamly jealous, thought in that very instant to ruin her, and so drawing *Mariamne* aside, he demanded of her from whence this correspondence grew which she had contracted with *Joseph*? The most chaste Queen, who never went out of the lists of patience, shewed her self both with eye, visage, countenance, & word, to be so penetrated with this cursed calumny, that well the trayterous wretch perceived how far she was alienated from such thoughts; and verily being ashamed to have uttered such words, he asked pardon of her, bemoaning with scalding tears his credulity, giving her many thanks for her fidelity, and making a thousand protestations of an everlasting affection.

The good Ladie, who was displeased to behold such hypocrisie, said covertly to him, *That truly it was an argument of love to his wife, to desire her company in the other world.* He, who understood by half a word, presently perceived what she would say, and entered into such desperate fury, that he seemed as a mad man, tearing his beard and hair of his head, and crying out, *Joseph* had betrayed him, and that it was apparent he had great correspondence with *Mariamne*, otherwise so enormous bruitishness would never have escaped any man, as to reveal such a secret. Thereupon he commandeth *Joseph* should be killed in the place, to serve as a victim at his return, not consenting to see him, nor hear one sole word of his justification. It was a great chance he had not at that time finished the sacrifice of his intemperate cruelty, and that to satisfie his chymerical humour he had not put *Mariamne* to death. But the irrefragable proofs of her innocency, and the impatient ardours of his love, withheld the stroke; onely to make the sparkles of his choller flie further off, he discharged it upon *Alexandra*, shutting her up for a time, keeping hena part from the Queen her daughter, and doubtlesly resolving with himself, it was in her shop, where all these counsels plotted for his ruin were forged and fyled.

Troublesom affairs of *Herod*.

Certain time after, *Herod* saw himself embarqued in another business which he thought to be at least as perillous as the former. *Mark Anthony*, who always had lent his shoulders to underprop him, after he had for a long time stroven against the fortune of *Augustus Cæsar*, fell to the ground in the *Actiack* battel, ending his hopes and life with a most mournfull catastrophe. This accident struck the Tyrant more than one would think, seeing his support ruined, his affairs, which he supposed to have been so well established, in one night dissolved, and that he had him for an enemy, who was in a fair way to become Emperour of the world. His friends and enemies

mies judged him as a loſt man: He, who already had eſcaped ſo many ſhip-wracks, deſpaireth not at all in this extremity, but reſolves to ſeek out *Cæſar*, who was then at *Rhodes*, and proſtrate himſelf at his feet. But before he ſet a ſtep forward, he did an act wholly barbarous and inhumane.

Moſt lamentable death of *Hircanus*.

Hircanus, the true and lawful King, who by his ſweetneſs and facility had firſt raiſed *Antipater*, and afterward ſaved *Herod*'s life, ſeating him in the Regal throne, to the prejudice of his own allies, was as yet alive, worn even with decrepitneſs, for he now was paſt eightie years of age. The Tyrant, fearing leſt he, being the onely remainder of the bloud Royal, ſhould again be re-eſtabliſhed in the throne, by the ſuppliant requeſt of the people who much affected his innocency; ſeeing him already upon the brink of his grave, threw him head-long into it, tearing out his ſoul with bruitiſh violence, which he was ready to yield up to nature. Some held this was meer cruelty without any colour of juſtice, wherewith this diabolical Prince was wont to palliate his actions. Others write, that *Hircanus* days were ſhortened upon this occaſion.

Ambition of *Alexandra* cauſeth the death of her father.

Alexandra being not able to put off her ambition but with her skin, ſeeing *Herod* gone upon a voyage from which it was likely he ſhould never return, ſollicites her father *Hircanus*, ſhews him the time is come wherein God will yet again make his venerable age flouriſh in Royal purple. The Tyrant is involved in ſnares, from which he can never free himſelf. Fortune knocketh at the gate of *Hircanus* to reſtore the Diadem, which is due to him by birth-right, and taken away by tyranny. It onely remaineth that he a little help himſelf, and his good hap will accompliſh the reſt. *Hircanus* anſwereth her: *Daughter, the time is come wherein I ſhould rather think of my grave, than a Regal throne. You know what opinion I had of greatneſs in an age and condition, wherein rightfully I might cheriſh it. I voluntarily forſook it, preferring repoſe before all the crowns of the world. Now that I am in the haven, would you recall me into the ſtorm? Daughter, leave ſuch words; I have ſeen too many miſeries, ſpeak to me of my grave, not of ſcepters.*

Alexandra replied, that although in his own perſon he not at all pretended to life, nor to the fortune of the living, he notwithſtanding ought not to neglect his bloud, but permit juſtice to be done, and meddle with nothing, but by writing a word or two to *Malichus* the Lieutenant of *Arabia*, who would aid him with money and forces, as much as ſhould be needfull. In concluſion, he was bound to ſave both his daughter and grand-child from the ravening teeth of this *Tyger*. She deafened his ears with ſo many reaſons, that in the end he yielded, and treateth with *Malichus*, who ſhould ſafe conduct him with a good troup of horſe. The letters are put into the hands of one called *Doſitheus*, a couſin of *Joſeph* (whom *Herod* lately had cauſed to be maſſacred) to be with all ſafety delivered. But the perfidious wretch betraying the bloud of his allye and the fortune of *Hircanus*, inſtead of cartying the letter faithfully to *Malichus*, delivered it into *Herod*'s hands, who commandeth to require an anſwer and bring it to him, thereby to diſcover the practice thereof, and underſtand the *Arabian*'s purpoſe. He faileth not to promiſe *Hircanus* all aſſiſtance, inviting him with much earneſtneſs to be with him as ſoon as poſſible. *Herod* having diſcovered the whole plot, ſends for *Hircanus*, and asked if he received not ſome letters from *Malichus*? Yes, anſwered he: but they contain nothing but complement. The other demanded, Had you not ſome preſent with thoſe letters? He confeſſeth that verily *Malichus* had preſented him with four horſes to draw his coach. Thereupon without any other form of proceſs, the Tyrant made this venerable old man to be murdered, embrewing the hoary hairs in the bloud of him, who had been a ſoſtere, a father, a protectour of him, yea, all. Then after he had impriſoned *Alexandra* and *Mariamne* in a ſtrong fort, under the cuſtody of *Joſeph* his treaſurer, and *Sohemus* the *Iturean*, he goes directly to *Rhodes*, leaving the abſolute charge of his Kingdom to his brother *Pherorus*.

Alexandra and *Mariamne* priſoners.

The hiſtory telleth not the ſorrow of the Queen and her mother for the death of *Hircanus*. It is probable all was a long time concealed, as from ſuch who were held in a ſtraight priſon, and had converſation with no man. *Alexandra* gnawed her bridle of impatience: *Mariamne* reſiſted the dull languiſhments of this captivity with a generous conſtancy, and endeavoured to ſweeten the diſcontents of her mother. All her comfort was in God: For how could ſhe ſpeak or think of any thing elſe? *My God* (ſaid ſhe) *you ſteep all creatures for me in wormwood. If I heretofore have loved them, and ſucked ſome ſweetneſs from the world, for an ounce of honey you have given me a pound of gall. From the time I began to bear a Diadem on my head, I have felt nothing but thorns, and Royalty hath been nothing to me but a ſpecious ſlavery. My God, how long ſhall it continue? Shall we not behold that bright day to ſhine over our heads, which is perpetually in its Eaſtern riſing, which may drie up our tears, and breaking the bands of our captivity, place us in* Abraham's *boſom, the liberty of the elect?*

These poor Ladies ſtayed there, perpetually pent up between horrid walls, beholding nothing but rocks and ſavage wildernеſſes, which to their ſorrow ſeemed to reſound compaſſion. They knew not in what ſtate the world was, much leſs the affairs of Court. At every ſeaſon the Goaler came to viſit them, they expected nothing but news of their death. The Guard in the beginning ſhewed themſelves ſevere in their countenances, and reſerved in their words; all was full of horrour, affrightment, and melancholy ſilence. In the end (for there is no iron but will be ſoftened in the fire) *Sohemus* viſiting them more oft, according to the commiſſion he had, felt fiery arrows flie from the eyes of *Mariamne*, ſo ſharp, that they tranſfixed his heart with compaſſion, judging it a hard thing to hold a Queen in captivity, who was able to enthral all hearts with ſo many ſupereminent excellencies as Heaven had conferred upon her. He began to ſhew her a pleaſing countenance, and *Mariamne* ſeeing him one day in a good humour, took confidence thereby to know ſome news of the other world. *Sohemus* (ſaid this Ladie to him) *you now behold us in a moſt wofull ſtate, and much unworthy our qualities; but the day perhaps will come the ſtorm may blow over. Miſchief and miſery knock not always at one and the ſame gate. You know who I am, and that in obliging me, you engage not an unable creature, much leſs an ungratefull. Tell us in a word, to what end doth King* Herod *hold us here, and of what condition are the affairs of the times?*

Mariamne conferreth with *Sohemus*.

Sohemus at theſe words felt his heart aſſaulted with moſt violent counterbuffs: on the one ſide he repreſented to himſelf the avengement of *Herod*, freſhly exemplified in *Joſeph*; on the other ſide he was ſo touched with compaſſion of thoſe words this noble Ladie ſpake to him, that the ice of his heart diſſolved, and began already to evaporate through his eyes. *Mariamne* finding him waver, ſpake boldly: *Sohemus, it is a word which can no whit prejudice you, being ſtored up in deep ſilence, and which may much advantage us for the ſecurity of our affairs.*

Sohemus, ſuppoſing either that *Herod* never would return again in the quality of a King, or that he being under the protection of *Mariamne* might eaſily work his reconciliation, openeth his heart unto her, and ſaith: *Madame, I put my ſecrets and life into your hands; yea I deſire to die before ever I undertake to execute this barbarous command which* Herod *hath impoſed upon me, in caſe the affairs he negotiateth at this time*

with Cæsar succeed not according to his wish. And what is it? (saith *Mariamne* to him.) *Madame, I tremble onely to think of it: It is a matter, which concerneth your life.* My friend (replieth the good Queen) it is his ordinary guise, he enjoyned his uncle *Joseph* as much upon his first voyage. But is there no means to deliver us from this? *Sohemus* answereth, that *Pheroras* brother of *Herod* had charge of the Kingdom, and he being a man extreamly distrustfull, ever had his eye upon sudden surprizals. *Well then* (said this poor Princess) *we must die: on what side soever be turn me, I behold nothing but the image of death, with which I am already grown acquainted.* *Sohemus* comforted her with his best endeavour. But she then shutting up her ears from all earthly comfort, opened her heart to celestial contemplations, daily more and more purifying her soul both in the water of tears, and in the boiling furnace of afflictions. O the providence of God! That is true which the Scripture saith: *Your ways are now in the abyss, and your pathes on the waters.* Who could discover such tracks, whilest this most chaste and innocent Queen, amidst the dark obscurity of a prison, daily drowneth one part of her life in tears?

Arrival of *Herod* at *Rhodes.*

Herod, who was now embarqued, all bloudy with massacre committed on the person of *Hircanus*, found the sea, winds, men, and all his affairs successfull. This *Proteus*, who made his wit comply with all accidents, seeing he could not conceal the service which he had done for *Mark Anthony*, ever playing the dog sleeping under the feet of his fortune, resolved to colour and cloak them with the mantle of virtue. He knew *Augustus* was a Prince born to goodness, generous, just, and that he endeavoured to make faithfull servants in this change of affairs, which he began to undertake; he deceives him under the shadow of virtue, with the colour of constancy, and pretext of fidelity. Behold he presenteth himself to the Emperour, and speaks in these terms:

His speech to *Augustus.*

O Great Augustus, *behold here my person and crown at your feet: It is good reason that all depend upon your Greatness, since God is pleased to put the Empire of this Universe into your hands. For mine own part I cannot deny what I have been, no more than I will dissemble what I ought to be, and what I will be. I have hitherto been a great friend of* Mark Anthony: *It is true; and had he believed me, as he hath done* Cleopatra *his Mistress, you, Cæsar, had felt how far I was your enemy, and he, how much I was his friend. But this miserable Prince cozened by this creature, took money of me, and counsel of her, to destroy, in so doing, his fortune, and raise yours upon his own ruins. I have followed him even to the brink of the grave, and not fallen therein, since my death could nothing advance his service. He is in that state and condition, wherein I am able to render him nought but tears. To you (O Cæsar) are due the services which I tender with much heartiness, if you shall please to accept them, on this condition, that you enforce me not either to hear or speak evil of my old master, whom being no longer able to serve, I notwithstanding ought after death to love.*

Augustus took pleasure in this liberty, and thought this man was made of the wood whereof good servitours are composed, not seeing the subtility of the fox, who measured all according to his own interests. He then taketh the crown which *Herod* had laid at his feet, and set it on his head, saying: *I desire you may live peaceably in your Territory, onely be faithfull to me, as you have been to* Mark Anthony. *Herod* after this so favourable access, ceased not to put himself forward into the grace of *Augustus*, by seeking out all occasions to procure it, and namely in the voyage the Emperour made into *Ægypt*, wherein he perpetually attended him, and performed many singular offices. This business so prosperously dispatched, he triumphantly returneth into the Citie of *Jerusalem*, to the amazement of the whole world.

Accusation and pitifull death of *Mariamne.*

Here it is that the virtuous *Mariamne* endeth her career, to serve as a sacrifice in the lamentable triumphs of her husband. Let us behold how this bright flame is extinguished, we shall from thence expect no evil odour; the good vapours of her life will wait upon her even to death. So soon as *Herod* was arrived in his capital Citie, he hasteneth to salute the Queen his wife, whom he had already caused to be set liberty, being secure of his affairs, and was the first brought her the news of his happy success in this voyage. He was so puffed up with his prosperities, that he could not contain himself, and the love of so amiable an object (which he then beheld in his presence after so many dangers) did so unloo'en his tongue in excess of vaunts, and and superfluity of words, thinking he made himself very acceptable with such impertinencies. *Mariamne* much perplexed to hear him, and being free and generous in all her actions, shewed not to take much pleasure in these his idle boastings, which passion likewise made to appear somewhat childish. He thinking at the first this was nothing but a trifling humour of melancholy, which would quickly vanish into smoke, flattered her the more with words, playing the wanton beyond his custom. Upon these dalliances the poor Ladie sighed often, remembring herself of the secret commandment very lately given to *Sohemus*. He well saw by this her countenance she was not content, and beginneth to enter into suspition that *Sohemus* had used the like intemperance of tongue, as *Joseph*. He at that time knew not what face to set upon it, so much was he turmoyled: love, anger, jealousie, suspition, drew him with four horses. He could not be angry, as he would, nor knew how to love what he affected. This proud spirit, unacquainted how to bow under any one but to deceive him, was ashamed to behold himself dis-armed, and to become a counterfeit in amorous courtships, not so usual to his nature. He then seeing this mommery succeeded not, was the more afflicted, and thought it was time to brandish his sword. But love proved of more force than anger, and withheld the stroke. He retired, shaking his head, and muttering I know not what between his teeth; as cursing love, which made him mercifull in despite of his own disposition. Out alas! Can one find out a more spitefull hatred than in women against women, when jealousie hath laid hold of their brain? *Cypre*, an *Arabian* by nation, mother of *Herod*, and *Salome* his sister, seeing him so passionate, ceased not to blow the cole with their tongues, and enkindle him with many calumnies, which the Tyrant partly believed, yet could not suddenly resolve to give the blow. He was long time debating with himself, without power to conclude any thing. In the end an unhappy day comes, in which about noon, being retired into his chamber, he sendeth for *Mariamne*, who instantly came thither; but conjugal rites being required of her, she stuck in the refusal, saying, The law of nature forbad her to company with a man, who had murdered her father and brother, speaking of her father *Alexander*, who by the pursuit of *Herod*, had been oppressed by the *Romans*, and of her brother *Aristobulus* so cruelly smothered. Here *Josephus* the Historian, after he had highly praised *Mariamne*, as a most chaste Queen, and truly endowed with an admirable faith (for such are his words) taxeth her with a little disdain, which was (as he said) engrafted in her nature, for that she rejected the dalliances of her husband. But he that will well consider how *Herod* had used her neerest of kin, most unworthily massacring them, and how holding the scepter from her house, he used her not in the quality of a Queen nor a wife, but of a poor sacrifice, which he caused to be shut up, commanding to murder her as often he he fell into any danger of his own life,

Sottish love.

life, for fear some other should enjoy her after his death, shall find the Ladie had most just cause to make him this answer. *Herod* notwithstanding, who would not afford such liberty, was so moved with these words, as it was a great chance he had not laid violent hands upon her, shewing by his eyes sparkling with anger, his shrill voice, and hands lifted up, he would proceed to force. And as he stamped up and down, transported with rage, acting his anger like a fencer without *Mariamne's* reply to any one word, the perfidious *Salome*, thought it was now high time to strike her stroke. She sent a trusty servant, whom she a long time had suborned, to cause him to depose a calumny, as wicked as ridiculous; to wit, that *Mariamne* having a purpose to give *Herod* a love-drink, had addressed her self to him, who was cup-bearer to the King, to corrupt him with many promises, to which he never had given ear. For the rest, he had such instruction given him, that if perhaps *Herod* should ask what this potion was, he should answer without further difficulty, it was the Queens invention, and that herein she onely required the service of his hand.

Strange mischief.

This wicked fellow entered into the chamber in cold bloud, and very seriously makes oath hereof: whereupon *Herod*, who was already enkindled, becoming more enflamed than ever, thought within himself he must no longer wonder from whence these his impatiences in love proceeded. At that instant he caused an Eunuch to be laid hold on, one of the Queens most trusty servants, supposing nothing was done without his knowledge: He putteth him to the torture, causing him to be most cruelly tormented, of purpose that his body very feeble, not being able to endure the violence of tortures, and on the other side having nothing to say against his good Ladie, in whose conversation he had never perceived any thing but honour and virtue, should for a long time remain in very great perplexities. In the end he let a word fall, saying, he had seen *Sohemus* talk a long while in secret with Queen *Mariamne*, as framing some relation to her, and that after this very time, he well perceived she was troubled. *Herod* had no sooner heard this word: It is enough, said he, take him from the torture, and let *Sohemus* be called. *Sohemus* knew nothing what had passed, and lived in great contentment, having very lately obtained a good government by the Queens recommendations: He was wholly amazed, they laid hold upon him, and would enforce him to confess the discourse which he had with *Mariamne* during this specious imprisonment. But he persisting in denial, is massacred in the place *Herod* retired into his cabbinet, drinking in deep draughts the gall and poyson of his deadly choller, and contriving in his heart the fury which he soon after was to shew in publick: For without giving any truce to his spirit, he assembled his Prive-Counsel, and sendeth for the Queen, who expected nothing less than such proceeding. This monster, who always endeavoured to give colour of justice to his most exorbitant actions, beginneth a long speech, which he had prepared at leisure, and while every one was in horrour and silence, not knowing what would be the catastrophe of the Tragedy, except the couragious *Mariamne*, who was armed with an invincible constancy against all exigents, he speaketh unto them in such like words:

Death of *Sohemus*.

Oration of *Herod* against his wife.

SIRS, It seemeth God will counterpoize the prosperities of my state, by the misfortunes of my house. I have found safety in winds and tempests, in so many painfull voyages as I have undertaken, so many thorny affairs, which I have ended, to find a storm in my own Palace. You are not ignorant how I have cherished the whole family of Hircanus *within my bosom, in a lamentable time, when it was in decay and confusion: for recompence whereof, as if I had hatched the egs of a serpent, I have got nothing but hisses and poyson. God knoweth how often I have dissembled, and how often I have cured my self by patience. Notwithstanding I cannot so harden my heart, but that it may be softened, and ever become penetrable to a new wound. Behold the Queen my wife, who following the steps of her mother, is always ready to disquiet my repose. As soon as I was returned from the voyage so full of danger, as you know, I brought her news of the happy success of my affairs: She shewing the little account she made both of my state and person, at that time heard me with so great disdain, that what endeavour of courtesie soever I used, never could I extort from her pride one good word. And afterward not contenting herself therewith, she proceeded to very bloudy injuries, which I love better to conceal, for the honour of yours ears, and come to deeds. Behold one of my faithful servants, who testifieth, she would have suborned him to give me a love-potion, to wit, a poyson, of purpose to turn my brain, or take away the life which God reserveth for me to acknowledge the many good offices, which you all in general, and each one in particular have afforded me. Thus you see how I am returned, my head crowned with lawrel, honoured and courted by the prime men of the world, to serve as a sport for the malice, and a mark for the treachery of a woman, whom I cannot reclaim by the force of love nor benefits, no more than if she were a Lyoness. Consider what you ought to do, I deliver her into the hands of your justice, not willing to direct my self herein by my own advise, to the end posterity may know, that my proper interests are ever seated beneath the truth.*

Herod speaking these words, would seem less passionate, putting all tortures upon his natural disposition, plyable enough: But he notwithstanding so vehemently fretted, that all the Counsel knew well he was in heat of choller, and that his purpose was no other but to ruin the poor Queen. She is summoned to answer at that instant, without an Advocate. The glorious *Amazon*, Grand-child of the *Machabees*, and Inheritrix of their patience, being presented before this wicked tribunal, 28. years before the coming of the Son of God, did then, what he afterward taught us most remarkably by his example: Never from her mouth was heard one syllable of impatience, never did she use one sole word of recrimination, and being able to declare to the Counsel a thousand and a thousand outrages, received by herself, and the persons of her nearest allies, she swalloweth all these bitternesses with a patience more than humane: Onely, saith she, that as concerning the essential Article of this accusation, to wit,

Admirable modesty of the poor Queen.

The love-potion, which was objected against her, it was a thing in the judgement of all those, who would truly weigh it, very far from her thought: since she had always more feared King Herods *love than hatred. Lastly, that she made no reckoning of life, wherein she had suffered too much sorrow, yea much less of the Court, from whence she never received any contentment; and that if they would oppress her by false testimonies, it was easie to gain victory of one who made no resistance; more easie to take the Diadem from her head, and her head from her shoulders; but most hard to bereave her of the reputation of a Princess of honour, which she had of her Ancestours, and would carry to her tomb.*

The poor creature was like a silly sheep in the Lions throat, or among the paws of many wolves: They proceeded to sentence, all tended to baseness. It was supposed the King was willing to be rid of her, and that sufficed. Never was any one to be found, who had the courage to plead the cause of this innocent Queen, or in any sort to mollifie the passion of *Herod*. All those consciences were oppressed either with crimes or cowardise, from whence it came to pass these false Judges did more for the Tyrant than he desired; for they all resolved upon death. He himself

was ſurprized with horrour, though he were wholly a bloudy man, and commandeth ſhe ſhould be kept in a priſon of the Palace, with delay of execution, thinking perhaps by that means to make her more plyant to his paſſion. But the enraged *Salome* who had raiſed this ſtorm, not willing to do any buſineſs to halves, approched to the King her brother, and ſhewed him ſuch birds were not to be kept in cages; that his life and crown thereby ran into hazard; that already all tended to a revolt, and that if he delayed this execution, he haſtened the ruin of himſelf and his whole ſtate. Whereupon *Herod* let fall this word: *Let her be taken away.* And behold inſtantly an officer diſpatched to the good Queen, who brought her the news of the laſt hour of her life; ſaluting her with a low reverence, and ſaying: *Madame, the King commandeth you muſt preſently die.* She without any diſturbance ſaid: *Let us then go (my friend) it cannot be ſo ſoon for King* Herod, *but it will be as late for me:* and ſpeaking this word, ſhe ſet forward, and went directly to the place of execution without change of colour, having a ſweet aſpect, which drew tears from the whole world.

Invincible patience, and very admirable.

To crown her patience, as ſhe was ready to receive the ſtroke of death, *Alexandra*, her own mother, the companion of her impriſonment, the Guardian of her thoughts, who had ever been one heart with her, betraying bloud, nature, and all piety by a miſchievous trick of ſtate, thereby avoiding the ſuſpition of *Herod*, as conſenting to her daughters humour, came to charge her with moſt bloudy injuries; and it was a great chance ſhe had not taken this poor Ladie by the hair, to dreg her up and down the pavement; ſaying to her with the foam of boyling choller, *That ſhe was wicked, and extreamly proud, and well deſerved to die in that manner, by ſhewing herſelf refractory to ſo good a huſband.*

Barbarous act of *Alexandra.*

Behold yetily the greateſt indignity which could happen in ſuch an accident. There is no better honey, nor worſe ſting, than that of bees; no better amities, nor greater injuries, than of allies. The patient *Mariamne* onely made her this anſwer: *Mother, let my ſoul paſs in peace, which already is upon my lips, and trouble not the repoſe of my death:* and with a generous ſilence, ſhutting her mouth up to further replies, and opening her heart to God, the onely witneſs of her innocency, moſt unworthily uſed, ſtretched out her neck to the executioner, to ſeal with her bloud the laſt teſtimonies of her patience.

Heroick ſilence.

Joſephus ſpeaketh not expreſly enough of the puniſhment, ſhe doubtleſs being executed in the manner at that time ordinary, which was to behead offenders of that quality. This day-break, which bare ſtil in the rays thereof joy & refreſhment to the poor afflicted ſouls, through the horrible confuſions of tyranny was then extinct in her bloud. Yea, the eyes of all the ſtanders by bathed in tears, beheld her in her eclipſe, when that fore-head full of Royal Majeſty was ſeen couragiouſly to affront approaching death, which maketh the moſt confident to tremble, and when this alabaſter neck was ſtretched out, and bowed under the ſhining ſteel, to be ſeparated from this beauteous body, a ſhivering horrour crept into the bones of all the beholders, and there was no rock ſo hard which afforded not the water of tears, before ſhe poured out her bloud. The head was ſeparated from the body, and the body from the ſoul: But the ſoul never ſhall be divided from God, raiſing to death ſuch a trophey of patience. The limbs lay all cold and ſtiff extended on the place, and the voice of innocent bloud, which already penetrated the clouds to ask vengeance of God, was inſtantly heard, as you ſhall underſtand: onely I beſeech you ſtay to behold the Pourtraict and Elogie of the good Queen by us here inſerted.

Moſt pitifull death.

What horrour.

MA-

MARIAMNE REGINA, MACHABÆORUM STIRPE INCLYTA, HERODIS PESSIMI OMNIUM VIRI UXOR OPTIMA, FORMA CORPORIS SUPRA CÆTERAS EXIMIA, ANIMI ETIAM VIRTUTIBUS MAJOR, INTEGERRIMÆ PUDICITIÆ, ET INELUCTABILIS PATIENTIÆ FOEMINA INIQUISSIMIS CALUMNIIS OPPRESSA, MARITI GLADIO REGIAS CERVICES DEDIT, ANNO ANTE CHRISTI NATALEM VIGESSIMO OCTAVO.

Upon the Picture of MARIAMNE.

FOrtune a heavenly beauty did engage
To a fell husband, who through boundleſs rage,
Practiz'd fierce tyranny, and foul debate,
As well in love, as in his Royal ſtate.
She liv'd on gall, upon the ſword ſhe dy'd,
Soon in the Lamb's bloud to be puriſi'd.
The Croſs ſo to prevent, in pains pertake
With patient God, miſhaps thrice-happy make,
Which after death immortalize her ſtory,
And from her body take leſs bloud than glory.
Thus from the world this holy Queen remov'd,
Breaths forth affections to her God belov'd;
And her great ſoul to heav'n in ſilence rears,
Purg'd in her flame, & waſhed with her tears:
Who bravely ſo both lives, and leaveth breath,
Makes of a dying life, a living death.

THE diſloyal husband, who ſo inhumanely had treated a Ladie worthy of all honour, as ſoon as ſhe rendered up her ſoul, as if he had been ſtrucken by ſome inviſible dart, cried out with grief, and ſaid, he had done an act worthy the wrath of God; then dreadfully howling, he ceaſelesly invoked the memory and name of the poor dead creature, to whom he by his ſorrows could not again reſtore, what had been taken from her by the ſword of the executioner. Whereſoever he went, he ſtill was accompanyed with the image of his crime, ſtill tormented and aſſailed with black furies, monſters, and hydeous ſights. He tried all ſorts of feſtival entertainments, dancings, and delights, to divert this ill, but it ſtill augmented; in ſuch ſort that he was enforced to abandon all the affairs of his Kingdom, though he had been very eager and ardent in this employment, and became in the beginning thereof doltiſh and dull, not knowing what he did: For often in the time of dinner he ſpake to his ſervants, and commanded them to call the Queen, as if ſhe had been yet living; they ſlipped aſide without making anſwer, and the whole Court was drenched in terrour and ſilence. In the end, not being able any longer to endure the walls of his Palace, as if they had upbraided him with his cruelty, he ran into the forreſts like a mad man, where he got a ſtrange maladie of the mind, and ſo horrible a frenzie, that the Phyſicians

Fury of *Herod* after the death of *Mariamne*.

ſitians were to ſeek, ſaying freely, it was a blow from Heaven. God, who yet reſerved him for greater calamities, would not at that time take away his life. The wicked mother *Alexandra*, who ſo outragiouſly had complained of her daughter upon the ſcaffold, inſtantly died, taſting the bitterneſs of death, and looſing her glory. Laſt of all followeth a plague, which took away even many of *Herod's* Counſellers, and all that was nothing but the ſcourge of Heaven, in avengement of this death ſo deplorable, and never ſufficiently lamented.

The ſons of *Mariamne* bred at *Rome*.

Mariamne of her chaſte wedlock left two ſons to *Herod*, *Alexander* and *Ariſtobulus*, who were very young, able to ſuffer much in time to come, but as then incapable of feeling their own miſeries. *Herod* to take from them the ſenſe of this cruel tragedy, and to raiſe them likewiſe by the degrees of good education, to the glory of his ſcepter, happily puts them aſide, and ſends them to *Rome*, to be bred in the Court of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, held at that time the Academie of Kings, and prime ſchool of the world. Some years being paſſed, he had a deſire to make a voyage into *Italie* to ſalute *Cæſar*, and by that opportunity ſee his children, whom he found excellently trained, and ſo accompliſhed, that he purpoſed with the good leave of *Cæſar*, to carry them back into *Judea*, which he did. Theſe young Princes returning into *Jeruſalem* with *Herod*, raviſhed all the people with admiration. They were of a gallant preſence, ſtraight, active, quick-ſpirited, couragious in the exerciſe of arms, well-ſpoken, affable, as lovely as the perſon of the Father was odious. Men looked on them, as one would upon the two ſtars of *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, after a ſtorm; they repleniſhed all with alacrity, and ſeemed already to win all hearts, to approve their titles to the Crown. Thoſe notwithſtanding, who retained the memory of the uſage of poor *Mariamne* their mother, could not abſtain from tears.

Calumnie is plotted againſt them.

Pheroras brother of *Herod*, and *Salome* his ſiſter, who both had dipped their fingers in the bloud of the innocent Queen, entered into affrightments and apprehenſions unſpeakable, ſeeing the bloud they had ſhed, ſhould one day ſway over their heads: Wherefore they began ſilently to calumniate them, and cauſed by truſty inſtruments, many bruits to paſs into the ears of *Herod*, which intimated, That the Princes his ſons, in conſideration of their mothers wrong, had a great averſion from the father, and that they never ſeriouſly would affect him. *Herod*, who as yet in the heat of his affection, and could never be ſatisfied with beholding them, gave no credit to this calumny. But rather ſeeing them now upon the confines of maturity, ſought to match them highly, plotting for *Alexander* the daughter of *Archelaus*, King of *Cappadocia*, named *Glaphyra*, which was aſſented unto; and for *Ariſtobulus*, he cauſed him to marry the daughter of *Salome* his cozen germain, ſo plaiſtering over the domeſtick enmities, which ever after found many factions. *Alexander* and *Ariſtobulus* converſed together with great freedom, and uttered whatſoever they had upon their hearts, ſpeaking of the death of their mother in ſuch manner, that they ſhewed a great reſentment thereof. *Pheroras* and *Salome*, cloſe-biting and watchfull, ceaſed not to provoke them to ſpeech, and whatſoever they ſaid, either through vanity, or ſleight diſpoſition to anger, or in the liberty of ſecrecy, was inſtantly by a third perſon related to the ears of *Herod*. The ſubtile *Salome* holding ſtill a power upon her married daughter, who was a ſimple creature, put her upon the rack, to tell her all that her husband and her brother in law had ſpoken in the privacy of their mutual converſation. She then recounted the words theſe poor Princes had through ſimplicity and bravery ſpoken, to wit, that *Ariſtobulus* vaunted himſelf, The Kingdom belonged to the children of *Mariamne*, as to the line of the true Queen; as for *Herods* other ſons, who were ſpread abroad in very great number (for he had nine or ten wives) that he might make Regiſters of them in ſome petty Towns, and that they ſhould do well to learn to write and read. She added, that *Alexander* ſaid in boaſting, he was a better man than his father, notwithſtanding that converſing with him, and ſeeing him of a jealous humour, he reſtrained himſelf, as in a ſcabbard, and durſt not diſcover himſelf for fear he ſhould give him ſome ſuſpition of his power. That hunting or walking with *Herod*, he did as it were bow and contract himſelf together, that he might not appear taller than his father: that if he were to ſhoot in a bow, he purpoſely made himſelf unskilfull, thereby to take all occaſion of envie from him. It was a notable act of wiſdom to do it, but a great folly of youth to breath out many words, as innocently ſpoken, as treacherouſly interpreted; and above all an infinite ſimplicity to commit their ſecrets to a woman, whoſe heart is as fit to keep what it ought to conceal, as a ſive to hold water.

When *Pheroras* and *Salome* had a long time filled the ears of *Herod* with theſe trifling reports, ſeeing the ſuſpition began to take footing in his mind, and that the affection of a father cooled towards his children, they ſtruck the iron while it was hot, and wiſhed him ſeriouſly to take heed of his ſons, for they ſpake big, and had boldly ſaid, That all thoſe who were embrewed in their mothers bloud, ſhould not carry the puniſhment into the other world: for verily as they were vexed upon the remembrance of the dead, ſuch like words had eſcaped them. *Herod* was much amazed at this liberty, and thought he muſt repreſs their boldneſs by ſome counterpoize. What doth he? To humble the hearts of theſe Princes, he ſelecteth among his children one called *Antipater*, his ſon by *Doris*, nothing noble, and who had ſhamefully been hunted out of the Court; he putteth this his ſon in the turning of a hand upon the top of the wheel, not that he had a purpoſe to raiſe him, but to uſe him to counterballance the children of *Mariamne*, reputing him an inſtrument proper for this end. For certainly this *Antipater* was of a dark ſpirit, cloſe, and miſchievous, much of his Father *Herods* diſpoſition; as it was preſently to be ſeen. When he was advanced, he reſolved fully not to deſcend but with loſs of life, and to hold that Kingdom as well as others, by ſome notable trick. Behold why he played the *Proteus*, and changed himſelf into all forms to gain credit with *Herod*, who then began to like him very well; and he the more to fortifie himſelf, ſpared not under hand to aggravate the calumny againſt the children of *Mariamne*, and after he had thrown the ſtone, withdrew his arm ſo cunningly, that it ſeemed he had not touched it: for he always was converſant with *Alexander* and *Ariſtobulus* with much reſpect, as with his Maſters; yea when he made falſe tales to tickle the ears of his father, then feigned he by a counterfeit modeſty to take their cauſe in hand, and defend them ſo diſcreetly for his own advantage, that thereby he caſt them further into ſuſpition. King *Herod* judged, that to countenance him, it were to good purpoſe to ſend him to *Rome*, which he did, allotting him a flouriſhing retinue, and an infinite number of recommendations. There it was that he much embroyled buſineſſes, writing to his father, That he had diſcovered at *Rome* ſtrange plots, that he ſhould take heed of his brothers *Alexander* and *Ariſtobulus*, that they had practiſed ill diſpoſitions in every place, that their purpoſe had no other aim but to ſhorten his days, and diſpoſſeſs him of his Empire. This had ſo much the more colour, for that theſe miſerable Princes galled with their repulſe, could not diſ-

The young *Antipater* ſon of *Herod*, exalted.

ſemble

ſemble their diſcontent; they ever caſting forth ſome words, which gathered by the ſpies of *Pheroras* and *Salome*, never fell to the ground.

Herod ſighed to ſee that he having pacified all abroad, the fire ſhould kindle in his own houſe, and thereupon had ſome deſire to arreſt his ſons, but he would attempt nothing upon their perſons without *Cæſars* command, referring all to him, both for his ordinary complacence, and ſafeguard of his own affairs. After he had revolved this affair, with a thouſand anxieties in his heart, wherein he bare the chief extent of his counſels; he reſolved in his own perſon to carry his ſons to *Rome*, and accuſe them before *Cæſar*. In the whole courſe of this long way from *Paleſtine* to *Italie*, he held himſelf cloſe and reſerved, not making the leaſt diſguſt againſt his children appear, that he might not occaſion in them any ſuſpition. Being arrived at *Rome*, he learned *Auguſtus Cæſar* was then in the Citie of *Aquileia*; without delay he went thither, conducting with him *Alexander* and *Ariſtobulus*, who were received by the Emperour (who was as their father) with all demonſtration of love. In the mean time this miſerable father ſpying his opportunity, demands day of *Cæſar* for an audience, which he affirmed was of great conſequence; it was granted him, and he came at the time appointed, bringing theſe two poor delinquents, who doubted nothing, nor at that time ſought any thing but to laugh and paſs their time with their ancient acquaintance. When they were in the midſt of a brave aſſembly of Princes there preſent, *Herod* breathing out a great ſigh, ſaid:

Behold me, GREAT CÆSAR, *a happy King by your favour, and an unfortunate father through the diſgrace of my houſe. If nature had denied me children, fortune ſhould ſee me without miſeries: all my diſaſters proceed from my own progeny. It much troubleth me, to defile your ears* (worthy Cæſar) *with the recital of ſo great wickedneſs, but neceſſity, which hath no law, enforceth me, and your juſtice which eſtabliſheth all laws, inviteth me. Behold my two unnatural ſons, who after they had received the honour to be bred at your feet, after they had obtained from me all the favours which could be expected from a King, by your gracious clemency ſufficiently powerfull, and from a father of his own nature moſt indulgent, betraying the glory of the education they had at your hands, & forgetting even the nature and bloud they received from me, have attempted a crime, which I dare not name. I live too many years in their opinion, and too long enjoy a Kingdom, which with ſo much labour I purchaſed. I have opened to them the gate of honour, that they may enter, after that natural death ſhall cloſe up mine eyes: and they will paſs through by the portal of parricide, preparing ambuſhes for my life, to ſnatch away the ſpoil ſteeped in my bloud. Behold I proſtrate them at your feet, not willing to retain any right in mine own diſpleaſure, neither of King, nor father, but that which ſhall be decreed for me by your juſtice. Yet notwithſtanding (O Great Cæſar) I would beſeech you to beſtow upon my old age, which you have pleaſed ſo much to honour, ſome repoſe in my own houſe, and free me from the hands of theſe barricides. So likewiſe I think it not expedient for children ſo ungratefull, who have trampled laws both divine and humane under foot, to live any longer, and ſtill to have the Sun in their eyes, to ſerve as a witneſs and an upbraiding of their crime.*

Herod ſpake this with a marvellous vehemency, ſo that he put the whole aſſembly into an aſtoniſhment, and theſe poor young men, who had as much innocency as ſimplicity, ſeeing themſelves charged on the ſudden with ſuch a tempeſt of words, made the apple of their eyes to anſwer, and weep in good earneſt. They endeavoured to ſpeak, fearing leaſt their ſilence might make them culpable; but the more they ſtrove, ſo much the more the ſobs choaked up their words. *Auguſtus Cæſar*, who was a judicious and courteous Prince, ſaw well by this their aſpect, theſe young men had more miſhap than malice, and caſting a gracious eye upon them, *Courage, my children, be confident* (ſaith he) *anſwer at your leiſure, and be not troubled.* All thoſe there preſent bare already much compaſſion towards them, and *Herod* ſhewed even by his countenance he was moved, ſo eloquent are the tears of nature. *Alexander* ſeeing the eyes of the whole aſſembly very favourable, took heart, repreſſeth his ſighs, & being (as he was) eloquent ſpeaketh in theſe terms:

Apologie of *Herod's* ſon before *Auguſtus*.

„ *MY LORD AND FATHER*, Your Ma-
„ jeſty hath not brought us ſo far to the Altars of
„ mercy, to offer us up as a ſacrifice to revenge: we
„ are at the knees of *Cæſar*, as in the Temple of Cle-
„ mency, whither being conducted by your warrant
„ & command, it maketh us ſay, your words are ſharp,
„ but proceedings moſt ſweet. If calumny had ſo alte-
„ red your excellent nature, as to make you take reſo-
„ lution upon our lives, to the prejudice of our inno-
„ cency, you might have done it in *Paleſtine*, as a fa-
„ ther and a King; the ſentence and execution were in
„ your own hands. But God permitted you to bring
„ us to the Court of *Auguſtus*, not to leave the head
„ where the crown was deſigned, but rather to return
„ it back victorious, and free from ſlander. It is a ve-
„ ry ſtrange thing to pretend the moſt enormous of
„ crimes againſt perſons of our reputation and quali-
„ tie, without ſaying wherefore, or how. Nothing is
„ ſpoken of letters, poyſons, complots, conſpiracies,
„ ſuborned ſervants, it is onely affirmed we are parri-
„ cides, and proofs are pretermitted. If this be ſuffi-
„ cient, you ſhall have in the world no more innocen-
„ cy, but that which calumny ſhall diſdain to fix her
„ tooth in. Our enemies, who for many years have ſpun
„ this web, never could alledge any other thing, but
„ that we were old enough, and of ſufficient courage
„ to do it, and that we might perform it in revenge of
„ the death of our mother *Mariamne*. As for the firſt
„ reaſon, who ſeeth not how weak it is? If nothing but
„ age and valour be neceſſary to perpetrate a parri-
„ cide, it is to fill the whole world with bloud, to put
„ all fathers into jealouſie, and all ſons into crime. For
„ the ſecond, which concerneth our dead mother, ſhe
„ left us in an age, wherein neither could we as yet
„ bewail nor feel her miſery. After we came out of
„ our child-hood, we have not been willing to ſearch
„ into your counſels, to ſift out your reſolutions, the
„ iſſue of them ought to make us, not more audacious
„ to undertake evil, but more ſtayed and adviſed to do
„ good. We onely have afforded tears to her, not to
„ bemoan her death, for ſuch were unprofitable, but to
„ ſatisfie our paſſion, ſeeing our enemies ceaſed not to
„ diſturb the aſhes of her, whoſe bloud they had ſhed.
„ Father, if our tears, which proceed from ſo juſt a re-
„ ſentment of nature, be in your Court accounted
„ criminal, where ſhall we any more find ſafety but in
„ your juſtice? Never in the ſo ſenſible apprehenſions,
„ hath any word of bitterneſs eſcaped us againſt you,
„ but rather againſt thoſe who abuſe your authority to
„ the ruin of yours. We have no cauſe at all to hate
„ your life, but to love it by ſo much the more, as
„ you have judged us capable above the reſt of our
„ brothers to ſucceed to your Crown. You have ſet
„ all the marks of regality upon us, al the bleſſings we
„ could hope for, & to ask more would be to require
„ liberty to overthrow us. To what end ſhould we
„ ſeek by parricide a Kingdom, which is purchaſed for
„ us by your favour, that ſo heaven, earth, & ſeas, con-
„ ſpiring with *Cæſar*, might ſhut the gate againſt us,
„ for which we ſhould have been deſirous to make a
„ key ſteeped in the bloud of our father? Your majeſty
„ hath begot us, perhaps more unfortunate than now
„ wou ld be expedient for your eſtate, but never ſhall
„ we be ſo ſottiſh nor impious, as to do a miſchief ir-
„ recoverably to undo us. Moſt honoured father, ſup-
„ preſs the ſuſpition which you have conceived, or if
„ you be pleaſed ſtil to retain it, we both will leave this
„ life, of which we are not ſo fondly affectionate, that
„ we would be willing to preſerve it to the diſpleaſure
„ of him that gave it.

This

This Oration, accompanied with the tears of this young Prince, ſtruck all the ſtanders by with admiration, and as they were both beheld with lowly looks, expecting the Judges ſentence, every one was enkindled with deſire to juſtifie them. *Ceſar* caſteth his eye on *Herod* to ſee his countenance, who ſhewed himſelf much moved with compaſſion, and could have been content never to have thought of ſuch an accuſation: for verily this action in the apprehenſion of thoſe preſent, much hurt him, and cauſed his credulity to be condemned. *Auguſtus*, who would not confound them, pronounced, that undoubtedly his children had done ill to diſpleaſe him; but as for the pretended crime, he ſhould raze it out of his papers. Theſe young Princes were too well born and bred to proceed ſo far: there remained for them hereafter to live in good correſpondence, and renew this holy knot of nature, which could not be diſſolved by ſo good a father, nor children ſo futurely hopeful. This ſaid, *Herod* embraced his ſons one after another, much weeping, which drew tears even from thoſe who were not interreſſed in this affair. After all manner of complements were done, behold them upon return with their father and brother *Antipater*, who had cauſed all this goodly Tragedie to be played. Notwithſtanding, this wicked creature overwhelmed them with courteſies and congratulations, as if he would make bonfires of joy in his heart. Thus diſſimulation goeth along in Court, till ſuch time that God taketh away the mask.

Being returned to *Jeruſalem*, one year was ſcarcely ſpent, but that calumnie ſet new ſnares to entrap the innocency of theſe poor Princes. *Pheroras* reſolved to excite *Alexander* with jealouſie, telling him in great ſecret, *Herod* his father made too much of the beauteous *Glaphyra* his wife, daughter of King *Archelaus*, ſuppoſing it was a powerful means to turmoyl his ſpirit, and enkindle it with fury againſt the King his father, and this way to precipitate him into ruin. Theſe words upon the matter were moſt ſenſible to this generous heart, and then he began with a jealous eye to prie into *Herods* actions, who, it is true, familiarly converſed every day with this Princeſs, endowed with incomparable beauty, but in concluſion he obſerved no other thing in ſuch converſation, but loving entertainments of a father-in-law towards a ſons wife, worthy to bee cheriſhed for many excellent parts. *Alexander* notwithſtanding, after this advertiſement of *Pheroras*, turned this honey into poyſon, interpreting all in an ill ſenſe, and was ſo tranſported, that one day entering into his fathers chamber he diſcovered the jealouſie and ſuſpition he had conceived with ſighs and tears of rage. *Herod* found himſelf much troubled with this accident, and thinking it a thing unworthy his perſon to juſtifie himſelf to his ſon, with many words to excuſe that which was not, he onely ſaid: *My ſon, who hath put this into thy head?* The other replieth, he knew much of it himſelf, and *Pheroras* had confirmed it. *Pheroras* was inſtantly ſent for, and *Herod*, who oft-times uſed him as a ſervant, caſting a furious glance of his eyes upon him, *Rake-hell* (ſaith he) *what haſt thou ſaid to this young Prince? It is not a word thou haſt put into his ear, but a ſword into his hand againſt his father; for verily he would no more endure a companion of his bed, than I in my Kingdom. Ingratefull creature ſhouldſt thou not rather tear out thy own heart, than entertain ſuch a thought of thy brother? Such crimes as this never were in our houſe, nor ever will be, unleſs thou bring them hither. Get hence, and let me ſee thee no more, I ordain tortures for other delinquents, but for thee, ſince thou art ſo wicked, I leave thee to thy own conſcience, not being able to find a fitter executioner.*

Horrible malice.

Pheroras, who was not much aſtoniſhed with this noiſe, anſwereth, he knew nothing but what *Salome*, who was there preſent, had told him, as indeed this came from her. But the ſubtile woman caſting out at that inſtant a loud complaint, and tearing her hair, ſaith: It was a lamentable thing, that ſhe of all the world ſhould be perſecuted for being onely faithful to her brother. *Herod* knew not what to think, and ſighed in his heart, beholding the diſſentions of his houſe, and in the mean time ſaw not that his own ill example was the influence of all theſe maledictions. He did nothing elſe to *Pheroras*, but ſequeſter him for a time, for although he ſeemed much moved with anger, he was not exaſperated againſt any in good earneſt, but thoſe whom he thought would practice againſt his ſtate; and ſuch *Pheroras* appeared not to be, for he was a libertine, who had married his own ſervant, attracted by dalliances, refuſing the daughter of a King, and all his deſigns aimed at nothing but ſenſualitie. It was thought this was not ſufficient ſatisfaction in *Pheroras* for ſuch a crime, and that this might ſtill feed a diſtruſt between the father and ſon. Behold the cauſe why the pernicious *Antipater*, who ever was gracious with *Herod*, making uſe of this opportunitie, beginneth his battel more furiouſly than ever, and having perceived ſome familiarity between *Alexander* and three Eunuches, the moſt intimate of *Herod's* chamber, he under-hand giveth notice, that the conſpiracy of *Alexander* againſt his father, was now abſolutely contrived, and that the chief Eunuches of the chamber and privacy of *Herod*, had a hand therein. Behold them preſently apprehended and put to the torture: Theſe bodies, corrupted with eaſe and delicacy, feeling themſelves ſo roughly racked, ſpake what they knew and what they knew not, and in the end delivered nothing but boaſts and vain-glorious bravadoes of youth, which had eſcaped the mouth of *Alexander*, that is to ſay, *That thoſe Eunuches were very fools to be ſo affected to this old man, who cauſed his hair to be painted, like a ſpruce yonker. He had done all well enough: His time was paſt, theirs was coming, the Kingdom could not forſake them, having juſtice, force, and credit in their hands, and ſo many valorous men, who would not in time of neceſsity forſake them*, and ſuch like things, ſpeaking nothing of that which *Antipater* pretended, yet too much for a jealous ſpirit.

Antipater ſon of *Herod* calumniateth his brothers.

It was a pitifull thing then to behold, how this miſerable Court was diſ-membred. It was nothing but calumniations, threatnings, ſummons, diſtruſts, examinations, tortures. All men looked upon one another, and every one ſuppoſed, there was no other ſecuritie, but in preventing his companion. A thouſand ſottiſh things were daily depoſed, that were of no effect. There were found not paſt one or two, who extreamly racked upon the torture, to free themſelves, ſaid, *Alexander* had diſhonoured his father at *Rome*, as much more enclining to amitie with the *Parthians* than with the *Romanes*; and as torments were inceſſantly redoubled in favour of *Antipater*, they ſpake at random whatſoever they would have them, to wit, That *Alexander* and *Ariſtobulus* had conſpired to kill *Herod* by poyſon, then to go to *Rome* to demand the Kingdom, which had no probabilitie. And when it was asked where this poyſon was, they replied it was in the Caſtle of *Aſcalon*, and the whole matter ſearched into, there was nothing to be found. *Alexander* notwithſtanding is arreſted, he generous, and much offended to ſee ſo many tortures, ſaid ſtoutly to *Herod*, bitterly ſcoffing: *To what end is it to make all theſe ſlaughters, ſeeing you will have it that you are deceived? I have conſpired, and if you deſire to know with whom, with* Pheroras *your brother,*

Court of a Cyclops.

Alexander ſon of *Mariamne* impriſoned.

ther, and Salome *your ſiſter, and* Ptolemy, *and* Saprinius *your Counſellers. Kill all the world, and you alone ſhall reign.*

He is delivered by *Archelaus.*

He ſpake too much to be believed, and delivered it in an accent which ſounded nothing leſs. Howſoever, he was for certain days impriſoned, until ſuch time as *Archelaus* King of *Cappadocia*, his father in law, advertiſed of this diſaſter, came to the Court of *Herod*. He took great care not to affront him, nor tell him that he wronged himſelf to be ſo credulous: this was not the manner to treat with a man, who extreamly deſired to juſtifie his actions. The *Cappadocian* ſtriketh ſail, ſeeming to have great compaſſion to find him in ſuch trouble, ſaying, *His children had done ill to diſquiet him in that manner: that he came not to excuſe his ſon in law, but to chaſtiſe his daughter, if ſhe were found blame-worthy.* *Herod* was ſo comforted to hear him ſpeak in this ſort, that the tears ſtood in his eyes, and *Archelaus* ſeeing he had found the ready way of perſwaſion, began by little and little to declare unto him, that in truth the Princes his ſons had ſhewed a little too much inſolence, but that their facility was much abuſed, and it would be good to take heed thereof. He did ſo well, that at the laſt he diſſolved the calumny, and *Glaphyra* being there preſent, with her eloquence and tears obtained whatſoever ſhe would for her husband; ſo that the poor priſoner was inſtantly releaſed.

Herod in the mean time lived like a *Cyclop* in his Cave, perpetually in the obſcurity of an infinite number of diſtruſts, ſtill upon the point of acting new cruelties; and being obſerved to be capable of all ſort of ſuſpitions, the wicked *Antipater* failed not to furniſh him with matter enough to foment his jealouſies, and by the ſame means advance his fortunes.

Laſt endeavour of calumny.

A wicked *Grecian* came to the Court of *Judea*, named *Eurycles*, who took upon him to be a Prince, and gave preſents to *Herod*, to inſinuate himſelf into his friendſhip. The unhappy King reliſhed this man, and ranked him in the number of his intimate friends. He was lodged with *Antipater*, and obſerving that he at that time bare the greateſt ſway in affairs, he endeavoured by all means to win his favour, which he did, familiarly converſing with *Alexander*, and undermyning him, that afterward he might carry truth and falſhood to the ears of *Herod*, who gave him much credit.

Three years were not fully paſt, but behold calumny caſteth the reſt of her venome. Two ſouldiers of *Herod's* Guard, caſhiered for ſome ſleight offence, were afterward indiſcreetly entertained in the houſe of *Alexander*, who loved them, ſeeing them ſufficient men, and capable of good employments. Behold them accuſed of conſpiracy, immediately apprehended, and put to torture. The vehemency of torment made them ſay, that at the ſolicitation of *Alexander* and *Ariſtobulus* they had a plot upon the perſon of *Herod*, to kill him in hunting. At the ſame time the governour of the Cittadel of *Alexandrina*, (which was one of the ſtrongeſt Fortreſſes of the Kingdom) is accuſed to have been willing to deliver it into the hands of theſe young Princes, which he denied ſtrongly and ſtoutly. But his ſon, provoked againſt the father for ſome diſgrace, ſaid the depoſition was true, and at the ſame time produced falſe letters of *Alexander*, which ſeemed to confirm the ſame, held notwithſtanding to come from the hand of Secretary *Diaphantus*, a ſtorehouſe of falſifications.

Alexander & *Ariſtobulus* ſons of *Mariamne* impriſoned.

Herod would have no more proofs, he cauſed his two ſons to be apprehended, reſolving to ruine them: and verily every man at that time accounted them loſt. When theſe things were in hand, *Melas* a Counſellour of the King of *Cappadocia*, came into *Judea*, to underſtand the knot of the buſineſs: he found it much envenomed, and deſperate of remedy. The wicked father cauſed his ſons to be fetcht out of priſon, to examine them before *Melas*, and to confront them with the depoſitions. *Alexander* asketh *where the accuſers were*: it was anſwered, *they were already dead.* He replieth: *It was an unjuſt proceeding to put them to death in the guilt of a lie, drawn out by force of torments, for ever to ſhut up their mouth from verity. As for himſelf, and his brother* Ariſtobulus, *they never had any other purpoſe but to flie to* Cappadocia, *and from thence to paſs to* Rome, *to free themſelves from the unquietneſs of their father.* When *Herod* heard ſpeech of the voyage of *Cappadocia*, he entreated *Melas* to enquire particularly of *Glaphyra*, if ſhe more clearly would utter any thing touching this deſign. *Glaphyra* then was ſent for, and when at her approch ſhe beheld her husband in fetters, it was a dreadful thing to ſee her afflictions. *Alas! my dear huſband* (ſaid ſhe) *are theſe the favours of your father? is this the diadem he hath promiſed you?* And thereupon her heart oppreſſed with grief, ſtopped up the reſt of her words. Tears ſtood in the eyes of the miſerable *Alexander*, who paſſionately loved her, and all the company was ſo troubled with this ſpectacle of pitie, that thoſe there preſent to examine, looked one upon another, and forgat the formalities of juſtice. *Herod* asketh *Alexander*, if his wife were not partaker of all his ſecrets. He anſwereth, Such was her deſert and diſcretion, that he concealed nothing from her. The poor Ladie was a little amazed at this word. Notwithſtanding, with great ſimplicity ſhe ſaid, ſhe was ignorant of all that had paſſed; as the child not yet born, yet was very ready to tell a lie to ſave her husband, and that ſhe never would diſavow it, although he ſhould charge her with ſome crime. *Alexander* touched to the quick with this tenderneſs, ſaid to her: *Madame, be not aſtoniſhed; you very well know I never had any other plot but to carry you into* Cappadocia, *to viſit the King your father: Behold all our offence.*

This cured not *Herod*, but made him extend his ſuſpition upon King *Archelaus*, taking it ill, he ſhould go about to withdraw his ſon without his privacy. He commanded the priſoners to be ſet at liberty, and in the mean time ſendeth new Embaſſadours to *Rome*, to purge himſelf from ſome ſlanders wherewith he was charged, and to obtain of *Cæſar* full liberty to diſpoſe of his children according as juſtice ſhould require; which was aſſented unto. The young Princes are diſgraced and foyled with ſtrange calumniations at *Rome*, ſo that no man durſt undertake their defence. He very glad to have ſuch diſpatches, being (as he was) a man preciſely formal, and ever giving colour of juſtice to his paſſion, aſſembleth the Counſel to frame an Inditement againſt his ſons, admitting all thoſe whom he ſaw miſchievouſly bent to countenance his bad purpoſe, and ſequeſtring others who might cauſe ſome obſtacle; amongſt the reſt *Archelaus*, expreſly nominated by *Cæſar* to examine this buſineſs. Moreover, that which was an act of great injuſtice, he never would ſuffer his children to appear before the Judges, to be heard in their juſtification: but himſelf alone entereth into this Aſſembly, full of gall and poyſon. Never was he ſeen to be ſo out of countenance, paſſion having wholly transfigured him, in ſuch ſort that he ſpake and acted things little conſonant to his gravity. His friends were to ſeek in him, and he ſeemed rather a ſavage beaſt than a King. Sometime he accuſed, and lamented within himſelf, ſometime he ſtammered, and cut himſelf ſhort. He produced letters of his ſons, that had no value in them, as was thoſe of their journey into *Cappadocia*, and yet as if he had got a great victory, he cryed out: *Sirs, what ſay you to this? Behold you not great malice? O that I had been dead before I had known any ſuch thing!* Sometime he ſaid he referred himſelf to juſtice, and that through paſſion he would do nothing paſſionately. Sometime he

Arraignment and death of the innocent.

publiſhed,

publiſhed, he had not ſummoned this Aſſembly to judge, but to approve his opinion, to the end poſterity might the more abhor parricide. Then he cited Deuteronomie, which permitted fathers to ſtone their rebellious children to death, and played the Scribe or the Divine: then he ſhewed *Cæſar*'s letters, of which he made more account than of his Deuteronomie, and inſiſted thereupon as if the offenders had already been peremptorily condemned by the ſentence of *Auguſtus*. When they came to voices, *Saturninus* the Roman, a Conſular man of great authority, abſolutely diſſwadeth this cruelty, ſaying, Himſelf was a father, that he knew the price of children, and that *Herod* would repent him of this precipitation. This good man had three of his ſons with him, all gallant perſonages, and well entertained in good employments, who ſpake in favour of theſe poor Princes. But to no purpoſe. After them ſtandeth up *Volumnius*, a rude man, who drew to his faction all thoſe which practiſed to ſerve *Herod*'s paſſion, who altogether moſt unjuſtly concluded upon their deaths. As ſoon as this decree was publiſhed, an old ſouldier of *Herods*, named *Tyron*, very paſſionate for the innocents, went directly to the Palace, demandeth to ſpeak to the King alone by himſelf, which was granted him. This honeſt man taking him aſide, gave him a ſharp admonition, even to the reproching him that he had loſt his wits, in commanding his true heirs to be put to death, to advance a Viper, who in the end would ſecretly ſting him. *Herod* hearkened to him in the beginning with great patience, but ſpeaking over-much, he asked him, Who are thoſe that take exception at this judgement? *My ſelf* (ſaith the good old man) *firſt, and ſuch and ſuch men of quality, whom he named.* *Herod* cauſed him to be caſt into priſon, laid hold of the reſt, and condemneth them all to death. Afterwards cauſeth his ſons to be carried to *Sebaſte*, and directeth the moſt cruel of his Guard to ſtrangle them in priſon.

Theſe unfortunate Princes, who expected nothing leſs than ſuch a ſentence, ſeeing the dreadfull faces of executioners, and the fearfull image of death before their eyes, looked pale with horrour, and asked them, *Who brought you hither?* But they pulling them aſide as ſacrifices, and diſcovering the inſtruments of their cruelty, ſoon ſhewed wherefore they came: for without making any other anſwer, they took them by the throat, and putting the fatal cord about their necks, by main force ſtrangled them, devoid of mercy.

The poor *Glaphyra*, who as yet loſt not the hope of her husbands libertie, having at that time prepared a new battery to diſpoſe her father in law to clemency, heard the tidings of the death of *Alexander*, and withal of her own widdow-hood. She a good ſpace remained in a trance, then mute as a ſtatue, laſt of all a little recollecting her ſpirits, and caſting out a ſigh from the bottom of her heart, *Wo is me!* (ſaith ſhe) *I thought not* Herod *would have proceeded thus far. Tell him the ſacrifice of his cruelty is not finiſhed, for behold one part of the Victim is yet alive.* Alexander, *my dear* Alexander, *who for ever in my heart ſhall ſurvive, needs muſt you end your innocent life by this infamous puniſhment? Muſt you have him for executioner, whom nature allotted you for a father? At the leaſt I might have been called to receive the laſt groans of thy penſive ſoul, to emboſom thy final words, and enchaſe them in my heart.* Then turning herſelf to two little children, which ſhe had by her ſides: *Poor orphans, what a father have they ſnatched from you? Alas! you are timely taught the trade of miſery.* The poor Ladie night and day diſconſolately afflicted herſelf, and being no longer able to endure the Court of *Judea*, no more than a Lyons den, ſhe was ſent back into *Cappadocia*, to the King her father. *Herod* kept with him the two ſons, under colour of their education, but in effect to eſtabliſh himſelf, fearing leaſt their name ſhould ſerve for a pretext of ſome revolt.

O the providence of God! It ſeemeth you much ſlacken to fall upon guilty heads. Theſe young Princes, ſons of ſo virtuous a mother, ſo well bred, ſo well educated, accompliſhed with ſo many excellent parts, declared lawfull ſucceſſours to the Crown; theſe Princes, who had been ſeen (not above five years before) to return in triumph from *Rome* to *Jeruſalem*, like the two twin-ſtars, who guilded all *Paleſtine* with their rays; theſe Princes, that promiſed ſo many Tropheys, ſo many wonders, behold them in the ſweetneſs of their years, in the flower of their hopes, at the gate of the Temple of honour, for a ſmall liberty of ſpeech unworthily maſſacred, in ſtead of a Diadem on their heads, a halter about their necks, and cauſed to be ſtrangled by two Sergeants, that ſo they might breath out their Royal ſouls under the hand of a hangman. Behold the brave apprentiſhip which *Herod* exerciſed three year together about the time of the birth of our Saviour, to prepare himſelf for actions much more enormous. It was ſaid of *Silla*, that if Mercy had come upon the earth in humane ſhape, he had ſlain her. But *Herod* did much worſe. There remained nothing for him, after ſo many ſlaughters, but to embrew himſelf in the bloud of fourteen thouſand Innocents, and attempt upon the Son of God himſelf, which preſently after happened, and of which every one by relation of the Scripture taketh notice.

It is time to behold the recompence thoſe wicked ſouls received, for having dipped their fingers in ſo much bloud, and ſo many tragedies, to the end we therein may obſerve the proceedings of the Divine Providence, which ſpareth not, firſt ſleightly to touch and aſſay by ſome viſitation thoſe, which it afterwards reſerveth for the eternal pains of hell. The deteſtable *Antipater*, who had directed all the paſſages of this wickedneſs, ſeeing the two Heirs of the Kingdom removed quite away by his practiſes, thought he had already a foot in the Throne. He continueth his cunning and malice, ever masking himſelf with the veyl of piety, as if he had an unſpeakable care of the life and ſtate of his father, while he in the mean time had no other aim, but quickly to make himſelf abſolute Maſter of all, fearing leſt the diſpoſition of *Herod*, which was very fleeting, might alter; and for this cauſe he went up and down daily practizing very great intelligences. But he was hated by the people like a Tiger, and the ſouldiers, who ſaw him embrewed in the bloud of his brothers, ſo beloved by all the Nobility, could in no ſort reliſh him. Above all, the people were extreamly touched with compaſſion, when theſe little children of *Alexander* and *Ariſtobulus* were led through the ſtreets, who had been bred in *Herods* Court. All the world beheld theſe poor Orphans with a weeping eye, and with ſorrow remembred the diſaſters of their fathers. *Antipater* well ſaw, it was fit for him to withdraw himſelf, and decline envy, and not ſindge his wings in the candle, fearing his father in proceſs of time (who in ſuch matters was ſubtile enough) might diſcover his purpoſes. Notwithſtanding, he was ſo ſecret, that he avoided to ask leave of *Herod* to ſequeſter himſelf, for fear to miniſter matter of ſuſpition to him. But he cauſed letters cloſely to be written from *Rome* to his father, by friends whom he had wrought for that purpoſe, which imported all he deſired, to wit, that it was neceſſary he ſhould be ſent to *Rome* to break the enterprizes which the *Arabians* plotted againſt the ſtate of *Judea*. *Herod* having received theſe letters, inſtantly diſpatched his ſon *Antipater* with a goodly train, rich preſents, and above all the Will of *Herod*, which declared him King after the death of his father. Behold all he could deſire in the world. But as the eye of God never ſleepeth, and ſurprizeth the crafty in their own policies; it happeneth

Antipater the ſon of *Herod* from the top of the wheel.

peneth the mischievous *Pheroras*, who had acted his part (as we have seen) in this lamentable tragedy, departed this life, by a sudden death, and poysoned (as it is thought) by the maid-servant whom he had married.

Conspiracy of *Antipater* discovered.

Herod being requested to come into the house of his brother, to take examinations upon the fact, unexpectedly learneth how his son *Antipater* had given poyson to the dead *Pheroras*, at such time as he was out of favour, to poyson the King his father, whilest he was at *Rome*, that he speedily might return into *Palestine* with a Crown on his head. This was deposed even by the son of the Comptroller of *Antipaters* house, and circumstanced with grounds and particulars so expres, that there was not any cause of doubt. *Herod* demanded where this poyson was. He answered, it was in the hands of the widow of his brother *Pheroras*. She being examined upon the fact, goeth up into a higher chamber, feigning to fetch it, and being mounted to the top of the house, she through despair, fell down headlong, with a purpose to kill herself. But God suffered not the fall to be mortal; they much heartned her, and promised all impunity, if she freely would deliver the truth. She telleth that true it was, her husband had received the poyson of *Antipater*, and had some inclination to give the blow: but that a little before his death, he repented himself, and detested such wickedness, and with these words, she drew out the poyson, which afterwards was known in the death of delinquents to be very mortal. At the same time *Bathyllus*, set at liberty by *Antipater*, was taken coming from *Rome* to *Judea*, to advise *Pheroras* to hasten the business, and bearing with him a new poyson, if the first were not of force.

In the mean time *Antipater* wrote to the King his father, that he laboured earnestly at *Rome* to dissolve obloquies, and accommodate his affairs with clearness; that he hoped to come to a period in them, and quickly return into *Judea*. *Herod* was desirous to lay hold upon him, sendeth him this letter:

My son, the frailtie of my age, and debilitie of my bodie, daily instructeth me that I am mortal. One thing comforteth me, that having made choice of your person to succeed me in my estate, I shall behold the decrepitness of my age flourish again in your youth, and as it were burie my death in your life, since I shall live in one part of my self, to me most precious. I wish you presently were with me, not so much for the assistance I expect from your pietie, as for the prejudice your absence may impose on my fortune. Fail not with the good leave of Cæsar, to return hither as soon as you can, delays nothing advance our affairs.

Subtilty against subtilty.

This bayt was too tempting to defend him from the hook: upon this news he would, as it were, flie to *Jerusalem*; he dispatcheth his affairs, takes leave of *Augustus*, and hastily posteth to obey his fathers commandments. It was an admirable thing, that in the way he never had any notice of that which passed, so hated he was both of God and men. Yet so it was, that being in *Cilicia*, he learned his mother was disgraced, which much astonished him, so that he resolved to retire back again, but one of his counsel (perhaps wrought by *Herod*) shewed unto him, that if nothing were plotted against him, he ought not to fear; and if any calumny were forged, he rather should hasten to strangle it, otherwise his absence would thrust him further into suspition. This counsel he believed, and notwithstanding the remorse of his conscience, he took the way to *Judea*.

Woful event of *Antipater*.

When he was arrived in the port of *Sebaste*, he began to enter into greater apprehensions of his own unhappiness than ever. For upon the same haven, where he before had beheld so great confluence of people, which made many loud acclamations at his departure, not for the love they bare him, but for obedience to *Herod*, who so would have it, he perceived the chance of the dye to be now changed; he was entertained with respectless countenances, and that some beholding him, scornfully muttered between their teeth, as cursing him for shedding the bloud of his brothers. He was too far engaged to retire back, and the vengeance of God already had scored him out his lodging. He goeth directly from *Sebaste* to *Jerusalem*, and hasteneth to the Palace magnificently attired and well attended. The Guard suffered him to enter, commanding all those who accompanied him, in the Kings name, to withdraw. He was much amazed to see himself taken like a bird in a snare, notwithstanding he went forward, and entereth into the Hall, where his father expected him, accompanied by *Quintilius Varus*, newly sent from *Rome* as Governour of *Syria*. After he had made an humble obeysance according to the custom, he came to kiss his father, but at that instant he heard the roaring of the Lion. For *Herod* retiring back, said unto him: *Avant thou murderer of brothers and father: the kiss of a father was not instituted for thee. Behold Quintilius thy Judge. Advise with thy self what thou art to morrow to answer upon crimes whereof thou art accused.*

He strucken with this word as with a thunderclap, withdrew, bearing terrour in his face, and the image of his crime in his thoughts. He in the next chamber found his mother and wife weeping, with many laments already preparing his funerals; amazement so seized him, he had not language to comfort them, nor so much as tears to bemoan his own mishap. He spent the whole night in great afflictions, finding by experience it was much more easie to commit a crime than excuse it. The next morning he is sent for by the Councel, where he found the King his father with *Quintilius Varus*, and many Counsellours of State: Yea, letters were then intercepted, very lately written by his mother, which signified all was discovered, and that he should carefully beware not to return and put himself into the hands of his father, if willingly he would avoid the throat of the Lion. This was represented unto him at the entrance to the Councel; he expected nothing but the instant of strangling, so much his conscience tormented him. Behold the cause, why casting himself on his knees, he besought his father not to condemn him before he was heard.

Antipater accused before his father.

Herod replieth: *Impious villain, what hast thou to say? Hath God then preserved thee to be the last scourge of my old age? Thou knowest I have extracted thee from the dregs, to place thee over thy brothers, above and beyond all hope? I have given thee my money, my revenues, my authoritie, my favour, my secrets, my heart and Crown into thy hands, in a Will signed with my own hand, and thou canst not a little stay, till thy fathers eye is closed by natural death, to enjoy it? It was thither thy purpose aimed, when with such heat thou didst pursue the death of thy brothers, nothing have I done in their inditements, but by thy information and advise. Wicked creature, I fear lest thou hast stained me with their bloud; thy crime now makes their innocencie appear.*

At these words he bitterly wept, the memory of *Mariamne* and his unfortunate children coming into his mind. He was so oppressed at his heart, that he was enforced to intreat *Nicholas Damascen*, who was as his Chancellour, to pursue the rest. *Antipater* preventeth him, and speaketh in his own defence, *That he was much wronged in giving credit to slaves and silly women to his prejudice, that he had received letters from Cæsar, whom a man could deceive no more than God himself, which gave a most ample testimonie of all his demeanours, and of the satisfaction he had given to Rome. That he never had failed in duty towards his father, and that it were a passage of extream folly to*

put himself into an uncertain hazard for a Crown, which he had as it were already in his hands. Briefly, without any further discourse, he offered himself to be used like a slave, and to be put to the torture for proof of his innocency. And therewithal he dreadfully tormented himself in such sort, that he began to move all the company.

Nicholas Damascen, who was a rough gamster, taketh the word out of his mouth, he confronteth the witnesses, he interrogateth, urgeth, involveth, and puts him into confusion, and thundereth a very bloudy invective against him, which at large is couched in *Josephus* history, where like an Oratour he exaggerateth all the circumstances of his crime. *Behold you not* (saith he) *a brutish stupiditie, to conspire against your father, having as yet the blood of your brothers before your eyes, and all the assurances of the sceptre in your hands? Needs must you perpetrate a parricide, to make your self possessour of a Crown, which was acquired for you by so solemn and authentical a Testament? Look you after nothing but the blood of your father, to set a seal upon it? yea, of a father, whose life is so dear to all honest men, and of nature so indulgent to love his children that have never so little merit. An ingratitude able to make Heaven blush, and earth tremble under your feet. An ingratitude worthy that all the elements should conspire to punish it.*

This man ceased not to discharge against him words of fire with a masculine eloquence, and the miserable *Antipater* prostrated himself on the ground, and prayed God to do a miracle in favour of him, to make manifest his innocency, since he found himself so oppressed by the malice of men. It is wonder (saith the Historian) that those, who during their life have believed no God, would yet acknowledge him at their death. This man lived as if there were neither Heaven, God, nor Angels, and now seeing himself in the horrours of death, prayed the Divinity to excuse his crime. *Varus* saith unto him, *My friend, expect not extraordinarie signs from Heaven in your favour, but if you have any good reasons, boldly produce them. The King your father desireth nothing more than your justification.* Thereupon he stood confounded, like a lost man, *Varus* taking the poison that had been before represented to the Councel, caused it to be given to an offender already condemned, who instantly died, and all the assembly arose (as it is said) with manifest condemnation of *Antipater*. His father esteeming him absolutely convicted, required of him his complices: he onely named *Antiphilus*, who brought the poison, saying this wicked man was cause of all his unhappiness.

It was a great chance *Herod* at that time had not caused the sentence of death to be executed upon him: but according to his ordinary proceeding, he resolveth to inform *Cæsar* of all that had passed, and to send him the whole process formally drawn, to order all at his pleasure. In the mean time *Antipater* is streightly imprisoned, expecting hourly, as a miserable victim, the stroke of death.

Horrible state of *Herod* in his latter days.

Herod at that time was about seventy years of age; and already felt, through imbecillity of body, the approach of the last hour. It was a very hard morsel for him to digest. Never man better loved this present life. Very freely would he have forsaken his part of the next world eternally, to enjoy this, though he in effect was therein most unhappy. Towards the end of his days he grew so harsh, so wayward, then so collerick and furious, that his household servants knew not how to come about him: they handled him in his Palace as an old Lion, chained with the fetters of an incurable malady. He perswaded himself he was hated of all the world, and was therein no whit deceived, as having given too great occasion thereof. The people almost forgot their duty with impatience, and could no longer endure him.

The golden Eagle thrown down.

As soon as his sickness was bruited abroad, *Judas* and *Matthias*, the principal Doctours of the *Jewish* Law, who had the youth at command, perswaded the most valiant of their sect to undergo a bold adventure, which was, that *Herod* having re-edified and adorned the Temple of *Jerusalem*, and (as he had always shewed himself for the accommodation of his own estate, to be an Idolater of *Cæsars* fortune) to set upon the principal gate the *Romane* Eagle, all glittering in gold. This much offended the sight of the *Jews*, who could not endure any should place portraictures of men or beasts, or any other figures in their Temples, so much they abhorred such monsters, which their fathers had seen adored in *Ægypt*. Behold why this *Judas* and *Matthias*, who were the chief, thinking the sickness of *Herod* would help them, began earnestly to exhort the most valiant of the young men, who every day frequented their houses, to take in hand the quarrel of God, according to the spirit of their Ancestours, and to beat down this abomination, which they had fixed upon their Temple. That the peril was not now so great, *Herod* having enough to do to wrastle with his own pain: but if it should happen they lost their lives, to die in so glorious an act, was to be buried in the midst of palms and triumphs.

There needed no more to encourage the youth. Behold a troup of the most adventurous came forth about the midst of the day, armed with axes and hatchets, who climbed to the top of the Temple, and hewed in pieces the Eagles in the sight of the whole world, *Judas* and *Matthias* being there present, and serving for trumpets in this exploit. The noise hereof instantly came to the Palace, and the Captain of the Guard ran thither with the most resolute souldiers. He much feared some further plot, and that this defacing of the Eagle, might prove a preamble to some greater sedition. But at the first, as he began to charge, the people retired, which the more encouraged him for pursuit. Fourty young men of those who had done the feat, were taken in the place, *Judas* and *Matthias*, who accompanied them, deeming it a thing unworthy to flie away, and that at the least they ought to follow them in peril, whom they had brought into danger. Being presented to *Herod*, and demanded from whence this boldness proceeded, they freely answered, Their plot had been fully agreed upon among themselves, and if it were to do again, they would be in readiness to put it in execution, in regard they were more bound to *Moses* than *Herod*. *Herod* amazed at this resolution, and fearing greater commotions, caused them to be secretly conveyed to *Jerico*, whither himself after, though crazy, was carried, and assembling the principal, spake to them out of his litter, making a long narration of the good offices he had done in favour of the whole Nation, of the Temple he had built for them, of the ornaments with which he had enriched it, adding, he had done in few years what their *Asmonean* Kings could not perform in six-score: And for recompence of his piety, at noon day they had hewed down, with notable boldness, a holy gift, which he had raised in the Temple, wherein God was more interessed than himself; for which he required a reason.

These now, fearing any further to incense him, declined the danger, and put him upon their companions, leaving them to the pleasure of the King. At that time the High-priesthood is taken from *Matthias*, and another *Matthias*, who was held to have been the authour of the sedition, burned alive that night with his companions, at which time an eclipse of the moon was seen, that made this spectacle much more dreadfull.

Herod in few days, after he had tried in vain, and worn out all humane remedies, was reduced to that

Fearful maladie of Herod.

that horrible ſtate of maladie, which is rightly deſcribed by *Joſephus* and *Euſebius* of *Cæſarea*. God would have him in this life taſt in long draughts the cup of his juſtice, waſting that caytife carkaſs with lingering torments. Behold the cauſe why he was touched with a manifeſt wound from Heaven, and aſſaulted with a furious ſquadron of remedileſs dolours. He, who from his young days had been enflamed with a deſperate ambition, felt at his death a fire, which devoured his marrow and entrails with a ſecret and ſubtile flame. He, who all his life time had an enraged hunger to heap up treaſures, even to the opening of *David's* and *Solomon's* ſepulchers, to extract booty from thence, was afflicted with doglike hunger, both horrible and shamefull, which cauſed him day and night to crie out for meat, yet never was ſatiated. He who had made ſo many voyages, and gone ſo many paces to make himſelf great, ſaw then his feet ſwoln with bad and phlegmatick humours. He, who in his life had cauſed ſo many tortures to be inflicted, felt outragious and intollerable collicks which racked him. He, who had taken life away from ſo many men, was ſeized with an Aſthma, which hindered his breathing. He, who eſteemed prudence and humane policy for the ſinews of his eſtate, felt in his body cramps and convulſions of ſinews, which gave him many ſhakes. He, who ſhed the bloud of the poor *Mariamne*, who ſlew her ſons to make the kids (as ſaith the Scripture) boyl in the milk of their damme; briefly, he who wallowed in the bloud of about fourteen thouſand innocents, of purpoſe to involve therein the Saviour of the world, died in his own bloud, afflicted with a cruel fluxe. He, who abuſed his body with prodidigious luxuries, had dying, his ſecret parts filled with lice and vermine, with an ignominious Priapiſm, a maladie not to be named.

Shall we then ſay the Divine Providence of God hath no eyes to be wakefull for the puniſhment of the wicked? This deſperate wretch, in ſtead of adoring the juſtice of God at his death, and kiſſing the rod which had chaſtiſed him, dreameth of new ſlaughters, publiſheth an Edict, by which he ſendeth for the principal of the *Jews* of every Province to *Jerico*, whither he cauſed himſelf to be carried, and ſhutting them up in a Theater, calleth his ſiſter *Salome*, and her husband *Alexas*, and then ſpeaketh to them in theſe words:

Notorious cruelty.

It troubleth me not to die, and tender the tribute which ſo many Kings have paid before me; but I am afflicted that my death ſhall not be lamented as I deſire, if you aſſiſt not. Know then, for this purpoſe I have ſent for all the Nobilitie of Judea, *whom you have in your hands. As ſoon as my eyes are cloſed, put them all to the ſword, and let not my death be divulged till firſt the fortune of theſe ſame people be known to their friends, by this means I hope to fill* Judea *with tears and ſighs, which ſhall make my ſoul leave my bodie with the more contentment.*

The wretch in ſaying this, with many ſcalding tears beſought his ſiſter by all that which ſhe eſteemed in the world moſt glorious, moſt ſacred, as if he had asked Paradiſe of her, and that neceſſarily ſhe muſt promiſe it to content him at that inſtant with oath, though afterward it were never executed. In this act alone he well declared he had the ſpirit of a ravening wolf in the skin of a man, and that the thirſt of humane bloud was become natural to him.

As he was framing this notable Teſtament, letters were brought him from *Rome*, written by *Cæſar's* command, which certified him that *Acme*, a Jewiſh Ladie, of *Livia's* train, the wife of *Auguſtus*, had been condemned for ſiniſter intelligence with *Antipater*, and for that cauſe puniſhed with death: as concerning his ſon, he wholly left him to his diſpoſition. This man in the very point of death, ſtill ſucked vengeance with marvellous ſweetneſs. Vpon this news he taketh courage again, and calls for an apple and a knife, buſying himſelf in the paring of it. But in theſe employments, as his pains redoubled, he waxed weary of life, which he ſo much had loved, and at that inſtant one of his Grand-children, named *Archiabus*, who ſtood near to the bed, perceiving he roled his eyes full of rage, and made a ſhew as if he would have ſtabbed himſelf with the knife he had in his hand (which much affrighted the young Prince) held back his arm, as well as he could, and began to make a terrible out-crie, as if his Grand-father had yielded up the Ghoſt; whereupon the whole Palace was in an uproar. *Antipater*, who from the priſon heard all this tumult, ſuppoſing *Herod* was at the laſt caſt, his feet itched in his fetters, and did not as yet deſpair of the Crown, offering, as one would ſay, mountains of gold to his Keeper, to ſet him at liberty. But, O the judgement of his God! his Goaler, inſtead of giving ear to all his rewards, went directly to his Father, and relateth to him how *Antipater* uſed all poſſible means to get out of priſon, and take poſſeſſion of the Kingdom. *Herod* howling and knocking his head, *How* (ſaith he) *will the parricide murther me in my bed? I have yet life enough left to take away his.* Then lifting himſelf up, and leaning on his pillow, he calleth one of his Guard, *Go you immediately* (ſaith he) *to the priſon, and kill this parricide, and let him be buried in* Hircanus *caſtle, without funeral pomp.* This was incontinently executed, and ſuch was the end of this wicked wretch, who had diſturbed earth and hell, to place himſelf in his fathers Throne, according as certain *Mathematicians* had foretold him.

Death of Antipat.r.

Few days after his death, *Herod*, having declared *Archelaus* for Succeſſour of the Kingdom, contrary to his firſt will which was diſpoſed in the behalf of *Antipater*, after he had accommodated his two other ſons with ſuch ſhares as ſeemed good to him, and given large legacies to *Auguſtus Cæſar*, yielded up his wicked ſoul in rage and deſpair, in the LXX. year of his age, and XXXVII. of his reign.

End of a Politician moſt diſaſtrous.

A Prince (ſaith *Joſephus*) who all his life deſired to be Maſter of his laws, and a ſlave of his paſſions, and who, notwithſtanding all his great felicities, ought to be reputed the moſt miſerable on the earth. Behold in what tearms this Authour, a great ſtatiſt, ſpeaketh it, to teach humane policie, there is no prudence, wiſdom, counſel, greatneſs, nor happines, where God is not preſent. For laying aſide eternal torments of the other life, wherewith this barbarous man dying in puniſhments, was encompaſſed, I aſſure my ſelf there is neither peaſant, nor handi-crafis man, if he be not mad, would give one day of his life for the thirty ſeven years of *Herods* reign, which he paſſed in continual apprehenſions, thornie affairs, perilous voyages, ſiniſter diſtruſts, frosty fears of death, barbarous cruelties, remorſes of conſcience, the forerunners of hell, leaving beſides a ſhort and unfortunate poſterity. Behold his Picture and Elogie.

HERODES ASCALONITA; VULTU FERUS, ANIMO BARBARUS, LUTO ET SANGUINE MACERATUS, A QUO NIHIL AD SUMMAM CRUDELITATEM PRÆTER DEICIDIUM ABFUIT, DEICIDIO VOLUNTAS NON DEFUIT: VULPINA FRAUDE REGNUM JUDEÆ INVASIT, AN. MUNDI TERMILLESSIMO NONGENTESSIMO SEXAGESSIMO QUINTO. REGNAVIT IRÆ SERVUS, JURIS DOMINUS, FORTUNA FOELIX, CYCLOPÆA VITA INFOELICISSIMUS. DESIIT CÆLESTI PLAGA FERALIS MORBI, ANNO REGNI TRICESSIMO SEPTIMO, VITÆ FERME SEPTUAGESSIMO, CHRISTI OCTAVO.

Vpon the Picture of HEROD.

A man no whit with civil grace indu'd,
Of viſage hydeous, of manners rude,
A monſter made of maſſacres and bloud,
That boldly God, Heav'n, Natures laws withſtood;
Ill words within no certain limits fall,
But who once mentions Herod, *ſpeaketh all.*

BY the carriage of this Court one may ſee whither vice tranſporteth great fortunes. In the perſon of *Ariſtobulus* and *Hircanus*, you behold that the canker is to a body leſs dangerous, than the diſcord of brothers to a ſtate.

In the perſon of *Antipater*, a friend for advantage, who ſeeketh to fiſh in a troubled water, in the end fiſheth his fill, but is drowned in the act; to teach you, there is no policie ſo great, as to be an honeſt man, and that he who prepareth ſnares for another, digeth his own grave.

In the perſon of *Pompey*, an Arbitratour, who worketh his own ends under the colour of juſtice, who buildeth his ambition on the ruins of ſtate, in the end, the earth, which faileth him for his conqueſts, denieth him a ſepulchre. He found no more Countries to conquer, and ſcarcely had he ſix foot of earth to make him a tomb.

In that of *Hircanus*, too much credulity, too much facility to pleaſe others humours, too much puſillanimity in the government of Juſtice, which head-long threw him into a life as miſerable, as his death was cruel and bloudy.

In that of *Anthonie*, a paſſionate Judge, who turneth with all winds, and ſuffereth himſelf to be carried along by the ſtronger, without conſideration of Juſtice.

In that of *Joſeph* and *Sohemus*, that it is perilous

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to treat with women, though free from ill purpose, and much more dangerous to reveal a secret, which who will safely keep, must make his heart a sepulchre for it.

In that of young *Aristobulus*, how the most beautifull hopes are storm-beaten in the bud, and that you must walk upon the prosperitie of the world as on ice; that it must be handled like glass, fearing always they break not in the lustre of their brightness.

In that of *Alexandra*, a boundless ambition, designs without effect, afflictions devoid of consolations, torments without patience, and a death without deserts, and all this because she gave not a good temper of virtue to her soul.

In that of the sons of *Mariamne*, innocency persecuted, and a little vanity of tongue deplorately revenged.

In that of yong *Antipater*, policy deceived, the cloud of humane hopes cracked, punishment and revenge ever attending an offender.

In the person of *Herod*, an enraged ambition, which giveth motion to all his crimes, a double soul, crafty, cautelous, politick, mischievous, bloudy, barbarous, savage, and withal in the best of his tricks benummed, doltish, & dull, thinking to make a fortune to the prejudice of religion and conscience. A goodly fortune, to make himself great, and live in the hatred of all the world, in the terrours of a Cyclopean conscience, a thousand times a day to call upon death, not being able to die, and in the end to die in a body leaprous, stinking, lousy, and death to tear his soul from him with scabs, stench, and lice, to make it survive its torments in an eternity of flames. See you not here fair fruits of humane wisdom, impiety, and atheisme?

In that of *Mariamne*, a soul raised above the highest sphere of true greatness, a soul truly royal, holy, religious, courteous, mercifull, wise, affable, and endowed with an incomparable patience, who as an Eagle strong of wing and courage, soaring above the storms of the world, maketh her self Mistress of tempests and thunders, which for that they had served as an exercise of her constancy, and perpetual battels for her life, shall through all Ages attend the immortality of her glory.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

Fortunate Pietie.

WE have hitherto beheld a Court, which rather resembleth *Polyphemus* cave than a Kings Palace, to teach Great-ones, there is no bruitishness so savage, wherinto ingratitude towards God, and vice, doth not precipitate a forsaken soul. Let us now see, that as unbridled passions are of power to make a hell of a Princes Court, so the practice of piety and other virtues, make it a true Paradise. Behold the Court of *Theodosius* the Younger, a Prince, who seemed to be born for nothing else but to allye the scepter to virtues, and manifest what royal greatness can do, guided by the rules of pietie.

Ring of God. It is no small miracle to behold a holy King. If God affected the curiositie of wearing a ring, as well in effect as the Scripture attributeth it to him in allegorie, the most agreeable characters he would engrave therein, were the names of good Kings, who are his most lively representations, as those, who wed together power and goodness, two inseparable pieces of God, but very incompatible in the life of man,

Four sorts of life. such are the corruptions of this Age. Some live in the world transported with the torrents thereof, and that is weakness. Others flie the world, and in flying oft-times carry it along with them, and this is an illusion. Others separate themselves as well in body as affection, and this is prudence. But few are found, who beating the world on their shoulders through necessity, do tread it under-foot by contempt of vanities. That is it which this great Prince hath done, whose Court we here describe: for being seated among people, he built a desert in his heart, and in a vast Ocean of affairs he lived as fishes, which keep silence within the loud noise of waves, and preserve their plump substance fresh in the brackish waters. I go not about to place *Theodosius* the Younger in the rank of the bravest and most heroick spirits, you hereafter shall see others more courageous and warlick; but I purposely have selected this history, drawn from the Chronicle of *Alexandria*, *Zonaras*, *Zozomen*, *Raderius*, and others, to teach certain vain-glorious people, who make no account but of those trifling spirits, fierce, mutinous, and unquiet, stampt with the coyn of impiety, how much they miss of their reckoning; seeing this Emperour, with the sole arms of piety and modesty, carried himself in a very long and most prosperous reign, amidst horrible tempests, which seemed ready to rend the world; and other rash Princes, who made shew to swallow earth and seas, were drowned in a glass of water.

Extraction of *Theodosius.* God made his birth and education singularly to contribute to the sanctity of his life. He was descended from *Trajan*, called the good Emperour by supereminence of worth: his Grand-father was the great *Theodosius*, a man, who in wariness had no superiour that preceded him, and in piety no better second than his Grand-child. The Emperour *Arcadius* was his father, a most generous Prince, who in the very beginning of the fifth Age, to wit, the year after the Nativity of our Saviour, four hundred and one, saw this infant rise as a bright star, at that time when he ended the course of his life, as the Poets feigned the Sun reareth himself from the bed of aged *Tython*, to illustrate the world. His nativity was fore-

His birth foretold. told by the mouth of Saints, his most tender infancy consecrated by the destruction of idols; God at one and the same time putting him in the number of the living, and in the rank of Protectours of the Church, by a most remarkeable act, of which behold the narration.

Prophesie of S. *Procopius.* Saint *Procopius*, an Hermit endowed with admirable sanctity, illumined with the spirit of prophesie, living in the Isle of *Rhodes*, praying daily for the destruction of some remnants of idolatry, which reigned in the *Roman* Empire, when by good chance two

holy Prelates, *Porphyrius* and *John*, the one Bishop of *Gaza*, the other of *Cæsarea* in *Palestine*, saylng for that purpose to *Constantinople*, went to lodge in the Hermitage of this holy man. He having received them with all respect answerable to their qualities, and entertained them according to the poverty of the Cell, understanding they travelled to the capital Citie of the Eastern Empire, of purpose to obtain an Edict from the Emperour, absolutely to destroy the Temples of idols, and bridle the insolencies of Pagans, who stirred with so much the more boldness as the drouping faintness of the government of those times promised them impunity, he was infinitly comforted to see so great personages undertake so worthy a work, and God then prompting him these words, he saith: *Courage Fathers, the glory of this conquest is due to your pietie: Go stoutly to* Constantinople, *and acquaint the holy Bishop* John Chrysostom *with this design, resolving to execute what he shall think fit. For the rest, know the Empress is nine moneths gone with child, and that which is more, she beareth an Emperour in her womb: upon the mother and the son who is to be born, depends the expedition of this affair.* They very glad of this prediction, left the good Hermit *Procopius*, and in ten days arrived at *Constantinople*, where presently they visited S. *John Chrysostom*, who received them with much respect and very great contentment.

The affair being put into deliberation, the Bishop of *Constantinople* saw well that the Empress might therein much assist, and that God ordinarily useth the pietie of women to advance the affairs of Religion. Notwithstanding he durst not present these two Prelates to her, fearing his recommendation might be prejudicial: for he very lately had a sharp difference with the Empress. It was *Eudoxia*, a woman of a great spirit, and who naturally loved virtue, as milk in her infancy, but she had a heart extreamly haughty, and quickly would be offended if any thing of great consequence were undertaken against her authority. Behold wherefore S. *Chrysostom*, who was of no pleasing disposition, as one who had a spirit alienated from ordinary complements, sometimes towards those of his own coat, reprehending her openly at many meetings in the point of glory, wherein she most desired to be soothed, raised her indignation to the clouds. She was as yet in the height of her passion against him, and therefore he judging it to no purpose for him to sollicite her, caused the two Bishops to be presented by the means of one called *Amantius*, an attendant of *Eudoxia's* chamber, a very wise man, and of great credit with his Lady. She who knew her child-bed time at hand, gave very free access to religious men, as hoping all good success by help of their devotions; and seeing these two Bishops were very particularly recommended to her by *Amantius*, in quality of persons endowed with a very eminent sanctity, she was unsatisfied till she had seen them, and having most courteously saluted them, excusing her bigness with child to have hindered her passage to the door of their reception, according to the usual practice towards persons of their worth, she forbear not most affectionately to conjure them to employ their most fervent prayers to obtain of God a happy delivery for her. The holy Bishops, after they had wished her the child-birth of *Sarah*, of *Rebecca*, and Saint *Elizabeth*, began to declare the cause of their voyage, unfolding in very expres terms the indignity of this Idolatrie, the insolency of Pagans, the contempt of things sacred, the oppression of people, the lamentable mischief it would be to behold the worshipping of idols still to flourish, which to abolish, the Saviour of the world had so much sweat, so much wept, and shed so much bloud: and to see it predominate as it were in the eyes of a most magnificent Emperour, and a most religious Empress, who had all the means to extirpate it. That in such a field the palms of eternal glory should be gathered, and that better they could secure their estate, than by destroying the work of Satan, to erect the tropheys of *Jesus*.

Eudoxia taketh fire, being thereto otherwise well enough disposed, and promiseth to recommend the business to the Emperour, to obtain the dispatches they required for their better contentment. The Bishops retired, expecting the effect of this promise. The Ladie faileth not to offer her requests, and strike the stroke with her best dexteritie. But Court affairs proceed not always on the same feet, which the desires of the zealous move upon: she findeth the Councel engaged in these retardations, who think it to no purpose to roul such a stone: *That idolatrie should be left to bury it self, and at leisure dress its own funerals. That the means to ruin it, is to remove the heads of the sect from all kind of honours and publick dignities: to forbid the exercise of superstition and Conventicles, which they make in private houses, to subdue Idolaters, and burn them, as it is said, with a soft fire: That the demolishment which should be made of those great Temples of Idols which yet remained, would make much noise, and yield little fruit; that this might thrust rebellious spirits into manifest despair; and in a word, it was feared, it might be a means to turn the coyn of the Emperours coffers another way, who drew a good round revenue from the Citie of* Gaza, *which even at that time was in hand.*

Zeal of *Eudoxia.*

Judgement of *Arcadius* his Councel.

The consideration of interest, which ever holdeth as it were the ascendent in the spirits of men, transported at that time the belief of the Empress, who would no further proceed in this pursuit. She caused the Bishops to be assembled, signifying to them, how having treated this business with much fidelity and sollicitude, she could not find the Councel disposed to this resolution; that they must have patience, and suffer the fruit to ripen before it be gathered.

Porphyrius unfoldeth the prophesie.

Thereupon *Porphyrius*, Bishop of *Gaza*, the principal Agent, as being the most interessed, well perceiving the Empress had not used the utmost of her credit, saith to her in a discreet and effectual manner: *Madame, that your Majesty may not fear seriously to employ your endeavours in the busines now in question, I promise you in recompence, that God will give you a son, which you bear in your bodie, and that quickly you shall see it to sway the scepter by your side.* Women desire nothing more than to conceive male children. But if it concerneth establishment of houses, they passionately love their sons. *Eudoxia*, who notwithstanding all the forcible words of *Porphyrius*, had before not undertaken the affair but sleightly, upon this promise made to her of a male child, and of a son to be Emperour, protesteth to employ herself wholly therein, and in such manner, that she not onely would cause the idols of *Gaza* to be thrown down to the ground, and absolutely raze the Temple, but (which was not to be expected from her zeal) she addeth, she would build in the place of the Temple (it being demolished) a most magnificent church. *Porphyrius* thanking her for so much favour, taketh leave to retire to his lodging, attending the effect of the good mans prophesie. *Eudoxia* faileth not in few days to be delivered of a fair son, who is our *Theodosius* the Younger. As soon as he beginneth to breath air, behold him covered with royal purple, declared Augustus, with intention to associate him the year following to the Empire of his father. All the world was poured into joy at the birth of this infant, there was nothing but sports, largesses, and publick alacrity; so much happiness they promised themselves for this little *Theodosius*, in whose infancy already were seen all hopes of the publick to bud.

Birth of *Theodosius.*

The Empress seven days after her delivery, shewing herself very gratefull to God, caused the Bishops

Eudoxia mother of *Theodosius.*

Her humour.

Bishops treat with the Empress.

to

to be called, and received them at her chamber door, then holding her little *Theodosius*, covered with a royal garment in her arms, *Fathers* (saith she to them) *behold the fruits of your prayers, bless the mother and her infant.* Then bowing her royal head under the hands and benediction of the Bishops, she presenteth to them the fruit of her child-bearing to be marked with the sign of our Redemption, which they presently did.

Dream of *Porphyrius.*

The good Empress having made them to sit down, *Well then* (saith she) *what shall we do for discharge of our promise? Porphyrius* taking the word, relateth to her a dream he had the night before upon this subject: which was, that he seemed to be at *Gaza*, a Citie of his Bishoprick, in the temple of idols, named the temple of *Marna*, and that the Empress coming to him offered him a book of the Gospels, entreating him to open it and read therein whatsoever he should first encounter, and that upon the opening thereof, he found these words couched in the Gospel of S. *Matthew*: *Thou art* Peter, *and upon this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall have no power against it*: and that thereupon the Empress should say: *Courage, in good time.* That (saith she) very well accordeth with the design I have figured in my mind, for the expedition of our affair. In few days I hope the son whom God hath given me, shall be presented at the holy font of Baptism: In the mean time prepare some very ample request, what ever you think good of, and upon return from the Christening, just at your going out of the Church, present it confidently to my son. I will instruct him that shall carry him in his arms, to take it, and do what then shall be needfull. When he is returned to the house, I will do the rest, and hope so much from the mercifull hand of God, that we shall have all we desire. The Bishops assembled, fail not to present their request, causing therein to be inserted, not onely the destruction of the Temple, but also many priviledges and immunities, in favour of their Churches.

Pious stratagem of a woman.

Baptism of *Theodosius.*

The day of Baptism being come, all the Citie is adorned and hanged in such sort, that it seemed a little Heaven, where the Sun and Stars smiled out of their houses. The infant is carried in solemn pomp to the Font, washed, and regenerated with the water of Baptism, by the hands of S. *John Chrysostom*, who gave him the name of *Theodosius* his Grandfather, and then adopted him for his spiritual child. Baptism ended, they went out of the Church in very good order: The Princes and Lords of the Court glittered in robes of their degrees, as stars; the Court of Guard was in very good equipage, the number of those, who attired in white bare burning tapers in their hands, was so great, that they seemed to equal the lights of Heaven. The Emperour *Arcadius* was there in person, appearing that day with a most singular majestie, as he who had given an Emperour to the world. Near to the father the little *Theodosius* was carried, who drew tears of joy from all the people. The Bishops, *Porphyrius* and *John*, beheld this goodly procession to pass along, and in the mean time spied their opportunitie. They failed not to approach near, as the Empress had instructed them, and with a lowly obeysance presented their petition to the infant. The Gentleman who bare him in his arms, received it and opened it, as if he would make the little *Theodosius* to read it, afterwards skilfully guiding him with his hand, he made him bow his head, upon which he cried out aloud, speaking to the Emperour who was near: *Sacred Majesty, our little Master agreeth unto all whatsoever these good Prelates have asked of him*: and in speaking this, held the petition upon his breast. The people credulous and desirous to flatter the Emperour, thinking the infant had made this inclination of his own motion, began at that instant to thunder with loud acclamations of joy, congratulating with the Emperour, that he had a son, who through forwardness of judgement, already received petitions.

As soon as they were come to the Palace, the mother, who had contrived all this business, made it to be read to her over and over, as a thing she had never thought on before, and straightways commandeth in the presence of the Emperour to open the petition once again. There was to be read the destruction of the temple of *Marna*, and many immunities which the Bishops earnestly demanded. The Emperour knew not which way to turn him, well knowing he had very lately rejected this suit at his Councel-table, resolving with himself to refuse it the second time. But the battery was too forcible. *Eudoxia* declared, it was an ill presage not to ratifie the first grant her son had made, by a kind of miracle, in such an age, such a habit, on such a day, and among such shouts of the people. I know not who could have resisted such sweet violences.

Marna destroyed by the infant *Theodosius.*

Arcadius, will he nill he, was constrained presently to sign the petition, without restriction or modification; and which is more, to constitute expres Commissioners for the execution thereof, who failed not upon the urgent follicitation made by the Empress, to raze the temple of *Marna*, and build a most stately Church in the place.

Women stout to do good.

Behold how potent and religiously cunning women are, when they addict themselves to good. But God made all these passages conduce to the glory of his well-beloved *Theodosius*, willing that hell should howl and tremble already under the feet of an infant, who was no more than born; to make him one day dreadfull to all the powers of impietie.

Contentions between the Empress *Eudoxia*, and S. *Chrysostom.*

The joy the parents conceived for the birth of *Theodosius* was not long. I know not through what mischance *Eudoxia* contested again with S. *Chrysostom*, upon a wilfulness, as forcible in the pursuit as unfortunate in the issue; for it steeped the remnant of this poor Princes days in bitter distasts, and headlong threw her into a death disadvantagious to the reputation of her life: to teach Great-ones, and above all Ladies, to bridle their passions, and never to oppose the authoritie of the Church. The Miters of Prelates are as the Crowns of the Kings of *Ægypt*, they carry aspicks which insensibly sting those, who too near approach with intention to offend them, having justice on their side. It was a shamefull spectacle for Christendom, to see upon this great Theater of the world, a woman contest with a Bishop, and hazard her reputation against the most eloquent tongue of the world. This Princes was ardent in any thing she enterprized, and made all affairs dance to the tune of her intentions: she so powerfully wrought the Bishops, that they assembled a little Councel of Prelats, passionate, and plyant to her will, who passed a sentence of condemnation against *Chrysostom*, under pretext of a scroul, charged with a tedious contexture of calumnies, invented against this holy Prelate. *Eudoxia* would free herself, and to give contentment to the people, it behoved her to proceed therein with some colour of justice. Behold him banished into *Bithynia*. It was a bold act to tear out of the throne of *Constantinople*, a man, who filling the sayls of eloquence, as easily moved the people as winds do the sands of *Lybia*, which stir at their pleasure. The people of *Constantinople* spared not to murmur, as do the waves of a mutinous sea, and their mutterings were seconded with an earthquake, which happened there at the same time; all tended to a revolt, if *Chrysostom* had not been repealed from this exile by the Emperours authoritie.

A good document for Great-ones.

S. *Chrysostom* banished.

Being returned to his See, he altered nothing of his former manner, crying out, thundering, and violently beating down the vice and corruptions of that

Age. And as by chance *Eudoxia* caused a silver statue to be dedicated to her self in a publick place, at the consecration whereof many sports, dances, and disorders were used; this gave new occasion to speak, which so vexed the Empress, that she resolved to ruin him whatsoever it cost her. *Arcadius* shewed himself a little soft and obsequious to the humour of his wife, who spared no wyles, inventions, credit, not violence, to bring her enterprize to pass. She came in the end (unhappy as she was) to be as prosperous as she wished in this pursuit. S. *John Chrysostom* is exiled to *Cucuse*, a town in *Armenia*, which hath nothing more remarkable in it, than to have been honoured with the banishment of this worthy man. He swallowed so many toyls and incommodities in this exile, that there he left his life, the more to illustrate the glory of his death. Divers prodigies happened at *Constantinople*, as messengers of the anger of Heaven, armed for revenge of his injustice. Among others a violent storm of hail, which much astonished all the Citie, and four days after, *Eudoxia* died in travel, having long endured many bitter throws. It is held her sepulchre shook, until such time as the body of the Saint, carried in triumph through *Constantinople*, seemed by the presence thereof to fix her tomb, who had furnished him with so many disturbances in his life.

Death of the Empress.

The Emperour *Arcadius* made no long abode in this world after the death of the Empress his wife, and S. *John Chrysostom*, behold him surprized with a maladie, which he presently knew to be as it were a fore-runner of his death. After he had setled the affairs of his conscience, he ordered those of his Kingdom, and though he had his brother *Honorius* Emperour of the West, he would not rely upon him for the guardianship of his son; all great men are jealous, and many times diffident of their own bloud: But he appointed as Tutour for his little *Theodosius* (who then was onely eight years of age) *Isdigerdes* King of *Persia*, his friend, who deputed a great Prince named *Antiochus*, to establish an absolute peace with the Emperour, and offer him his aid against all pretenses that might be raised against his state. *Artemius*, a Consular man, very wise and faithfull, took the stern of affairs in hand, which most prosperously he mannaged in the great troubles and revolutions of the Western Empire.

Qualities of *Pulcheria* sister of *Theodosius*.

Theodosius was left an Orphan with four sisters, *Flaccilla*, *Pulcheria*, *Arcadia*, and *Marina*: but above all the rest *Pulcheria* possessed his heart from his infancy. She was the pearl of Princesses, and one of the wisest women which ever mannaged the affairs of a Kingdom. She had a strong and pleasing spirit, a solid pietie, an awakened wisdom, an incomparable grace to gain hearts to her devotion. Her brother made such account of her rare virtues, that he associated her for a companion of his Empire, holding her in the quality of a Queen. She was onely two years elder than himself: the one was thirteen, the other fifteen years old. In the fifteenth year of her age, behold her already so capable of government, that she was Regent of the Empire, and as it were a mother to her brother. *Artemius*, who had instructed her in state affairs, could not sufficiently admire the vivacitie of her wit, the solidity of her judgement, the equity of her counsels, and the happiness which ordinarily accompanied her resolutions. She then resolved to live in perpetual virginity, not as some have thought, to take away the jealousie of a husband towards a brother, and to hold the government always, wherein she so happily thrived; but for a meer inclination she had to the love of Chastity. She easily perswaded her sisters to the same, who took their flights to Christian virtues under the wings of this Eagle.

The holy virgins, to make the offer of their virginity the more solemn, gave an Altar of gold, garnished with precious stones to the Church of S. *Sophia*; as presenting upon this monument the incomparable treasure of their puritie, and making humble prayer for the prosperity of their brother's Empire. This infinitely pleased *Theodosius*, and the more *Pulcheria* resigned herself to virtue, the more reputation she got with the young Emperour. She then began seriously to make religion, justice, and peace to flourish in the Empire. And seeing the person of her brother was it which ought to speak by example to all the world, the good Ladie embraced the care of his education, as the most important piece of her government. First, with an admirable wisdom she sequestred all those who might cause any vices to slide into the soul of this young Prince, well knowing, no plague was so much to be feared in the Courts of Great men, as to expose the ear of a child to the hisses and venom of serpents, which cast sin into the soul before they have eyes open to behold it. She hated, as the shadows of hell, all those subtile Artists of fortune, who to confirm themselves in authority, oftentimes thrust Great-ones into vice, and catch them by sensual pleasures, as birds are with lyme, to entangle and snare them all together. Secondly, she procured worthy men to attend near the person of the Emperour, who royally might train him in the exercise of pietie, wisdom, arms, and letters, as much as is necessary for a King. She herself, who was well verst in the Latin and Greek tongues, and no whit ignorant of the precepts of the wise, often discoursed with her brother.

Altar of gold

Education of *Theodosius*.

Plague of Great-ones.

That God, who made Kings, had charged him with a crown, the more to obliege him to be the best man in his Empire. That if he would gloriously reign, he must begin by the sway of himself. That by how much the more he acknowledged the dependante he had of God, to be united to him in the qualitie of an instrument, so much the more he should command over men. That our souls were as the mirrours of the Divinitie, which by how much the more pure, so much the more were they disposed to receive the rays of wisdom to their benefit. That vices in mean men were simply vices, but in the souls of Kings they were monsters. That if he would reign happily, he must establish his throne upon two columns of diamond, Pietie and Justice; the one would give him to God, and the other would give men to him. Moreover she exhorted him to make himself of an easie and open acces to the necessities of all who should prostrate themselves at his feet. To bear very much reverence to persons Ecclesiastical, advancing the affairs of religion with all his endeavour. To be very mercifull towards the poor and sick. To gain the hearts of all his subjects by sweetness, therein imitating the Sun, who neither breaketh doors nor windows to enter into houses, but penetrateth very peaceably with the benignitie of his favourable beams. To conclude, she often represented the examples of good Princes, as of Constantine the Great, *and of his grandfather* Theodosius, *who because they took a happie way, had on earth enjoyed a most blessed Kingdom, and immortalized themselves in the memorie of men, with much advantage, reaping whileſt they lived, the first fruits of the glorie, of which they now in Heaven have an ample fruition. On the contrary, those who desired to have their passion reign, with, and above them, in their thrones, were involved in a brutish life and extream calamities, pursued with the exetration of posteritie, and torments of eternitie.*

The blessed *Pulcheria*, with so much grace did make these good instructions distil into the soul of her brother, who was already naturally disposed to the pursuit of good, that he took therein unspeakable contentment, and resigned his heart to be handled as a soft piece of wax in the artfull hand of such a wisdom. Notwithstanding, as it is a matter very difficult so to banish vice from Princes Courts, but that

that there always will be found ſome wolf covered with the skin of a ſheep, ſo amongſt theſe who guided the youth of *Theodoſius*, there was a certain man called *Chryſaphius*, a ſubtile and crafty ſpirit, with too far inſinuating himſelf into the favour of the Prince, caſt in the end ſome blemiſh upon this fair ſoul, and made work enough for *Pulcheria*, as we ſhall ſee hereafter. But at that time all was very peaceable: *Pulcheria* repleniſhed the heart of her brother with wiſdom, the Court with good examples, the Altars with vows, and the world with benefits. And all ſo proſpered in her hands, that it ſeemed the golden Age, foretold to be under the government of a Virgin, was returned to the world.

The Emperour was now arrived near the limits of his twentieth year, and it was thought very expedient to tie him in the bonds of a chaſte marriage, to which he ſhould bring the innocency of an Age, bred either in the contempt or ignorance of vice. *Pulcheria* caſt her eyes both within and without the Kingdom, to find a wife ſuitable to his humour, at which time the providence of God, that guideth our lives and affairs, gave an admirable teſtimony of his authority, leading a maiden, poor, unknown, needy, as by the hand, firſt to *Conſtantinople*, afterward to the marriage-bed of the Emperour. So many Queens and Princeſſes affected this alliance, and every one promiſed it to themſelves, flattering their hopes therein, when to the wonder of the world God cauſed the lot to fall upon a ſilly creature.

Admirable adventures of *Athenais*.

Leontius a Paynim Philoſopher, bred up in a poor cottage, had one onely daughter, which at that time was as a diamond hidden in a dung-hill, no man knowing the worth thereof: God drew it from this darkneſs to make it glitter in the prime Court of the world. This is the admirable *Athenais*, who was ſingularly priviledged from Heaven with beauty of body, but incomparably heightened with gifts of the mind. Her father inſtructed her from her tender years, and enabled her in Philoſophie, Rhetorick, Poeſie, and other arts, wherewith uſually they are adorned, who are ingeniouſly bred. This maid lived by learning, as the bee by the dew, and all her pleaſure was to ſtudy, thereunto invited by two powerfull motives, firſt, the fervour of her ſpirit, ſparkling like a flaming wheel, and ſecondly, ambition of ſex, which made her deſire to tranſcend men in their beſt faculties. That which the Poets have feigned of *Pallas*, is a fable, but he that ſhould behold *Athenais* might ſee a true *Pallas*. It ſeemed ſhe was ſome Intelligence, who had left the Heavenly Orbs, to come to be enchaſed in this beauteous body, and converſe with men. It was ſaid her father, well read in the knowledge of ſtars, foretold the good fortune which ſhould happen to her, and that making his will, he left all his wealth to two ſons he had, to wit, *Genas* and *Valerius*, making no mention of his daughter ſo much beloved, whereat ſhe being ſad, *Let Heaven alone* (ſaith he) *dear daughter, your fortune will be good; more ſhall you have than your brothers.* Thus man is often pleaſed to mix the verity of hiſtories with ſome fables, to give reputation to predictions of *Mathematicians*, as if the ſtars had ſome power upon that which abſolutely dependeth on the pleaſure of God, or as if one muſt ſtudy much in the book of the planets, to ſay, that a maid bright as a ſtar, and wiſe as *Minerva*, was to come to great fortune. Howſoever it be, as ſoon as her fathers eyes was ſhut, the wicked brothers, greedy as Griphons, uſed their ſiſter moſt inhumanely. Intereſt had neither eyes for the beauty, nor ears for the eloquence of *Athenais*: behold her deſpoiled and driven from her fathers dwelling, enforced to retire to the houſe of a poor Aunt ſhe had in the Citie of *Athens*.

She muſt make this ſhip-wrack to arrive to a good haven: ſhe were loſt, had ſhe not had ſuch a loſs. This Aunt gave her notice of another kinſ-woman in *Conſtantinople*. They both reſolve to viſit her, and mediate ſomething by her means. Behold they are now in the capital Citie of the Empire, not well knowing who brought them thither; but God, who was their guid, ſecretly contrived this work. The good kinſ-woman of *Conſtantinople* competently entertaineth and lodgeth them, very glad ſhe might exerciſe her charity on a creature ſo well deſerving. The Citie was much pleaſed with the gracious acceptance *Pulcheria* gave to all afflicted perſons, and the juſtice ſhe rendered to thoſe who were oppreſſed by violence. The good women, couſins of *Athenais*, thought they ſhould not do amiſs to complain to the Princeſs of the wrong ſhe had received from her brothers, and eſpying their opportunity, they both took her along with them. It was not now needfull to beg much the favour of admittance, the maiden bare her letters of recommendation on her forehead. *Pulcheria* at her entrance was dazled with the brightneſs of her aſpect, and when ſhe began to unlooſe her tongue, never was *Syren* ſo attractive with ſongs, as ſhe with words. *Pulcheria* not onely heard with patience, but greedineſs, ſtill fearing ſhe would make an end of her diſcourſe, ſuch pleaſure ſhe took therein. Many queſtions ſhe asked her, and above all very particularly enquired of her kindred, how ſhe had been bred, and whether ſhe were a virgin: which having judiciouſly found according to her deſire, ſhe put the buſineſs into ſuſpenſe to hear it again another time, by the courſe of audience ordinarily given: and from that time ſhe had a ſtrange deſign in her heart, to make her wife of the Emperour her brother.

Politicians, who will meaſure all things by their own ell, and penetrate into the purpoſes of the whole world, judge this manner of proceeding was a great wiſdom in *Pulcheria*, ever deſirous to ſway and poſſeſs the ſpirit of her brother. She foreſaw if he married ſome great Princeſs, ſhe might bring with the titles and Crowns of her Anceſtours, pride and diſdain into the houſe, and that ſo many alliances as ſhe might have, might divert *Theodoſius* his mind on many objects: That ſhe being of noble extraction, would rule without a companion, and therefore it was better ſtill to hold the higheſt place in the government: That ſhe ſhould make choice of ſome virtuous and handſom maid, though of mean parentage, to frame her as her creature, diſpoſe of her where ſhe beſt pleaſed, and then laſt of all conform her to her own will. Thus many judge of others intentions by their own diſpoſitions.

But it is much more likely *Pulcheria*, a creature wholly celeſtial, guided herſelf by other motives, the honour of God, pietie, peace, and her brothers contentment. He already had ſignified to her, he would not captivate himſelf in an enforced and ceremonious marriage, and that he deſired no other portion with the woman he ſhould marry, but virtue and beauty; which was the cauſe the Princeſs ſuppoſed this maiden was firſt ſent from Heaven, in the time he was in treaty of marriage. She failed not to make relation to her brother concerning an *Athenian* maid, who was preſented to her upon a ſuit in law, which ſhe commenced againſt her brothers, who unworthily had uſed her, and was indeed the moſt beautifull, innocent, and beſt ſpoken creature, which might be found throughout the whole Empire. She thereunto added no other thing at this time. It is enough to put matches to the fire, without commanding them to burn. *Theodoſius* upon the report his ſiſter made of this incomparable beauty, asked if there were no means to ſee her. *Pulcheria* anſwereth, ſhe had given day to hear her cauſe. The Emperour, whether it were he uſed not to be preſent in ſuch audiences, or whether he would hear her ſpeak to her own ſex with the more natural propriety, fearing he

ſhould

ſhould give her too much reſpect if he preſented himſelf in judgement, made his ſiſter to ſit in the tribunal, himſelf reſolving to ſee all that ſhould paſs through a ſecret window prepared for this purpoſe. *Athenais* faileth not to come on the day and hour aſſigned, to plead her cauſe. Then was plainly to be ſeen the Empire, which humane beauty and an eloquent tongue have over earthly powers. The confident maid, having before broken the ice when firſt ſhe ſpake to the Princeſs, ſpeaks now to her with much liberty:

Athenais pleadeth her cauſe.

MADAME, *I ſhall have cauſe to love my ſhipwrack all my life time, ſince it hath given me opportunitie to arrive at your feet, as to the port, where all miſeries are poured out, to be changed into felicities. Your Majeſty may ſee the violence of my brothers is great, ſince it hath conſtrained me to undertake this voyage with much toyl, and now preſently to trouble your ears with my complaints, which the ſoftneß of my nature ſhould cauſe me to ſmother, were it not they are extorted by a powerfull hand, which is that of neceßitie. Had my brothers granted me ſo much of my fathers goods (which was mean enough, yet for my enablement ſufficient) but one ſole ſilly cottage, I patiently would have ſatisfied my ſelf without preßing their fortunes. But they have not left me one inch of land, and which is more, have driven me from my fathers houſe (where I ever have inhabited) with exceeding much incivility, which I had rather diſſemble, it being not my intention to accuſe my own bloud, to which I always have wiſhed as much good as to my ſelf. By their own ſaying, I have no other fault, for which I ought to be baniſhed and deſpoiled, but certain priviledges of nature. They alledge unto me for all reaſon, that I may hope for a good fortune, and that it was ſufficient even in my fathers judgement. If imaginary hopes are of power to diſpoſſeß true and lawfull heirs, what may we hereafter expect to be ſolid in the world? As for my own part, I have nothing to do with ſuch fantaſies as they form to themſelves: I deſire not great fortunes, but content my ſelf with that mediocrity my birth hath allotted me. A little wealth ſhall ſuffice to put me in ſafeguard againſt the accidents of a neceßitous life, and ſweetly to manure the ſciences my father left me as a portion. Hereupon,* Madame, *I moſt humbly beſeech your Majeſtie will be pleaſed to be informed of this I affirm, and if you find it, as it is, true, to do me juſtice, which I muſt ſeek in your Court, it being baniſhed from all the world beſide.*

She ſpake theſe words with ſo much grace, that all thoſe there preſent were raviſhed therewith, perſecuted beauty never wanting compaſſion throughout the world. Every one wiſhed her well, each one became her Advocate, yet ſome were pleaſed to importune her with many curious queſtions in this affair, to put her upon replies, and make her exerciſe the vivacity of her excellent wit, wherein moſt happily ſhe gave ſatisfaction.

Theodoſius beheld all this with affectionate tenderneſs: The eye and tongue of this creature mutually divided his heart; at one and the ſame inſtant love ſurprized him by the eyes and ears. *Pulcheria*, without making any other propoſition, promiſeth all favour to the ſuppliant, and having diſmiſſed her, goeth to viſit her brother, who had the arrow of chaſte love deeply fixed in his heart. Reſolutely he ſaith to his good ſiſter, that never would he have other wife than *Athenais*. They were now upon the point to proceed in the marriage: but it was found ſhe was uncapable of that Sacrament, being not as yet baptized. Her Paynim father had bred her in Paganiſm: better ſhe knew the Theogonie of *Heſiodus*, than the Genealogie of *Jeſus Chriſt*, better *Homers* Iliads than the Books of the Goſpels, better the Apothegms of *Pythagoras*, than the Commandments of God. All the Court, which had been rapt in admiration with her pleading, was much troubled to ſee ſo fair a ſoul drencht in infidelity: ſome ſeriouſly treated with her about her converſion. *Atticus* the Patriarch of *Conſtantinople*, employed himſelf therein to the utmoſt of his power. *Paulinus* a great favourite of *Theodoſius*, who was now upon ſome terms of jealouſie with him, by occaſion of a late accident, made himſelf as it were a prime agent in this buſineſs, ſeeing his Maſter affected it ſo ardently. And being well read in Divine and humane learning, beyond the profeſſion of a ſword-man, and moſt eloquent to explicate himſelf, he marvellouſly by his conference advanced the converſion of *Athenais*. In the beginning ſhe was obſtinate in Pagan doctrine, and fortified herſelf upon all propoſitions with *Homers* Iliads, which ſhe alledged as her Goſpel; and when the great indecencies were opened to her, which this Poet attributeth to theſe heathen gods, ſhe ſheltered herſelf with ſubtilities, as a hedge-hog with his quills, evading by oblique interpretations, drawn from the allegorical ſenſe, ſo that much ado there was to diſarm her. In the end, God, who would have her to be his, unſealeth her eyes, and makes her behold, as in the glaſs of a bright mirrour, on the one ſide the impertinences of idolatry, and on the other the greatneſs, majeſty, verity, ſolidity of our faith. As ſoon as the firſt reflection began to fall directly upon her underſtanding, behold all the wild fancies of her opinions were ſcattered, to give place to the truth. Never any ſoul more favourly taſted its converſion, never any creature more affectionately reſented the benefit of calling to Chriſtianitie. She bathed herſelf in the knowledge of our myſteries, as in a ſea of delights, and in ſhort time became ſo skilfull in the law, that ſhe wrote in *Homers* verſes the principal acts of *Jeſus Chriſt*: and even as *Mary Magdalene* with the ſame hayr wherewith ſhe had weaved nets for wanton love, made a towel to wipe the feet of our Saviour, ſo the devout *Athenais* conſecrateth from henceforth all the graces of her wit and learning, which ſhe had miſ-uſed in vanities, to the tropheys of *Jeſus*.

Her converſion.

She was baptized at *Conſtantinople* with joy and incredible magnificence, named *Eudoxia* at the holy Font of Baptiſm, confirmed in Chriſtianity, nouriſhed with holy Sacraments, wherein ſhe was entertained with moſt ſenſible devotion. The ceremonies ended, *Pulcheria* cauſed her to be called, ſaying:

Eudoxia, *my Siſter, it is now time you forget the houſe of your father, and that you withdraw the ſuit againſt your brothers. God, who hath granted you the life of the ſoul and lights of faith, hath magnificently provided for the ornament of your perſon, for he hath choſen you to be the lawfull wife of the Emperour* Theodoſius, *our moſt honoured Lord and brother. All is agreed on, and ſuch is his reſolution, nothing more remaineth but your conſent.*

The holy maid, aſtoniſhed at ſuch words, covered her fore-head with the vermillion of ſhamefac'dneſs, and proſtrating herſelf at the feet of *Pulcheria*, beſought her to entertain her onely in her Palace with her maids, in the quality of a ſervant, to waſh the feet of others, as *Abigail* ſpake. But the more ſhe ſhewed humility, the more ſhe ſeemed recommendable, and *Theodoſius*, to whom virtue ſerved as a powerfull motive, was after her converſion much more enflamed to love her. She muſt yield herſelf to the will of God. Behold her wife of the Emperour, the marriage was ſolemnized on the 7. of *June* in the year 421. with all pomp correſpondent to the majeſty of ſo great an Emperour, and the joy of ſuch a marriage.

Her brothers underſtanding the good fortune their ſiſter had, afflicted as they were with their own conſcience, fled like wild men, no man purſuing them. But the good Queen, conſecrating the firſt acts of her Chriſtianity to forgetfulneſs of injuries, cauſed them to return, and obtained of the Emperour for the

the one the government of *Sclavonia*, and for the other a most honourable place in Court. God knows, the good women, who with so much charity had assisted her, were not forgotten. Nothing was changed in her but seat and condition, all the virtues of humility, modesty, and affability, remained with her, and how much the higher she was raised, so much the more she undervalued herself, as if she had fore-seen the storm which should afterward assail her.

Sanctity of *Theodosius* his Court.

Hither it is I call all noble and great men, who flatter their sensuality by a false imagination of impossibility in the way of perfection, while they abide in Courts and greatness, in company and affairs. The Court of young *Theodosius* was at that time the prime Court of the world; that of the *Roman* Emperour was fallen into eclipse. Thither was the confluence of all Nations, the ebbe and floud of great affairs, a profound peace, an absolute power to satisfie all sorts of desires with attractive objects and delights, ever ready to be reaped; and in the mean time what a life led the new couple? what a life *Pulcheria* and her sister? what monasterie more regular than the Court of this Emperour? what virtue, what chastity, what sanctity, what devotion, was ever found in Cloysters, which hath not here been seen with so much the more lustre, as it is more difficult to have all vices a power, and all virtues in will? If in religion the first account be made of devotion, which is the master-wheel of all great actions, this Court was as the Tabernacle of the ancient law, which born amongst armies, environed with hosts of men, bristled round about with pikes and javelins, ever retained a sweet silence, a chaste religion, a sacred veneration, and perpetually had holy fire in centinel, victims and prayers in sacrifice.

So the Palace of *Theodosius* amongst all the clamours of affairs, all the rumours, tumults, and accidents, which upon one side and other occur in a large Empire, never so much slackened as to loose the sweetness of prayer, which was as the Manna these Royal souls daily gathered in the desert, which they had planted in the midst of their hearts. *Pulcheria*, as the Abbess, governed the devotion of all the rest, by her counsel and example. As soon as break of day drew the curtain of Heaven, to discover the works of God, they adored the work-man, and assembling in their household Chappel, sung the praises of God, following therein the course of the Church-prayers. The whole time was there circumvolved in compass: The divine office had the first fruits; affairs and recreations had likewise their turn, nothing was exorbitant, where all was done by weight and measure. If in religious life so much esteem be had of poverty, as of walls and rampires of the Citie of God, where shall you find a more admirable poverty, than in this Court? Is it not a prodigious thing to be spoken, that this good Emperour, for whom seas and rivers ran, for whom the earth opened her bosom with so much prodigality, for whom she kept so many Magazins of gold and silver within her entrails, beholding himself among the revenues of a great Empire, so husbanded them for the entertainment of things necessary, wherein he was ever magnificent, that he suffered no excess in his own person? He used all his blessings as things borrowed, and sometimes in his own particular, would not permit the expence of his diet exceed the value of the work of his own hands. He painted very well, and took pleasure, so much as affairs would give leave, to delineate the holy Scripture in most noble characters, saying to his familiars, it was reason, since all the world took pains in his Kingdom, himself should have a trade, and that as others, he should learn to dip his bread in the sweat of his brow, and his body being of the same composition which others are, it was fit to exercise the same labours.

Note here, O Noblemen, a Holy Court.

Such innocency was very far from the profusions which are made in Princes Courts, with the expence of the peoples bloud, a matter that beyond all other burdens would surcharge them at the Judgement-seat of God. The Emperours sisters, to imitate him, had always their works in their hands, that they might leave no passage open to idleness. If in religion chastity be esteemed, here the conjugal supereminently flourished between *Theodosius* and *Eudoxia*, virginity in *Pulcheria* and her sisters *Marina*, *Flaccilla*, *Arcadia*, was as redolent balm, which ascended to Heaven in a perpetual sacrifice. The very name onely of dishonesty, was not so much as known in this Palace, yet all things were therein learned but vice and idleness. Glances of the eye were simple and dove-like, words pondered, ordinary discourses of the imitation of *Jesus Christ*, and virtues of Saints, carriages full of respect, honour, and majesty. This chastitie abode among the chief in Court, and was spread over all the rest by the odour of good example, as do the rays of the Sun, which involve the whole world, without ever parting from the original fountain of light. If in religion obedience be esteemed, this Court was the very model of well obeying and commanding. Those holy souls had made a law to themselves most exactly, to observe all the Commandments of God and the Church; to reverence the Prelates of the same, to cherish, assist, comfort the religious, and all Ecclesiastical Orders with most cordial affection, tempted with holy reverence, in such sort that the most austere Monks could not be more punctual in religious obedience, than all of this Court were in the government of their consciences. God for reward, imprinted on the Emperours forehead the rays of his Majesty, which made him so much the more awfull, as he less of purpose sought to make himself such.

Excellent chastity and modesty.

If in religious Orders, they live in perpetual exercise of mortification, what life more mortified, than to behold so much humility in sovereign greatness, so much chastity in vigorous youth; in an absolute power to do all, so much retention? In so much science, so much conscience? so much temperance, among so many occasions of delights? Besides the fasts of the Church, which were there exactly kept, abstinence was observed on the wednesday and friday in every week. The Emperour gave the example, his wife and sisters imitated it, their table was rather a perpetual list of temperance, than a provision of dainties.

Mortification

It was observed, the good Prince travelling one day through the heats of summer, full of dust and sweat, his Court being in great scarcity of water, behold a peasant cometh, who presenteth him with a draught of cool water in a fair christal glass: he was in his passions so mortified, that as an other *David*, after he magnificently had recompenced the good mans present, he gave it back again to bestow where he pleased without once touching it, thinking it unreasonable he should flatter his own taste, during the thirst of his followers.

A worthy act

He sometimes stole away in hunting, and went to dine with some Hermit, where he fed on a little slice of mouldy bread, and drank the clear water of the fountain, protesting afterward it was one of the best repasts he had made, for commonly it was seasoned with sacred discourse and wholesom counsel. In his apparel, although he appeared full of majesty, according to his quality, yet he oftentimes hid under his royal purple, the old frock or hair-shirt of some holy Anchoret. In publick shews he also abstained from gazing, that seeing, one would have thought him blind. His virtues were so much the more, as they had the less of affectation. He was in conversation among men, as a man, and yet therein preserved himself pure as an Angel.

If

If religion be the hive wherein the honey of good doctrine is made, *Theodosius* was most studious and well versed in divine and humane learning: he oft spent one part of the night in study, that he might employ the day in his affairs; and that which is an admirable note of infinite sweetness and facility, this good Emperour, for whom a thousand and a thousand would have thought themselves most happy to pass the night in watching, he for fear of interrupting the sleep of any the meanest servant, caused by art a marvellous lamp to be made, which perpetually flamed, oyl running thereinto by certain little passages or conduits, which easily were turned. There was no Prelat so learned, who admired not his great promptness to repeat by heart all the texts of the Bible: and as for the Civil law, he was so conversant therein, that he caused by his direction that notable book of Imperial Constitutions to be compiled, which to this day beareth his name.

Admirable lamp.

Briefly, to shew that *Theodosius* in his Court yielded nothing at all in perfection to the most austere Hermits, *Glycas* recounteth, that a holy Anchoret, who had passed fourty years in the horrour of a dreadfull penance, as he one day was touched with some sleight imaginations of his own merit, God revealed unto him, that in those fourty years he had done nothing in the desert in matter of perfection, which the Emperour *Theodosius* had not performed in his Court. This put into his heart so sharp a spur to know the conscience of the Emperour, that he went directly to the Court, where he was very courteously received: and considering with himself how the Prince was clothed, used, served, honoured, he had much ado to understand where this perfection was. In the end, one day speaking to him apart, he conjured him for Gods sake to recount some good works he did. *Theodosius* felt a marvellous strife in his soul, in the contention between his humility and obedience: Humility sought to hide it self, but the obedience he ought to yield to a man, who conjured him with so many signs to tell him in the name of God what he did, and to testifie a truth, prevailed with him. After he had bewailed his imperfections, he recounted with much modesty his prayers, abstinencies, alms, mortifications of hayr-cloth, and such like, and then added, that being sometimes enforced to be present in the Theaters, to wit, in sports and pastimes, wherein the wisest were spectatours with much liberty, he at that time in such manner withdrew his sight, that none of those levities entered into his eyes: so that amongst so many horse-races, shews, ostents, pomps, & noise, he was ever in a perpetual tranquility. The Hermit was so amazed to hear of such mortification of sense and appetite, in occasions so moving, that away he went, no further presuming of himself, but singularly edified by the life of the Emperour.

Arrival of an holy Hermit, and his discourse with *Theodosius*.

If then in his retired life onely he equalled the perfection of Anchorites, who now may sufficiently value the virtues of a King, which necessarily must be shewed in publick, after they have been watered with the tears of his prayers, and sweetly manured in the solitude of his heart. He was so wise and discreet, that all his actions and words remained perpetually in as just an equality, as do the nights and days under the Equinoctial; so mild, that he not onely desired to save the living, but also to raise the dead; so mercifull, that all the miseries of the poor which came to him, went no further than himself; so just, that he made a golden Age of his Kingdom; so much he obliged the Church, that it seemed his hands were fatal to overthrow all the monsters of heresie, as are the *Eunomians*, *Encratites*, *Macedonians*, *Novatians*, *Donatists*, *Nestorians*, and other such like: and how much the more he endeavoured to advance the Kingdom of God, in stopping all impiety with incomparable zeal, so much the more God, who maketh Kings to reign, established his scepter, causing the Heavenly powers to fight for him, and holding the winds and tempests at command in his favour. Witness the notable victory he obtained against *Roylas*, who having passed *Danubius*, with all the forces of *Scythia* and *Russia*, came pouring like a furious torrent upon *Constantinople*. God so stayed this Barbarian in favour of his well-beloved *Theodosius*, that he turned him into ashes with a thunder-stroke, and blasted his whole Army by the violence of horrible tempests. On the other side, *Baravanes* King of *Persia*, breaking the treaty of peace, came into the field with innumerable forces, to swallow the Eastern Empire, associated with *Alamondar* the *Saracen* King, who drew along with him no less than an hundred thousand men: and all this was scattered in an instant, a panick terrour being crept into the disorder of this vast Army. This is to teach those, who make no account of Princes, if they be not hot-spurs, rash, and many times impious, what a devout Emperour can do.

Great virtues

Notable victory.

But since there is no beauty in creatures so perfect, which is not soyled with some blemish, it cannot be denied but that this excellent Prince had (as others) his defects. Among the rest he is blamed not to have used sufficient industry in affairs, but to suffer himself through too much facility, to fall into the complacence of others humours. He sometimes signed dispatches without wel examining them, through overmuch confidence in those who were much conversant about him, and being of a singular integrity, measured all others by himself.

Defects of the Emperour.

Pulcheria his sister, to correct this negligence, resolved one day to draw a transaction in formal and expres terms, by which *Theodosius* gave and consigned into her hands his wife *Eudoxia*, to use and handle her at her pleasure. He, without reading the contents of the writing presented unto him, according to his custom, let his pen run, and signed it. *Pulcheria* wisely made use of this her grant: for gently leading the Empress into her chamber, she there held her as a prisoner. The other demanding the reason, this transaction was produced, signed by the hand of her husband. The good Queen knew not what to think, and shewed rather a disposition of offence than laughter. Notwithstanding her complaints, she was held in captivity, and *Theodosius*, asking where the Empress his wife was, it was answered, she was in the Princess his sisters chamber. She is in good company (saith he) but I wonder what tedious business can keep them so long together: Go bid her come hither. He was so passionately affected, that the hours he spent without beholding her, seemed years unto him. A Gentleman deputed thereto, bare this message to *Pulcheria*. She persisting in her game, with a serious countenance sendeth word to the Emperour, he should not expect her, and that she was not at his command. *Theodosius* was amazed at these words, and could not imagine what game his sister meant to play, having never hitherto known any such levity in her. He presently hasteneth into *Pulcheria*'s chamber, *And what devise* (saith he) *is this? Where is my wife?* The poor prisoner stretched out her hand to him; *Pulcheria* opposed it, and sheweth she was hers, to buy, and sell, and dispose of at her pleasure. And as the Emperour admired much these so extraordinary proceedings, in a person of his sisters humour, she caused him to read the writing, signed with his own hand; then, adding good counsel, *Behold*, (saith she) *most Sacred Majesty, the goodly order precipitation & negligence bring to affairs.* The holy Emperour took this advertisement in good part, and promiseth he never more would sign dispatches at this rate. But *Eudoxia* was vexed at this sport in good earnest. She was in an estate wherein she

Rare act of *Pulcheria* to correct the hasty precipitation of her brother.

Honours change manners.

she would no longer be over-awed; she knew the power she held over her husbands heart, having already given him pledges of her fruitfulness, to wit, a daughter named *Eudoxia*, who was afterward married to the Emperour *Valentinian*. It much troubled her that *Pulcheria* still retained some small predominance over her, and shewed a spirit of command: she resolved with herself, that her person at this time required another consideration; that such tricks had heretofore been well enough accepted in that estate she was in, but not as now she is: It is too great a game to play upon diadems. These petty resentments of the point of honour easily creep even into the purest souls, and who seasonably stops them not, findeth his heart drencht in the gall of certain aversions, which weaken charity. I know not what cooling-card this goodly game cast between the two Princesses, but from that time the one would no longer be commanded, and the other pursued her ordinary course, which was to command. These hearts formerly united, were now upon breach, which notwithstanding never outwardly appeared, so retentive they were on both sides. God would exercise both, and put them into the furnace of tribulation to purifie them, and take away some dross, which by long prosperities is easily contracted. He first began with the Empress *Eudoxia*, to whom he suffered a most sensible accident to happen, the narration whereof behold, which verily is pitifull. But who will think it strange to see *Eudoxia* fallen into the sinister opinion of *Theodosius*, seeing the same hath chanced to many Saints, yea to her, who hath born the standard of all sanctity, the most Blessed Virgin.

Athenais, a poor maid preferred by *Pulcheria*, could not brook her.

Sinister accident.

Upon the day of Epiphany, as the Emperour returned from Church, with great pomp and magnificence, a certain countrey man, a stranger and unknown, brake through the press, accosteth *Theodosius*, who was of most easie access, and presenteth him with an apple of an extraordinary size, esteemed at that time as a rare fruit. The Emperour receiveth it gratefully, and commandeth to give the good man presently about the value of one hundred and fiftie crowns. As soon as he was returned to the Palace, he goes to visit the Empress, and full of joy giveth her this fair present, which he had taken of the peasant for a great rarity. Out alas! this verily was the apple of discord, infected with the breath of the serpent, which horribly rent asunder this poor Court. The good Empress, having understood that *Paulinus*, a great favourite of *Theodosius*, was in bed sick of the gout, to please and comfort him, sent him the apple, not mentioning from whom she had received it. *Paulinus* was seized with so great joy, seeing such a courtesie from a person so eminent used towards him, that the contentment he received at that time, charmed the pain of his gout. He so admireth this goodly fruit, that he judgeth it worthy of Imperial hands, and without delaying resolved to send it to the Emperour, excusing himself through indisposition of health, that he was not himself the messenger. *Theodosius* knew the apple, which he had very lately put into the Empresses hand, he turned it on every side, and judged it to be the same: thereupon a furious jealousie, as if it had been breathed from hell, began to lay hold on this gentle spirit, all the objects of what was past returned to thicken this black vapour, to frame a cloud thereof, and resolve it into a storm. It is true, the Empress loved *Paulinus* with a most chaste and innocent love; one must have had the heart of a Tiger not to love him. He was a Lord very much affected by her husband: it was he who partly had drawn her from the obscurity of Gentilism by his learned and friendly conferences; he, that had procured her Baptism; he, that had wrought her marriage; he, that yielded most faithfull service to their Majesties in the chiefest charge of the Empire, wherein he had been most nobly employed: all which made him worthy of great respects, besides that, he was of a very royal conversation, which had great power over all those who treated with him. The good Lady, who ever had her pen in hand to work some piece of her invention to the glory of Altars, which she affected, was pleased to communicate her labours to *Paulinus*, and discourse with him of holy things. All these conferences, which ever had been for the honour of an entire reputation, and which before yielded nothing but honey, were all turned into gall in the heart of *Theodosius*, by this lamentable jealousie wherewith he was possessed.

Apple of discord.

He instantly sendeth for *Eudoxia*, the more deeply to sound her heart, demanding what was become of that fair apple he had given her. The poor Princess was overtaken, and seeing herself between the hammer and the anvile, I know not what gesture appeared on the brow of her husband, but she well perceived this fair soul was not in its ordinary situation. She therefore declining suppliant intreaty, thought to under-prop her innocency with a lie, and said she had eaten the apple. Virtue hath nothing to do with the veil of untruths to cover it self, it is not her custom. Had she freely told what she did with the apple, as her intention was most sincere, all the malignity of suspition would have been diverted. But this sudden surprizal a little altered her judgement, and all she did was to remedy the passion she saw to be enkindled in the heart of *Theodosius*, by the eyes, which are as the mirrours of our soul. The Emperour urged her upon this answer: She, who already was involved, tumbled herself further into the snare, and that she might not seem a lier, sware by the life and health of her husband, she had eaten the apple. He to convince her of this impudence, drew this fatal fruit out of his Cabinet: It is then flown from your stomach into my chamber without corruption; behold I have found a wonder. The Empress at the sight of this fruit, endured the same symptoms in innocency she had done in crime; for she becometh very pale, and was so confounded, that she had not courage enough to speak one onely word. *Theodosius* in an instant retireth like lightening, and withdraweth into his Cabinet, having his heart wholly drencht in gall and bitterness. The poor *Eudoxia* on the other part poureth herself into tears without comfort, as her misery seemed devoid of remedy.

The evil of a sleight lie.

Here was a rough trial which God sent to these innocent souls, and yet we need not wonder, since Saint *Joseph* (as I have said) one of the most perfect husbands which the earth ever bare, gave too much scope to his suspition, upon the chastity of her, who was more pure than Angels. Love, jealousie, anger, and sorrow, divided the heart of the Prince in the sad retirement of his Cabinet, and drew strange sighs from him.

A silly maid (said he) *come of nothing, who was tossed in a storm as the tennis-ball of fortune, without support, without means, without favour, to have been preferred before such and so many Princesses who sought my alliance, raised even to my bed by lawfull marriage, to plant dishonour there; to have been ennobled with a diadem, and negligently to pollute it by her ingratitude, and* Paulinus, *whom I trusted as my self, that he might satisfie his desires with all the greatness and beauties of my Empire, (for all was in his hands) to proceed so far as to attempt the bed of his Master! Where shall we hereafter find fidelity? We must search for it among* Tartars *and* Scythians, *for it is banished from Christianitie.*

It is not well known who in these confusions suggested to the Emperour this wicked counsel, to destroy Prince *Paulinus*. The soul of *Theodosius* was too sweet to resolve on an act so tragical, without

others motion; so likewise it is not credible it should proceed from *Pulcheria*, who was in affairs more reserved, and ever guided by the rule of conscience. However it was, the history saith, the poor *Paulinus*, who knew nothing of that which passed, was cured of the gout the same night, by a very rough and most bloudy phlebotomy, for he was put to death without any form of process. Other have written, he was first banished into *Cappadocia*, and there oppressed by the faction of his enemies. O God, what may not depraved love do, since sincere amity cannot avoid suspition, attended by an accident so strange! Some have said, nothing else followed, but the sequestration of *Paulinus*, and that should more pleasingly run from my pen, which abhorreth bloud: But as the Scripture, speaking of *David* and other holy Kings, hath not dissembled their faults, I will not so paint *Theodosius* exteriourly, that I cover this aspersion of too much credulity, precipitation, and revenge, in this matter, which proceeded even to bloud, as the Chronicle of *Alexandria* assureth us.

It is a fearfull example, to see a soul so mild, by the disturbance of a passion and some pernicious counsel, transported so far, to teach Great-ones they cannot maturely enough consult in the like occasions. The father of this *Paulinus* had been High-Steward in the Court of the Emperour; *Paulinus* himself from his infancy had been bred with *Theodosius*, participating in all his counsels and pleasures of youth; he was grown so high, that nothing but the hand of his Master could ruin him. He lived in the reputation of a great man, and his words were heard in Court like Oracles: Yet notwithstanding behold him, to satisfie jealousie, miserably massacred, and the glorious services he had done to the Crown recompenced with a direfull catastrophe. It is unknown why the Divine Providence permitted the same. It oftentimes holdeth the affairs of the world under the veil and silence: but we must presume, all which it permitteth, is done with justice. When the afflicted Empress understood the death of *Paulinus*, so sudden and unexpected, she well saw the Emperour was tainted with the venom of most cruel jealousie, and that all her apologies would be fruitless. The poor Ladie saw nothing about her but darkness, fantasies, and affrightments. The clock which struck, ever seemed to her the last moment of life, yea, and that in her opinion over-slow to end her miseries. When her soul was able to surmount the storm, she said to God with an affectionate heart: *Alas! God of justice (for I dare not implore thy mercies) thou hast well touched me on that part which was most sensible in me. Although I had seen my diadem thunder-stricken by thy hand, fall into dust at my feet, though thou hadst taken this creature from my side, which thou hast afforded us as a pledge of our marriage, though all infirmities and manners of death had conspired against me; I doubted not always to have had courage enough to bear my self above wind and tempest. But what light of spirit would not be eclipsed, what temper of heart would not be lost in these dolorous afflictions? Thou hast lifted me up, as they do little children to the branches of a tree, to make me fall down head-long, and crush me with a ruin as ignominious, as my fortune was eminent. Were I now under the poor roof of the house from whence thou drewest me, I should be too happy. You have exposed me to the mid-day light, that I might not be unfortunate, without making all the world witness of my wretchedness and disgrace. And yet (my God) thou knowest my eyes have ever been chaste, and that never any other love entered into my heart but that of a lawfull husband. It is better to suffer in innocency than crime: but it always is a thing worthy of compassion, to behold chastity unworthily persecuted. That poor innocent hath gone before me into the other world, and hath served as a sacrifice for his Masters jealousie: his services ought not to have been crowned with such a recompence. It is my friendship, as chaste as unhappy, that hath betrayed him: my sins are so great, that I cannot do good but by doing ill. My God expiate them by death, and onely deliver me from the hands of dishonour.*

Strange affliction of *Eudoxia*, and her words.

Vanity and inconstancy of worldly affairs.

Thus went the afflicted turtle mourning in the solitary retirement of her heart; the nights were irksom to her, so much was her sleep clogged with dreams and fantasies, which with the more horrour represented her calamity: and when the Sun arose to bring comfort in his rays to all creatures, he found the eyelids of this poor Princess all watered with tears, which he could not drie up.

In the mean time the Court of *Theodosius* was in a sad silence. It was not well known what tragedy was played. The Emperour shewed a melancholy distracted spirit; the Empress bare the image of her sorrow in her dejected countenance; *Pulcheria* abode in a prudent dissimulation, and an admirable advisedness. The sudden death of *Paulinus* made it to be suspected there was some strange accident. Every one discoursed according to his opinion. At that instant *Eudoxia* was seen to be removed from Councel and manage of affairs, deprived of the Imperial bed, abandoned by all those who before adored her; she was dead to the evil life, and onely survived to see her own funerals. It was thought *Pulcheria*, who was desirous to make a sequestration, (fearing lest her presence might again enkindle the fire covered under ashes in the Emperours heart, to possess it to the prejudice of affairs) caused the counsel of undertaking the voyage of the holy land, to be suggested to her under-hand. But it is more credible far, the good Empress took this resolution upon her own motion, for the reason I will deliver.

Departure of *Eudoxia*.

A devout *Roman* Ladie of a noble house, named *Melania*, who filled the deserts, Cities, Provinces, and Empires, with her fame, passing into *Palestine*, there to wear out the rest of her days in peace, went by *Constantinople*, and was received at the Emperours Court; where seeing *Eudoxia* endowed with an admirable spirit, but yet untrained to the sweetness of things spiritual, she endeavoured to give her a tast. The Empress, who at that time was in the prosperities and delights of a flourishing Court, thought she should handle devotion, as a Captain Philosophie, and it was enough to tast it outwardly. But when this sad accident, like the steel, began to strike on the flint, it made the sparkles flie out in good earnest. She was on fire to forsake the Court, where she no longer was what she had been; she sighed after those places of the holy land, as the thirsty Hart for the streams of a fountain. I well believe she took counsel at that time of *Chrysaphius*, a powerfull Eunuch, who had governed *Theodosius* from his infancy, and was much reputed in Court, closely countermyning the over-much authority which *Pulcheria* had, according to his opinion, in affairs; but he took good heed openly to affront her, satisfying himself to act his part by *Eudoxia*, according to directions she gave him. This man, very understanding in businesses, found it was to good purpose to retire back, to come on the better, that it was necessary the Empress should give way for a time, and that her absence would make her the more desired, and that he in the mean space would do all good offices for her with the Emperour, and act his part in time and place. Conclusions of the voyage are made, leave was not hard to be obtained of the Emperour, seeing his instrument *Pulcheria* was thereunto wholly disposed. When it came to a separation, which was a thing very sensible in minds so long time, and with such ardour mutually loving, the good *Eudoxia* could not refrain to say to her husband with tears in her eyes:

SA-

SACRED MAJESTY, *I am upon terms to see you no more in this world; for which cause it is fit I discharge my Conscience. Behold me ready to depart, not onely from the Court, but this life, if you so ordain. I sorrow not for greatness, nor delights. I have ever thought the prosperitie of the world was a current of fresh water, which looketh not back on any thing, and hasteneth to pour it self into the salt sea. I onely grieve, that having brought to your Court two inestimable Jewels, virginity, and the reputation of a child of honour, the one, which I ought rather to have given to God, I dedicated to your bed, and the other is taken from me by your suspition, grounded upon a sudden surprizal of a word spoken from a heart perplexed to see you troubled. You have caused the Prince* Paulinus *to be put to death, and in doing this, you have not bereft me of a lover, but your self of a good and faithfull servant, and God grant the voice of bloud accuse you not before the tribunal of the Sovereign Judge. I hope God, who is the Protectour of innocents, wil one day take my cause in hand, and when truth shall give light through your suspitions, you at least will render me the honour, which I ever onely have sought to be conveyed into the ashes of my tomb.*

Theodosius knew not how to answer her but with the moist dew of his eyes, which began to do the office of his lips, a few such words were enough to turn his soul topsie-turvie. *Pulcheria* readily made the stop, saying, that which was past could not be recalled, over which God giveth us no other power but of forgetfulness. That the Empress might in good time go to satisfie her devotion, and that were she herself free from the bondage of affairs, it would be one of her greatest contentments to bear her company.

Voyage of *Eudoxia* into *Palestine.*

Thus *Eudoxia* departed, travelling directly to *Jerusalem*, and with her the grace and alacrity of Court. All *Constantinople* was filled with sadness, at which time the plains of *Palestine* were already comforted with the first rays of this bright day-break. Whersoever she passed, the people ran thither by heaps to behold her, she was received with much applause, with eloquent orations, and all demonstrations of hearts affections; and particularly her approach was much celebrated in the Citie of *Antioch*. For it is said, the Senate going out to receive her, she replied at an instant, as she was sitting in her golden Caroch, to the Oration pronounced before her, and undertook to praise this famous Citie with so much grace and judgement, that the principal and most eminent of the Citie, ravished with such courtesie, dedicated two statues to her, the one of gold in the Senate-house, as to the Empress, the other of brass in their Library, as to the tenth Muse. Entring into *Jerusalem*, she was received as an Angel from Heaven, but above all, the Clergie rejoyced at the abode she meant to make there, well knowing the Church should thence derive great succours in its necessities. Some perswaded her *David* had prophesied she should re-edifie the walls of *Jerusalem*, because in the fifteenth Psalm, where these words are read, *In bonâ voluntate tuâ ædificentur muri Jerusalem*, the Septuagint have translated, in Εὐδοξίᾳ. The interpretation was not amiss; although it were not literal, it had the effect: For the pious Empress in process of time, made many most worthy reparations. There she began to live as in another world; she seemed to herself to have cast from her shoulders, the burden of a huge mountain, she now breathed a far other air than that of Court, she had another tast of things divine. All her study was to pray, meditate, and hear exhortations and spiritual conferences, to read and learn holy Scripture, to sow charities, that she might reap merits, to visit the Cells of Anchorets, to see how their garments and girdles were made, to observe their manner of living, to multiply Monasteries, to cloath Virgins, to heap up reliques together, and such like things.

Theodosius understanding her carriage, and the good entertainment she had every where, thought it was the work of God, who favoured her innocency, and at that time the flames of his chaste love began to burn more forcible than ever. He loved her with a love mingled with respect of her merit, and compassion of persecuted innocency. He was pleased to have her spoken of in private, and hear the life described she led in this new world. *Chrysaphius* perceiving him to take fire in good earnest, followed his opportunity according to promise, and one day seeing the Emperour well disposed, adventured to say:

Chrysaphius laboureth the return of the Empress, in the mean time seeking his own ends.

SACRED MAJESTY, *How long will you deprive us of this Saint? Must needs the deserts of* Palestine *so long time possess her to our prejudice? It is a wonder your Palace hath not been able to endure a Virtue, which maketh it self to be seen, heard, and adored in the savage wildernesses. The poor Ladie hath well paid for a little sudden surprizal of speech. Know besides, she never hath failed in fidelity to your bed, and hereon I would swear upon the holy Evangelists, and expose my hand to the fire: But God hath already sufficiently declared it by the sequel of her deportments. What is done, is done: we cannot restore life to the dead, but we ought to yield honour to the living, which hath unjustly been taken from them. It is an obligation of conscience. Who hindereth we cannot suddenly see her by your sides?* Theodosius answereth: *It would be my desire, but thou seest the impediment, I fear my sister will not like it.* Chrysaphius replieth: *Truly my Ladie your Sister, ought to be satisfied with the absolute command your Majesty giveth her in all the affairs of your Kingdom, without attempting on the contentments of your marriage, or the honour of this good Princess, whose faults she should rather cover with her royal purple, if any such had escaped her, but of necessity she ought to honour her merits. Let me alone, and I will give her satisfaction.*

Theodosius giveth him absolute Commission, and thereupon, as it is most probable, he adviseth the Empress to return to *Constantinople*, with small noise, and much haste, and so plotteth, that the Emperour under colour of going a hunting, saw her, spake to her, treateth with her of her return, which presently was published, and all the Citie, which passionately affected her, ushered her in. Behold her arrived, as if she had flown in the air, and received with much honour and magnificence into the Palace. *Pulcheria* amazed at this accident, setteth a good face upon it, entertaineth her with strict embraces, congratulateth her pilgrimage, speaketh to her of nothing but of Monasteries, Crosses, Reliques. In the mean time very closely sheweth, she did not well like him who had contrived this. *Chrysaphius* imagining he had to do with an Imperious Maid, seasoned from her youth in government, who never would forgive him this fault, resolveth to play at fast and loose, thinking he had credit enough to do this by the means of *Eudoxia*. For the love which *Theodosius* bare to her upon her return, was a torrent, which after it hath a long time been restrained, breaketh the forced dammes, and with vigorous impetuousness drowneth the fields. He was so ardent and passionate, that he seemed unable to deny her any thing. This was the cause, why *Chrysaphius*, whose name is as much as to say, *a seamster of gold*, having already made a seam of his trade, stitched another together more strong than the former. He boardeth the Emperour under the wings of *Eudoxia*, in the heat of his affections most ardent: Both joyning to make the battery more forcible, declare to him, That MADAME *his Sister, daily desired to gain repose, as she had often said, and that it was a thing lawfully due for the long services she had yielded to the Crown. That it was a wonder, how she, having dedicated herself to the Church by the vow*

Chrysaphius, an heretical Eunuch, projecteth to ruin *Theodosius* his Court

of virginitie, could perſevere ſo long in Court. That hereafter Theodoſius *had one, who held with him the firſt place in all favours, on whom he might repoſe himſelf, and was thereunto obliged by reaſon, which was his wife. That the ſpirit of* Pulcheria *was not ſuitable to the humour of* Eudoxia, *when one ſtar riſeth, the oppoſite muſt fall.*

Theodoſius apprehended this buſineſs as the moſt ſlippery path he had ever trod: but what cannot love and the ſoft inticements of a woman do? Wearied out with ceaſeleſs importunities, he yieldeth, he ſendeth for *Flavian* the Patriarch, and intreateth him to put his ſiſter *Pulcheria* in the rank of virgins, who are dedicated to the ſervice of the Church, were ſhe willing or unwilling. *Flavian*, much amazed at this manner of proceeding, telleth him he ſhould take good heed of this reſolution, that he undertook one of the greateſt paſſages of State he had ever done in his life, and that the danger thereof was much to be feared. The Emperour repelleth, he hath well pondered it, that ſuch was his will, and he muſt ſpeedily ſee it executed. The Patriarch (*Pulcheria* being exceedingly affected by all the Clergy) adviſeth her to withdraw without further reſiſtance, otherwiſe he ſhould be forced to do that which would much trouble him. The good Ladie underſtood well what he would ſay, ſhe had already ſmelt the plot, and was unwilling to do any thing unworthy of her virtue: for ſeeing her fortune altered by the change of the Emperour her brothers will, ſhe freely diſpoyled herſelf of the manage of affairs, as from a ſhirt, which one hath long worn, and retiring from the Palace, went to lodge in a houſe ſomewhat diſtant from *Conſtantinople*, where ſhe lived in marvellous ſanctity. Virtue is as the Geometrical Cube, on what ſide ſoever it be caſt, it always findeth its baſis.

Virtue of *Pulcheria.*

Behold then a new face of government, which beginneth under *Chryſaphius* and *Eudoxia*: But the miſchief was, an old dotard, called *Eutyches*, came into the field to ſow an hereſie, holding the body of our Lord, after the union with the Word, was no more of the ſame nature that ours are, but that the humanity was wholly diſſolved into the Divinity. The hypocrite ſo covered his opinion, that he ſhewed not to teach this doctrine, but for the reverence he bare to the Son of God. This became a ſtumbling-block to many good ſouls. As he advanced this propoſition, the Biſhops oppoſed to ſuppreſs it, and he for a ſhelter caſt himſelf into the arms of *Chryſaphius*, who not contented to embrace this buſineſs with all fervour, embarketh likewiſe therein the Emperour *Theodoſius* and *Eudoxia* his wife, firſt through great ſimplicity, afterward by a ſtrange unhappineſs, which almoſt brought them to deſtruction, if the Divine goodneſs had not otherwiſe diſpoſed. *Theodoſius*, the holy and pious Emperour, perſecuted the Religious and Saints. He wrote to Pope *Leo* in favour of *Eutyches*, he cauſed falſe Councels to be held, and covered the ſeditious under the protection of his arms, even to the authorizing the attempt committed on the perſon of the good Patriarch *Flavianus* by expreſs letters. What doth not a playſtered ſanctity for the ſubverſion of the ſimple? What doth not a bad ſervant, when once he poſſeſſeth the eaſie nature of his Maſter?

Chryſaphius entangleth the Emperour and his wife in the hereſie of *Eutyches.*

Pulcheria, who ſome years before had ſeen the hereſie of *Neſtorius* to ariſe, and had partly ſtifled it when ſhe was in the manage of affairs, by her excellent direction, never was deceived in the choice of a ſide, but moſt conſtantly tied herſelf to the doctrine of the See Apoſtolick. That gave a particular benediction to all her enterprizes, and made her ſway in the peoples hearts, as ſhe cauſed true religion to flouriſh on Altars. All the Eaſtern and Weſtern Clergie eſteemed her, and lent their aſſiſtance to maintain her authority, which was no little ſupport. All thoſe who have ſought to ſtrike theſe Powers, have therein loſt their endeavours. And very well *Ariſtobulus* King of the *Jews*, one of the greateſt States-men who had governed that Kingdom, being upon his death-bed, freely confeſſed, the fouleſt fault he had ever committed in matter of policie, was, to have oppoſed the Phariſees, who then had lawfull authority over affairs of Religion; and gave his wife *Alexandra* counſel to practiſe and hold good intelligence with them by all poſſible means. The very ſame which he adviſed out of reaſon of State, *Pulcheria* practiſed by conſideration of piety, and ever held herſelf firm on the rock of S. *Peter*, as it it is ſaid, the mothers of pearl fix themſelves to rocks during the tempeſt. If the wicked *Eutyches* had appeared in her time, ſhe had conſumed his hereſie as the ice of one night under the rays of the Sun; but it was then the kingdom of darkneſs. *Chryſaphius* perpetually beſieged the ears and heart of the Emperour *Theodoſius*, diſguiſing all affairs to him according to the ſway of his own paſſion. He drew along with him the good *Eudoxia*, who became too curiouſly intelligent in matter of religion, and loſt herſelf to follow rather the aims of her pregnant wit, than the tracks of holy humility, more agreeing to her ſex.

Pulcheria, who underſtood all this goodly buſineſs, was much perplexed to ſee her brother and ſiſter in law, after they had ſhaken off the yoke of her good precepts, to fall into a little apoſtacie: and not being able to get acceſs to talk with them, ſhe made the apple of her weeping eyes ſpeak to God in continual prayers. She wrote to *Rome*, ſometime to the Emperour *Valentinian* her couſin, ſometime to *Eudoxia* the Younger, his wife, daughter of our *Eudoxia*, ſometime to Pope *Leo* himſelf, ſoliciting them for the reduction of theſe poor wandering ſheep: ſhe every where diſpoſed ſquadrons of religious perſons, to force God with the arms of prayers. All the powers of Heaven and earth conſpired at that time: The battery was ſtrong enough to move a heart that never yet was obdurate.

In the end *Theodoſius* awakened, as out of a long ſleep, opened his eyes, and with horrour ſaw the precipice, whereinto he was ready to fall. He deteſteth the diſaſtrous *Eutyches*, and leaveth him to the cenſures of the Church. *Pulcheria* four years after her baniſhment, returned in triumph to the Court, with the general applauſe of all ſorts. Her firſt care was to ſeize on the perſon of *Chryſaphius*, and by form of juſtice to ſend him into the other world, that he might no longer trouble this, wherein ſhe ſhewed, that living otherwiſe as a bee in the delights of virginity, ſhe had not ſo much honey, but withal a ſting.

Theodoſius awakened.

The poor *Eudoxia* well perceived her Miſtreſs was returned, and her heart bled to behold this change. She no longer remembred the condition of *Athenais*, and ſhe who before would not be but under the feet of *Pulcheria*, could not endure her now by her ſides. It is a ſtrange thing, how the ayr of the Court doth, as it were, neceſſarily breath ambition. Theſe two pure ſouls, which ſeemed in the beginning (as an Ancient hath ſaid) able to abide together in the eye of a needle, when they were in concord, found the whole world in their diſcord too little for their ſeparation. *Eudoxia*, tyred with the many revolutions of Court, returneth to *Jeruſalem*, as a Pilgrim, with a great oath never to ſet foot again in *Conſtantinople*: and verily ſhe had her tomb in *Paleſtine*, as we ſhall ſee anon.

Great prudence to ſtick to Altars and the true Church.

Theodorus in the collection of his hiſtory, inſinuateth to us, that ſhe never undertook this voyage till the death of the Emperour *Theodoſius* her husband, which happened ſhortly after. You would have ſaid that his good ſiſter was come of purpoſe to diſpoſe his ſoul for this paſſage. He was about fifty years

His death.

of

of age, and had already ruled fourty three years, with a moſt happy reign, had not this apple of diſcord been, which outragiouſly diſturbed the peace of his Court, and ſteeped his life in many acerbities. That which is read moſt probable of his death, is, that riding a hunting at full ſpeed, and falling from his horſe, he hurt the reins of his back, ſo that of neceſſity he muſt be carried back to his Palace in a litter, at which time he plainly ſaw his laſt hour approched, and ſigned his innocent life with the ſeal of a death truly Chriſtian. A Prince in all things elſe of a moſt ſincere life, religious, learned, mild, courteous, patient, in whom nothing could be blamed, but the over-much facility of his nature, which many times made his heart of wax to be moulded in the hands of thoſe who were neareſt unto him, and this was in a manner the cauſe of his ruin. But it was well for him he betook himſelf firmly to the good counſels of his ſiſter, who dearly loved his good, and aimed at nothing but the glory and repoſe of his Empire. We have here inſerted his Pourtraicture and Elogie.

FLAV. THEODOSIUS JUNIOR, ARCADII ET EUDOXIÆ FILIUS, OCTO ANNORUM PUER ORIENTALE CEPIT IMPERIUM, ET PER ANNOS QUADRAGINTA TRES PULCHERIÆ SORORIS AUSPICIIS, ARMIS ET LEGIBUS FÆLLCITER ADMINISTRAVIT: PRINCEPS DE MELIORI NOTA CHRISTIANUS, VITÆ INTEGERRIMÆ, DIVINIS LECTIONIBUS INTENTUS, PATIENTIA ET CLEMENTIA SUPRA CÆTEROS CLARUS, OBIIT CONSTANTINOPOLI ANNO CHRISTI CDLII ÆTATIS XLIX.

Upon the picture of THEODOSIUS.

A Scepter free from pride, a goodneſs ſweet,
A life not feign'd, but where true graces meet.
As Zeal he for ſole favour did advance,
So Heav'n his ſhield became, the Croſs his lance.

Marriage of *Pulcheria*, and new government.

HE had no male iſſue by his wife *Eudoxia*, and the Empire might not fall to the diſtaff, which ſeemed to invite theſe two Princeſſes, who till this day had ſwayed in government, to ſound the retreat. But *Pulcheria* was become very neceſſary for the ſtate, and as yet had not loſt the appetite of rule. *Theodoſius* having caſt his eyes, by the adviſe of his Councel, upon *Martianus*, to declare him Succeſſour in his Empire, *Pulcheria* married him, onely under the title of wedlock, with mutual conſent of both parties to keep virginity. This woman was made to govern men and Empires. She was already fifty years old, and had mannaged the State about thirty ſeven. Behold ſhe beginneth a new reign, with

the best man of the world, who onely had the name of a husband, and in effect served and respected her with as much regard and humility, as if he had been her own son. She could not in the world have made a better choice. This great man was naturally enclined to piety, justice, compassion towards the necessities of mankind. He was very valiant, for he had all his life time been bred among arms, and during his Empire no barbarous Nation durst stir, so much was he feared. It was a wonder by what byas God led him directly to the height of worldly honours. He was of base extraction, a *Thracian* born, of a good wit, and a body very robustious, which made him find a sweetnes in war. He going to *Philippolis* to be enrolled in the list of souldiers, by chance it happened he found a dead body upon the way, newly massacred. This good man, who was very compassionate, had pitie thereon, and approched to give it burial; but this charity was like to have cost him his life: for being busily employed to enterre this body, one laid hold on his throat, as if he had been the murderer, and that he made this grave for no other intention but to bury his own guilt. The poor man defendeth himself in his innocency as well as he could, but conjectures prevail beyond his defence. He was now under the sword of the executioner, when by good hap the homicide was produced, who had done the deed, convicted by his own confession. This man thrust his head into the place of the innocent, and *Martianus* brought his away to behold it one day glitter under the rubies and diamonds of the Imperial Crown. This was not without long trials of his ability, which transferred him from degree to degree, through all the hazards of a long and painfull warfare. He was then mature in years, in account one of the greatest Captains of the Empire. Behold why *Pulcheria* could not be deceived in her choice. This good husband, who held his wife as a Saint, was wholly directed by her counsels, and she daily purified his soul in religion and policie: He became in short time so brave and perfect in this school, that he was accounted one of the most accomplished Emperours who had born the scepter since *Constantine*. God well shewed his love and faithfull protection towards *Martianus*, when in the second year of his Empire, he diverted the furious *Attila* from the East, who even now roared over the Citie of *Constantinople*, as a thunderstroke before it brake in shivers.

Marvellous accident of *Martianus*.

Good success of *Martianus*.

This *Attila* was a *Scythian*, a great Captain, who promised to himself the Empire of the world, and for that cause had taken the field with an Army of 700000. men, composed of strange and hydeous Nations, who had gone out of their countrey like a scum of the earth, ranging themselves under the conduct of *Attila*, for the great experience he had in the manage of arms. He notwithstanding was a little man, harsh, violent, his breast large, his head great, the eye of a Pismeer, his nose flat, his beard close shaved, beginning already to wax grisled. He walked with so much state as if he thought the earth had been unworthy to bear him, and though meerly barbarous, the desire of honour so possessed him, that being one day at *Milan*, and seeing pictures, where the *Roman* Emperours were represented, who had *Scythians*, his Countrey-men, cast at their feet, was so enraged, that instantly he sent for a painter, and caused himself to be drawn, in a very eminent golden throne, and clothed in royal robes, and the Emperours of *Rome* and *Constantinople* bearing bags on their shoulders filled with crowns, then made them to be poured at his feet, alluding hereby to the vast sums of money he in good earnest extorted from the Empire, and which *Theodosius* gave him afterwards to divert the course of his arms; thinking that speedily to dispatch such an enemy out of his territories, it was onely fit to make for him a bridge of silver. This man seemed created to shake the pillars of the earth, and for that cause made himself to be called *The scourge of God*. There was no infant so little, in the arms of the nurse, who hearing *Attilas* named, did not think he saw a wolf. He considering that *Martianus*, a most valiant man, at that time swayed the Eastern Empire, durst not come near, but hastened to fall upon the West, where *Valentinian* the Younger reigned, son of *Honorius*, cousin of *Theodosius* and *Pulcheria*, a wanton and dissolute Prince, as you shall understand in the course of this history, loosing his life and Empire by his sensuality. So it was that *Attila*, attempting first upon the *Gaules*, found work enough; for the *Romanes*, *French*, and *Gothes* (not unlike dogs, who after they have worried one another, rally themselves together to resist the wolf) by a common consent, heartened each other under the conduct of *Ætius*, *Moroneus*, and *Thyerry*, against this Barbarian, and having given him battel, defeated one part of his army in the *Catalonian* plains: but he failed not to pack away, creeping along like a great serpent, which loaden with redoubled blows given by peasants, hath received a maim in his body, and notwithstanding saved his head.

God, who derideth the proud, and in his Amphitheater is pleased to make, not Lions to fight with bulls, but the weakness of the earth against the most insolent greatness, reserved the conquest of this monster to Religious persons and women. It is a wonder, he coming to *Rome* as to the period and butt of his ambitions, all enflamed with great desires, in this clattering of harness, and loud noise of Armies, all the world trembling under the scourge, the brave Pope S. *Leo* went out to seek him, and preached so well unto him, that being come thither as a lion, he returned as a lamb: for *Attila* entertained him with marvellous respect. So had he done before to S. *Lupus*, Bishop of *Troyes*, granting him whatsoever he could desire. All his Captains were much amazed, for among other titles, this *Hun* had the name of being inexorable to suppliants; and it then being curiously asked of him, who made him at that time loose his furie, he confessed he saw a venerable person by *Leo*'s side (it was the great Saint *Peter*) who threatned him with death, if he condescended not to what the good Pope desired of him.

Attila then leaveth *Italie* and passeth into *Sclavonia*, without being wished for again but by one sole woman. Alas! who would believe it? *Honoria* sister of the Emperour, cousin germane to *Pulcheria*, fell in love with this monster. I know not what she had seen in his picture, which commonly was painted with the horns of a bull on his fore-head: it was not in my opinion his fair eyes, nor goodly nose, which made him sought after, for he was one of the most deformed creatures of the world: Yet he notwithstanding was reputed a great Captain and a puissant King. This blind Princess so breathed the air of ambition, that though he were wholly Pagan and hydeous, she no whit was affrighted: for verily her passion was so much enkindled, that she secretly dispatched one of her Eunuches with expres letters, beseeching *Attila* he would demand her in marriage of the Emperour her brother, and she should account it a great honour to be his wife. This *Scythian* entered into a much greater estimation of his own worth than ever, beholding himself sued unto by a *Romane* Ladie of noble extraction, and thereupon grew so eager, that he immediately addresseth an Embassadour to the Emperour *Valentinian*, to require his sister of him in marriage, and the moity of his Kingdom; otherwise he was not gone back so far, but he would return with his Army to enforce his obedience.

All

All the world was now ſtrucken with terrour, when by good chance he ſaw himſelf, for ſome preſſing occaſions, engaged to return into his Countrey, where all theſe lightenings were quickly turned into a ſhower of bloud. After he had ſweat under harneſs, like another *Hannibal*, who in the end of his conqueſts was bruitiſhly beſotted in the boſom of a *Capuan* Ladie, this haughty King of *Hunnes*, as ſoon as he came into his Countrey, wholly engulphed himſelf in wine and love. Beſides a great rabble of creatures which he had to ſatisfie his luſt, he became in his old days paſſionately enamoured of a gentlewoman named *Hildecon*, whom he married with ſports, feaſts, and exceſſive alacrity. That evening, after he had freely drunk, according to his cuſtom, he retired into his nuptial chamber with his new ſpouſe, and the next morning was found dead in his bed, floating in a river of bloud, who had drawn bloud from all the veins of the world.

Death of *Attila.*

Some ſaid it was an eruption of bloud, which choaked him, but others thought *Hildecon*, lead thereunto one knoweth not by what ſpirit, nor by whom ſollicited, handled her pretended husband as *Judith* did *Holofernes*. Behold how God puniſheth the proud. A deſpicable dwarf, who commanded over 700000. men, who forraged every where, environed as with a brazen wall, who boaſted in the lightenings of his puiſſant arms, who razed Cities all ſmoking in bloud and flames, who waſted Provinces, who deſtroyed Empires, who would not tread but on Crowns and Scepters, behold him the very night of his nuptials, full of drink, maſſacred by a woman, having not ſo much as the honour to die by the hand of a man.

The ſame night that *Attila* yielded up the ghoſt in his own bloud, our Saviour appeared in a dream to the good Emperour *Martianus*, and ſhewing him a great bowe all ſhivered in pieces, ſaith: *Martianus, behold the bowe of* Attila *which I have broken; thou haſt no further cauſe to fear thy Empire.* Thus you ſee, how God fighteth for the pious even while they ſleep.

This ſcourge being ſo fortunately diverted, *Martianus* and *Pulcheria* attended with all their power to the conſolation and ornament of the univerſal Church, under the direction of the great Pope Saint *Leo*, whom their Majeſties moſt punctually obeyed. At that time were ſeen the reliques to march in triumph into *Conſtantinople*, of the good Patriarch *Flavianus*, maſſacred by the practices of hereticks; at that time the exiled Biſhops were with honour reeſtabliſhed in their ſeats: At that time the Councel of *Chalcedon* was celebrated, where the Emperour *Martianus*, though wholly a ſouldier, made an Oration, firſt in Latin for the honour of the Romane Church, then in Greek his natural language. At that time hereſie was fully condemned, and impudence ſurcharged with confuſion: At that time an infinite number of goodly Canons were confirmed by the Councel, and ſtrongly maintained by the authority of the Emperour: At that time juſtice was fixed in the height of perfection. Briefly, at that time the whole world was infinitely comforted by the good order and liberalities of this holy Court.

It was an admirable Empire, and a happy marriage, and nothing could be deſired more in this match but immortality. But the holy Virgin *Pulcheria* being about fifty years of age, not ſo much loaden with years as merits, wearied out with continual travel and care, which ſhe had endured almoſt fourty years in the mannage of affairs, found her repoſe in exchange of the Court of *Conſtantinople* for that of *Paradiſe*. She died in a moſt pure virginity, which ſhe carefully had preſerved all her life time, leaving the poor for her heirs, who were her delight, after ſhe had built in her own life time five Churches, and among the reſt, one to the honour of the moſt Bleſſed Virgin *Marie*, which ſurpaſſeth all the other in magnificence, beſides many hoſpitals and ſepulchres for pilgrimes. Torches made of aromatick wood, caſt out their odoriferous exhalations when they are almoſt waſted; and the virtuous *Pulcheria* made all the good odours of her life evaporate in the laſt inſtant of her death. She who had lived as the Bee in the taſtfull ſweetneſs of purity, died as the Phenix in the Palms, not of *Arabia*, but of conqueſts, which ſhe had obtained over the enemies of our nature. We have here annexed her Picture and Elogie.

PULCHERIA FLA. THEODOSII JUNIORIS SOROR AUGUSTA, VIRGO ET CONJUX, AUGUSTORUM FILIA, SOROR NEPTIS, UXOR; PROPUGNATRIX PONTIFICUM, MAGISTRA IMPERATORVM, CVSTOS FIDEI, MVNIMEN ORTHODOXORVM, ECCLESIÆ ET IMPERII DECVS, NOVA HELENA, NOVVM ORBIS MIRACVLVM, ANNO CHRISTI CLIII. ÆTATIS LV. IMPERII XXXIX. AD COELESTEM AVLAM PROFICISCITVR.

Upon the picture of PULCHERIA.

A Golden Virgin in an iron Age,
Who trampled under foot infernal rage,
A barren wife, a fruitfull maid, unstain'd,
That all the world within her heart contain'd:
Mother of people, Mistress over Kings, (brings.
And who 'twixt Church and Law firm union
She in herself bright Scepters did behold
Joyn'd to the Cross, Altars to Crowns of gold,
The married life unto virginitie,
And glorious greatness to humilitie.
If virtue were a substance to be seen,
Well might we here suppose this happy Queen
Should lend her body, that it outward may
Resplendent lustre to the world display.

GReat-ones may here behold, the shortest way to the Temple of Honour, is to pass by that of Virtue. Never woman was more honoured in her life, never woman more glorious in her death. That great Pope S. *Leo*, S. *Cyril*, and all the excellent men both of the East and West, have employed their pens in her honour. So magnificent and noble acclamations were made to her in Councels, that nothing would be wished more glorious. A little before her death in the Councel of *Chalcedon*, they cried out, *Long live the Empress most Sacred, Long live* PULCHERIA, *Long live the Second* S. Helena: *God preserve the Saint, Preserve the Orthodox, Preserve Her who is the Guardian of Faith*;

What tropheys of *Alexanders* and *Cæsars* are comparable to such honour? *Raderus*, who hath learnedly written her life, maketh a collection of her titles, and calleth her the holy *Pulcheria*, ever a virgin, always sacred; a virgin out of marriage, a virgin in marriage; daughter of an Emperour, wife of an Emperour, Mistress of Emperours, Protectress of Popes, Guardian of faith, Bulwark of the faithfull, Honour of the Church, Glory of the Empire, the new *Helena*, the new Miracle of the world, the new Example for posterity. The titles which Saints have given her, and her name in the quality of a Saint, have been couched in the Menologe of the *Grecians* and the *Roman* Martyrologe, the 10th *September*, a month wherein she passed from this world to the glory of Saints, in the year of our Lord 453. And *Martianus* her husband being not able to live without this celestial soul, fled quickly hence after her, to enjoy the recompence of his piety. Of whom behold here the Picture and Elogie.

FL. VA-

FL. VALERIUS MARTIANUS, SOLA VIRTUTUM COMMENDATIONE AD IMPERIUM EVECTUS, PULCHERIÆ CONJUGIS INTEGRÆ INTEGER CONJUX, MODERATUS DOMI PRINCEPS, FORIS ATTILÆ FURORI MODUM IMPOSUIT: QUASSATUM IMPERIUM CONTRA PARTHOS ET VANDALOS CONFIRMAVIT PRUDENTIA, ET ORTHODOXAM FIDEM ADVERSUS EUTYCHEN TUTATUS EST FIDE: VIXIT ÆTATI SATIS, IMPERIO PARUM, SIBI SEMPER VICTURUS OBIIT ANNO CHRISTI CDLII. IMPERIO VI. MENS. VI.

Upon the picture of MARTIANUS.

A Man without eſtate, Souldier untram'd,
Husband not wiv'd, an Emperour unſtain'd:
Whoſe ſtrength, triumphant acts, and virtues bright,
We may his proper children call aright.
What did he not, ſince in himſelf he made
No change, but to a Scepter from the ſpade?

Eudoxia lived in the holy land in the *Eutychian* hereſie.

LEt us return now to our pilgrime *Eudoxia*, who lived in the holy land, not being in the way of ſanctity. A woman endowed with a goodly body and a fair ſpirit, hath the charge of a veſſel very hard to be ſteered; more of ſuch ſuffer ſhipwrack than reach the Haven. The good Princeſs departed from *Conſtantinople* in grief, gall, and anxiety, which proceeded from the change of her fortune, and that which is more, ſeduced alſo with the hereſie of the wicked *Eutyches*. *Theodoſius* her husband yielded at the firſt encounter, and ſubmitted under the obedience of the Church: *Eudoxia* ſtill perſiſted, ſo apt the nature of women is to maintain an errour with obſtinacy. She had but too much wit to be deceived, and yet not prudence enough to diſcover the deceit. A wolf clothed in the skin of a ſheep, that is to ſay, one *Theodoſius*, a falſe Monk, who had gained her under appearance of ſanctity, and much wrought upon her during her abode in *Paleſtine*, wholly plunged her in the mire of hereſie, which ſhe ſupported in his favour, and endeavoured to illuſtrate by the ſubtilitie of her wit.

How was it poſſible but this hereſie of *Eutyches*, masked with the falſe zeal of reverence towards the Perſon of the Son of God, might not enſnare a woman, very eaſie to take impreſſions, which had ſemblance of devotion, ſince even divers holy Hermits, who numbred many years in auſterities and penance, before they were well informed, ſuffered themſelves to be tranſported with this novelty? Among others the great *Geraſimus* was ſeen to fall; that Angel of the deſert, who tamed Lions and uſed them as Mules,

was

was beheld involved in the ſnares of this infamous Apoſtata, from whom he afterward freed himſelf by the mercy of God. It was a lamentable thing to ſee this poor Empreſs, who had forſaken all the greatneſs of Court, to live in retired ſolitarineſs, thus caught in the nets of her own judgement. She thought daily to amaſs infinite heaps of good works in the exerciſes of piety, which ſhe inceſſantly practiſed, and it was but duſt ſhe bare in her hands, blown away by the wind of preſumption. God would not looſe this fair ſoul, which he had enchaſed in a beauteous body, to make her in the end of her days, an exact miracle of virtue; and as ſhe kicked ſomewhat too eagerly againſt ſo many teſtimonies of verity, he reſolved to break this feminine pride with the iron rod of another very ſenſible affliction. She was then in her own opinion out of the danger of inconſtancy, but had ſtill one part of her ſelf upon the Imperial Throne, who received all the violence of the ſtorm, to make the effects thereof paſs into her heart by the painfull counterbuff of a love, which could not be renounced without a petty apoſtacy in nature.

Eudoxia's affliction in her daughter.

Eudoxia her onely daughter, inheritrix of the name and beauty of her mother, was married to *Valentinian* Emperour of *Rome*, to be the ſubject of a wofull tragedy, and to make poſterity behold, that too eminent greatneſs is often ruined with thunder. This *Valentinian* ſiſters ſon of the Emperour *Honorius*, couſin of *Theodoſius*, not being able to content himſelf with the ſprings of his own houſe (according to the proverb) and repoſe himſelf in the beauty of a Princeſs ſo accompliſhed, as he in lawfull wedlock had eſpouſed, daily went a hunting after change in the infinity of forbidden loves. The ſenſuality of this Prince ſo much diſpleaſed God, that for this vice he ruined in his perſon this great *Roman* Empire, which ſo many times had cauſed her victorious chariots, loaden with Palms and Laurels, to paſs over the heads of the Kings and Monarchs of the world; ſo often had it been ſhaken, and ſo many times eſtabliſhed by concuſſion; needs muſt a wicked ſin of luxury interpoſe it recoverably to entomb it.

Strange diſorders in the Roman Empire.

Luſt ruineth Empires.

The Emperour then beholdeth with a wanton eye the wife of an eminent Senatour, named *Maximus*, and ſeeing this Lady was honeſt and loyal to her huſband, he thought her a bird not eaſily caught. Behold he reſolveth to trie all the priviledges of his power, and break all the bands of equity to give vent to his paſſion. What doth he? Behold he inviteth *Maximus* to a ſumptuous and royal banquet, which he had prepared, miſerable man! who knew not this feaſt was a ſnare laid to entrap the honour of his wife. After ſupper *Valentinian* inviteth him to play, under the colour of paſſing away the time, which he moſt willingly did, and ſo heateth him in game, that after he had loſt all, he gageth down the ring off his finger, wherewith he uſed to ſeal his letters. *Valentinian* wan it, greatly rejoycing, not ſo much for the value of the gemme in it, which was of great price, as to have found a paſſage to his treacherous deſign. He preſently diſpatcheth a gentleman with this ring, who bare news to the Lady, that her husband ſent for her to the Palace to ſalute the Emperour. This was a very well coloured pretext: Notwithſtanding it caſt moſt ſtrong apprehenſions into the ſoul of his Lady, who too well knew the deportments of this Prince. But conſidering this precious pledge of her husband, held for an undoubted earneſt-penny of his command; ſhe goeth, and conſecrateth all the difficulties which ſhe conceived, to the obedience towards her Lord. The poor Lady was no ſooner arrived, but was raviſhed and violated, to ſatisfie the bruitiſh luſt of a man, more drunk with love than wine.

The Palace of a Chriſtian Emperour, which ſhould be a Sanctuary for the chaſtity of Ladies, is by an act black and villanous defiled. The chaſte turtle, who would not ſurvive her honour, as ſoon as ſhe returneth to her lodging, exclaimeth againſt her husband with outragious words, thinking he had conſented to this diſaſter. *Go* (ſaith ſhe to him) *ingratefull and unnatural man as thou art, to proſtitute the honour of thy wife to the bruitiſhneſs of a Prince, abandoned by God and men: doſt thou not yet feel the executioners of thy conſcience, which reproach thee with thy crime?* Maximus, much amazed at ſuch words, *What is the matter, or where have you been, fooliſh woman?* ſaith he. She ſhewing the ring, *Doſt not thou yet acknowledge thy diſloyaltie, ſilly and perfidious man? behold that which will accuſe thee before God.* He, as ſhe began to unfold herſelf, too ſoon found his own ſhame, enjoyneth her to ſilence and diſſimulation, and hath no vein in him which tendeth not to vengeance.

Valentinian had a brave and valiant Captain, who ſupported the whole Empire: this was *Aetius*, very lately adorned with the ſpoils of *Attila*, whom he in a pitcht battel had vanquiſhed. *Maximus* thought he muſt ruinate this pillar to make the whole houſe to fall, and therein was not deceived. But being a man full of craft, ſo diſſembleth what was paſt concerning his wife, as if it had never come to his knowledge, onely he endeavoureth to gain the good opinion of a powerfull Eunuch, named *Heraclius*, who was the Emperours inſtrument, and having already gotten him at his devotion, ſuggeſteth to him in great ſecret, he had learned from a good hand, that *Aetius*, Lieutenant General of the Emperour, was much puffed up with the victory he obtained againſt *Attila*, and that he on all ſides practiſed confederacies both within and without the Kingdom, to make himſelf abſolute Maſter of all; that under the ſhadow of entertaining the *French* and *Gothes* in good correſpondence with the Empire, he purchaſed them for his own ſervice with the Emperours revenues, and that nothing remained for him but to ſet the Diadem upon his own head, which quickly he would do, were he not with all ſpeed prevented. *Heraclius* faileth not roundly to relate all this to his Maſter, who was already ſtirred with jealouſie towards *Aetius*, ſeeing his fortune took ſo high a flight, that it ſeemed to mount above wind and tempeſt. *Valentinian*, a hair-braind Prince, perpetually drunk with luſt and choller, without any further inquiſition, ſendeth for *Aetius* to the Palace, and with enraged paſſion, *How* (ſaith he) *Traytour, is it thou who undertakeſt to bereave me of the Crown?* and ſaying that, taketh out a poinyard which he had in his boſom, and killed him with his own hand. An act both bold and barbarous.

The poor *Aetius*, who had born the brunt of an Army of ſeven hundred thouſand men, who firſt confronted a man that ſhoke the pillars of all Empires, who returned from the *Gaules* amply loaden with victorious Palms, one of the moſt glorious Captains that ever was, at that time ſhewed at *Rome* as a prodigy of valour, fell dead as a ſacrifice at the feet of his Maſter, receiving by the juſt judgement of God, that entertainment he before had given to *Bonifacius* the great Governour of *Affrick*. *Valentinian*, as if he had acted a Maſter-piece, went preſently to one of his wiſeſt Counſellours to boaſt thereof, asking of him if he had not well played his prize. The other replieth: *Sacred Majeſty, if you had taken a hatchet with your right hand, and cut off your left arm inſtead of giving this accurſed blow, you had not done ſo ill. And I believe you too ſoon will feel the loſs you have received.* Theſe words were not without effect, for the death of *Aetius* being preſently after divulged, it put the ſouldiers into fury, who loved him as a brave and valiant Captain, under whoſe ſtandard they had given ſo ample teſtimonies of their worth.

Two

Two of the moſt hardy of them, *Oſtius* and *Tranſtilas*, after they had maſſacred the Eunuch *Heraclius*, aſſailed the perſon of the Emperour, who was at that time in the field of *Mars*, and deſperately murdered him, it being impoſſible to free himſelf from their hands, God permitting this in revenge of the murder lately committed, and ſo many adulteries wherewith this miſerable Prince, degenerating from the bloud of *Theodoſius*, was polluted.

Maximus, who caſt the ſtone, and afterward withdrew his arm, cauſing all this tragedy to be acted to his own advantage, after the death of *Valentinian*, as being moſt eminent, obtained the Empire with little reſiſtance, and his wife during theſe enterprizes being dead (perhaps through diſcontent for her own diſaſter) ſeeketh the marriage of the Empreſs *Eudoxia*, wife of *Valentinian* and daughter of our *Athenais*. The poor Princeſs drenched in a deluge of ſorrow for the death of the Emperour her husband, ſhewed in the beginning to be deaf in this motion of marriage: but as the ſpirits of women are mutable and ſoothed with glory, in few days forgetting death, ſhe reſolveth to live among the living, and for accommodation of her affairs, weddeth *Maximus*. Behold him in a ſhort time in the Throne and bed of his Maſter, revenging himſelf of one wickedneſs by another much more execrable. But vice in greatneſs hath ever a ſtaggering foot. *Maximus* was no ſooner entred into the Palace, but his head aked, and the remorſe of conſcience diſtracted him: His moſt truſty friends heard him ſighing ſay, he eſteemed that ancient *Damocles* happy, who was a King but the ſpace of a dinner-while; ſo much already was he diſquieted with the Empire, as if he had foreſeen his own cataſtrophe. It chanced one day this unhappy man, familiarly diſcourſing with his new ſpouſe, let a word eſcape him, which coſt him his life: for to give her a great token of his affection, he confeſſed himſelf to have intermedled in the deſign of *Valentinian* his death, not ſo much for the deſire of the Empire, as of her beauty. *Eudoxia* was ſtricken with ſtrange horrour at theſe words not ſuppoſing her firſt husband had been deprived of life and ſcepter by his practices, and therefore reſolving to be revenged, ſhe covereth her plot with diſſimulation, and bendeth all her powers to content his humour. She ſaw how her mother had been uſed at *Conſtantinople*, ſo that from thence probably ſhe could expect no ſuccour. The fury of revenge tranſported her to an act very hazardous, which was to call *Genſericus* King of the *Wandals*, in ſect an *Arian*, reigning in *Affrick*, to make a voyage into *Italie*, which he did with a huge Army, by means whereof he eaſily poſſeſſed himſelf of *Rome*, where all was in diſorder: And as he thither came, rather led by his unquencheable avarice than any motive of juſtice or piety, he riffled all that which was rich and excellent, even to the treaſures of the Temple of *Jeruſalem*, whereof ſome had ſtill been preſerved at *Rome*, ever ſince *Veſpaſian*. *Maximus*, after he had reigned two moneths, is knocked down and rent like a ſacrifice. He who in all charges had well thrived with honeſty, when he began to practice treachery, found that which a great Prelate had ſaid in his hiſtory, *That great mens fortunes like ſcorpions carry their venom in their tails.*

Wicked revenge of a woman.

Sidon. Apol. lib. 7. Ep. 13. Ut ſcorpius ultimâ parte pericutis.

The Empreſs *Eudoxia*, who to ſatisfie her feminine paſſion, had made all this goodly innovation, in the ſight of the great Pope S. *Leo*, who was ſpectatour of all theſe calamities, mended not her market: for ſhe with her two daughters, were by this Barbarian carried into *Affrick*, one of which bare her name, and was married to the ſon of *Genſericus*, who afterward poſſeſſed the ſcepter: and the other was *Placidia*, ſent in the end with her mother to *Conſtantinople*, after the death of *Martianus*. Behold terrible accidents.

Converſion of Eudoxia.

Eudoxia our pilgrime, after recital made to her of all this tragedy, began ſeriouſly to open her eyes, and laying her hand juſt upon the wound, acknowledged ſo many diſaſters had befallen her, for that ſhe had ſtrayed from the true faith. Thereupon to ſettle her wavering ſpirit, ſhe deputeth an Embaſſadour to holy *Simeon Stilites*, near the Citie of *Antioch*.

Stilites.

This *Simeon* was a prodigie of man, who lived in a body as if he had been but a ſpirit. For figure to your ſelf a pillar fourty foot high, and on this pillar ſome little ſhroud fixed there as a birds neſt, open and expoſed on all ſides to the injuries of weather; there this great man, to raiſe his body to God as well as his heart, placed his abode. It was a ſtrange lodging, where he could neither lye nor ſit in any faſhion, but ever ſtood bolt upright, without roof, without coverture, his hairs being ſomewhat whitened with ſnow, and his beard full of yſicles, ſometime roaſted with the boiling heats of the Sun, and in the midſt of all this he paſſed his days and nights in contemplation, eating but once a week, and that very ſparingly.

To this famous Hermit then, who was the Oracle of Chriſtendom, *Eudoxia* ſendeth *Anaſtatius*, a truſty Biſhop, who in much ſecrecy laboured her converſion, to conſult with him upon doubts of faith. *Simeon* anſwereth in theſe terms:

Poor Princeſs, the malice of the evil ſpirit, who ſaw the great treaſures of thy rare virtues, would needs winnow and ſift thee. Theodoſius *the falſe Monk, a miniſter of Satan, hath corrupted thy fair and glorious ſoul. But courage, my Daughter, thou ſhalt die in the true faith, conſult no more with me, thou ſeekeſt water far off, having the fountain near at hand. It behoveth to addreſs thee to* Euthymius, *who will ſerve as thy directour in a happy way.*

This anſwer being related to *Eudoxia*, ſhe cauſed this *Euthymius* to be ſought out on all ſides, who ſhould undertake this buſineſs. He was a venerable Hermit, having become hoary in the exerciſes of a long penance, and one who was hard to be found out, ſo much he avoided light and the converſation of men. Notwithſtanding God permitted him to be found, and brought, as it were by force, to the place where the good Empreſs was. She ſeeing this bleſſed old man, proſtrated herſelf at his feet, ſaying: *Father, I have lived long enough, ſince I have the honour to behold you, it is from your hand I expect the remedy of all my evils.* The holy man raiſing her with much ſweetneſs, *Daughter* (ſaith he) *the evil ſpirit hath too much abuſed your credulity: It is time you open your eyes to ſee the ſcourges of God. All your ills have proceeded of nothing but infidelity. And if now you deſire to be cured, there is but one word: Stand no longer upon diſputation, but follow the Councels of* Nice *and* Conſtantinople. *Behold the rule of your faith, which you ſhall learn of* John *Biſhop of* Jeruſalem.

Euthymius, after he had thus ſpoken to her, returneth to his Cell, and ſhe goeth directly to the Temple of *Jeruſalem*, attended by an infinite number of Religious, lifting their hands to Heaven in thankſgiving for this converſion. She abjureth the hereſie of *Eutyches*, between the hands of the Biſhop, and abſolutely reconcileth herſelf to the Catholick Church, with ſo much fervour and zeal, that ſhe ceaſed not all the reſt of her days to extirpate impiety, & amplifie the church in all parts of the Eaſt where her power extended.

Worthy life, and glorious death of Eudoxia.

The good Empreſs then led a life wholly celeſtial, her ſoul being purged in the furnace of painful tribulation, afterward purified more and more in the love of God, held not of the body but by a ſlender thread. Her heart was an incenſe, daily diſſolved into the flames of her charity, ſending to Heaven its fragrant exhalations Her two eies were the conduits, by which penance with a powerfull expreſſion, diſtilled tears, which are as the nectar of the love of God; her hands like thoſe of the Spouſe, true globes of gold, repleniſhed with an ocean of bounty, poured through the cities and deſerts of *Paleſtine*. In every place nothing

was

was to be ſeen but Churches and Hoſpitals, but houſes for the poor built at her coſt; ſo that an Authour named *Cyrillus* who lived in her time, aſſureth, it was a thing impoſſible to number them, God being willing to diſpoſe her paſſage out of this life by the exerciſe of ſo many good works. And being upon the confines of her laſt year, ſhe went to viſit a magnificent Church of S. *Peter*, which ſhe had founded, and one day repoſing near to a ceſtern, where ſhe laboured for the good of the ſaid Church, ſhe began to caſt her eyes upon a great number of Monaſteries, all near one to another, which were in the charge of her good father *Euthymius*, then fetching a deep affectionate ſigh, ſhe ſpake theſe words of the 24. Numeri: *O Jacob, how fair are thy pavillions! O Iſrael, how excellent thy tabernacles!* Then turning herſelf to a gentleman of her train, Go (ſaith ſhe) *ſeek out* Euthymius, *and intreat him to do me the honour, that I once again may ſpeak to him. If he ſhall ſay, he ſpeaketh not with women, tell him I no longer know what ſex is, and that I converſe onely with Angels.* *Euthymius* in his cell had by revelation, that this Saint ſhould quickly paſs to a better life, and he came directly to bring her the news thereof. The Empreſs ſaluted him very courteouſly, and diſpoſed her heart to ſpeak to him touching a certain ſum of money, ſhe deſired to give for the entertainment of his Monks: but the good man divining the thoughts of her heart, ſaith to her: *Madame, trouble not your ſelf for this money, there are other affairs which more concern you: know, you very ſhortly muſt depart out of this world, and now you ought to have but one care, which is to entertain your ſoul in that ſtate you deſire it ſhould part out of this life.* *Eudoxia* at the firſt was amazed at this diſcourſe. It ſeemeth ſouls (as *Plato* ſaith) go not but with grief out of fair bodies, but this was too much diſengaged to do in the end of thoſe days any unreſigned act. After ſhe had a long time talked to *Euthymius*, as one would with Angels, ſhe gave him the laſt adieu, full of hope to ſee him at the Rendez-vous of all good men. Returning into *Ieruſalem*, ſhe had no other care but to ſet a ſeal upon all her good works, then diſtributing whatſoever ſhe had to the poor, ſhe expected the ſtroke of death freely, and reſignedly: her ſoul was taken out of her body throughly ripened for Heaven, as fruit which onely expects the hand of the Maſter to gather it. She was about threeſcore years of age, having ſurvived *Theodoſius* her husband, and *Pulcheria*, *Flaccilla*, *Marina*, *Arcadia*: for all of them went before her into the other world: ſhe was married at twenty years of age, ſhe ſpent twenty nine in Court, and as it were eleven in *Jeruſalem*: ſhe deceaſed in the year of our Lord 459. the 21. year of Pope *Leo*, and the 4. of the Emperour *Leo*, Succeſſour of *Martianus*. A woman very miraculous among women, who ſeemeth ſo much to have tranſcended the ordinary of her ſex, as men ſurpaſs beaſts. More than an Age is required, ere nature can produce ſuch creatures. They are born as the Phenix, from five hundred to five hundred years, yea much more rare. A great beauty, great wit, great fortune, a great virtue, great combats, great victories; to be born in a poor cottage, as a ſnail in his ſhell, and iſſue out to ſhew it ſelf upon the throne of an Empire, and die in an hermitage! all is great, all is admirable in this Princeſs: But nothing more great, nothing more admirable, than to behold a golden veſſel, with ſails of linnen, and cordage of ſilk, counterbuffed by ſo many ſtorms, overwhelmed, and even accounted as loſt, in the end happily to arrive at the haven. Behold her Portraicture and Elogie.

Numb. 24. *Quam pulchra ſunt tentoria tua, O Jacob, habitationes tuæ, O Iſrael!*

EUDOXIA AUGUSTA, THEODOSII JUNIORIS CONJUX, EX HUMILI FORTUNA IN MAGNUM IMPERIUM TRANSCRIPTA, SCEPTRUM VIRTUTIBUS SUPERAVIT, CELESTIS INSTAR PRODIGII FOEMINA, INGENIO, FORMA, VITA, SCRIPTIS, ET RELIGIONE CLARISSIMA: CUM VICENIS NUPTA ANNOS XXIX EGISSET IN IMPERIO, ET UNDECIM FERME IN PALESTINA, HIEROSOLIMIS RELIGIOSISSIMO EXITU VITAM CLAUSIT ANNO CHRISTI CDLX, ÆTATIS LIX.

Upon

Upon the picture of EUDOXIA.

Fortune unparallel'd, beauty her own,
A ſpirit that admits no Paragon.
Divine, immenſe, although it ſeem to be,
'Twas but the Temple of the Deitie.

HEr example drew an infinite number of great Ladies, to contempt of pleaſures and vanities of Court, to ſeek the Temple of repoſe in the deſerts of the holy Land. Among others Queen *Eudoxia* her Grand-child, who as we have ſaid, was married into *Africk*, treading the world under foot with a generous reſolution, came with her Crown to do homage at the tomb of her Grand-mother, kiſſed her aſhes, as of a holy Empreſs, and was ſo raviſhed with the many monuments of virtue ſhe had erected in the holy Land, that there ſhe would paſs the reſidue of her days, and chooſe her tomb at the foot of that from whence ſhe derived her bloud and name.

It is a great loſs to us, that the learned books written by this Royal hand have been ſcattered; for thoſe varieties of *Homer*, which are extant, are not *Eudoxia's*. *Photius*, much more ſubtile than *Zonaras*, to judge of the works of antiquity, maketh no mention thereof in the recital of the writings of this divine ſpirit, but of her Octoteuch, which he witneſſeth to be a worthy, heroick, and admirable piece. Behold that which is moſt remarkeable in the Court of *Theodoſius*.

And verily, for as much as concerneth the perſon of the Emperour, he did enough to make himſelf a Saint, by living ſo mortified in his paſſions, in the delights of a flouriſhing Court. It is a meer bruitiſhneſs, a very plague of mans ſoul, to make no account of Princes, but of certain braggards, vain, brain-ſick, and turbulent ſpirits, who fill hiſtories with vain-glorious bravadoes, whoredoms, murders, and treacheries: theſe are they, of whom the ſpirit of fleſh, (an enemy of God) proclaimeth falſe praiſes, and ſuch an one ſeemeth to himſelf ſufficiently great, when there appeareth a power in him to do ill. A calm ſpirit, united, docible, temperate, though he have not ſo many gifts of nature, is a thouſand times to be preferred before theſe vain-glorious and audacious, who are onely wiſe in their own opinion, valiant in raſhneſs, happy in vice, and great in the imagination of fools. It is good to have the piety of *Theodoſius*, and to let over-much facility work in praying, and pray in working; to have the beak and plumage of an Eagle, and the mildneſs of a Dove; to lay the hide of a Lion at the feet of the Statue of piety.

As for *Pulcheria*, ſhe was the mirrour of perfection among the great Princeſſes of the earth, yet not without her ſpots, but ſtill giving water to waſh them away. And for *Eudoxia*, you find in her what to take, what to leave, many things to imitate, few to reject, but an infinite number to admire. Behold in the end the *Fortunate Pietie*, which I have ſet before your eyes as a golden ſtatue, not onely to behold it in paſſing by, but to guild your manners with the rays, and adorn your greatneſs with the glory thereof.

Who will not admire the proſperity of the Empire of *Conſtantinople*, in the manage of *Theodoſius*, of *Pulcheria*, of *Martianus*, under the rule of piety, and not ſay, Behold the world, which trembleth in all the parts thereof, under the prodigious armies of Barbarians, who ſeem deſirous to rend the earth, and wholly carry it away in fire and bloud from the center? Behold the *Roman* Empire, which hath trodden under foot all Scepters and Crowns of the earth, ruined, diſ-membred, torn in a thouſand pieces in the hands of a vitious Emperour, who buried it under the ſhivers of his Scepter: and behold on the other ſide, God, who preſerveth his *Theodoſius*, his *Pulcheria*, his *Martianus*, among theſe formidable inundations, which caſt all the world into a deluge, as heretofore he did *Noe* in the revengefull waters, which poured down from Heaven to drown the impurities of the earth. What nurſe was ever ſo carefull to drive a flie from the face of her little infant while it ſlept, as the Providence of God ſhewed it ſelf affectionate in the conſervation of theſe elevated ſouls?

Obſerve the perſons preciſely, and conſider each in particular: What happineſs in the Empreſs *Eudoxia*, whileſt ſhe laboureth for the glory of Altars: God gave the heart of her husband into her hands, the world in honour at her feet, and a little *Theodoſius* by her ſide, who in his infancy maketh all the hopes of his mother to bud: But as ſoon as this poor Princeſs, forgetting her duty and ſelf, contended with S. *John Chryſoſtom*, behold her cut down with the ſythe of death, carried away in her flower, deprived of the contentment and glory which ſhe poſſeſſed. Behold ſhe received a breach in her reputation, which cannot in the memory of all Ages be repaired. Her bones are in horrour and dread, till ſuch time as S. *Chryſoſtom*, baniſhed by her commandment, and returning dead to *Conſtantinople*, came to ſerve as an anker for the floating aſhes of this unfortunate Empreſs.

Conſider this little *Theodoſius*, who even at his birth maketh the Idols to fall, the Pagan temples to ſink, and hell to howl under his feet. What glory was it to bury the remainders of Idolatry, what a trophey to extirpate under his reign ſo many monſters of hereſies? What celeſtial comfort, to ſee in his time ſo many learned writings to be laid at his feet? to ſee ſo many worthy men flouriſh, ſo many Saints, as *Leo's*, *Cyrils*, *Chryſoſtoms*, *Simeons Stilites*? to ſee the Church all garniſhed with ſtars and lights? to ſway a Scepter more than fourty years in a peaceful Kingdom, among ſo many tempeſts? and which is more, to fall into ſome defects by ſudden ſurprizal, and expiate them by a happy repentance? to ſee himſelf drawn by a powerfull hand from the brink of a precipice, and in the end to yield up his ſoul in the midſt of Palms and good odours of a glorious life? See you not a Fortunate Piety?

Behold *Pulcheria*, as an Eagle on the top of a pyramide, which ever hath her eye on the Sun, and ſeeth all ſtorms broken and confounded under her feet. Was there ever a more fortunate Piety? To ſay that a maid at fifteen years of age, ſwaying Emperours and Empires, enchaining all hearts of the world, to make herſelf on earth a Crown, might boaſt to have had the Univerſal Church for trumpet of her praiſes, and from the government on earth to mount to Heaven by ſo happy death, born as on a Chariot of liberality and magnificence! Where may one more manifeſtly ſee the happineſs of true and ſolid piety?

Behold *Athenais*, a ſilly maid, who had not ſo much as a poor cottage for ſhelter, as ſoon as ſhe embraceth piety, and offereth the faculties of her ſoul to the honour of Altars, behold her raiſed upon the throne of the prime Empire of the world; afterward, as ſhe came a little to forget God, he ſent her a very ſharp affliction, but as ſoon as ſhe hath again recourſe to the arms of devotion, the cloud of calumny caſt on her forehead diſſevereth, the ſtorm paſſeth away, and her face all glittereth in glory, and which is moſt admirable, God layeth hold of her even in the gulph

of errour, whereinto a wicked hypocrite had cast her, reconducteth her to Altars, receiveth her soul in peace, and causeth her to reign both in herself and bloud in all the three parts of the world: for she held in person the Scepter of *Asia*, her daughter *Eudoxia* was married to the Emperour of *Rome*, the Capital Citie of *Europe*, and her Grand-child was Queen of *Africk*, miraculously finding a Kingdom in her own captivity. Is not this a fortunate piety?

Adde also hereunto *Martianus*, a poor peasant, who now had his neck under the sword of the executioner, falsely accused of a crime whereof he was innocent, and God taketh him by one hair of the head, delivereth him from shame and peril, marvellously guiding him to the government of a great Empire, giveth him innumerable prosperities, and indeed maketh him another *Constantine*. Ought not impiety to burst with rage, and confess that happiness, greatness, benedictions, and favours of Heaven are for piety?

Here it may be, you will also have some remembrance of the Court of *Herod*, where you have seen the poor *Mariamne* in virtue so ill intreated, and will think that piety in this creature was unfortunate. But if this thought occur, would it not condemn all the Martyrs, and all the Saints, whose lives notwithstanding we ought to judge most happy, since that vanquishing the petty misfortunes of the world she hath fallen into the bosom of felicity? Tell me, one hour of life in patience and tranquility of soul, which this good Queen had among so many strange accidents, is it not more worth than the thirty seven years of her husband, all clouded with crimes, disturbancies, and fury? Tell me, is it not a happiness and an incomparable glory, that God would pertake in persecutions with this good Princess, suffering himself by this self-same man to be pursued, who had been the hammer of all her afflictions? Is it nothing to die in the Amphitheater of patience, in the Theater of honour, by the same sword, which was afterward unsheathed against *Jesus Christ*? Is it nothing to give up the life of a Pilmeer in exchange of an immortal glory on earth, and a happy repose in Heaven.

And if you besides desire to see her fortunate piety according to the world, is it not a blow from Heaven, to say, that all the race of *Herod* issued from his other wives, was unlucky, miserable, execrable, deprived of their fathers Scepter, chased away, exiled, scourged with whips from Heaven, and the Grand-children of *Mariamne*, remained last in royal thrones? *Tigranes* her Grand-child descended from *Alexander*, was King of *Armenia*, crowned by the hands of the *Roman* Emperours. *Agrippa* the Great, issued from *Aristobulus*, who having been fettered with an iron cain, through the cruelty of *Tyberius*, was sent back to his Kingdom by *Caius Cæsar*, and honoured with a golden chain of like weight, with the same of iron wherewith he had been fettered.

Agrippa the youngest, under whom S. *Paul* pleaded his cause, was preserved from the horrible sack of *Jerusalem*, as *Lot* from the flames of *Sodome*, and reigned in *Tyberiade* and *Juliade*, even to decrepit age.

Berenice grand-child of *Mariamne*, was extreamly courted by the Emperour *Titus*, entituled the worlds darling. Another called *Drucilla*, was married to *Felix* Governour of *Judea*, of whom is spoken in the Acts, God likewise recompencing the virtue of the mother in the children by some temporal favours: and all those who disposed themselves to virtue were fortunate, to make it appear by evident testimonies, that unhappiness ariseth from nothing but impiety.

These two Courts, the histories of which we have here represented, in my opinion sufficiently shew the unhappiness of impiety, and fortunate success in the lives of Great-ones, when they are guided according to the laws of Heaven.

If I hereafter shall continue this work, I will unfold, according to the succession of Ages, the Elogies of great men, who in the practice of the world flourished in all piety, to cast confusion upon the foreheads of such, who being heirs of their bloud and fortunes, alienate themselves so far from their merit. Yet cannot I absolutely promise any thing. First, because the exercise of preaching and other ministeries, afford me little leisure to write: and although I might have some time for this purpose, yet have I some other labours upon the holy Scripture of a longer task, which would require their season. Secondly, I see many worthy men, who much more ably can perform it than my self: my talent is small, and my pen is slow, it can hasten nothing, I must ponder my works before I publish them, though very imperfect. They ever seem to me too soon to take flight and light; I would as it were perpetually hold them by the wings. Briefly, it is no small labour to find so many Saints in Courts. You know the Philosopher, who searched for men with a candle at noon-tide, and had much ado to find any: How much more difficult think you is it to meet with Saints, especially in the decrepitness of this Age, wherein there is little vigour, and many maladies? If you require books of me, I say, give me Saints, although verily I rather should endeavour to engrave sanctity in my manners than writings. The time will come, when books shall be gnawn by moths on earth, and works in Heaven esteemed.

LAUS DEO.

THE HOLY COURT.

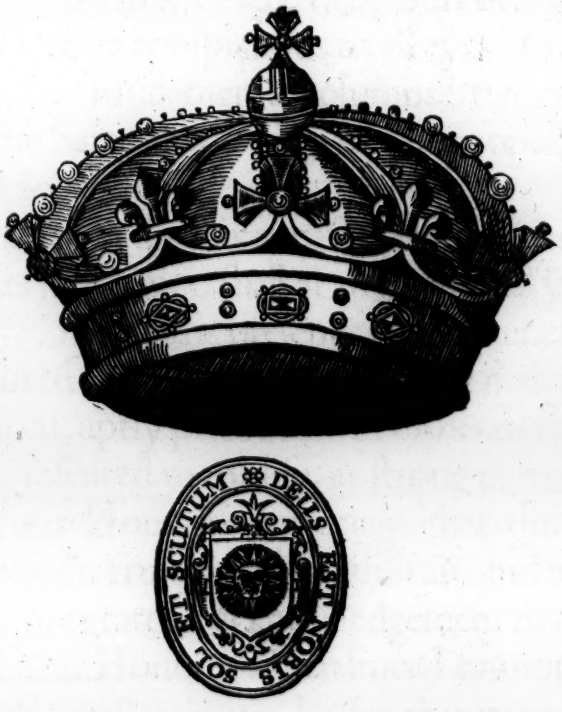
THE SECOND TOME,

TREATING OF

The { PRELATE, SOULDIER, STATES-MAN, LADIE.

Written in French by NICHOLAS CAUSSIN, of the S. of JESUS.

Translated into English by Sr. T. H.



LONDON,

Printed by WILLIAM BENTLEY, and are to be sold by *John Williams*, at the Crown in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1650.

THE

HOLY COMFORT

To the Right Honourable

EDWARD D'SACKVILE,

Earl of Dorset, Baron of Buckhurst, Lord Chamberlain to the Queens Majestie,

Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, and of his Majesties most Honourable Privie-Councel.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THe eminent and well deserved place your Honor holds in the Court of her Majesty, to whose gracious favour the first part of my Work was heretofore humbly consecrated, emboldens me in the adventure of this present address to your Honour; nor shall there, I hope, any notable disproportion appear to the eyes of the judicious, that I thus purposely select your Honour to wait on her Highnes in a printed Dedication, who at Court in so near a degree daily attend on her Sacred person.

The great and general applause with which France hath entertained the whole Work in the original, gave encouragement to my pen to continue that first labour in the translation of this Second piece. Here may be seen the Court of a great and glorious Prince, standing conspicuous to all eyes, like a goodly fabrick raised on four fundamental columns; two of which, the Souldier and the Sates-man, may not improperly seem to reflect on your Honour.

The first, when in the fair occasions of his Majesties fit employments, his just reason shall at any time call you forth into action: The second, in the present and frequent use he hath of your well matured counsels: Both which, by masculine courage and sober wisdom, aptly personated in Consantine and Boetius, are here presented to the life, as strong patterns for imitation. It is your Honours patronage that thus brings them with the rest into the fruition of English air, and me by this opportunity into the grateful acknowledgement of many favours received from your Honour, which since I cannot make known by more real demonstrations, I offer this poor endeavour to supply the plentifull desires of him, who resolves to persist,

The humble devoted servant of your Honour,

T. H.

TO THE
WISDOM of GOD INCARNATE.

ETernal WISDOM, Supream INTELLIGENCE, behold me proſtrate before the abyſs of your great and Divine lights, to offer up the homage of my perſon and book, acknowledging the nothing both of the one and other; and proteſting to have neither ſpirit nor pen which is not of You and for You, who are the ſource of good thoughts, and accompliſhment of all praiſe-worthy diſcourſes.

The Deſign and Order of this Book.

WE have, to ſpeak properly, but two great Books, Heaven and the Bible, which ſhall never periſh: The reſt bear ſome ſway, and have ſome laſting among men, yet in concluſion we find their ends; but the moſt part of thoſe which are written in theſe days, fall into the world as drops of rayn into the ſea, of which the Ocean neither feeleth the approach nor departure. I expoſed my firſt Tome of the *HOLY COURT*, amidſt ſuch a throng of Writers, as it were with this conceit, thinking I carried a little dew into a great River, and that when I had ſpoken ſome truths, as it were paſſing along, I ſhould in my birth, bury my ſelf in the tomb of ſo many volumns; which is excuſable by the law of neceſſity, and honourable for the multitude and quality of thoſe which are there to be found.

Notwithſtanding I ſee that God, who guideth our lives and pens, hath been pleaſed this work ſhould gain ſome eſtimation, and that, as it hath exceeded the merits of its Authour, ſo hath it ſurmounted his hope, expoſing it ſelf with ſome fruit and comfort, by an endeavour which I ſhall never think ill employed.

This hath again put the pen into my hand, to continue what I had begun, whereunto ſuch Honourable perſonages have perſwaded me, with motives ſo reaſonable, that having ſmall ability to undertake a ſecond labour, I had likewiſe leſs power to refuſe it.

Such as complain, my pen hath not ſoon enough ſatisfied their deſires, muſt remember, that though tardineſs be a mother ſomewhat unpleaſing, yet are not the children therefore deformed. The production of good Books ſhould not reſemble that of certain birds, which according to the ſaying of an Ancient, iſſue from their mothers before they are born; but we muſt a long time form and foment them in our minds, that they may appear in publick: for it is a very poor buſineſs, by precipitation to be able to hope no other thing, but through haſte to fail, that you may repent at leiſure. I rather fear the reproach of raſhneſs than delay, becauſe in this mortal ſtate wherein we live, all our perfecteſt actions are no other than groſs eſſays of perfection.

Symposius.

This may be ſpoken without extenuating the worth of ſome celeſtial wits, who make expedition and goodneſs walk hand in hand; it being abſurd, that thoſe who are unable to imitate them, ſhould boaſt infirmities oppoſite to their abilities. For my part, I content my ſelf to afford good liking and admiration to the Works of others, reſerving nothing elſe but labour for mine own. And although, notwithſtanding my endeavour, I never find ſufficient ſatisfaction in this Book, to pleaſe thoſe Readers whom I have found ſo propitious, yet doubt not but I have in ſome ſort anſwered their deſires.

For in this ſecond Volumn I treat of the Courts of *Conſtantine* the Great, the two *Valentinians*, *Gratian*, *Theodoſius* the Elder, *Theodorick* in *Boetius* his cauſe, *Clodoveus*, *Clotilda*, *Levigildus*, *Hermingildus*, and *Indegondis*, in ſuch ſort, that I have ſelected the principal ſanctities of Great-ones in the firſt ſix Ages of Chriſtianity, which will not be ſleightly valued by thoſe, who better love to finiſh a Work than unboundedly diſtend it.

Moreover alſo, to be better than my promiſe, in my firſt Volumn having taken the Court in general, I here deſcend into particulars: and there being four ſorts of perſons which compoſe the life of Great-ones, that is to ſay, the *Prelate*, the *Souldier*, the *States-man*, and the *Court-Ladie*, I have made a brief Table of the conditions neceſſary in every ſtate, couched in four diſcourſes, purſued with as many Books of Hiſtories, which contain excellent models of virtues, proper to all orders and ſtates of life, in perſons moſt eminent.

I can aſſure my Reader, theſe Summaries of Precepts, which I have ſo contracted in ſo few words (it being in my power to enlarge them in divers Volumns) are not unprofitable; and the Hiſtories are ſo choſen, that beſides their majeſty, which unfoldeth the goodlieſt affairs and paſſages of Empires in the beginning of their Chriſtianity, they have alſo a certain ſweetneſs, which ſolid ſpirits ſhall find as much to tranſcend fables and modern eloquence, as the ſatisfaction of truth ſurpaſſeth the illuſions of Sorcerers.

You ſhall perpetually therein obſerve a large Theater of the Divine providence, wherein, God himſelf knoweth, I have no other aim, but to dignifie virtue, and depreſs vice, without any reflection upon the perſons of theſe times, no more than if I wrote in the Reign of *Charlemain* or *St. Lewis*. I heartily entreat all thoſe ſpirits of application, who cannot hold their noſe over a piece of work, unleſs they find it to ſuit with their own fantaſies, imagining that all literature is the eccho of their own thoughts, that if they have any Commentary to produce, they would rather make gloſſes upon their own dreams, than my Books. We are not as yet, God be thanked, in ſo miſerable an Age, that we dare not offer ſacrifice to truth without a diſguiſe, ſince it is the glory of Great-ones, openly to wage war againſt vices, as their greateſt enemies.

For to ſpeak truly, after I had preſented my Firſt Tome at the feet of the ſacred perſon of our great King, I likewiſe conſidered in his Court rich and reſplendent lights, in all orders, which might ſerve as models for my Treatiſes: but to avoid affectation of all worldly complacence, I have purpoſely declined it; my nature and habit having already ſo alienated me from all worldly pretences, that it would prove painfull to me to court any man, if he had not Heaven and the Stars to give me for reward.

For ſo much as concerneth the form of writing, obſerved by me in this Second Volumn, I will truly confeſs to my Reader, that I have therein proceeded, rather guided by my proper Genius, than art or cunning. And although I heretofore have been curious enough to read and obſerve all what ever Greek or Roman eloquence hath produced of worth, yet I confeſs there is a certain ray of God, which encountering with our ſpirit, and mixing with nature, is more knowing than all precepts; and I may affirm this for the inſtruction of youth, which hath asked my opinion concerning the qualities and conditions of ſtile. True it is, I have handled many books, written in all Ages, and have found the wiſeſt of them to be elevated in conceits and words, above the ordinary ſtrain, but always free from affectation. Others are ſo paſſionately

ſionately enamoured of certain petty courtſhips of language (which are capital enemies of perſwaſion, and which we moſt eſpecially ought to avoid in diſcourſes of piety, the nerves whereof they weaken, and blemiſh the luſtre, ſince even thoſe who ſpeak to us out of Chairs, by word, or writing, although in terms diſcreetly modeſt, make the leſs impreſſions on our hearts) and many times ſo ſeek after their own reputations, as they forget how much they are engaged to truth. We ſee ſome, who through over-much wit, ſearch out ſtrange ways, conceptions different from common underſtanding, words extravagant, and in all other things ſo vehemently adore their own imaginations, that they cannot endure any but themſelves in paper (which is the cauſe they very ſeldom meet with the habit of humane underſtanding, as being true Citizens of *Plato's* Commonwealth) of ability to controle all, and to do nothing. Some glory in barrenneſs, and would willingly be diſpleaſed with God, that he hath more plentifully ſown ſtars in ſome parts of the Heaven than in others: They can brook nothing that is generous, without ſnarling at it, and taxing it, ſuppoſing beauties and ſplendours are defects, becauſe they ſurpaſs their capacities. Finally, there are ſome, who ſo furniſh themſelves with the worth of others ceaſeleſs allegations, that they frame diſcourſes like to thoſe *Helena's* all of gold, where we can behold nothing but drapery; not being able to diſtinguiſh the hand from the foot, nor the eye from the face. I enter not into the conſideration of our times, having learned rather to regard the Works of the meaneſt Writers than cenſure them. But to ſpeak ſincerely, I never thought it fit to adviſe or purſue ſuch courſes: And as in this Work I have not wholly declined learning nor ornament of language, which I ſuppoſed apt for the purpoſe, endeavouring many times to enchaſe them with ſeemly accommodation; ſo have I been unwilling to repleniſh my leaves with Authours and forreign tongues, this being undertaken rather to perſwade virtue among men eminent, than to fill the common places of young Students.

I likewiſe have ſo intermingled my ſtyle, that not deſcending into a petty language of complement, which had been below my ſubject, I thought to make it intelligible, yea even unto thoſe who make no profeſſion of arts or ſtudy. My onely aim is to ſpeak, and to be underſtood, perſwaded thereunto by the ſaying of *Philo*, That ſpeech and thought are two ſiſters, they youngeſt whereof is created that the eldeſt may be known. I have more laboured upon the weight of ſentences than ornaments of words, not at all pretending to the honour of earthly pens, which we daily behold to grow in ſo many Authours of this Age, who would be much more abſolute, did they apply themſelves to graver ſubjects, and in ſome ſort imitate the Sun, who affording admiration to the world, hath none himſelf.

Notwithſtanding it often happeneth, not with the moſt eminent Writers, who ordinarily are endowed with much modeſty, but certain extreamly profane wits, to idolatrize their own inventions, to condemn all treatiſes of worth and value; that it is impoſſible to be eloquent in our language, but in the expreſſion of vanities and impurities. Truly, if queſtion were made to judge of *French* eloquence, the riches of *Babylon* are not ſo exquiſite, as to be compared with the beauties of *Sion*.

Whileſt there are letters and men, there ſhall ever be praiſe for the excellent Books, which come from the pens of ſo many worthy Prelates and other perſons of quality; yea, even from the Laity, who have exerciſed their ſtyle upon arguments, chaſte, honourable, and well-worthy of all recommendation. I ſpeak this as it were by the way, having at this time no purpoſe to enlarge upon recital of an infinite number of able men, who ſtand ready with pen in hand; nor likewiſe to commend thoſe of my habit, who have expoſed their excellent labours to publick view, and which I know might be well waited on by a large number of choice wits of the ſame Society.

But for as much as concerneth my ſelf, I have already diſcharged my promiſe, and doubt not, but that in theſe four models, I have ſufficiently comprized the whole ſcope of my deſign. For the reſt, I think the Books of devotion that are publiſhed, ought to be rare and extraordinarily well digeſted; becauſe ſuch is the quantity of them, that the number of Authours will quickly exceed the proportion of Readers. Diſtaſt is a worm, which ſticketh on the moſt reſplendent beauties; and although a thing may be excellent, we muſt not therefore glut any man with ſuperfluity, leſt good offices turn into contempt, and charity make it ſelf tireſom. Yet ſo it is, that we muſt confeſs, pieces well ſelected and curiouſly handled, can never ſo ſuperabound in number, as to offend thoſe who can diſtinguiſh of merit.

For if it be true, as I have heard, that there are many good and learned Religious men of divers Orders, who prepare themſelves to write upon this ſame ſubject, I am very glad, and proteſt it ſhall be acceptable to me, becauſe ſo they may perfect what I have begun, with more profit than my ſelf.

Note here the cauſe why I ſtay my pen, and if there be ought good in this Volumn, I look upon it as that mirrour, which was fixed on the wall of the *Arcadian* Temple, where thoſe who beheld themſelves, ſaw in ſtead of their faces, the repreſentation of the Divinity they adored. So in all this which here may profit my Reader, I ſee nothing of mine own, but in it acknowledge the Father of Light, who is the ſource and end of all which is in us eſteemed laudable, and whom I humbly beſeech, if there be any thing attractive in this Diſcourſe, he would be pleaſed to draw it upward, as the adamant, tranſporting ſuch as ſhall read it, to the love of their CREATOUR, to whom is due the tribute of all honours, as to Him who is the beginning of all perfections. This is the onely comfort of our labour: For, not to diſſemble a truth, he that more regardeth to write than to live, courting his pen, and neglecting his own conſcience, ſhall always have trouble enough to defend himſelf from mothes, rats, and oblivion. And though he ſhould be laden with the applauſes of the whole world, in a paſſionate life, it were but to gain a ſilly ſacrifice of ſmoke without him, to harbour fire and tempeſts within his own houſe.

It is ſaid, the Stars by contribution of their rays, ſtrengthen the activity of hell fire; and I may ſay, all the lights of underſtanding and reputation, will ſerve but to encreaſe the torments of a reprobate ſoul, who ſhuts his eyes againſt God, not to open them to other object than vanitie.

Pauſan. in Arcadicis.

Centrum terræ validius accenditur, ex limpiditate flammæ cælestis. Vienna ex Ptolomæi Almageſto.

TO THE

NOBILITIE,

Dedicated to the CHURCH.

SIRS,

THe benefits you have received from God, and examples the Weal-publick expecteth from you, are so essential obligations of duty, that when we speak of the piety of Great-ones, you instantly are selected out to hold the first rank therein, and to be the cause that virtues, which ever are voluntary, may turn as it were into title of necessity. For, to joyn the Clergie to Nobilitie, is to connect two things together, which are both in Nature and the Gospel, very eminent. It is to profess ones self an honest man by birth and dignity, to stand on a pinacle, and serve as a torch, to change your word into law, and life into example.

The Bishops of all Ages have been esteemed amongst men, as the stars in the firmament, whereof the Prophet Daniel, speaketh, as the Senatours of Heaven, the Fathers of the Commonwealth, the Interpreters of God, the Mediatours of the marriage contracted between the Lamb and the Heavenly Jerusalem.

Daniel 12. 3.

Dionys. ἀρμοσται, De Ecclesiasticâ Hierarchiâ.

This is the cause why we ever think it is to desire a good work, to desire a Bishoprick, taking the words of the Apostle in a sense, which flattereth sensuality, informeth not the conscience; but now, that the passage to Offices and secular dignities, is closed up from many with bars of gold and silver, whom birth seemeth to invite thereunto, they hope to repair themselves on the spoils of the Church, where such as proceed by sensual and worldly ways, oftentimes find poison and death hidden under a seeming sweetness.

For Sirs, we must tell you, your dignities, how eminent soever they be, are like the roof of the Temple in Jerusalem, which had flowers among guilded prickles; in my opinion to teach Bishops, that Myters bordered with gold, and diversified with stones, have notwithstanding their points and prickings.

Villalpandus upon Ezechiel out of Josephus de bello Judaico lib. 6. c. 6.

Had we as many eyes open towards Heaven, as Heaven openeth to behold here below the most secret actions of men, we should be strucken with horrour to see an Ecclesiastical dignity fall to the lot of a depraved soul, which changeth all the abilities thereof to incentives for sin, and to make of his proper honours the true snares of his soul.

But it is a common disaster, that the smoke, which in the book of Tobie driveth away the devils, doth here daily surprize men. We stick on apparences, and if we retain some Maxims of verity, we use them as letters written with the juyce of a lemon, which can hardly be read but by the help of fire.

Hermanus Hugo de primâ scribendi origine.

So that when the day of Judgement shall manifest it self by fire, and that at the departure of the soul, flames shall be presented to enlighten it, even to the bottom of the conscience, then shall it be when all the knowledge of virtue, which we here on earth retain so poor and languishing, shall appear with enflamed characters for our condemnation.

It is an admirable thing, which the good Cardinal Hugo, who flourished about four hundred years ago, as he lay on his death-bed, where with much advantage the vanities of the world are discovered, and when perhaps some too indiscreetly flattered him upon the splendour of his dignity, spake in the voice of an Oracle: Take away these vanities, for I protest, if it were to do again, I had rather die in a Monastery covered with leaprousie, than with the scarlet robe of a Cardinal.

The life of Hugo.

Yet notwithstanding this man had been so little idle, that besides the Concordances of the Bible which he composed, and the Commentaries he made upon the whole Corps of holy Scripture, he so courageously employed himself in the exercise of good works, that being drawn out of the excellent Order of S. Dominick, he retained all his former virtues, which found no change in him, but that they added to their native beauty the lustre of authority. I speak this, not to inform Prelates, from whom I should receive instruction, but to represent to so many of the young Nobility, as we now daily behold advanced to Ecclesiastical charges, the peril there is in Prelacies, which are not guided by the paths of a good conscience.

Bern. de consid. lib. 1. cap. 7.

It is a monstrous thing (said holy S. Bernard) to hold the highest place, and have the lowest courage; the first Chair, and the last life; a tongue magnificent, and a hand slothfull; much noise about you, and little fruit; the countenance grave, and actions light; great authority, and no more constancy than a weather-cock. It were a better sight to behold an Ape on the house top, and smoke in a candlestick, than a man dignified without merit.

On the contrary part, when science and virtue agree with Nobility, to make up a good Church-man, it is so glorious a spectacle, that it may be said, God to produce it on earth, hath taken a pattern from himself in Heaven. I wish no more faithfull witnesses than this Prelate which I shall present unto you in this first Treatise, after I have made a brief Summary of precepts, which I have purposely comprised in very few pages, to render them the readier for the understanding; well knowing, there are store of books largely enough dilating on this subject, the length of which I have avoided to attend the matter.

I wish it may have an effect in your hearts worthy of your courage, that honouring your dignity for virtue, virtue may enoble you with titles of true glorie.

THE

THE HOLY COURT.

SECOND TOME.

THE PRELATE.

The first Section.

That it is convenient the Nobilitie should govern the Church.

Æternitas mundi ex obedientiâ ad intelligentiam motricem. Apud *Matthiam* de Viennâ, qui libet impressus anno 1482.

I Begin by the Altar to measure the Temple of the Holy Court, and set a Prelate before your eyes, who bare Nobility into the house of God, and there furnished himself with all the virtues, which made him speak like an Oracle, and live as a true image of the Divinity. The *Platonists* say, the whole order of the world dependeth on Intelligences, which bear sway in the motion of the first Heaven; and we in imitation of them may say, all the good of Christendom proceeds from the examples of Ecclesiastical men, to whom the Son of God hath consigned his authority on their brows, his word in their mouths, his bloud and Church into their hands. For if bees, engendred of the body of a bull, carry in their entrails the very form of that bull from whence they are derived; by a much more just title the people will bear the marks of those, whom God hath given them for Doctours and Fathers, whether it be by correspondence of nature, through custom, or by imitation, which ever hold a very great predominance over spirits disposed to receive their impressions. Behold the cause why a Prelate, who liveth conform to his profession, imprinteth the seal of the Son of God, on all those souls he governeth, and produceth himself in as many objects as he hath imitatours of his virtues. As on the contrary part, he who liveth ill in great Nobility and dignity, is a Seraphin in appearance, but a Seraphin without eyes, without heart, without hands, which hath wings of a profane fire, able to burn the Propitiatory, if God afford not his helping hand.

Ulysses Aldobran. de apibus.

And forasmuch as we at this day see the Nobility aspire to Ecclesiastical charges, and many fathers to dispose their children thereunto, sometimes with more fervour than consideration, it hath caused me to undertake this Treatise for the Nobility which dedicate themselves to the Church, as well to shew the purity of intention they ought to exercise therein, as to give them a fair discovery of the goodly and glorious actions they ought to pursue in the practice thereof. I here will first offer you a simple draught, which I afterward intend to adorn with the greatness of S. *Ambrose*, as with more lively colours.

Plato rejoyced to behold Princes and Governours of Common-wealths to become Philosophers, and we have cause to praise God, when we see the children of Noble houses to dispose themselves to Priesthood, not by oblique and sinister ways, but with all the conditions which their bloud requireth, and sacred dignity exacteth in so noble a subject.

Why should we deny them Myters, Crosiers, and eminency in the Church? So far is their birth from ministering any occasions of the contrary, that it rather affordeth them favour both to undertake such charges with courage, and discharge their conscience with all fidelity.

The reasons hereof are evident. For first, we must aver, that by how much the more honourable the charges are, so much the rather they are proper for such as make profession of honour; provided always on the other side, they have qualities suitable to those ministeries they pretend to exercise. And are there any in the world more ambitious of honour than Noblemen? Ostentation is the last shirt they put off, and where can you find a more solid and eminent honour, than that which is derived from the lawfull administration of Ecclesiastical functions?

Aristotle saith, *Truths which transmit themselves through the common sense of every man, get into credit as it were by the decree of nature.* Now such hath been the esteem of all Nations, that Kingdoms and Common-wealths being established upon Religion and temporal jurisdiction, as on two columns; Religion so much the more excelleth politick government, as things divine transcendently surmount humane. And for this cause, favours, priviledges, and preheminences, have ever been given to Priests in the greatest and most flourishing Monarchies and Common-wealths of the world, as we may see in Histories, and in the policie of the *Ægyptians*, *Assyrians*, *Chaldeans*, *Medes*, *Persians*, *Grecians*, *Romans*, *Gauls*, and other Nations.

Arist. lib. 1. περὶ ἐρμηνείας. *Xenophon.* l. 4. de factis & dictis *Socratis*, tribuit etiam *Socrati*. *Strabo* Geograph. l. 14. *Ælian.* l. 14. c. 34. Var. *Euſin* Chrō. Agathias histor. l. 2, &c.

The honour of Priesthood gained so much on the hearts of all people, that the Monarchs of the earth seemed not to rule but with one arm, if they made not in one and the same person the alliance of Priesthood and Royalty: so that oftentimes they shewed themselves as depraved in their proceedings, as greedy in matter of honour.

The *Roman* Emperours, who stretched their authority as far as the point of their launce could be extended, and who needs would be Commanders of arms,

arms, to become thereby Masters of laws, failed not to joyn the Myter with the Diadem, and as soon to make themselves great Prelates as great Emperours: thinking by this means to have the more power over the hearts of the people, and the less opposition for resistance, when they had depressed the forces, which might give some remarkeable counterpoize to their greatness. And it is an admirable thing, that the first Christian Emperours, as *Constantine* and his children, still retained the titles of the great Pontifices of Gentilism, as a Maxim of State, lest forgoing this fantasie of dignity, they should behold themselves bereaved of some jewel of their Crowns.

Baron. ad annum Christi. 383. num. 6. *Gratianus primus nomen Pontificis refpuit.*

This is to authorize my proposition, which saith, true honour belongeth to Ecclesiastical charges, when they are well administred; since the Monarchs of the world, from the very abuse of these dignities, have derived glory: but to desire them for honour, is to dishonour the dignity by the unworthiness of your desire. So many *Ixions* now adays cast themselves athwart the smoke to court a cloud, that there is almost no love left, but for false Deities. That which maketh Ecclesiastical men honourable, is, well to use their titles, and embellish their charges with the ornament of their lives. Otherwise all this petty gaudery, which we see sparkling round about them is very little. It is not the Myter which maketh the Bishop, but to be esteemed worthy of the Myter by transcendency in virtue, is to be more than a Bishop without merit.

Superiora non habent coronas, quia nè ventos quidem. Senec. natural. q. l. 1. c. 1.

Sometimes we beholding the Meteors of the air, imagine to see Crowns about the Sun and Stars, which really are nothing but vapours, composed of gross air, which illusion coloureth, our imagination figureth, and the wind scattereth. This is to make fools believe there are Crowns encompassing this mighty Star. The Sun is adorned sufficiently with his proper rays; should he borrow his brightness from the vapours of the earth, he would no longer be the Sun: Even so is it, when with a terrestrial and impure eye we consider some exteriour marks of Ecclesiastical dignity; we think such things make Prelates, and we therein are deceived, for they are vapours of the earth, which the wind sooner or later will dissipate. He that will be truly resplendent, must within himself bear the source of his own light.

Herein consisteth the most excellent form of honour, when a Prelate allieth sincerity of life to the dignity of his place, and that to serve as an example for all noble spirits, who make election to be of the Church, he advanceth his extraction by the lustre of virtues, which are as rays reflecting from the Divine greatness.

I say for a second reason, that when Noblemen hold Ecclesiastical offices, and therein employ their whole extent of duty, we may hope from their ministeries, not onely more radiance, but succour also, as from such as command with greater authority, and make themselves to be obeyed with more advantage.

It is undoubtedly true, that God sufficiently maketh it appear he hath no need of men, when purposing to stretch out his arm to some extraordinary actions, he oftentimes extracteth creatures from dregs and dust, to set them in thrones, and establish them with such authority, that he causeth the powers of the earth to bow under their commands, who bear the decrees of Heaven; which hath been seen in the infancy of the Church, and in the sequel thereof, through all Ages: Yet must we say, that as our Saviour, although he had a science increate as God, a science infused as a Prophet, a science of beatitude, as he who was possessour thereof from the first moment of his life; notwithstanding to accommodate himself to the laws of that nature which he had assumed, spared not to work by humane science, which Divines call experimental; so in the government of the Church, though he sometimes operates without any regard had to dependence on the ordinary course which himself hath established, as when he took simple fisher-men to make them Masters over the Sages, and Instructers of Monarchs, yet at other times proceeding in a common strain, and more usual to nature, he chose men of note and authority, to employ them in the large confines of his Empire and jurisdiction.

S. Thom. 3. part. q. 30.

So drew he *Moses* from *Pharaoh's* Court, to make him the God of *Pharaoh*: so for Princes among the Gentiles, which he meant to enrole under his standard, he elected Kings and Sages: so after he had constituted his Church under the government of a poor fisher-man of *Galilie*, he took one derived from the bloud of Emperours, whom he made his Successour, to wit, S. *Clement*: so he caused in divers occasions *Ambroses*, *Gregories*, *Leoes*, *Calixtuses*, to arise, and so many others of most honourable extraction, that they might bear Nobility as a dowry into the bosom of the Church, which they had so happily governed.

This Nobility was to their dignity as a guilded case to a rich tablet, as gold to the diamond, beauty of body to the soul, habiliaments to the grace and garb of body. They had more lustre, more splendour, more resolution; and the subjects, who have not always intentions so pure in rendring honour to Ecclesiasticks, as not to regard the exteriour ornament of their qualities and conditions, became more obsequious to their commands, having not boldness enough to contradict even those, who by right of their birth had as soon entered into Empire as life.

How many times had secular powers been seen to transgress their limits, to usurp on the Church, and what disorder had we beheld to arise from the prosecution of this confusion, had not the hand of God raised Ecclesiasticks of noble houses, of great authority, of much courage, to sustain the shock, to tie the hands of the factious, and punish the boldness of the most daring, to call back (as *Job* saith) the prey out of the teeth of iniquity, and make a Diadem to himself wholly composed of actions of justice, magnanimity, religion, in this manner more resplendent, than if he had possessed all the pearls of the Orient?

What a fair field of battel, what goodly palms, what bright glory hath a noble soul, to make it self a brazen wall for the defence of the Church, and obtain of God the blessing pronounced by the Prophet *Isaiah*, in favour of the High-Priest *Eliachim*? What a glorious honour is it, to be set in a place of trust, to be planted by the hand of God, to serve as a prop for the house of God, to be the seat of glory for the Lord of Hosts, to carry the moveables, riches, and greatness of the Church on his shoulders?

Isaiah 22. *Figam illum paxillum in loco fideli, & erit solium gloriæ domui patris sui, & suspendent super eum omnem gloriam domus patris ejus.*

Finally, for a third reason, to conduct the Nobility to Ecclesiastical dignities, is to bring it into its house. All things willingly return to their source. The waters cease not to glide along, to render themselves to the Ocean. The rays of the Sun touch the earth, not forsaking their star; the branches of the tree offer the homage of their verdure, leaves, and fruit, to the root; he goeth well, that hasteneth to his beginning.

Now so it is, that the greatest part of Church endowments came from the Nobility, who then despoiled themselves to cover the Altars, and now many unveil the Altars to cloath themselves. If you (O Noblemen) desire to enjoy the patrimony which your Ancestours have left to the Church, you ought not to seek it by unlawfull, mischievous, and tyrannical ways, but by means proportionable to the intentions of those, who laid those rich foundations. And what intentions had they, but to cut the trees of *Basan*, to make oars for the vessel of S. *Peter*, but to lay their wealth at the feet of God, who according to the Prophet, made himself a foot-step of Saphirs,

Ezech. 17. *Quercus Basan dolata in remos navis Tyri, divites seculi &c.*

eleſiæ appliciti. Hieron. ſuper Ezech.

phirs, to ſerve as a ladder for glory; but to entertain on earth an image of the Heavenly *Jeruſalem*, to grant to the Church men of ſcience and conſcience, men of courage and fidelity, for the ornament, ſupport, and maintenance thereof?

If you approach thither, with ſuch an intention, I am of opinion the gates ought to be opened unto you, and that you ſhould enter into your ſelf to govern the houſe of *Jeſus Chriſt*, and not deſtroy it. We have, thanks be given to God, a great King, all whoſe inclinations diſpoſe him to goodneſs, as lines to the center: as much love as he hath for juſtice, ſo much zeal hath he for the glory of Altars. As God is pleaſed to ſow the ſtars on the azure of the firmament, ſo hath he a ſenſible delight to furniſh the Church with good Prelates, becauſe they are the ſtars of the earth. Merit under him is in poſſeſſion of good hopes, and hope is not far diſtant to be conſummate in fruition. He is pleaſed to gratifie the Nobility with the goods of the Church, but he will, his intention be ſeconded by the merit of thoſe that ſhall enjoy them. Take the ways of wiſdom and virtue to enter into your inheritance, which ever are moſt aſſured and the moſt honourable. The time hath been when one muſt, as it were, have done evil to receive good; if now good be offered to thoſe who do it, who would willingly be vitious, and ſow crimes to reap miſeries?

The ſecond SECTION.

That the Nobility ſhould not aſpire to Eccleſiaſtical offices, but by lawfull ways.

Lucian. in Jov. Trag.

PRophane *Lucian* ſpake truer than he thought, when he feigned Gentiliſm was filled with gods, whereof ſome were made of wood and ſtone, ſubſiſting by the prerogative of antiquity, which age and time gave them; the other much more lately formed, were of gold and ſilver, reſenting the profuſe prodigality of the latter Ages. This cauſed a divorce in the Temples: the gods of earth were ſtill willing to hold their ranks, ſhewing beſides the antiquity of their original, that they were framed by the confident hands of admirable work-men, and had lineaments excellently poliſhed. The gods of gold and ſilver, dignified by the riches of the ſtuff of which they were compoſed, ſpake proudly, and needs would have priority, ſince the mettal whereof they were made, tranſcended much in the eſtimation of men. The matter was put into deliberation in the great Parliament of *Olympus*, and the golden gods carried it, not by merit, but by authority of their riches.

Should this ſcoffing ſpirit be raiſed again in theſe our days, to make a Satyre on the manners of theſe times, he could not be better fitted. For to ſpeak, not univerſally of all Eccleſiaſtical Nobles, ſince thanks be to God, there are many, who moſt happily have linked to Nobility all the other qualities requiſite to their condition; but conſidering in groſs the diſorder and corruption, we may well ſay the gods of gold at this day have the upper hand. We heretofore ſaw divers ſpiritual men, extracted from low condition, who arrived to dignities by the degrees of labour, integrity, knowledge, and were finally crozier'd and mytered by the ſtrength of much merit. Theſe men appeared in the Church of God, as thoſe ancient Statues made by the hand of *Policletes*, *Phidias* and *Syſippus*; there was not a lineament in them which ſpake not. But when gold and ſilver began to ſway more than ever, the rich allured with the wealth of the Church, brake a way through by the help of contentions, authority and command, which ſilver gave them over the courſes of human things; they, maugre induſtrie and virtue, have made golden gods, which baniſh as it were all the gods of the earth, notwithſtanding the excellent forms, and all the gifts of nature and grace they could poſſibly acquite. It ſeemeth for theſe men the Church is at this day become a great Oak over-turned, where men haſtily on every ſide run for prey; there is not a hand ſo little, that will not become outragious to bear away ſome ſpoil thereof.

But you noble and generous ſpirits, who in your minorities dedicate your ſelves to the miniſteries of the Church, behold the firſt ſtep you muſt tread. Be carefull herein, as your lives and ſalvation are dear unto you; aim well your carriet, enter by the gate of honour, to free your ſelf from the diſturbances of life and troubles of death. Be ye aſſured it is the abomination of the deſolation, foretold by the Prophet *Daniel*, the gall of bitterneſs, and perplexity of ſin, declared by the Apoſtle S. *Peter*, to enter into an Eccleſiaſtical benefice by unlawfull and ſtrained ways, without vocation. The reaſons hereof are evident.

Daniel. 9. 27. Act. 8. 27.

Firſt, the Saints have called this vice, the iniquity of *Libanus*, alluding to theſe words of the Prophet Habacuck: *The Iniquity of Libanus ſhall cover thee*: where the text ſpake to thoſe, who deſpoiled the holy Land, becauſe the mount Libanus is a holy hill of *Paleſtine*, all covered over with fair Cedars, much renowned in the Scripture: from whence it cometh, it myſtically ſignifieth the Church: and thoſe are truly covered with the iniquity of *Libanus*, who ſurcharge themſelves with the weight of inexorable juſtice, for attempting on the higheſt pieces of the patrimony of God, which are the offerings of the faithfull, left for the maintenance of Eccleſiaſtical ſtate.

Habac. 1. *Iniquitas Libani operiet te.*

This iniquity of *Libanus*, is the ſin of *Zeb*, *Zebeus*, and *Salmana*, who are branded with perpetual infamy, for plotting againſt the Tabernacle of God. The Prophet ſaid, that encouraging one another they caſt out theſe inconſiderate words: *Let us go and poſſeſs the Sanctuary of God, as our proper inheritance.* And what, I pray, do ſuch like now adays? Hold they not the goods of the Church, as one would a Tenement, to paſs it from hand to hand, from nephew to nephew? Although they oftentimes in their conſcience judge them moſt uncapable, yet needs muſt they take good heed how they forgo any thing: the chairs muſt be filled with honour, with fleſh, and hay, and rather will they ſet ſhadows on a pinacle, than render to God what is due to him. And what will happen to theſe *Salmanaes* or *Salmoneans*? even that which the ſame King and Prophet ſaid: *They ſhall turn about as the wheel of the potter*, inceſſantly wandring from purpoſe to purpoſe, from ambition to ambition, from bargain to bargain, in a thouſand embroilments of ſpirit, till death come, *who ſhall bruiſe them* (as ſaith the Wiſeman) *on the ceſtern, and ſhall ſcatter them for ever from the face of God.*

Pſal. 82. 12. *Hæreditate poſſideamus Sanctuarium Dei.*

Pone illos ut rotam.

Confringet rotam ſuper ciſternam. Eccl. 12.

It is no ſmall matter to invade the treaſure of Kings, ſince it is the bloud of the people, the ſinew of war, the knot of peace; and the bloud-ſuckerrs of State which abuſe it, ſooner or later ſhall pour their lives out in the duſt. And what do you think is it, to abuſe the patrimony of God (whereunto ſo many good ſouls have oft-times contributed their bloud and ſweat) and to enter therein as a Fox, a Lion, without any other intention but to ſlay and devour the flock, which they ought not ſo much as to ſhear?

The crimes which do afront the Divinity, ever bear their puniſhments behind them. *Craſſus* felt among the *Parthians* the Religion of the Temple of *Jeruſalem*, which he had deſpoiled; the fortune of the *Romans* was made a prey, the Army routed, the treaſures forſaken, the lives of ſo many mortals expoſed to the dint of ſword, to chaſtiſe the avarice of one man, who durſt invade the goods conſecrated to the Divine Majeſty. Whileſt he ſtretched out his Harpies hands on the goods of men, God ſuffered him: ſo ſoon as he ſet his tallans on the moveables of the Temple,

Plutarch. in Craſſo.

Temple, he felt the steel of Barbarians, as revengers of his sacrilledge.

Daniel. 5.15. 2 Machab. b. 3. A hand from Heaven before for the same cause, charactered the dreadfull decree of a *Babylonian* King, which hath served as a Tragedie for all posterity: and afterward *Heliodorus* in the *Machebees*, was prodigiously punished by exterminating Angels, who in the mid-day scourged him in the sight of all the world, employing the Heavenly whips on his body for the same crime, as he had bestowed his hardiness and hand to steal a jewel from Heaven.

If you say there is much difference between the sacrilegious, who steal the treasures of the Church, and those who by ways unlawfull, seize on benefices, which they unworthily hold to the confusion of Christianity: I answer, there may be the difference that would be between a publick robber, and a private thief; the one proceeding with open force, the other more cautelously, causing his venom to creep, is by so much the more pernicious, as under the skin of a sheep, he bears the heart of a wolf.

Adde hereunto for a second reason, that the *Baltazars*, *Crassuses*, and *Heliodoruses*, and the Hereticks of our time, who have made open war against the treasures of the Temple, having nothing at all hurt the reputation of the Church, which as the Pole-star is ever in motion, and never setteth: but the unjust usurpers of Priest-hood, who sometimes enter into charge with extream defect of science and conscience, besides that they unprofitably devour the patrimony of the Son of God, do burden his spouse with eternal reproach.

It is observed, that in these deplorable times, where all seemeth to tend to the subversion of Laws, still some new monsters have appeared, who by their birth have declared the disasters that should happen to the world.

The tenth Age, which was the true iron-age, wherein all vices were in force, all sciences in eclipse, all abuse in credit, and as it were all crimes in impunity, afforded neither Satyres, Chimeraes, Centaurs, nor other monsters against nature: But for a certain presage of great evils, which we afterward saw to over-flow all Christendom, children of great men were seen, who had nothing great in them but vice, as being such, who were born for disgrace, bred in disorder, naturalized in sin, to enter during their minority, into Ecclesiastical charges, to debase authority, and abolish merit. A Pope, *John* the eleventh, enormiously vitious, having the malice of a man most debauched, and the age of a child unexperienced, to sit in the chair of S. *Peter!* A *Theophylact*, son of the Emperour, by the absolute power of his father, to seize on the See of *Constantinople*, to become afterwards a Merchant of horses, which he so violently affected, that besides the prodigious race of two thousand, which he ordinarily bred, he many times left the Altar where he sacrificed to the living God, to hasten to see some Mare of his that had foled in the stable! Our *France* hath not been exempt from this unhappiness: for in the same age, *Hugo*, a child of five years old, was constituted Archbishop of *Rhemes*, to possess the seat of the great S. *Remigius*, which was to paralel the foot of *Hercules* to the leg of a flie.

Baron. ad annum Christi. 931. Joannes 11. *Marozia filius matre etiam tum amoribus florente.* Curopalates & Baron. ad annum 926.

Frodoardus histor. Rhemer. lib. 4. cap. 17. *Monstrum, inquit, nunquam habuimus in orbe Christiano visum.*

All Christendom was amazed to behold such promotions, and held them in the rank of Comets, which make terrour to march before them, and after them sterility, massacres, and disasters. Were there no other consideration but the interests of the Church, this ever ought to touch a heart, which as yet retaineth some vein of Christianity, nor should it ever give consent to any preferment, which might appear so disadvantagious to her, whom *Jesus Christ* hath by his bloud, made his lawfull spouse. But besides the detriment of Religion, for a third instance, the manifest loss of young men is incurred, who are engaged in Ecclesiastical dignities, not being accommodated with conditions necessary to undergo such a burden: much better were you to send them directly to the house of fools, than to expose them upon the pinacle of the Temple with so little discretion: for in this prison of mad men they should find those that would tie them, thereby to stay their folly; and in these false dignities, they meet with liberty, which freeth them, to precipitate them into all sorts of vices.

Fathers and Mothers, God pardon you, what a torch do you set on fire, to burn and consume the house of God, when blind with affection, and benummed in judgement, you so embrace your young apes, that you strangle them with excess of indulgence? To enkindle ambition in the veins of these yong sots, almost at their coming out of the cradle, to set them on the top of the house, over mens heads, with an arm and sling of silver, be they vitious, be they impious and dissolute, be they stupid and heavy as earth, so that they have the breath of favour and ears of silver (as had the towers of Queen *Cleopatra*) needs must they be placed on the top of the Turret, to be seen the further off. Many times charges of great importance, and superintendence over the heads of so many mortals, are given to men, to whom a silly farmers wife would not have committed the keeping of a cow. The *Idumeans* enterprize upon the Sanctuary, and these owls endeavour to drink up the Lamp-oyl of Churches, by an ambition of so strong a flight, that it will admit no limits but infinitie. Have you no commiseration of the publick? The Commonwealth is at this day an old song (say you) whereof little care is to be had, we desire to know more than an air, which is that of our own proper interest, since it is an act of prudence well to accommodate ones affairs. Yet are you no whit ashamed of your selves? though silver furnish you with a brow of mettal to regard no man, yet is it a shamefull thing to be desirous to erect in the world the tree of *Nebuchadnezzar* turned topsie-turvie, where four-footed beasts are above, and little birds beneath? Were it not a goodly thing to see horses, asses, and bulls to neigh, bray, and bellow upon the branches of trees, while the small birds of Heaven, so many celestial spirits, thrust from the rank which wisdom and virtue giveth, go mourning up and down among the thorns of a necessitous life? But we must prefer our children, answer you. Who says the contrary? Raise them on the steps of actions, Christian, solid, and illustrious; cause them to pass through the Temple of virtue, before they go to that of honour; examine their talents, their capacity, their ability, otherwise you do not advance, but precipitate them into publick scorn, into loss of reputation, and danger of soul.

This benefice is not a benefice, but a malefice, but a golden snare, a carcanet of *Medea*, a *Trojan* horse, which will produce arms. You, in procuring such an honour, resemble those idolatrous parents, who sacrificed their children to the God *Moloch* (that is to say, to the Sun) and caused them to be burnt alive in the hollow statue of the Sun, not caring to forgo their lives, so they might loose them in those flames and lights, which were the Hieroglyphicks of honour. Oh meer madness! for the life of a flie, which we daily share with death, to be willing to damne your self and posterity; to stand on the brink of the abyss, and not deign so much as onely open your eyes to behold the precipice?

Seldenus de Diis Syris. pag. 78.

The third SECTION.

Of vocation or calling.

IF you desire to know how you should proceed in the preferment of your children to Ecclesiastical degrees, first understand it is true, *Mercury* is not made

made of all wood. If question be concerning a husbandman, merchant, artificer, or shepheard, we trie the nature of the children, and endeavour to accommodate each one of them according to their dispositions and natural inclinations.

Suppose you it is onely fit for the Church to expose them at adventure, without election or discretion? What exorbitancy is it to think it lawfull to take the simpleſt and weakeſt for Priests and Religious? What tyranny to divert some with all sorts of cunning and violence, and thrust others on as it were with a fork? To have in all your proceeding no other aim but the benefit of your family, to force the Laws of Heaven to bow under the interest of your house, to give that to God, which you cannot settle else-where, and if any accident happen, to take that from God which you have given him? Hereby it cometh to pass, that after many years, we behold birds, which change both their plumage and kind upon some very slight cause (not speaking of those who do so by way of counsel and conscience) the scarlet Cloak succeeding the Church Cassock, and the sword the Breviary: wherein they do much worse than the wooers in the house of *Ulysses*, who being not able to gain access to the Mistress, made their address to the servants. But these forsake the Ladie, whom they have espoused, to court the chamber-mayds; professing all their life time the infidelity of their promises, by the exchange of their habits.

Vocation is most necessary for admittance into the Church, which appeareth in two points: The one ordinary, the other extraordinary. Extraordinary calling hath marks and signs that draw near to a miracle. So we see those who have been great and eminent in the Church, have had some Genius, which hath even in their infancy made the first glimmers of their greatness to appear, drawing the whole world after them with astonishment.

Ioseph Antiq. lib. 2. cap. 5. So *Moses*, though he were a little child, tossed *Pharaoh's* Diadem like a shuttle-cock; which gave a very ill presage to the *Ægyptians* of their approaching ruin. So *Elias* seemed from his mother to suck fire with milk, which was a prediction his mouth should one day be (as indeed it was) the Arsenal of the God of hosts. So the cradle of S. *Epiphanius* (as *Enodius* relateth) was seen all on fire: A vine in a vision issued out of the mouth of little S. *Ephræm*: A flaming pillar environed the head of S. *Modestus*: And it is written that *Gregorie* the seventh, who from a base extraction was born to the throne of S. *Peter*, heaping together the chips he found in his fathers shop, who was a Joyner, and arranging them in divers figures, innocently wrote, without thinking thereon, as a child in sport, *Dominabor à mari usque ad mare.*

Epiph. de Prophetis. *Enodius.* *Anonymus* in ejus vitâ. *Radevus.* *Cranzius* l. 4.

All these callings, and many other of the like kind, are known by extraordinary signs; the rest take the ordinary way, and are observed to be in the good nature of children fit to be dedicated to the Church, which is a matter very considerable. If you ask wherein this good nature consisteth: I answer, It is not in the influence of stars, nor in the Genius, as Pagans have placed it, nor simply in the beauty of mind, in the goodness of constitution, health, strength, vigour of body, though these may much contribute thereunto; but it appeareth in two principal rays, of which the one is tranquility from passions, by making a reposed calm in a soul, fit to entertain the spirit of God; the other, which ariseth from the first, is the docibleness of a mind tractable, with ease to dispose it self to inclinations of honesty. Behold these two principal heads, whereon this excellent nature of an inestimable price is established.

And first, forasmuch as concerneth the tranquility of passions, it is undoubted, that every man being composed of four elements, by consequence draweth along four roots of all the motions thereof, which are, Love, Fear, Pleasure, Sorrow. There is not a man which feeleth not some touch. But as every sea hath his winds, though Mariners observe that some are more tossed than others, so though every soul have its passions, we must confess there be some of them are mildly disposed, and others more roughly distempered. You see men, who from their most tender age tast of strange extravagancies, choler, harshness, rage, despight, which maketh them to be of a spirit fantastical, uncivil, and obstinate, against which you must ever fight with an armed hand. Others from their cradles are endued with a peaceable soul, as a sea in the time that Halcyons build their nests on the trembling agitation of waters; they have inclinations to virtue wholly Angelical, in such sort, that they seem to be as it were conveyed therein, as fishes in their element. From this repose from passions, ariseth the second condition of good nature, that is, docibleness of spirit, the beginning of education, and happiness of life. For as Divines require in those who receive faith, a certain Religious affection to divine things, discharged and purified from all spirit of contradiction; so in matter of moral virtue and piety, we stand in need of a tractable soul, which fixeth it self on good instructions, as the ivie cleaveth to trees and pillars. Go not then about, when you make choice of an Ecclesiastical man, to tender some *Esau*, some spirit of the field, who is onely pleased with arms and slaughter of beasts: Take rather a *Jacob* under the pavilions, a sweet and temperate spirit, that is, wholly disposed to the sound of virtues.

But you, Noble Spirits, who have met with this excellent nature, I may speak the words of the Prophet unto you: God hath given you a soul wholly covered with precious stones, enriched with gifts and admirable talents; he hath enchased it in a body endowed with a singular temperature, as a diamond set in the head of a ring. Much hath he given you, and therefore much requireth at your hands.

Ezech. 28. *Omnis lapis pretiosus operimentum tuum, & foramina in die quâ condituses preparata sunt.*

The seventh SECTION.

Of Virtues requisite in the carriage of a Prelate. The first is Wisdom.

DO you demand what God requireth from you? I answer, five principal virtues; which were very wel represented in the ephod of the high-Priest of the old law, as S. *Gregorie* the great (*a*) hath well observed. This ephod was a certain mantle that covered the shoulders, composed of four colours, of *hyacinth*, *purple*, *white*, and *scarlet*, the whole wrought all over with threeds of gold, enterlaced with curious work-manship. Why this dressing? why these colours? To teach you seasonably to bear on your shoulders the conditions requisite to your profession. The *hyacinth*, or skie-colour, signifieth the first thing you ought to do, is, to flie, as the plague of virtues, from these extravantly and unworthy spirits, who have no other object in the possession of the goods of the Church, but flesh-pots and play: you are to frame for your selves a soul totally noble, wholly elate, meerly celestial, which conceiveth strong resolutions one day to dedicate it self to God, not in a mercinary manner, but with the utmost endeavour of its power. Think not (*b*) (saith S. *Ambrose*) that being called to an Ecclesiastical state, you have a slight commission from God. Wisdom requireth you consider the mysteries of Heaven, and that you be highly raised above the ordinary strain. Justice willeth you to stand centinel for the people, who expect aid from your prayers. Strength desireth you to defend the Tabernacle and Camp of the God of Hosts.

(*a*) *Greg.* de Pastor. p. 2. cap. 3.

(*b*) *Mediocre ne putes quod tibi commissum est: Primum, ut alta Dei videas, quod est sapientiæ, Deinde ut excubias pro populo Dei defendas, quod est justitiæ, castra defendas, tabernacula tuearis, quod est fortitudinis: Tertium continentem ac sobrium præstes, quod est temperantiæ.* Amb. de Offic. lib. 1.

Hosts. Temperance ordaineth you live with singular sobriety and continency. You are (said Saint *Isidore* of *Damieta* (*c*) placed between divine and humane nature, to honour the one with your sacrifices, and edifie the other by your examples. A Priest (*d*) ought to be as a young child, issued out of the school and bosom of the son of God, even as an Angel, to govern the Church, not to despoil it, to treat with God in prayer, not to handle a sword. He should be entire in his judgements, just in his resolutions, devout in the Quire, firm in the Church, sober at table, prudent in recreations, pure in conscience, serious in prayer, patient in adversity, affable in prosperitie, rich in virtues, sage in words, upright in preaching, and free in all good actions. Great S. *Denis* the *Areopagite*, (*e*) addeth a notable sentence, saying: *That he who most especially seeketh to transcend others in holy Orders, ought most nearly approach to God in all sorts of virtue.*

(c) *Isido. Polusiota* lib. 3. ep. 2

(d) *Sacerdos debet esse Christi alumnus, à peccatis segregatus rector, non raptor; speculator, non spiculator; dispensator, non dissipator; pius in judicio, justus in consilio, devotus in Choro, stabilis in Ecclesiâ, sobrius in mensâ, prudens in letitiâ, purus in conscientiâ, assiduus in oratione, patiens in adversitate, lenis in prosperitate, dives in virtutibus, expeditus in actibus, sapiens in sermone, verax in predicatione.* Alphons. Torrez.

(e) S. *Dionys.* ep. 3. ad *Demophilum.*

For which cause your education should not be in the ordinary way. If you have brothers that are to be bred for the world, let them live in the practice and fashions of the world. O how unworthy are you of the hopes to which God calleth you, if you envie them the favour of the house, and of those, I know not what kind of petty trifles of their own profession! Your condition is much other, if you follow that spirit which guideth you.

(*f*) Heretofore Monasteries were the chief schools of Kings, and the Great-ones of the earth, to cause them to suck in virtue with the milk: your abode should be in places, where you have engaged your heart and your faith; which best can prepare and manure you for the life you have chosen.

(f) *Bern.* l. 4. de consid. c. 6. *Ubi de comitatu Episcopi inter mitratos discurrere calamistratos non decet.*

It is truly a scandal to your profession, if you be ashamed to wear a habit proper for an Ecclesiastical man, and blush at the standard of your warfare: A shame likewise, if you must be terrified by way of menaces to make you say your Breviary; or if it be needfull to allure you thereunto by I know not what kind of worldly allurements: these verily relish of the unworthiness of a childish spirit. (*g*) See you not that benefice draweth an office after it? that no man should enlarge your conscience by soothing your neglect, and extenuating the obligations you ought to have? If you observe not therein that which you shall be advised by a sage and exact spiritual Father, you may very well most dangerously wander. We are in the Church (saith S. *Bernard*) (*h*) to sow joy and good example: Joy for Angels, by our devotions and the secret aspirations of our prayers; example for men, by our good works. The mind in the judgement of *Philo* (*i*) should hold a little household Consistory, where discharged from sense and the mass of sensible things, it may study the knowledge of it self, and the search of truth.

(g) *Onus personale sacrificium laudis & fructus labiorum.* Suarez. de orat. l. 4. c. 12. ex Clement. 1.

(h) *Seminemus hominibus bonum exemplum per aperta opera: Seminemus Angelis gaudium magnum, per occulta suspiria.* Bern. serm. 30.

(i) *Occidente sole anima in totum exonerata sensibus, mole rerum sensibilium, veritatem vestiget in Consistorio domestico.* Philo de vitâ supplicum.

You should love your condition even from your tender age, and live in the Sanctuary like a young *Samuel*. The toyl of affairs and secular recreations, is not for you. Leave the onions of *Ægypt* to sensual souls; your entertainments are in the society of Angels. (*k*) Priestly dignity, to which you aspire, requireth a sober gravity, alienated from the ordinary way, a serious life, weight, and maturity. How would you have the people honour you, if you have nothing above them? How should they admire you, beholding vices and imperfections in your manners?

(k) *Sobriam à turbis gravitatem, seriam vitam, singulare pondus, dignitas sibi vendicat Sacerdotalis. Quomodo potest observari à populo, qui nihil habet secretum à populo? Quid in te mireturi, si sua in te recognoscit?* Ambr. Ep. ad *Iren.*

The fifth Section.

The second virtue of a Prelate, which is Fortitude of spirit against avarice and riot.

THe second livery of your colours is the *purple*, which adviseth you to have a strong and truly noble soul. When there is occasion to defend the glory of God, you must have the arm of God (*a*) and the thundring voice of God, not to gain respect by austere looks and affectations of severity, which many times proceed from much infirmity of spirit.

(a) *Si habet brachium sicut Deus, & simili voce tonet, circunda tibi decorem, & in sublime erigere* Job 40.

The Councel of *Aix* saith, (*b*) the Church is a dove, which teareth no man with her tallans, but is pleased sweetly to strike with her wings: The true gravity of a Priest consisteth in manners, not countenance. (*c*) It ought to be a seal of diamond, firmly to preserve the characters of virtue, and sign others by example. This fortitude will come upon you, by accustoming not to comply with any vice whatsoever. There is not a worse slavery than to put your liberty into the hands of sin. It is a long chain, and hath many gordian knots: cut them resolutely, as did *Alexander*, and conquer the Kingdom of your passions, which is of more worth than the *Persian* or *Indians*. Above all, if you desire to rule, avoid two rocks most dangerous for a Church-man; whereof the one is the thirst ever to get a new, the other laziness and profuseness in a living already acquired.

(b) *Meminisse oportet quia columba est in divinis Scripturis Ecclesia appellata, quæ non unguibus lacerat, sed alis pie percutit.* Con. Aquisgran. Con. 134.

(c) *In constantiâ Sacerdos sit adamantinum signatorium: Mens nostra figuram sui semper custodiens characteris, universa que occurrerint sibi ad qualitatem sui status signet atq; transformet, ipse vero insigniri nullius incudibus possit.* Cassian. Collat. 6. c. 12

Think not to advance your state, and increase the number of your benefices, otherwise it were to seek out God for bread, not for miracles: It were for living to loose well-living, so to become a bad merchant, not a good Pastour. What cause have you of disturbance? A reasonable benefice is enough for you. If you desire to have a shoe over-wide, and not fit for your foot, you deceive your self. Say not you are poor, there can be no poverty where you have God for inheritance, and he whom God all-rich, sufficeth not, deserves to be perpetually poor. This desire which men without ceasing have, to be ever on increase, much villifieth Ecclesiasticks. It affords them as many dependences as they have pretensions. It makes them servilely sooth the passions and vices of those Great-ones, from whom they expect a recompence. It robbeth them of the Kingdom of God, to tie them to the chain of men; who many times are more enthralled than galley-slaves.

It is a great shame to intrude wickedly hereinto, to surprize an honour by the way of a dishonour. Saints have obtained benefices by flying them, and now we must run over the heads of a man and beast, to overtake them. That brave Architect *Vitruvius* thought it very strange, that an Artisan presented himself to a great man, to be employed in his own faculty and profession, and thereupon spake a most remarkeable sentence: (*d*) *I see Architects who beg, and under-hand sue to be employed: As for my self, I have learned of my Masters, that we should not ask of any man, but rather be intreated by others, to use care and endeavour. He must be blameless, who blusheth not to require that which may be denied him.* What would this noble spirit have said, had he seen Churchmen to debase themselves, not onely to supplications, but to services most unworthy their quality, to obtain cure of souls, which others in solitary wildernesses have fled from, through bryars and thorns, among savage beasts?

(d) *Vitruvius* in præfat. l. 6. *Cæteri Architecti rogant & ambiunt ut architectentur: Mihi à Præceptoribus est traditum rogatum non rogantem opertere suscipere curam, quòd ingenuus color movetur pudore, peteridorum suspicionem.*

You should imitate that worthy *Grecian* wrastler, of whom *Clemens Alexandrinus* (*e*) speaketh, who after long preparation, going to combate, stayed himself on the way, and looking on a Statue of his god, said unto it: *I have done my duty, do you yours.* Become a good man, and a deserving, and believe God will not fail to give you what shall be most behooffull.

(e) *Clem. Alex.* strom. l. 7. ἀποστὰς δὲ καὶ πρὸς τὴν γλυπτὴν θεὸν. An excellent passage of King Robert. *Glab. Rudolphus* l. 5. c. 1. Idem refert Juret. ad ep. 157. Yvonis Carn. *Quidam tribuunt Henrico Imper.*

Our great King *Robert*, made one day upon this occasion, an observation for ever to be remembred, noted by *Glaber* an ancient Authour. He saith, that a certain Abbot having presented the King with a goodly horse, in imitation of those who fish in giving, and cast out one gift as a hook to draw another, hoped this horse would run so well for his Master, as to bring him home a Bishoprick.

But

But the good King seeing the sinister intention of this man, sent him to the Church, commanding him to return with his Crozier, which he quickly did, proposing to himself in his mind an augmentation of livings, as his avarice had represented to him. But as soon as the King espied him afar off: "Hold "down that Crozier (*saith he*) you are unworthy of "it, since you think to have it from a man: To the which he obeyed, though much ashamed, and was as one dropped out of the clouds. Our *Robert*, endowed with a natural goodness, was not willing he should too long suffer this disgrace, but commanded the Crozier to be put into the right hand of the image of our Saviour, which stood directly upon the Altar, then turning himself to the Abbot: "Take "(*saith he*) your Crozier, and learn, that it is he "there that gives it you. I would not have you so "much as give thanks to a mortal man, but that you "freely use it, as the honour of your charge requi-"reth. What a King? What a lesson?

As for the other rock, which concerneth the use of goods, God forbid, when you come to maturity of age, that you employ the patrimony of *Jesus*, the sweat and bloud of the faithfull, in good chear, excess, and play, to fatten beasts, or men worse than beasts, who live but on the sins of others, to raise unto your self a heap of anger in the day of judgements. God forbid, the buildings of an Abbey should fall to decay, the Altars become naked, the images of Saints shivered in pieces, the lamps and lights be eclipsed, the walls weep, and spiders there spin their webs, rats run up and down, and Religious men famish: that Priests there should present themselves before the Altar with ridiculous habits, which tast of a Tavern, whilest I know not what little neece drags silk at her heels, at the charge of the Crucifix.

My God! who will bring back to us a *Guy* the *Gross*, that flourished in the time of S. *Lewis*? I would kiss his ashes, and put them, were it possible, over Myters and Crowns. (*g*) This great personage, first a Proctor, married, and father of two daughters, his wife dying, was made Priest; from a Priest Bishop of *Puy*, from thence Archbishop of *Narbone*, afterward Cardinal, and lastly Pope. It was expected that his two daughters, which he left to the world, should become great Princesses: but the good Pope made one Religious, with a pension of thirty pounds, and married the other, giving her for full dower three hundred pounds in marriage, to a nephew-Priest, who promised himself many titles, Myters, and Croziers, of three Prebends he possessed, he took two away, commanding him to content himself with one alone, and by his letters signifying, it was not reason his advancement to the Papacy, which gave him cause of terrour and tears, should minister matter unto his of pride and riot. This act of simplicity is a thousand times more admirable, than if he had made his daughters Queens of *Antioch*, and turned all his house into gold.

(g) Vita *Clemen.* 4. apud. Alphonsum Ciaconium.

Behold the prudence of S. *Augustine*, of whom *Possidius* (*b*) writeth: He used his own kindred as the rest of the faithfull, giving to them, if the case so required, not to enrich them, but to free them from necessity, or at least to make them live in the less penurie.

(h) *Nec suos consanguineos in suâ vitâ ac morte more vulgi tractavit, quibus dum adhuc superesset, id si opus fuit, quod & cæteris erogavit, non ut divitiis haberentur, sed ut non egerent, aut minus egerent.* Possidius de S. Aug.

(i) *Non cui propriæ sunt, sed communes Ecclesiæ facultates.* Prosper. lib. 1. de vitâ contemplativâ cap. 6. *Sacerdotes bonorum Ecclesiæ non possessores sed dispensatores sunt.* Aug. Ep. 50.

To what purpose should you be prodigal of an estate whereof you are but a steward (*i*)? One part thereof is due to the Ministers of the Altar; another part to the poor (*k*), and a third part to the fabrick. If there be any magnificence in the Church, it belongs to the publick, particulars should be satisfied with modestie. Why should you pass into the other world, charged with crimes and debts, drawing the malediction of Heaven and earth on your heads?

(k) *Mendici Dei sumus, ut cognoscat ille mendicos suos, cognoscamus nos nostros.* Aug. serm. 5. de verbo Domini.

The sixth SECTION.

The third quality of a good Prelate, which is Puritie of life.

YOur third attire is of *white linnen*, which signifieth the Angelical purity you should observe from your most tender years, to carry it with you to the Altar. The Prophet *Isaiah* (*a*) telleth, they should have their vessels very clean, who are chosen to bear the vessels of God. And for this purpose all the Saints advise us to avoid the daily and familiar conversation of women, who are manifest snares of chastitie (*b*). Believe me, it is one of the most important points of your carriage. A Prelate abiding within the limits of this purity, would appear in the commerce with men, as if he came from a Quire of Angels. But as soon as he falleth into a licentious life, he forsaketh the dignity of his character, and goeth out from the throne of Majesty, as the unfortunate *Babylonian* King, to feed on hay among beasts. The night discovereth not more stars in the Heavens, than it openeth eyes on the earth to observe his most secret pleasures, ears to hearken to his deportment, and mouths to divulge them through all Provinces. He is looked on as a strange bird, that is newly gone out of his element; and God permits, that having sold his soul for hogs-draff, he should still rest unsatisfied, finding eachwhere a long web of perplexities, and a rouling wheel of immortal punishments. To some he serves for matter of mirth; to others as a shuttle-cock; he giveth occasion of tears to few, of indignation to all. Men for him are wounded with jealousie, and women, have they never so little honesty, abhor him. There are none but certain Harpies, which (as saith Cardinal *Petrus Damianus*) flie round about Altars to pillage them, who bear him the like good will, as Ravens do to carrion. He lives in a kind of stupidity of spirit, in continual indisposition of body, disgrace in his temporal fortunes, the fable of the world, the object of Heavens anger, and earths execration. Finally, he resembleth an old sepulcher, that hath nothing in it but stench and titles. Happily then ponder in your heart, what the life of a Priest ought to be, who is the house of God, of the cabinet, and as it were of the bosom of God. To think a wickedness, is a crime; to commit it, a sacriledge; to bear it to the Altar, is a sin which hath no proper name: there are titles and offices of all vices. Oh how pure should that mouth be, which approcheth to kiss the son of God! Oh how clean should those hands be, which are chosen to purge away the worlds ordures! Oh how chaste ought that heart to be, that is bedewed with the bloud of the Word Eternal!

(a) *Mundamini qui fertis vasa Domini.* Isaiah 52.

(b) *Vere continentes assidua mulierum etiam probarum familiaritates fugit.* S. Eprem. de temperantiâ. *Non potest cum Deo toto corde habitare qui feminarum accessibus copulatur. Femina comsentiam secum pariter habitantis exurit.* Hieron. ad Nepotianum.

What a horrour, when a faithless soul from the bed of wolves, goeth out to find the Lamb, and carrieth the pollutions of the earth to the Sanctuary of the living God: like to that beastly Empress *Messalina*, spoken of by the Satyrist (*c*) who bare to the Imperial bed of *Claudius* her husband, the infamy and noisomness of places, which should not be so much as named in the Palace of a *Roman* Emperour.

(c) *Fœda lupanaris tulit ad pulvinar odorem.*

S. Peter (*d*) said, we must break all ill thoughts by the exercise of the presence of *Jesus Christ*, as the waves are dashed against the rocks. And S. *Chrysostom* (*e*) advised Priests to be pure, as if they were in Heaven amidst the Angels.

(d) *Instruebat Petrus discipulos, actus vitæ suæ omni horâ custodire, & in omni loco Deum respicere, firmiter cogitationes malas cordi suo advenientes non ad Christum allidere.* S. Clem. Ep. 1. ad Jacobum.

(e) *Necesse est sacerdotem sic esse purum ut in Cœlo collocatus inter ipsas Cœli virtutes medius staret.* Chrys. de Sacerdotio.

Chastity, saith holy *Zeno*, is happy in virgins, strong in widdows, faithfull in the married, but with Priests it ought to be wholly Seraphicall. It is fit he should have little of the body, who is made to manage and handle the body of the Son of God. It is

fit he ſhould have ſmall commerce with the fleſh, who knoweth how to incarnate the living God in his hands. A carnal ſoul ready to ſell his patrimony for a meſs of pottage, as the unworthy *Eſau*, is more fit for hogs, than the Sanctuary. They heretofore ſacrificed to the Sun without effuſion of wine, and thoſe who ſacrifice to the Maſter of the Sun, ought to entermarrie ſobrietie with chaſtitie, which are ever mutually linked together. The banquets of rich ſeculars (ſaid *S. Jerome f*) are not ſo proper for Church-men. It is much fitter to comfort them in afflictions, than to accompany them in their feaſts. A Prieſt who is ſtill preſent at weddings, is never well eſteemed of. He that would behold the modeſty which is to be obſerved at the tables of Eccleſiaſtical men, let him at the leaſt take a model upon that which *Tertullian* writeth in his Apologetike of the Primitive Chriſtians. Our table, ſaith he, hath nothing in it which taſteth of ſordidneſs, ſenſuality, or immodeſty; we eat there in proportion, we drink according to the rules of temperance, ſo much we ſatiate our ſelves as is neceſſary for men, that muſt riſe in the night to offer their prayers to God. We there ſpeak and converſe as in the preſence of God, our hands waſhed, and candles lighted, every one reciteth what he knows of holy Scripture, and of his own conceit, all to the praiſe of God. Prayer endeth the banquet, as it gave beginning thereunto. From the table we go to the exerciſe of modeſty and honeſty: You would ſay if you ſaw us, it were not a ſupper we had in hand, but a leſſon of piety.

(f) *Convivia vitanda ſunt ſecularium, maxime eorum qui honoribus tument. Conſolatores nos potius meroribus ſuis, quàm convivus proſperis noverint. Facile contemnitur Clericus, qui ſæpe vocatus ad prandium, ire non recuſat.* Hieron. Ep. 2. Nepoſian.

The ſeventh Section.

The fourth perfection of a Prelate, which is obſerved in Zeal and charitie.

YOur fourth mark is *ſcarlet*, the ſign of the ardent charity and zeal you ought to retain towards the houſe of God. The buckler of brave Champions of the God of Hoſts ſhould be a buckler of fire, and all his ſouldiers muſt appear in crimſon caſſocks. You muſt early learn to bay the hares skin in the hall, that you may afterward go into the field for the hunting of ſouls. You muſt become a wall of fire, to ſerve as a rampart in the houſe of God. You muſt be a ſtar, to run over and enlighten the little world recommended to your charge. You muſt oppoſe the power of great-ones, the ſtrength of the ſturdy, the wiles of the crafty, the cloſe practiſes of the wicked, to divert ill actions, advance good, leave unprofitable, deſtroy vice, plant virtue, chaſtiſe delinquents, recompence men of merit, protect the poor, juſtifie the innocent. You muſt be an eye to the blind, a foot to the lame, arm and hand to the maimed, a Sanctuary to all the world. You muſt have as many chains to oblige men to you, as God hath given you means of well-doing. Let the miſeries which in a right line would haſten to you, if it be poſſible, may paſs no further than you: Let your houſe be a ſhop, where from ſtones the ſons of *Abraham* may be raiſed.

Num. 2. *Clypeus fortium ejus ignitus, viri exercitus in coccineis.*

The High-Prieſt heretofore bare the whole world on his habit, of which he was as it were the Advocate; and you muſt think, when you are in office, all the world is on your ſhoulders, and that both the living and dead ſhall have a ſhare in the duty which you ſhall render thereunto. It ſhall be your act to carry the torch of example before the people, to inſtruct men to cure and comfort their infirmity, to pray, and ſacrifice both for the world of the living, and thoſe whom death already hath divided from our converſation.

What charity think you can you have to be diſcharged from theſe obligations? You muſt learn to love ſouls, as the moſt pretious moveables you have in the world, to pleaſe your ſelf with the places, where the objects of your zeal are, and the knots of your charge, rather than the Courts of Princes; when you ſhall have untamed ſpirits to govern, let them ſerve as an arreſt for your heart, a ſubject for your induſtry, an exerciſe for your virtues. *Satban*, in *Job*, went round about the earth to entrap man; Do you think you do too much, in your opinion, if you advance ſome ſteps to ſave men? *Noe* was ſhut up in the Ark with about three hundred kinds of beaſts, peaceable among the waves and deſtruction of the world, becauſe ſuch was the will of God: and you cannot reſt among ſouls created according to the image of the Divinity, whereunto you are by duty engaged under the peril of your ſoul. What a ſhame is it for a Church-man, if he cannot live unleſs perpetually among horſes, dogs, and apes, when God ſummons him to the charge of ſouls? *Julius Cæſar* wondred to ſee men, who dandled apes, having children in their houſes; and who cannot but admire, if God allotting you ſo many ſpiritual children, you perpetually kiſs monkeys, play with little dogs, and carry hawks?

Nullum omnipotenti Deo tale ſacrificium, quale eſt zelus animarum. Greg. ſuper Ezech. hom. 12.

The eighth Section.

The fifth excellency of a Prelate, which is Science and Prudence.

FInally for concluſion, you muſt ſprinkle *gold* over your Hyacinth, purple, and crimſon. Theſe are the rays and lights of knowledge and prudence, which are as neceſſary for a Prelate, as the eye for a beautiful body. Diſcretion (ſaith S. *Bernard* is not a ſimple virtue, but the governeſs of all virtues, the guide of paſſions, and the Miſtreſs of manners, which if you take away, virtue becometh vice (*a*). Prelates (as Pope *Zozimus* aſſureth us) are the eyes of the Church, and if theſe eyes be eclypſed, what darkneſs may we expect over the other parts of the body?

(a) *Diſcretio non eſt tam virtus quàm quædam moderatrix & auriga virtutum, ordinatrixque affectuum & morum doctrix. Tolle hanc, & virtus vitium erit. Bonav. phæret. l. 2. c. 27. Bern. ſuper Cantic.*

We muſt not tell a noble ſpirit, how ſhameful a thing it is to be in high degree of dignity, and play the golden beaſt. You cannot brook this affront, the very infants and the dumb world ſpeak, and with a finger ſhew it you, as did the Aſs of which *Ammianus* writeth, who in the City *Piſtoia* mounted at mid-day into the tribunal of a Judge, & began with much earneſtneſs to bray, as if he had done well to the purpoſe.

Tribunali ſi cenſo audiendus deſtinatus rugiens. Ammian. l. 27. c. 1.

It is a lamentable thing, if for your ſake we be enforced to ſay, that fortune is a daughter of a good houſe, but that ſhe poſtitutes herſelf to ſervants; that the Church is abſolutely wiſe, but becomes the ſhare of the ignorant. It were a ridiculous thing if on you the fable of the owl ſhould be verified, which telleth, that the ſmall birds had found a roſe on the way, and preparing to ſing for maſtery, they appointed Judges to give it to the victorious, under title of recompence for his ſong, as the prize of his conqueſt. But as they were diſpoſing themſelves for trial, came a miſchievous owl in the night, and carried away the flower without ſinging. Can a noble heart well endure this application ſhould be juſtly made upon him, and to be held an infamous bird, which hath ſtollen away the flower due to the little nightingals? Glaſs will not preſent the figure objected, if it be not leaded; whatſoever you may have either of luſtre or talents, will have no ſubſiſtence, if you lead not your head with the ſtrength of endeavour.

Should you have the pome-granate, which is the fruit of Kings, and were you of the bloud Royal, if you have not little bels on the border of your garment, as had the High-Prieſt of the old Law, to make the doctrine of the word of God to reſound, you would

would be despised. Why then do you intermeddle with so many toys and petty trifles of children? You should be an *Alexander*, who better loveth the launce of *Achilles*, than the lyre of *Paris*. You must in these schools be fed with the marrow of lions, as that yong Prince, and not entertain your self with catching of flies. When you grow aged, you should not be in a Bishoprick, like a blind *Cyclop* in a hollow cave.

The ninth SECTION.

The Motives which Noble Prelates have to the duty of their profession.

IN the Name of God, permit you may be rectified in these five virtues, which I have before alledged. The obligations which you have hereunto, if you well consider them, are very great. First, you see that such as are of the same bloud with you; endeavour to make good what they profess. Those who manage arms, will part with nothing of the glory of arms. The most timorous would be flayed, and piece-meal torn for a poor punctilio of honour, which is oft-times meerly imaginary. They flie among naked swords, flames, and musket-shots, to purchase a little reputation, which hath not ever the reward it expecteth. And you, O Noblemen, that are in the pay of the Sovereign King, whose liberality cannot deceive you, in a most honourable profession, and which should not be blemished with remisness, would you spare your endeavour to do something worthy your birth? Do you not behold a flourishing Nobility round about you, which being consecrated to the Church, discovereth marvellous hopes unto us? Some do as the vines of *Smyrna*, that whilest they are in blossom, bear their fruit. There is nothing now every where but studie and servour. There are those who win *Troy* the magnificent, now wholly enflamed, and will you under hatches lie snoring in the ship?

(a) *Omnis Pontifex ex hominibus assumptus pro hominibus constituitur in ea quæ sunt ad Deum.* Hebr. 5.

(b) *Aristotoles* lib. 4. Politic. c. 15. *vocat Magistratus.* ὀφθαλμοὺς λαμπάδας *lumina obelisci præfixa, quod sacerdotibus proprium. In te oculi omnium diriguntur: domus tua, & conversatio quasi in speculo constituta, magistra est publicæ disciplinæ.* S. Hier. Epist. 3.

In the second place, see who you are. You are destined to treat the cause of men with God; (*a*) would you betray it? You are selected to be the Oracles of God; would you make your self a weather-cock? you are chosen to be the Ark of the Testament; would you become a vessel of reprobation? You are an Angel, and in hope a little God; would you be an Angel of darkness, and a god of straw? Apply your self wholly to God, to whom you owe all. It is not a matter of discretion for you to do well, it is a point of necessity. Angels hover over your heads, and men are on every side to observe your actions. Those who are blind as moles in their own errours, have the eyes of a Linx to espie your imperfections. (*b*)

Do you not enjoy a goodly honour, when it shall be said of you, that you have a dignity which becomes you, as a ring of gold the snout of a hog (as speaketh the Scripture, (*c*) and when the King, who is pleased to take the pain to look into the deportments of men Ecclesiastical, who are of eminent extraction, shall perceive you are in the Church as an unprofitable burden, (*d*) to disgrace the charge which honoureth you, and that all those that name you, when you happen to be mentioned in honourable assemblies, will wish a cloud of darkness at noon-day, to cover the shame of their foreheads?

(c) Prov. 12. *Circulus aureus in naribus suis.*

(d) *Principatus sine meritoria sublimitate, bonorum titulus sine homine, dignitas in indigno, ornamentum in luto.* Salvia. l. 1. ad Eccles. Cath.

Adde that the Church stretcheth out her arms and intreateth you would not suffer her laurels to wither in your hands, to defile her victories, nor eclipse her lights. She hath seen many miseries, many hath she born, many vanquished; but never felt any wounds more dolorous than those which fell upon her by vice, (*e*) ignorance, and the negligence of her Prelates. That is it which hath opened the gate to heresies, which hath fomented infidelities, enlarged impiety, disposed the brows of the wicked to impudence, the tongue to slander, the hands to rapine, which hath darkened the present times with horrible confusions, and which vomiteth upon the times and Ages of posterity. Will you increase these calamities, and with your corruptions make a bridge for the faithless to ruin Christianity? For that perhaps shall be the last scourge, which God will use to punish the abuses of ill Prelates, and the sins of the people in general.

(e) *Nescio criminum an numinum turbam* Tert. adverf. *Valentinianos* de eorum diis cap. 8.

For conclusion I demand, what will become of you in the end at the last judgement of God, under which the Angels tremble, who govern the world? What will become of you, when you shall be accused to have been a viper in the Church, a scandal to the simple, an ill example to the most corrupt, a fiery torch that would enflame the house of God? Where may one find punishments sufficient to inflict on you, and where can you get members enough to furnish out so many punishments, when the stones and marbles of those places you have possessed, will crack in pieces to flie into your eyes? On the contrary, if you take the right way, which I propose, you shall lead a peaceable life in the security of a good conscience, rich in honour and ability, honourable in reputation, terrible to the wicked, reverenced by honest men, fertile in good actions, abundant in infinitie of fruits, fruitfull in recompences, prosperous in successes, glorious to posterity, attended on earth with the odour of virtues, and crowned in Heaven by Eternitie.

The tenth SECTION.

The examples of great Prelates are very lively spurs to virtue.

TO come to this effect, often represent before your eyes the lively images of so many worthy Prelates, who have flourished through all Ages, and behold them as stars, which God with his own hand hath planted in this great firmament of the Church, as well that he there might make his glory shine, as here to prepare a way for our direction. Think sometime within your self what a spirit one S. *Nilamon* had, who died with terrour, as they bare him to the Throne of a Bishop, for which so many other pine away with ambition, he forgoing life with apprehension he should loose his innocency? What humility in S. *Peter* of *Alexandria*, who being the lawfull Successour of S. *Mark*, would never mount to his chair, but contented himself to sit the residue of his days on the foot-stool, until after his death, the people, having attired him with his Pontifical habit, did carry his body to the seat which he never had possessed? A man truly humble, whose death must be expected to honour his merit, as if honour were incompatible with his life. What zeal in *Eustatius* Bishop of *Epiphanium*, whose heart was so surprized with onely notice of the profanation of a Church, that he fell down dead in the place, making himself a tomb furnished with the triumphs of his own piety, a thousand times more pretious than gold and richest diamonds? What liberality in Saint *Exuperius* Bishop of *Tholouse*, to give away the gold and silver of his Church, for the necessities of the poor, yea, even to the carrying of the Blessed Sacrament in a little basket of osier? What charity in Saint *Paulinus*, who after he had in alms spent his whole patrimony, which was both very rich and abundant, sold himself, and voluntarily became a slave, to redeem the son of poor widows? What faith in

Martyrol. Rom. ad 6. Januar.

Baronius.

Chron. *Alexandr.*

Saint *Gregorie Thaumaturgus*, to remove mountains, and command over elements, with as much liberty as a Master over his servants? What power in S. *Leo* and S. *Lupus*, to stay *Attila*, and make head against an Army composed of seven hundred thousand men, drawn from the most dreadful Nations of the earth? What confidence in S. *Martin*, to submit his shoulders to receive the fall of a huge tree, on condition he might thereby banish the Idols? Let us lay aside all other actions, which are miraculous: behold the lives of those, who have traced a more ordinary way. Imitate the contemplation of a S. *Denis*, the fervour of a S. *Ignatius*, the constancy of a S. *Athanasius*, the contempt of the world of a S. *Hilarie*, the generosity of a S. *Cyprian*, the austerity of a S. *Basil*, the mildness of a S. *Augustine*, the majesty of a S. *Ambrose*, the vigilancy of a S. *Gregorie*, the vigour of a S. *Cyril*, the wisdom of a S. *Remigius*. Propose to your self the acts of S. *Vedastus*, *Herculanus*, *Eleutherius*, *Medardus*, *Lupicinus*, *Nicetius*, *Romanus*, *Sulpitius*, *Pretextatus*, *Germanus*, *Amandus*, *Claudius*, *Lambertus*, *Wolphranus*, *Swibertus*, and many such like. Consider the deportments of S. *Thomas* of *Canterbury*, S. *Lewis* of *Thoulouse*; and above all, let not your eye pass over Saint *Charles Borromeus*, whom God hath made resplendent in our days, to teach us that no Age is secluded from sanctity.

A man is powerfull to perswade virtue, when in one and the same instant he alledgeth three-score thousand reasons, each of which weigh a Crown of gold (hath one of the best Writers of this Age said:) and so did S. *Charles*, forsaking three-score thousand crowns of yearly rent for one mornings Mass.

He was a Bishop, who often fasted with bread and water, even in the time of feasts; who every day said his Breviary on his knees, and moistened it with his tears; who celebrated Mass every day with a majesty more than humane; who had two retirements in the year to attend to spiritual exercises; who read the Bible on his knees, sheading brinish tears; who gave alms above his ability; who in person waited on the infections; who wore hair-cloth under his scarlet habit; who slept on the bare boards; who stirred not out of his Dioceſs; who visited it on foot; who in his charge made himself indefatigable; who ever was the foremost in good works, in the Church, in the hospital, with the sick, at a Sermon; who was most exact in not giving orders nor benefices, but to persons very capable and of good life; who never did any matter important, without communicating it to the Pope and his Cardinals, whom he as an Oracle, honoured. These are the words of this fore-mentioned Authour, which seem to have very little busk, but much weight. Is it not sufficient to make you undertake by necessity, that which you cannot refuse without crime? No longer think upon piety as a thing impossible, and do not like ill Physitians, who make the sick despair of health, because they cannot cure them.

The Reverend Father *Binet.*

These latter Ages are not so barren of good men, who are most excellent plants in the orchard of Almighty God, but that it hath born, and doth still produce plenty of good Prelates, who honour their profession by the merit of their virtues. If you cast your eye upon those, whom the nearness of time doth make us as it were almost to touch, you shall behold a Cardinal *George* of *Amboyse*, who was marvellously potent, but employed all his power to the maintenance of the Church and State, and never sought to be great, but to oblige inferiours, nor approach to the Court, but there most gloriously to serve his Prince.

A *Zimenes*, Archbishop of *Toledo*, who amidst the magnificence of Court, retained the austerity of a Religious man; who was such an enemy of pomp and ostentation, that he hath been seen to visit his Dioceſs on foot, without train or attendance, who employed his ample revenues, to make war against *Barbarens*, build Monasteries, found Universities, imprint those admirable Bibles in many languages, which are the treasures of all the Libraries in the world. A *Pool*, who was not onely free from the ambitions and avarice of the world, but made as small an account of his body, as of his shirt, since he being violently persecuted by King *Henry* the Eight, plainly said, that for defence of the faith, he would as willingly disarray himself of life, as of his habit, and would ever be as ready to enter into his tomb, as into his bed to sleep. You shall there behold the four Cardinals of *Bourbon*, who have equalled their virtues to the bloud of Kings, and the purple of their sacred Colledge. The great Cardinal of *Lorain*, who hath had the honour to anoint three of our Kings with his own hands, to assist in their Councels, to enlighten them with the rays of his spirit, to defend them by his fidelity, fortifying his hand from his tendrest youth, for the conservation of the State. In all these pomps he wore austerity under scarlet, he preached, and ardently cathechized the most simple of his Dioceſs, he supported, as an adamantine pillar, the faith, which was both in *France* and *Germanie* so shaken by the unspeakable disorder of the times: he received the remnants of the *English* shipwrack with most pious liberality, he instituted Religious Orders, he raised Seminaries, he on every side armed against impiety.

A Cardinal of *Tournon*, who served four Kings, to wit, *Francis* the First, *Henry* the Second, *Francis* the Second, *Charles* the Ninth, and that in *France* and *Rome*, in all the most important affairs, being likewise Arbitratour of the great Potentates of the earth, with a most remarkeable loyalty, a prudence inestimable, a courage invincible. A *Baronius*, who hath eternized himself by the endeavour of his hands, a thousand times more honourable than all the Monarchs of *Ægypt* in their rich Marbles, Pyramids, and Obelisks. But from whence think you have the large blessings of his labours proceeded, but from a most innocent life, which was as the Sun without blemish? but from a most ardent charity, which caused him for the space of nine whole years to visit hospitals morning and evening, to help the necessities of the poor? but from a most singular piety, which wasting his life in the fervour of his prayers, consumed also his revenues with good works in most sacred liberalities?

A *Tolet*, a Religious man out of Order, who, raised to the dignity of a Cardinal, employed the most part of the hours of day and night in prayer; living on nothing almost but herbs and pulse, fasting the saturdays with bread and water, and adding a particular Lent besides the ordinary, to the honour of the most glorious Virgin *Mary*, as the Reverend Father *Hilarian de Costa*, observeth in the Treatise of his life. Cardinal *D'Ossat*, writing to *Monsieur Villeroy*, affordeth him the titles of sanctity, learning, prudence, integrity, worth, fidelity, and faith it is an admirable thing, to see the handy-work of God in raising this great man for advancement of the affairs of *France*, and absolution of the late King of most famous memory. And the great Cardinal *Peron*, in a letter he wrote to this triumphant Monarch, dated the second of September. in the year 1595. saith among other things, speaking of the negotiation of *Tolet* upon this affair: *Besides that he hath renounced all worldly respects, to embrace the equity and justice of your cause, that he hath shut up his eyes from the natural obligation of his Prince, Countrey, Parents, that he hath trampled under foot all sorts of menaces, promises, and temptations; he hath also taken so much pain both of body and mind upon this treaty, that we much wonder he shrunk not under the burden; combating*

hating, sometimes by writing, sometime by conference with those who were opposite, removing and animating such as were stupid, and in sum, carrying this business with such zeal and constancy, that your Majesty could not hope for so many trials, not to say, so many masterpieces, yea miracles, from the most affectionate and courageous of all your servants. Behold the testimony of a most untainted Prelate.

I say nothing of the excellent *Bellarmine*, nor of that prime man among the learned, the most illustrious *Peron*, nor of the great light of sanctity my Lord Bishop of *Geneva*, whose lives are printed. I likewise behold most eminent personages on the Theater of *France*, who as celestial bodies, have sufficient height and lustre, and are of ability to exercise a pen more powerfull than mine; but since I have put my self upon limits, not to speak here of any man now living, I better love to resemble those, who being not of stature able to affix crowns on the head of the Suns statue, burnt flowers to it, to make their odour mount to the Heavens. So since I cannot crown their merit with humane praise, I will offer up prayers and vows for their prosperities, with all submission due to their eminent qualities. As it is not my humour profusely to enlarge upon the panegyricks of the living, so is it not my intention to insert all the dead in this little Treatise. If you seek for those, who speak and write purposely, you will be overwhelmed with a main cloud of witnesses, which will shew you men who have been greater than Kingdoms, who have parallel'd the passed Ages, edified the present, enlightened the future, and upheld great fortunes by a much greater sanctitie. All these will tell you, we have nothing immortal in us, but the riches of the mind, and all this exterior lustre of the world which charmeth the eyes of men, is but a cloud in painting, a petty vapour of water, a fable of time, a dyal, which we then onely behold, when the sun of honour reflecteth on it, and which must in the end be buried in an eternal night of oblivion. Let us now see the great S. *Ambrose*, whom we among thousands have selected to serve as a model for this first discourse. You therein shall observe a man of a most noble extraction, endowed with admirable parts, and who by necessity of duty, and considerations of charity, was conversant in the Courts of Emperours, and in the infinite perplexity of many affairs, which he with all manner of prudence and courage handled, shewing in his deportments a vigorous sanctity, chosen by the Divine Providence, to make as it were the whole State of Christendom most eminent.

Greg. pastoral. curæ lib. c. 4.

S^t^ AMBROSE.

The first SECTION.

His Calling.

THe first mark of perfection, which we require in a good Prelate, to wit, Divine calling, is in great S. *Ambrose* so manifest, that were it written with the rays of the Sun, it could not be made more perspicuous. We may in some sort speak of him, what he said (*a*) of S. *John Baptist*, That it seemeth God began to prepare him from his mothers womb, to exercise his virtue one day in main battels. First, it is a thing remarkeable, that seeing resolution was taken in Heaven, to make this Prelate one of the most courageous and eloquent men of the world, he should

(*a*) Amb. l. 7. Comment. in Lucam. cap. 1. *Ungebatur & quasi bonus athleta exercebatur in utero matris, amplissimo enim virtus certamini parabatur.*

be extracted from the Nobility, which is ordinarily full of generosity, being derived from a father, honoured with one of the chief charges of the Empire, which was the Lieutenancy over the *Gauls*. Besides, he came into the world first breathing *French* air, which hath been esteemed (according to S. *Hierom*) (*b*) the Countrey of the most noble and learned spirits of the earth: and *Sidonius* (*c*) another Prelate hath said, the valour of a *French*-man extendeth further than his life; for he liveth even then, when the soul and body are divided. Secondly, as we have observed before, God many times declared the calling of infants by sundry presages: It was a great sign of the eloquence of Saint *Ambrose*, to behold a swarm of bees (*d*) all together settle on his cradle, which was at that time brought out into a court of his fathers Palace, that the child might thereby take a little fresh air. The nurse seeing these little honey-creatures buzze about him, much nearer than she could have wished, coming and going to his lips, was affrighted and thought to drive them away; but the father, who walking in the same place with his wife and daughter, beheld this pretty sport, made a sign she should hold her hands, lest by exasperating these little creatures, she might provoke their stings. In the end, they peaceably forsook the place, and soared away so high, that they lost sight of them. At that time *Ambrose*, father of our great Prelate, spake aloud, as with the spirit of prophesie: *This infant shall be great.* And verily, these bees much better alluded to S. *Ambrose* than to *Plato*, who is said to have had the like hap in his infancy. For we must affirm, the eloquence of *Plato* had honey in it, and no sting: but this of S. *Ambrose*, besides the exceeding sweetness thereof in peaceable arguments, had, when there was occasion of combate, stings that pierced to the quick.

(b) *Hieron.* adversus Vigilantium. *Sola Gallia monstra non habuit, sed viris semper fortissimis & eloquentissimis abundavit.*

(c) Sidonius Apol. carm. 1. *Invicti perstant animisque superstant, Jam prope post animam.*

(d) The cradle of S. *Ambrose.*

We may well say, he was the most elaborate in his style of all the Doctours of the Church, especially if we speak of the Latins. For many, as S. *Hierom*, and S. *Augustine*, oftentimes dictated with much vehemency of spirit, what came to their mind: but S. *Ambrose* did not so much accustom himself to dictate to a writer; for he in composing ever had his pen in hand, (*e*) to polish his works at leisure, and as we say, lick his own bear.

(e) Ambros. Epist. 65. ad Sabinum. *Nobis autem quibus cura est similem sermonem familiari usu ad unguem distinguere, & lento quodam figere gradu, aptus videtur propriam manum nostro effigere stylo, &c.*

Adde hereunto another sign of his vocation, in the childish sports he exercised without consideration, as did heretofore Saint *Athanasius*, being then, as he, an infant, which was, to cause his sister, and the children which attended her, to kiss his hand, as the hand of a Bishop, he therein taking much pleasure. It seemeth, God sometimes sheweth children as with his finger, the way they should pursue. It is an admirable thing, that there was in *Paris* found a young begger, called *Maurice*, so far transported in his own fancy, that he one day might become Bishop of *Paris*, that many offers being jestingly made unto him in his infinite necessity, to move him to renounce the right he pretended to the Bishoprick of this ample Citie, it proved meerly impossible: which a wealthy man perceiving, he so furthered him in studie, as in the end he came to the degree, which to himself he had prefigured. What shall we say? God unlooseneth even the tongues of mothers, to speak prophetically touching the state of their children. Witness a most honourable Ladie, named *Ida*, mother of three sons, *Baldwin*, *Godfrey*, *Eustace*, who one day sporting with her, and hiding themselves under her gown, and many times shewing their heads with diverse pretty childish dalliances, the father casually coming thither in the midst of their play, as they were all covered with their mothers garment, demanded, *Who have we there?* The Ladie readily answered, not knowing what she should say, *It is a King, a Duke, and a Count.* So it proved: *Baldwin* was King of *Jerusalem*, *Godfrey* succeeded in the Dutchy of *Lorrain*, to his father the great *Godfrey* of *Boüillon*, and *Eustace* was Earl of *Boloigne*. God made use of this womans tongue, as of the hand of a dyal, which pointeth out the hours as the great wheel guids it, leaving no memory where it touched. *Ambrose* did the like at that time, directed by the spirit of God. He made himself Bishop in his own imagination, but when he pursued the way of his proper reason and natural judgement, he therein used all resistance, not thinking he was called thereunto.

In the third place, his calling was altogether extraordinary and miraculous, in that being sent into the Territory of *Milan* in the quality of a Governour, *Probus*, who substituted him, merily said: Go, rule like a Bishop, rather than a President, recommending mildness unto him, that he might apply a lenitive to the great rigours that were used in matter of justice. This fell out much otherwise than *Probus* and *Ambrose* had projected, for as the history telleth, *Auxentius*, an Arrian Bishop, who had much longer lived than was fit for a man so wicked, some little time before deceased at *Milan*, the Metropolitan place of his Dioces, and when there was question to proceed to election, there were many difficulties between the Catholicks and Arrians, every one coveting to create a Bishop of his own party. The emulation which was much enkindled, threatned to draw bloud from the veins of both sides before it could be quenched. *Ambrose*, as a Magistrate, went thither to redress it. And behold at the same instant a little child, as if it had been an Angel, descended from Heaven, cried out in the midst of the assembly, *Ambrose must be created Bishop.* This loud voice was seconded by all men, as a voice sent from the mouth of God. The fire of dissention was quenched in an instant, the most outragious courages forsook their arms, and thought on nothing but to raise *Ambrose*, who was not as yet baptized, to bear him by ordinary degrees to the Episcopal chair.

Vade, age, non ut Judex, sed ut Episcopus.

The election of S. *Ambros.*

There were some obstacles herein on every side. For first, it was against the laws of the Church to choose a Bishop, since the Councel of *Nice* condemneth those Prelates, who give Orders to Priests presently after baptism. Secondly, there was an Edict of the Emperour, which forbade the advancement of his Officers and civil Magistrates, without his expres consent. In the third place, *Ambrose*, who was wholly dedicated to a secular life, had neither vein nor artery which enclined to election. But who can resist the spirit of God, when he is pleased to strike a stroke with his own hand beyond the imagination and judgements of men? All difficulties one after another, were taken away: and this election was approved, not onely by the holy See, but of all the Eastern and Western Bishops, who much rejoyced and congratulated with S. *Ambrose*, by their letters. The Emperour *Valentinian* gave his assent thereunto, boasting, he had sent such good Governours to Provinces, that they were thought capable of Bishopricks. There was no body but *Ambrose* to subdue, who used all sort of engines and practises to divert this purpose. He, who ever of his own nature was exceeding mild, feigned himself bloudy, causing racks and tortures to be publickly exercised on offenders, yet needs would they have him for Bishop. He, who was most chaste, made men and women of ill life haunt his house and descended even to the shadow of sin, to flee the light of glory, yet ceased they not to pursue him. He fled, and after he had for a whole night travelled hard, thinking he was far off, found himself at the gates of *Milan*, from whence he departed. In the end he was forced to yield to the spirit of Almighty God who gave him such evident tokens of his calling. Needs must he undergo the charge

Concil. Nicænum. Can. 1. *Miserum est eum fieri neophytum qui necdum didicit esse discipulus.* Innocentius primus ep. 12. ad Aurelium. Hieron. *Ne milesantequam Tyro, ne prius magister sis, quam discipulus.*

charge he ſo conſtantly had refuſed, and where humane prudence looſeth its ſight, we muſt ſuffer it to attend the direction of Eternal Providence.

The ſecond Section.

A ſhort Elogie of the life and manners of S. Ambroſe.

I Will do as Geographers, who put the whole world into a little map. I intend to comprize in few words, that which deſerveth a volume, and give you a brief table of the life and manners of this great Saint.

Rare endowments of a Prelate.

S. *Ambroſe* was a man, in whom it ſeemed virtue was incorporated, to make it ſelf viſible to mortal eyes. Goodneſs, which cometh to others by ſtudie, ſeemed his by nature, ſince he had conſecrated his infancy by the ignorance of vice, and whiteneſs of innocency. Others think it ill to commit a ſin, and with him it was a great vice to omit a virtue. When he lived in the houſe of his father, with his good ſiſter *Marcellina*, he attended to the practice of virtuous actions; they both were as flint-ſtones, which by proximity make the ſparkles flie: ſo the holy emulation they uſed in the purſuit of good, enkindled the ſenſible apprehenſion of God in their hearts, by a mutual reverberation. He went from this ſchool, as *Samuel* from the Tabernacle, to bear innocency to the Epiſcopal Throne, and there to receive dignity. His life ſerved as a rule, his example as a torch, his learning as an ornament, and his very ſilence as an admonition.

If you regard the virtues, which ordinarily lay the foundations of ſpiritual building, ſuch as are ſobriety and continency, *Ambroſe* undertook faſts for delight, commonly eating but once aday, and that with moderation; he tyed himſelf to the one for the love of the Croſs, and admitted the other by way of neceſſity. This exercise much ſerved him to conſerve his purity, which moſt inviolably he kept even in the very courſe of ſecular life, as it was found in his private papers, where he very ardently begged of Almighty God, that he would give him grace to maintain in his Epiſcopal dignity, the gift of chaſtity, which he had afforded him in a ſecular life. He daily roſe from his bed, as the Phenix from her neſt, having no other flames, but thoſe of that great Sun which ſcorcheth Angels in Heaven, and the moſt Angelical hearts on earth. From this temperance proceeded his admirable converſation, which gained all hearts, and who ſo well knew how to joyn the wiſdom of the ſerpent with the ſimplicity of the dove. He was prudent with good men, ſharp againſt the practiſes of the wicked, yet crafty never. His diſcourſe came from him with ſuch an Oeconomy, that the ignorant found inſtruction therein; the curious, light; the learned, ſolidity; the eloquent, grace; the vitious, terrour; the virtuous, edification; the timorous, confidence; the afflicted, conſolation; and the whole world admiration. There was nothing idle in this man, all ſpake in him, all tended to praiſe-worthy actions; his ſtudy was holy letters, his care to expreſs in his manners what he had read in books; he was prompt in all which he did, and had but one hinderance in the world, and that was prayer, which he would never have left, if diſcretion had not taught him to forſake God to find God. His intentions were moſt ſincere, his negotiations honourable, his ſilence diſcreet, his words ever profitable, his heart full of compaſſion; and although the eminency of his life raiſed him above all men, yet the ſweetneſs of his nature made him familiar with all ſuch as ſtood in need of his aſſiſtance. As much as his zeal made him terrible to thoſe who durſt contend with his Maſter, ſo much his mildneſs rendered him communicable to all the world: his exteriour employments nothing diminiſhed his interiour, nor did retirement for contemplation hinder the manage of affairs.

Never was he imperious, but to ſupport the Empire of the Saviour of the world. As he elevated himſelf towards Heaven, when there was occaſion to defend the Church, ſo he humbled himſelf to loweſt degrees, when he was to condeſcend to humane infirmities. Honour always ſeemed to him the tribute of God, and whileſt he lived, he conſtantly yielded it to his Maſter, without keeping ought elſe for himſelf, but the burden of his miniſtery. His continual exerciſe was to inſtruct Monarchs, exhort people, convince hereticks, comfort the afflicted, feed the hungry, cloath the naked, redeem priſoners, entertain pilgrims, ſhew the way of ſalvation to the erring, ſave the deſperate from ſhipwrack, enflame the luke-warm, cheriſh the fervent, provide for all thoſe who were under his charge, and punctually to act all the duties of his profeſſion.

He thought all the miſeries in the world were properly his, and bewailed them as his own. He likewiſe accounted the good hap, commodity, and advancements of his neighbour, were his own riches and enablements, as if in one ſole heart, all the hearts of the world were included. There was neither need of Porter nor Page in his houſe, to give him notice of ſuch as would ſpeak with him, for he was ever expoſed to commerce, as writeth S. *Auguſtine*. Every one ran to him, nor did any man think the time long in his company; ſuch pleaſure they took in his converſation. The needy who arrived at his houſe, went not away without relief. From the time he entered into office, he conſecrated his whole patrimony to the poor, giving as it were all he had, without reſerving ſo much as himſelf. Although tranſitory goods are conſumed, faith never is waſted. Faith ſerveth for alms, and alms fail not to faith. Theſe temporal aſſiſtances gave paſſage to grace and ſpiritual viſits; by which he endeavoured to ſweeten, as with oyl, the yoke of *Jeſus Chriſt*, and adorn with virtue the ſouls of all his ſubjects, as his own heart, which was a true receptacle of charity. Never was man more beloved or feared than he; ſo well did he know to diſpence theſe two different affections. Every man reverenced him as his Lord, and obſerved him as his father; each man thought he found his countrey, kindred, and accommodations, where S. *Ambroſe* was.

Expreſſa ab Hilar. Arel.

The third Section.

His Government.

THe Eccleſiaſtical government of S. *Ambroſe*, is the rule of all the noble actions of the Clergie, as heretofore the ſicle of the Sanctuarie was the model of other coins. This great man hath left ſuch an idæa hereof in his writings and manners, that the ſenſual find therein how to conſider their end, the luke-warm wherewith to be enflamed, the imperfect to be corrected, and the moſt perfect what they may daily learn. His fair ſoul was as the *Ibis*, a bird of *Ægypt*, which buildeth her neſt in the palms. It was perpetually converſant in great contemplations, and had no more impreſſions of the earth, than the ſupream ſphere of celeſtial bodies.

The principal Maxim on which he eſtabliſhed the perfection of his Eccleſiaſtical life, was that which he afterward digeſted in writing, in the Epiſtle to *Irenæus*, whereof I have ſpoken heretofore: *Go to Ambroſe*, (ſaith he within himſelf) *behold thy ſelf a Prieſt, and which is more, a Biſhop. This condition requireth*

Epiſt. ad Irenæum, quæ eſt ſecunda libri tertii in ordine vigeſima.

The foundation of an Episcopal life.

quireth a sober gravitie, alienated from the manners of ordinarie men, a life wholly serious, weightie, and solid, in degree of singularitie. It is a folly to think the dignitie of a Bishop consisteth in the exercise of ceremonies, or exteriour gestures in publick. How shall he be regarded by the people, who hath nothing in his manners different from the people? What wouldst thou have the world admire in thee, if it behold nothing in thee above it self, if it find its imperfections there, if after it hath blushed at one vice to which it is subject, it observe thou hast placed it in the throne of dignitie with thee? Since needs I must be a Bishop (a) *let me seek out a life free from the tongues of the most insolent, and which hath nothing common with the works of weak-ones.*

(a) *Quæramus nobis viam inaccessam sermonibus insolentium, invisam oculis imperitorum.*

Following this rule, he in his heart detested the practice of those, who enter into charge by sinister ways, and seek after nothing therein but exteriour lustre or temporal commodities: in such sort, that speaking of such a Prelate in the book which he composed of Episcopal dignity, he saith: (b) We behold him with carnal eyes as a great Bishop, and God with his eyes, which cannot be deceived, sees him as a foul leaper. Flesh took the dignity, and the soul hath lost honesty. Flesh predominateth over people, and the soul is a slave to devils.

(b) Lib. de dignitate Sacerdot. c. 5. *Oculis quidem carnalibus videtur quasi Episcopus magnus, & divinis obtuitibus insicitur quasi leprosus magnus. Caro suscepit dignitatem, & anima peraidit honestatem. Caro dominatur populis, & anima servit demonis.*

It is no hard matter to perswade a man to virtue, who believes it to be his principal business. This sage Prelate, having laid the foundations of good and sincere intentions, applied himself so to his charge, that day and night he admitted no other thought. For, leaving the manage of household affairs to his brother *Satyrus*, he addrest himself wholly to Episcopal functions, which he exercised with so much perfection, industrie, and readiness, that *Paulinus*, an eye-witness of his actions, said, He did as much alone, as five other Bishops.

First, seeing he succeeded a man who had sown dissention, he found it was very necessary often to preach Catholick verities, which he performed with much fruit, but labour indefatigable. For, coming from the order of Magistracy to Episcopal dignity, he must learn that which his first profession never had taught him: and although he might in such necessity have made use of others labours, notwithstanding he, who prudently thought fit, that the doctrine we teach should bud in our hearts, and take beginning in our inventions, to produce it with the more utility, put himself seriously to the reading of Scriptures and holy Fathers that were of his time, to bring forth afterward in his soul what he should speak and observe; for it was the counsel, which he afterward gave to Bishop *Constantius*. *You* (c) *must* (saith he) *gather together the water, which distilleth from the Prophets, as the clouds from many places, to the end your land may be moistened and watered with their familiar fountains.* His preachings were solid, pure, gently flowing, and full of good instructions, and although his discourse had much sweetness in it, yet had he not so suck'd honey from those bees which courted him in his cradle, that he retained not their stings. A nature too flexible resembleth the air, which as soon giveth place to beggers, as *Cæsars*; and as there is nothing more insupportable in a charge than a spirit opiniative, so nothing is more fruitless than a weather-cock, who turneth with every wind, and hath no other direction, but the passions of al those that nearest approach him. S. *Ambrose* endeavoured to cure all the world, as much as he might possibly, with sweetness, mixing oft-times his own tears with those of his penitents: but if he met with obdurate and rebellious hearts, he took upon him a marvellous predominancy both of authority and eloquence, to tame vice and disarm insolence. *Constantine* (d) a great Physitian observeth, that it is not good to feed those with hony or milk, who are dangerously wounded; for seldom by this course is death escaped. Our great Bishop made the like judgement upon the maladies of the soul, and never bent himself to cherish by supple indulgences, those hearts which he saw to be ulcered with any malice. His admonitions were not upon idle discourses, for they were seen to be waited on with good effects, and as it were a general reformation in all orders.

(c) *Collige de pluribus locis aquam quam effundunt nubes prophetæ, ut terra tua humescat, & domesticis irrigetur fontibus.* Lib. 3. Ep. 1.

(d) *Constantius medicus de liquidis.*

(e) Reformation of the Clergy.

(e) He began to measure the Temple by the Sanctuary: for esteeming that the sinews of words are laudable examples, he endeavoured to make a good Clergy, to serve as a mirrour for the Laity. The waters of *Jordan* heretofore offered homage to the feet of Priests, because they bare the Ark on their shoulders. There is not any thing that gives not way to a good Ecclesiastick, who carrieth sanctity in his heart; his words are thunder-claps, when his life is the lightening. Behold why this great Saint desired nothing so much, as to see the house, not of *Cæsar*, but of *Jesus*, free both from crime and suspition of it. Above all, he strove to extirpate two plagues, fatal and opposite enemies of all sanctity, avarice and lust; not onely desiring the Priests of his Diocess should have chaste bodies, but innocent hands also, and not covetous to draw superfluities to their condition of life. He voluntarily bred them in poverty and frugality, as in the first mansion from whence the glory of the primitive Church proceeded, well knowing, the augmentation of riches doth not equally increase piety.

One would not believe what choice he made in Ecclesiastical preferments, even to the refusing many times of some, who had been very much recommended unto him, and had nothing to give occasion of rejection, but some petty uncomelines in gesture or exteriour parts; that alone offended the eyes of Saint *Ambrose*, who was not willing to see any thing but lustre in his Clergy. And although such things seemed idle to many, yet was he no whit in his judgement deceived; for having one day dismissed two for one sole levity in their gate, he found they afterward made shipwrack of faith, and already discovered the unconstant perfidiousnes of their mind, in this wanton action of their carriage.

Where reasons could not avail, he employed a severe censure, having no regard to exteriour semblances, when there was occasions to chastise a crime. Witnes one *Gerontius*, who lived in *Milan*, under his rule, a man of a spirit most pregnant, and curious beyond his profession, who was not contented to seek into the secrets of physick, and excessively endeavour to polish his tongue, which was very pregnant, but he descended to some folly of Nigromancy. Now this man having an itch of speech, and especially of all that which he thought might make for his advantage, vaunted in some company that he one night had taken one *Onoscelides*, that is to say, a devil, who appeared to him with the legs of an Ass, and that he had shaved him, and led him to the mill: whether it were that he in effect had seen such a spectre, his brain being already much disposed to illusions, or whether it were through vanity and imposture, that he boasted himself of what he had done, as it oftentimes happeneth to such kind of men, who make tropheys of great crimes, whilest it raiseth them in the opinion of the world above the ordinary sort. These words being related to Saint *Ambrose*, he very sharply reprehended him, and imprisoned him in his own house, injoyning sundry penances for expiation of this fault, most unworthy of a Deacon of the Church of *Milan*, such as he was. He, who was not capable of such a remedy, fled, and went to *Constantinople*, with intention to disgrace S. *Ambrose*, which he did as much as possibly he might. There by the soft insinuation of his wit, joyned to an incredible vain tattle, in stead of seeking out a wholesom playster for his ulcers, he covered them with cloath of gold, in such sort, that through the favour of Great-ones, whom he had

had gained, he was preferred to the Bishoprick of *Nicomedia*. S. *Ambrose* effectually wrote to *Nectarius*, discovering the impostures of this man, and beseeching him for the honour of the Church, and his own proper interest, he would not suffer that Episcopal See to be defiled with ordures that astonished heaven and earth. *Nectarius* employed all his power in this affair, desiring both to discharge his own conscience, and oblige the Bishop of *Milan*: but he found this Impostour had by his charms got so much favor, that to remove him was very difficult. The glory hereof was reserved for S. *John Chrysostom*, who afterward removed him, as soon as he was preferred to the dignity of Patriarch of *Constantinople*.

Religious cherished by S. *Ambrose*.

Behold the severity this great Pastour used in the institution of his Clergy: and as he saw that good Religious men and women served for a great ornament of the Church, so he took a most particular care to entertain them, and manure them as worthy plants of the garden of the Church. Never could be rest till he saw a Monasterie erected in the suburbs of *Milan*, where many holy personages dedicated themselves to a solitary life, to perform on earth what the Angels do in Heaven. As for Virgins who took the veil irrevocably to consecrate their virginity to *Jesus Christ*, he trained them up in the Church, with so much study, fervour, and zeal, that we cannot imagine more. For he dedicated to them the first fruits of his labours, writing in their favour the books of Virginity, which he composed in the first year of his charge, in a most flourishing and elabourate stile; where to shew the respect he bare to this profession, he spake these words unto them:

Excellent speeches to virgins.

My holy daughters, It is not yet three years since I undertook this charge, and you know from whence I was drawn, and the small time given to dispose me to so weighty a burden: notwithstanding, I afford you the fruits of my tongue, since I have learned more in your manners than in books. The flowers which grow in my discourses, come from your garden. It is not precepts for Virgins, but examples drawn from the life of Virgins. Your manners have breathed a certain grace into my soul, & I may say, that all that which my endeavour hath of good odour in it, is derived from your prayers. For who am I but a barren thorn? But God, who heretofore spake to Moses *among thorns, will now to day speak by my mouth.*

His Sermons and books had so much effect, that Virgins came from the utmost limits of Christendom to be veiled at *Milan*; which S. *Ambrose* seeing, he could not wonder enough that he perswaded virginity where he was not, it not being in his power sufficiently to multiply it according to his desire, in places where he resided (*f*).

(f) Hic tractio, alibi persuadeo: sic ita est, alibi tractemus ut vobis persuadeamus. L. 1 de virginibus.

He caused the Bishop of *Bologna* to come unto him, led on by the same spirit as himself, to assist in this design, of whom he one day said in full assembly: (g) *Behold the fisher of the Church of* Bologna, *fit for this sort of fish; Lord afford fish, since you have given us conditours.* And considering that some murmured at these his proceedings, as if the world should instantly fail by this means, he shewed in a most eloquent Sermon, that no one had cause of complaint either married or unmarried; the married, because they had wives, not virgins: the unmarried, because they should find sufficient: and that the carnal, who opposed virginity under pretext of multiplication, resisted by this means the chastity of marriages, where continency is oftentimes exercised, even by necessity: as for the rest, we are not to believe the world will be ruined through virginity: For, admit it should fail, it would ever be a matter more honourable for it to decay by virtue than concupiscence. But it is so much otherwise, said he, that we should lay hold of that, which we see by experience in the Churches of *Africa* and *Alexandria*, where there are most virgins, they have the greatest number of men.

(g) Adest piscator Bononiensis, aptus ad hoc piscandi genus: Da Domine pisces qui dedisti adjutores.

This employment nothing lessened the assistances, which he afforded for the instruction of those who lived in an ordinary course.

(b) Superstitions and excesses taken away.

(*b*) Above all, he endeavoured to root heresies out of their hearts, and certain customs of Gentilism, which easily stole in by contagion into the houses of the faithfull. Among other things, there was a Pagan-guise much practised at *Milan* and other places of Christendom, which was, to celebrate the first day of the year with riots and disorders: a matter much resenting the *Bacchanals*. He so cut off this abuse by his great authority, that of a day prophaned with so much sensuality, he in few years made it among Christians a day of penance and fasting: which for some space afterward was observed in the Church, until such time as the memory of the superstitions of Gentilism was wholly extinct. Others entertained this foolish belief, that when the moon was eclipsed, she suffered much through the persecution of ill Angels, who then endeavoured to exile her; and therefore they went out of their houses with many pans and cauldrons, making a loud noise to dissolve, as they said, the design which evil spirits had against the Moon. The sage Pastour made an expres homily against this superstition, wherein he much confounded those who were infected herewithal. Moreover, it being a custom very ancient, and introduced by the Apostles, to make in Churches, which then were the houses of the faithfull, *Agapes*, that is to say, bankets of charity in favour of the poor, this by little and little was changed into liberties unworthy of Christianity. For sensuality had got such ground, that stifling charity in this action, it rather seemed a sacrifice to the belly, than an act of piety. S. *Ambrose* abolished all these rites, and cut off such abuses even in the least root, that it was never seen again to sprout in the Church. S. *Augustine*, incited by his example, practised the like in *Africa*, and afterward caused the decree to be inserted in the third *Councel* of *Carthage*.

In the proportion that he extirpated vice, he planted solid virtues in the hearts of the faithfull, whom he ordinarily entertained with these ensuing instructions, counselling other Bishops to do the like. (*i*) First he sought in all places to form in minds a strong imagination of the presence of God, unwilling that Christian virtues should be petty hypocrisies, guided by the natural extent of humane respect, but rather intentions wholly celestial; and for that cause he said: (*k*) *If any man be alone, let him regard himself more than any other in the world.*

(i) Puritie of intention.

(k) Si quis solus est, seipsum præ cæteris erubescat.

(*l*) Secondly, seeing the inordinate desire of riches was a petty apostacy of faith, and root of all disorders, he very often did beat on this anvile, labouring by all sort of good endeavours to withdraw hearts from the love of earth, that he might raise them to Heaven. Among other things, you have these excellent words in the epistle to Constantius: (*m*) *To enjoy much, is to have a great burden: Great riches are a vain ostentation: the indifferent, for use. We are all Pilgrims in this life, all the business is not in going, perfection consisteth in a ready passage. To what purpose do you so torment your self with the desire of boarding? Be wise, and you shall have sufficient. A virtuous man thinks nothing is without him but sin. Whereseever he sets his foot he finds a kingdom. All the world belongeth to him, because he useth all the world as his own.*

(l) Covetousnes opposed.

(m) Multa onerosa, moderata usui. Viatores sumus vitæ hujus multi ambulant, sed opus est ut quis bene transeat. Sat is enti nihil alienum, nisi quod virtuti incongruum. Quocunque accesserint sua omnia. Totus mundus possessio ejus est, quoniam eo toto quasi suo utitur. Ep. ad Constantium.

In the third instance he made sharp war against the ambitions and vanities of the time, disposing minds as much as he could to Christian humility by this Maxim: (*n*) *The greatest knowledge in the world is well to act your part: It importeth not in what condition of life we are, so that we discharge our conscience, and the dutie of our places. We must so use the matter, that our manners may recommend our condition, and not derive their worth from our dignities.*

(n) Ambition. Nihil interesse in quo statu quis se probabilem præstaret, sed illum esse finem bonorum, ut quocunque quis statu probaretur. Illud præcipuum, ut magis mores commendarent statum, quam statum mores.

In

In the fourth place, he used infinite care to maintain conjugal chastity in the lives of the married, oftentimes shewing by pregnant reasons, that lust (o) was a fire, which burnt the garment of the soul, and wasted mountains even to the bottom. And because bravery is ordinarily the nest where dishonesty hatcheth, he courageously opposed profuseness in that kind, using sharp reprehensions against women, vain and dissolute in attyres. One day amongst the rest, he proved they were as in a perpetual prison, loaden with punishments and condemned by their own sentence (p) *It is pity* (saith he) *to see a woman, that hath upon the one part a great chain about her neck, and on the other gyves about her feet. What matter is it whether the body be charged with gold or iron, if the neck be alike bowed under a yoak, and the gate bindred? The price of your bands serves for no use, but to give you cause to fear your torments. Miserable that you are, who condemn your selves by your own proper sentence; yea, more miserable than criminals, for these desire nothing but their own liberty, and you love your captivity.*

In the end, he much recommended charity, justice, government of the tongue, flight from ill company, and modesty in all deportments; whence it came to pass, that he wrote those admirable books of Offices, which set out all Christian virtues with an eminent lustre. The good Prelate was in his Bishopprick, as the Pilot in the ship, the soul in the body, the sun in the world, labouring in all kinds, and having no other repose, but the vicissitude of travailes.

(o) Luxu i.e.

(p) Excess in apparel. *Hinc collum catenâ, constringit, inde pedes compes includit. Nihil refert auro corpus oneretur aut ferro, si cervix premitur, si gravatur incessus, nihil pretium juvat, nisi quod vos mulieres ne pereat vobis pœna trepidatis. Quid interest aliena sententia an vestra vos damnet? Hinc vos etiam miserabiliores quam qui publico jure damnantur, quòd illi optant exui, vos ligari.* Lib. 1. de Virginib.

The fourth Section.

His combates, and first against Gentilism.

Evident danger of Christendom.

IT is time now that we behold our strong Gyant enter into the list against monsters; for armed with weapons of light, he enterprised sundry battails against Sects, vices, and the powers of darkness, which sought to prevail. I will begin his prowess by the encounter he had with *Symmachus*, Governour of the City of *Rome*, who endeavoured by his eloquence and credit, to re-advance the prophane superstitions of Gentilism. This combat was not small, nor less glorious for the memory of S. *Ambrose*, with him that will well consider it, the danger was very great, for the name and design of *Julian* the Apostata, as yet lived in the minds of many men of quality, and of maligne spirits, who had conspired with time to stifle Christianity, making corrupt and imaginary Deities to re-enter into the possession of the world. This *Symmachus* was the Enfign-bearer, a subtile man, well spoken, and of great authority; to whom the Emperours had caused a golden Statue to be erected with the title of *The Prime man of the Empire, both in reputation, wisdom, and eloquence:* and for that cause he promised himself he had power enough to set God and the devil upon one and the same Altar. He practised to disguise Pagan Religion by his artifices, drawing it from the ordures and bruitishnes thereof chanted by Poets, to give it a quite other face, and represent it with a mask, which he had framed out of sundry Philosophers under the reign of *Julian*, to render it the less odious. And seeing the times favoured him, by reason that after the death of *Gratian*, a most Christian Prince, *Valentinian*, who was an infant under the guardianship of an *Arian* mother, held the stern of the Empire, he resolved therefore to fish in a troubled water, and by surreption obtained certain Edicts in favour of Paganism, against which S. *Ambrose* framed most powerful oppositions. I will render you heer the two pleadings in those terms they were pronounced, to confront the babble of a Politician with the eloquence of a Saint.

The understanding Reader shall heer observe two most rich peices of eloquence, which I have rendred rather as an Oratour than a Translatour, to give them the lustre they deserve. I am desirous you may see in the Oration of *Symmachus*, what a bad conscience can do, which hath eloquence to disguise truth, and how we must ever judge of men rather by their works than their words.

The Oration of *Symmachus* to *Theodosius* and *Valentinian* the Younger, for the Altar of Victory, exercise of Pagan Religion, and revenue of Vestals.

SACRED MAJESTIES,—

SO soon as this sovereign Court, wholly possessed by you, hath seen vice subdued by laws, and that you through your piety have razed out the memory of passed troubles, it hath taken upon it the authority, which the favour of this happy Age hath afforded, and discharging the acerbities long time retained upon the heart thereof, hath once again commanded me to bring you its complaints in a solemn Embassage.

Note that he feigneth *Theodosius* as present, who knew nothing what had passed.

Those that wish us not well, have hitherto bereaved us of the honour of your audience, thereby to deprive us of the effect of your justice. But I now come to acquit me of two obligations; the one as Governour of the City, the other as Embassadour: As Governour I do a work which concerneth the Weal-publick, and as Embassadour I present you the supplications of your most humble subjects.

Dissentions we have no more amongst us, for the opinion is ceased, that one to become a great States-man, must be particular in his opinions.

All the Pagan Senatours agreed not before upon this Embassage

The greatest Empire which Monarchs may enjoy, is to reign in the love and estimation of their subjects: so is it also a matter intolerable in those that govern the State, to nourish their divisions to the hurt of the publick, and establish their credit upon the loss of the Princes reputation.

We are far distant from those imaginations; for all our care perpetually watcheth for your interest, and for that cause we defend the decrees of our Ancestours, the rites of our Country, and fatal happiness thereof, as a thing which concerneth the glory of your age, to which you gave a new lustre, when you publickly protested never to enterprise any thing upon customs established by our Ancestours.

Behold wherefore we most humbly beseech you to restore the Religion, which so long hath preserved this Empire. If we will remember those Princes under whom we have lived, though divided in Sects and opinions, we shall find some have retained the Religion of their Ancestours, the other not rejected it. And if authority of the dead suffice not to give us example of what we should do, at the least let us take it from the dissimulation of the living, who in tolerating antient ceremonies have discovered they had no purpose to condemn them.

We at this present require the Altar of the Goddess Victory *may be restored to us, thereon to offer our sacrifices. Is there any man in the world such a friend to the Barbarians our enemies, who will oppose this desire? The experience of passed times teacheth us wisdom for the future. It is time we avoid so many dreadful prodigies which menace us, and at last yield the honour to the name of* Victory, *which we have denied to its Divinity.* Victory, *o Sacred Majesties, hath already powerfully tyed you, and will yet much more oblige you. It is a work for the wicked, who never have had experience of its benefits, to have the honours thereof: but your worth cannot choose but adore that which serves as a favourable support for your triumphs.*

A subtile insinuation of *Symmachus*

Victory

Victory *is a Divinitie that hath her Altars charged with vows of the whole world. The man is most ungratefull, who will dishonour that which he professeth to desire: and were it not an action of justice to afford veneration where it is due, yet ought we not to be deprived of the ornaments of our Senate.*

Suffer our old age, most sacred Majesties, to leave to posteritie the Religion received from our Ancestours, when we were as yet in our infancie. The love of ancient rites is a marvellous tie. The Emperour Constans, *who would have cut it off, therein lost his labour, leaving an example to others to decline severitie, which nothing availed him. We, who are much affected to the eternitie of your Name and Divinitie, must so use the matter, that the succeeding Ages may find nothing which requires alteration in your actions.*

Where shall we hereafter swear to your laws and commands, when we shall find all the Altars demolished? Who shall serve as a terrour to the perfidious to arrest their falshood, if they no longer apprehend the Divinities, which they in foregoing time reverenced? We are not ignorant that all this great Universe is filled with the presence of God, and that there is no place of safegard for perjuries: yet it is a matter most important to repress the libertie of crimes by the visible presence and marks of an ancient Religion. This Altar of Victorie *is the knot of our concord, and the mansion of publick faith. All that which giveth authoritie to our Decrees, is, that we pronounce them after we have sworn fidelitie upon Altars: and shall we then without difference prophane an Altar so Religious, where we at other times have taken oath, and prophane it under the reign of Princes, who more entrust the securitie of their persons on the faith of their subjects than force of their arms? But the Emperour* Constans *is said to have shewed the way thereof. Why do we imitate in a Prince who hath so many other perfections, that, which hath worst succeeded with him, and which he never had done, if good fortune had made him see another to miscarrie before him? The faults of a predecessour are not unprofitable to a successour, who from them will derive profit: and oftimes a man lays the first ground of his virtues on the vices of another. It happened, that this good Emperour foresaw not the discontent which would arise from this action, the matter being as yet new and without president: we who now have other knowledges than he, cannot have the like excuses for our errours. Your Majesties shall find in this Prince actions enow worthy of imitation, which you may pursue with more glorie and lesse envie. Neither did he cut away any thing of the privileges of Vestal Virgins; he replenished the Temples and Ministeries of the Gods immortal with Nobilitie, and was willing coyn should be taken from his coffers, to defray the charges of ancient ceremonies. Coming to* Rome *he marched through all the streets of this eternal Citie, accompanied with his Senate, most glad to behold him: with a favourable eye he saw the Temples, which bare the titles of our Gods on their forehead; he enquired the original of their goodly buildings, and applauded the founders. And though he were of a Religion different from ours, yet was he not desirous to make his piety triumph in the extinguishment of that of our Ancestours. He preserved for the Empire its ancient customs, well knowing, that in matter of Religion each man hath his opinion, his rites, and ceremonies; all which require freedome.*

The spirit of God, which governeth this great world, hath distributed its protectours to every Citie; and as Heaven hath given us souls, so it every where decreeth, certain geniuses and fatal powers for the government of mortals, which oblige us to regard them more by the profit we derive from them, than any other consideration. All the reasons which we here below have of the Divinitie are obscure, and we cannot know God better than in his benefits, in the memory, and experience of posperities from him derived.

If antiquitie be of power to give any weight to a Religion, why shall we not maintain a faith established by so many Ages? Why shall not we follow the steps of our fathers, who have so happily succeeded their grand-fathers? Propose to your selves, that Rome *at this time presents it self before your eyes, and in these terms speaketh to you:*

O most excellent and just Princes, who are the true Fathers of the Countrey, have regard to the old Age whereunto I am arrived, in pursuing the piety of my founders: give me leave to exercise the ancient ceremonies, since they are not such as I ought to repent my self of, and to practise my ordinary guises, since libertie is the inheritance of my birth. The Religion of which you would bereave me, is that which hath vanquished the world, that which hath chased Hannibal *far from my walls, and driven the Gauls from my Capitol. Have I then been preserved among so many armies and perils, to be now at this day dishonoured by my children? Have I then given Law to the whole world, to receive it in my elder days from simple fisher-men? I yet do not know what they will teach me, but I well understand, the correction of old age must needs be heavie, and in much danger also to become the more ignominious. I honour the Gods of my Fathers, the Gods of my birth; I beg peace of them, will any man teach me ought else? I think after we have well disputed, we shall find we have all but one and the same God, but that we honour him under sundrie titles. We all live subject to the same stars, we all are covered with the same Heaven, involved all in the same world; let us suffer every one to seek out truth according to his poor industrie. God is a great secret: it is no wonder if we endeavour to find him by so many divers ways.*

But I leave the disputation hereof to those who have more leisure than I: I come not to give a battel, but to present you with our humble prayers. I would willingly know whether your Majesties coffers have been throughly filled since the small revenews have been taken from those poor Vestals, *which before they enjoyed? They see themselves frustrated of the recompences, which the most avaricious Emperours have decreed them, and in so great a liberalitie of your Majesties, which enricheth all the world, they alone have cause to complain of necessitie.*

It is not gain which leadeth them, but the honour to receive the wages due to their chastitie. It is to violate the holy veils, which attyre their heads, to deprive them the ordinary priviledges of their profession. The poor maids ask nought else of you but a bare title of prerogative, as their great povertie hath freed them from surprize of their enemies: for nakednes is that alone which violence cannot disarray. The more you have cut off from their priviledges, so much the more have you robbed them of the honour of their charges, since their virginitie which is vowed to publick safety, hath so much the more merit, as it findeth the less recompence. God forbid your treasures which are most innocent, should be defiled with prey drawn from the Vestals. *The revenews of good Princes still encrease, rather from the spoil of enemies than loss of Priests. There is no gain can recompence the wrong done them by this decree. The further off your dispositions are estranged from all manner of avarice, so much the more is their condition miserable, since they behold themselves so tormented under such great clemency, and frustrated of a happines, which they cannot lose but with honour. For were they despoiled by Harpyes, we should deplore their miserie in the compassion we take of their innocency: but the world, which seeth them deprived of their fortunes under Emperours so reserved and moderate, will say, needs must there be crime on their part, since on yours they behold nought else but sanctity.*

Possessions bequeathed to virgins by the last Will of those, who deceased in the devotion they bare to their

Constans the son of Constantine the Great.

Constans was allied to the Emperour, for which cause he speaketh warily.

Maxims of a Pagan.

He speaketh as a man ignorant of faith.

Subtil discourses.

Dangerous maxims used afterward by Hereticks. *Philastrius de haresibus.*

Vestal virgins

Moving words.

Temples, are ſtill withheld: I humbly beſeech you, O ſacred Pontifes, who ſit in the place of juſtice, why would you make void the publick Religion of your Empire with the ſucceſſion of a particular? Let dying men make their Wills with all ſecuritie; ſuffer them to depart with this belief, that they have princes not covetous, who will maintain what they ſhall bequeath in leaving the world, of their abilities. It is your honour and contentment, to ſee ſuch a happineſs in the ſtate which you manage, and likewiſe to deliver dying men from the diſturbances they may have upon the nullitie of their Teſtaments. Is there any thing in the world that more concerneth the Roman right, than the Roman Religion? How would you have the change of propertie to be called, made upon moneys, which their nature nor the laws have not put into the condition of unclaimed and periſhable goods? Legacies are permitted to freed men, ſlaves are not denied the pettie profits given them by Wils. Is there none but virgins, and thoſe virgins ſo noble, yea virgins vowed to the exerciſe of Ceremonies, fatal for preſervation of this Empire, muſt be deprived the poſſeſſions, which come to them by lawfull ways of inheritance?

Symmachus magnifieth the *Veſtals.*

What availeth them to conſecrate the chaſtitie of their bodies to publick ſafety, to lay the foundation of an eternitie for this Empire on the ayd of their prayers, to tie to your ſtandards, your arms, & your eagles, the favour of heavenly aſſiſtances, to preſent vows powerfull for the whole world, and be bereaved the rights that are denied to no man? It will hereafter be better to ſerve men than Gods, ſince we, deſirous to make our Empire religious, make it ungratefull.

It is not the ſole cauſe of the Veſtals which I plead, it is that of all humane kind; for the diſhonour of their profeſſion is the ſource of all our evils. The law of our fore-fathers hath honoured theſe holy maids, and all thoſe that are vowed to Altars, with ſome ſmall revenew, and ſome very juſt privileges. This hath ever been for them maintained, until new ordinances were made by ſome Bankers, who degenerating from the care of their Anceſtours, have employed the revenews dedicated to virginitie on the entertainment of certain Porters. From thence conſequently came that great dearth, the effect whereof the whole world hath felt, where lean harveſts have deceived the hopes of every Province. Let us not accuſe the earth of this diſaſter, for it is innocent: Let us not quarrel againſt heaven, for it is juſt: Let us not complain the worm hath gnawn the ear of corn, or wild oats have choaked the fruits of the earth: Our ſacrileges have made the year drouthy, and good reaſon it were, the whole world ſhould be fruſtrated of a benefit it hath taken from Religion. Were there any example of our unhappineſs in former times, we might ſay this famin happened by a certain revolution of years, fatal in ſuch accidents. But where ſhall we find any thing like to this in the paſſed ages? Where ſhall we find a ſterilitie ſo knotted together by the malignitie of the ayr? Where ſhall we find that the people hath been enforced to have recourſe to wild plants and accorns of the forreſt Dodonia, to ſatisfie their hunger?

Famin.]

When did our Fathers ever behold a ſpectacle ſo cruel, whileſt they cheriſhed the miniſters of Religion at the charge of the publick? When did they ever ſhake oaks but for hogs? When did they ever pull herbs up by the roots to feed men? When did the fields, which for the moſt part accuſtomed enterchangeably to reſt, as it were on purpoſe, fail in one and the ſame year? Hath this been when the people ſhared their proviſions with the Veſtal Virgins? Liberalitie uſed towards Prieſts graced the years revenews, and it rather ſeemed a remedie againſt barrenneſs, than a larges of pietie. Now God in the neceſſitie of each one avengeth the detention of a benefit, which he would have common for all the world.

Some one will ſay, it is no wonder, if we refuſe to entertain a ſtrange Religion at the charge of the publick. God forbid your Majeſties ſhould think the revenews, which were heretofore ordained for the Veſtals by the Common-wealth, ſhould at this preſent be ſummed up as the coyn of the Weal-publick.

As the Common-wealth is compoſed of particulars, ſo hath it no more right over donatives, than it hath on particular perſons. Your ſelves, who govern all, preſerve for each one what appertains to him, and would have juſtice extend it ſelf further than your power. Conſult, if you pleaſe, with your magnificence, and it will tell you, that what you hitherto have given to ſo many particulars, is no more a publick good, for the gifts are no longer theirs who beſtowed them, and that which was in the beginning a benefit, by cuſtom and ſucceſſion of time, becomes an obligation. It is to affright the conſciences of your Majeſties with panick fears, to think to make you believe you give to our religion, that which you cannot take from it without injuſtice.

I pray God the ſecret aſſiſtances of all Sects may favour your Clemencie, and that this ſame, which hath ſo long time ayded your Anceſtours, if it can no longer ſtand in credit with you, may at leaſt keep you in its protection. We will on your Majeſties behalf afford it all rights, and it towards you ſhall continue ordinarie favours. We demand nothing new in requiring the exerciſe of a Religion, which hath preſerved the Empire for your father (now with the Gods) and which hath bleſſed his bed with lawfull heirs of his crown. This good Prince being entered into the condition of the Gods immortal, beholdeth from Heaven the tears of theſe poor Veſtals, and well ſees cuſtoms cannot be violated, which he with ſo much affection maintained, but by the diminution of his authoritie. Afford at leaſt this contentment to your good brother, received into this celeſtial companie, as to ſee a decree corrected, that was not his own. Cover an act under oblivion, which he had never ſuffered to paſs, had he foreſeen the diſcontent of the Senate, and for which the deputies were diverted, which we ſent unto him when he was alive, for the fear his enemies had of his equitie. It much importeth the publick to take away a foul blame from the aſhes of a good Prince, and juſtifie the paſſed by aboliſhment of the preſent.

He ſpeaketh of *Valentinian*

The fifth SECTION.

The Oration of S. *Ambroſe* againſt *Symmachus.*

MOST SACRED MAJESTIE,

ALthough your Minoritie gave us undoubted ſigns of the ſtrength of your ſpirit and conſtancie of your faith, yet the rank I hold near to your perſon obligeth me to prevent the ſurprizes of a craftie diſcourſe, which creepeth amongſt ſo many golden words as the ſerpent amongſt the flowers.

It is drawn from his reaſons, conceptions, and as it were from all his own words.

It is ill the Governour Symmachus hath employed ſo fair a tongue on ſo foul a ſubject. The deceit of his eloquence makes us ſuſpect the weakneſs of his Gods: for ever a bad cauſe ſeeketh that ſupport in words, which in truth it cannot find. Such are the ordinarie proceedings of Pagans, when they ſpeak of their ſuperſtitions.

Their Orations reſemble thoſe ancient Temples of Ægypt, which under golden Tents lodged Idols of Rats and Crocodiles. But the Scripture teacheth us rather to live than talk, and recommendeth the contempt of language to oblige us to ſoliditie of virtues. That is the cauſe, why (moſt ſacred Majeſtie) after I have entreated you to take my diſcourſe rather in the weight of reaſons than number of words, I will anſwer to three points, which the Governour ſeemeth to comprize in his ſpeech. The firſt toucheth the Religion of Pagans. The ſecond the revenews of Veſtals. And the third the cauſe of the famin we have felt.

A ſingular refutation of *Symmachus* his ſtrongeſt argument.

I underſtand in the firſt article it is Rome which ſpeaketh with her eyes full of tears, & ſighs at her heart, demanding the exerciſe of Pagan ſuperſtitions, becauſe they

they are such (saith the Governour) which drave Hannibal from the walls, and the Gauls from the Capitol.

It is to publish the infirmitie of false Gods to defend them in this manner, and better we cannot refute Symmachus, than by shewing him armed against himself. For I ask, if those Gods are the Protectours of this Empire, why they so long time suffered Hannibal to triumph in the ruins of Italie? Were their hands so short they could stretch them no further than their walls and Temples? As for the Gauls, what shall I say? I much wonder how the governour doth mention it, since it is in effect a thing most ridiculous, to say, that the enemies being in the heart of the Citie, all these protecting Gods should stand idle in their Temples, in such sort, that all histories have published, the people of Rome owed their preservation, not to the Gods or sacrifices, which nothing availed them, but to the gagling of a goose, which by good hap awakened the drowsie Centinels, if it be not, that Symmachus, as he is inventive enough, will say, that Jupiter had then forsaken his burning Chariots and thunder-bolts, to shut himself up in the throat of this gosling. But as a lye is ever industrious to hurt it self, did not Hannibal adore the Roman Gods? If it be true, that they always bear victorie in their hands, why did not Hannibal surprize Rome with the assistance of those Gods? Or why did not the Romans vanquish Hannibal in all their battels? Why had both the one and the other oftentimes the worst? On what side soever you turn, you must see Gods conquered, who cannot denie their impotencie, if they avow not their nullitie.

Rome speaketh with Majestie.

It is not Rome then that speaketh in this manner as Symmachus makes it, never gave she him this commission: but she says by the mouthes of her brave Captains:

Romans, what have I done to become a butcherie, and to be imbrued with the bloud of so many creatures? Victories abide not in the entrails of beasts, but the arms of souldiers. It is not the death of oxen hath made me subdue Monarchs, but the valour of men. Camillus by force of arms displayed my standards on the Capitol, which your ceremonies suffered to be taken away. Attilius exposed his life for the trial of his fidelitie & safety of the Weal-publick. Scipio Africanus found triumph, not among the Altars of the Capitol, but in the field of battel. If you desire to see the goodly effects of your superstitions, behold Nero, who was the first that drew the sword of Cæsars against the Christians; behold Emperours monethly made, and unmade like the moon; behold those who were the most zealous in your ceremonies, whereof some having shamefully enthraled the worlds Empire to forreigners, & the other promising themselves great victories under the favour of their Gods, have found servitude. Was not there then an Altar of Victorie in the Capitol? From whence I pray proceeded so many sinister accidents, if good hap be divinely destined to those who obey it? I much repent me of these barbarous ceremonies, though too too late. You that have made me so many times become red with bloud, suffer me once to be ruddie with shame, that I so lightly have been deceived, to the end I may not blush to see my self converted with all the world. And tell me not, I pray, that I am old. Decrepitnes is not in years, but in manners. It is never too late to learn ones salvation, and it is ever seasonable to do good. Shame is but for those, who have neither power nor will to correct their vices.

Notable answers to the libertie of Symmachus.

Come & learn a new warfare of Christians with me, which in earth beareth arms, and in Heaven its conquests. From whom should I learn the mysteries of Heaven but from him that made it, and not from man, who doth not so much as know all that passeth in his own house? Whom would you have me confide in the matter of belief we ought to have of God, but God himself? How shall I take you for a Master, since in the seeking to teach me, you confess your own ignorance? You say, God is a great secret, and must be sought by many ways: but he who once hath hit on the readie way, why should he amuse himself with crooked turnings? You seek him blindfold, and we find him in the light. You enquire him with suspicions and minds disturbance, and we find him in the revelation of the wisdom and veritie of God himself. It is a malicious stupiditie to think we can serve this sovereign Master in all sorts of Sects. As there is but one sun in the world, so is there but one truth. It is a streight line which is to be made, but one way. All other superstitions are crooked lines, that have as many semblances as defects. How can we reconcile our Religions, you adoring the works of your hands, and we accounting it an injurie done to God to worship the works of men? How shall we have one and the same God, if you adore stocks and stones, which our God instructeth us to trample under foot? To whom shall we entrust this veritie in such a great diversitie of opinions, but to a Man-God, whose words were no other than propheses, wisdoms, and verities; his life innocencie, sanctitie, and virtue; his actions power, wonders, & miracles in all parts of the world? What secret spirit set the Cross on the top of your Capitol? You demand proofs of the Divinitie, and I shew you the conquest of a world, under the feet of one crucified: the less this action hath of man, the more you behold therein the work of God.

Grave words for the Emperour.

Then Symmachus, you redemand the Altars of Idols, of whom? Of a Christian Emperour, whose heart is in the hand of God, & arms are for the protection of faith. Would you him employ his chast and innocent hands, which he never lifted up but to the living God, to repair the monuments of a false Deitie? In what Historie find you, that the Pagan Emperours have built Chappels and Temples for us? And think you our great Prince hath less zeal for truth than his Predecessours for falshood? They have made all the parts of the world ruddie with our bloud for defence of their Idols: but God hath blasted their purposes, and overthrown by his power, what they would have raised by their injustice. Would you that a Christian Emperour should from the ruins of your Gods, restore for you, in contempt of his own Religion, objects of sin on the Altars?

A pertinent reply to the act of *Vestals*.

But let us a little further see the sequel hereof. They demand revenews for the Vestals, for they cannot otherwise serve their God. Behold how couragious the Gentiles are. We have imbraced and maintained our faith in povertie, injuries, and persecutions, and they crie out their ceremonies cannot subsist without their own interest. It is a shamefull thing to sell virginitie, and to fix themselves on profit through the despair of virtues. What armies have these maids to maintain, who have such care of their revenews? Their number exceedeth not seven, which they have chosen amongst so many thousands to guard a mercenary virginity, that still reserves a right to make experience of marriage. Is it for this they must be mytred? for this scarletted? for this endowed with a thousand priviledges, and entertained in magnificent Caroches, with a train of Princesses to brave it through the streets of a Citie? Behold the holy virgins and poor maidens of Symmachus. By my consent let him reflect the eye of his understanding and bodie on the state of our Religious women: he shall see companies replenished with honour, integritie, shame-facednes, who know how to use the gift of virginitie as it ought to be. They wear no atyres nor pompeous myters on their heads, but a poor veil which borroweth its worth from the lustre of their chastitie. They know not what belongs to attractives of beautie, for they have renounced all curiosities of the world. Purple and superfluitie never dwels in their house, but rather fasts and austerities. It is not their custom to flatter, or sell at the price of honour and priviledges the puritie of their bodies, but much otherwise, they do all as if their sufferings were to be the recompence of their virtues. Never will they learn the trade of setting their flesh to sale to the best bidder, & sell the abstinence from pleasures to them that offer most: well knowing the first victory of chastitie, is to triumph over greedines of riches, which are the most dangerous baits of sin.

If we should give great revenews to all the maids which are now readie to receive the veil, what treasures would furnish out such an expence? And if they dare affirm that none is due but to Vestals, is it not an impudence to be desirous to deprive Christian virgins from goods given in favour of virginitie, as if to be Christians were to be the less chast, or as if the Religion they profess, were on their foreheads a mark of infamie? Who can endure under the reign of most Christian Emperours, customs, which are onely tollerable in the Empire of Nero's? Symmachus demandeth

moneys of the Common-wealth for entertainment of his Vestals, & we by certain modern laws have been bereft the successions, which we might expect from particulars, without making complaints; so temperate we are in our proceedings. Some Ecclesiasticks likewise have been made to renounce their patrimony, to be freed from Court-obligations, and enjoy the priviledges of the Church. Were this done to the Pagans, they would cast flames from their mouthes, for how could it be but very troublesome to purchase the vacancy of a holy ministery with the prejudice of his means, & in consecrating himself to the safety of the whole world, to have necessitie for recompence in his house? Wils are valid in favour of the ministers of Idols: Be they never so profane in superstition, so abject in condition, so prodigal of their honour, they are not frustrated of what appertains to them by this article. There be none but the Priests of the living God, who are deprived of common right, because they are vowed to service of the publick. Their manners most innocent are not punished, but their degree; as if it held the rank of crime: That which a superstitious widow bequeatheth to sacrificers of Idols, shall remain inviolable; & what a Religious widow leaves by Will to a Priest of the eternal Religion shall be condemned as a nullitie.

I speak not this now by way of expostulation, but to shew how I suppress lawfull complaints by strength of patience. They answer, they touch not legacies given to the Church in general: And I require of them, who ever hath robbed the riches of their Temples? Christians have heretofore been bereaved their substance, which is the marrow of men; of ayr, which is common to all living creatures; of earth, which none ever have denied to the dead, since even the enraged sea hath oft-times sent back the bodies of our Martyrs to the haven, as it were to give them burial. I notwithstanding say not a word, nor do I now accuse any man of crueltie, the condemnation whereof the victorie of the Cross hath gained of the whole world. But if a piece of land be seized from a Southsayer, who contrary to all Religion holdeth wealth given in favour of Religion, all the world must be summoned with an alarm. If they will possess lands by our examples, let them imitate the charitie we practice for the publick. Where are the prisoners they have redeemed? the poor they have fed? the banished they have succoured? Of all our wealth we nought retain but faith, the rest is spent in the necessities of men, and they think it reasonable to employ it in massacre of beasts, to see if they have not the death of Princes in their entrails. Is not this insupportable?

An answer concerning the dearth.

Yet notwithstanding their Gods, saith he, have revenged on our heads the injurie done to their Priests, by a general famin. That is it which hath caused us to eat roots & barks of trees, which hath made us shake oaks to eat acorns, and envie hogs their food, since we unjustly detain the sustenance of men. Behold great prodigies, and which never happened to the Gentiles. To whom doth Symmachus think he tels these fables? To us, who know the Pagans were heretofore so accustomed to eat acorns, that for this onely cause deified their oaks? Is it possible their Gods should appoint that for punishment, which these have so oft bought with price of incense & bloud of beasts? And then, what injustice were it that for a small handfull of sacrificers & Southsayers, who pretend to be interessed herein, these cruel Divinities should take revenge by a general desolation of all Provinces? How should they so long stand with arms acrosse in the ruins of so many Temples, fallen on their Idols, to come to contest with us, upon a just retention of the superfluities of a silly Sacrificer? Behold now alreadie how many years the Pagan Sect hath been declining, hath any one seen for all this the river Nilus overflow to revenge what hath passed at Rome, since the conquest of Egypt hath been tolerated under the arms of the Cross? And if these Gods have this last year avenged their injuries, enforcing us to feed on acorns, why this present year, when the contempt of their name is much greater than ever, have they not made us eat thorns? The living God be praised, who husbandeth good & evil for us with a most wise œconomie; we have seen the billocks smile under the beautie of vines, we have beheld the earth curled with ears of corn, and to yield us so plentifull harvests, that they have given joy to some, admiration to others, and satisfaction to the whole world. Yea we can say, the last year hath not been so barren, but that it hath left in many Provintes marks of the fruitfulnes thereof. The Gauls have been more enriched than ever, the Sclavons have sold corn which they never sowed. The Grisons have had such store that they have given to their neighbours more cause of envie than compassion, and those who were friends in a great scarcitie, are made enemies in large fertilitie. Genova and Venice have tasted the commodities of the fruits of autumn, and in a word, the year hath not been every where so prodigious as the eloquence of the Governour

Nay, these objections are more tolerable, but that which we cannot endure nor dissemble with your Christian Majesties, is, that the Gentiles out of braverie dare affirm, they offer sacrifices to their Gods in your names, and they protect you. Who hath given them this commission? Who makes them account your connivences so criminal, as to take them for commandments? Let them guard their defenders whom they have hitherto ill protected, and let them not presume their Gods, being so feeble for preservation of those who yield them such honour, should be able to shield others who handle them with such contempt.

A reply concerning the antiquity of Paganism.

Yet must we (saith the Governour) defend the ancient Religion. Nothing is elder than the truth, which hath seen the world in its cradle; but a false Religion, the more ancient, the more dangerous it is, since it is an antiquitie of errours, the presumption whereof time doth augment. Virtues are not measured by the ell of times, but the greatnes of perfections. If we in like manner will consider the works of nature, we shall find the last to be the best.

The world, as you say, was nought els in the beginning, but an assembly of little atomies, which flying in the ayr wove one within another the web of this great work: afterward it became a confused mass, full of horrour & darknes, till such time, as the great work-man came to separate the elements, adorn the heavens with lamps, & distend light over the face of this universe. Then the earth disarraying it self, as from a robe of sorrow, seemed to admire the sun it had never seen. Consider you not how the day at its birth disperseth darknes, with a little dawning of brightnes, which insensibly increaseth till the time it discovereth it self in the glittering light and fervours of the mid-day? Behold you not how the moon, which monthly waxeth and waneth, now seemeth lost to us, then shows her self as it were a little threed, streight she becomes a well-formed crescent, afterward in the proportion that she looketh on the sun she is augmented, and lastly composeth for us a great globe of light? Know you not how the earth was before rude, not having felt the iron coulter, but so soon as the husbandly labourer began to exercise a power upon it, and cultivate the barren plains, they took upon them a much other aspect? for mollifying in this tillage all which was wild, they spred out unto us grapes and harvests, where we before had seen nought els but nettles and bryers. See you not also how at the point of the first season the earth is wholly bare, then in the springs progress it beginneth to produce certain small flowers, which are as the eyes of the medows; but eyes, which spring and eclipse in one and the self-same day; and the best of all is kept for the latter season? And we our selves, when we are born, are nothing else but a little lump of flesh, which is pollished with time, and changed into a more lively infancie, but still ignorant, untill our soul be perfected by time, for then we leave the rudiments of minoritie to become perfect men. Behold the course which Religions have held in the world: all that which is gone afore, hath been either in part gross and carnal, or deceitfull and lying, by the cunning of the devil. Grace in latter times hath set a seal on the work it began from the birth of the world. If things the less antient be the less perfect, we must prefer the Chaos before the sun, acorns before harvests, March-violets before grapes, and say we have done ill to cover the earth with silver, and change shepherds cottages into the gilded marble of the Capitol.

But

But they are industrious to wound themselves crying up the ancient ceremonies. If this antiquitie be so recommendable, why did Rome *yearly change her Religion, as certain birds do their feathers, introducting daily some innovation in matter of superstitions, derived from the same Nations they by their arms had captivated? Shall it be said she will open her Temples to all the Idols of the earth, and onely shut them up from heavenly verities? He now here speaketh to us of a victory, which is a gift of God, and not a Goddess: a gift, which is oftentimes granted to the strength of legions, and never allotted to the impietie of superstitions. They will set up their Altar in the midst of a sovereign Court, and say, that maugre our opposition we must swallow the smoak of their sacrifices, hear their goodly musick, and receive the ashes of their prophane victims on our forehead, where we bear the character of the living God. Is it not absolutely to out-brave Christianitie under most Christian Emperours? What shall now presently be done at Court by the better part of the Senate which is Christian? It will be necessary that they either in refusing untruth oppose your Edicts (if the unhappiness of the time should make them favour a request so uncivil) or by connivency confess their sacriledge. I will speak freely, it is not an Altar they desire to plant in the Capitol, but rather faith, which they now would tear from our hearts. If you command such a sin, you commit it.*

The Emperour Constans, *of most worthy memorie, being as yet but a Catechumen, would not so much as behold this Altar, for fear that by the sole sight thereof his conscience might be polluted: he caused it presently to be taken away, and will you restore it, to make them hereafter swear to your laws before false Gods? What need have we of such an oath? The Senat is assembled by your commands, and for you. To you they ow their fidelitie and conscience, not to Gods who are of no account. It preferreth you before their own children, but not before their Religion; then is it a charitie much greater than your Empire, to preserve that pietie which safeguards your Empire. All here below in the affairs of men is most uncertain, all therein is transitorie, and great fortunes, which have the sun in their face, have ice under foot: we possess nothing immortal but true Religion, which raiseth us above Monarchs to equal us with Angels.* Pompey, *after he had measured three parts of the world, more by his triumphs than travels, is defeated, repelled, banished, and dead on the frontiers of the Empire, by the hand of a half man; and the earth which seemed too scantie for his conquests, was seen to fail him for a tomb.* Cyrus, *after he had overcome so many potent enemies, after he had equalled his victories to his clemencie, is vanquished by* Tamaris, *and his head, crowned with so many laurels, served as a matter of sport for a woman, who drencht it in a leathern sack filled with humane bloud, saying unto him,* Satiate thee with that thou so much hast desired. Hamilcar, *Captain of the* Carthaginians, *one of the most superstitious Princes that ever the earth bare, after so many trophеys, threw himself through despair into the fire, which he had caused to be kindled for the sacrifice of his Gods, seeing it had no whit availed him. I will not say Christian Emperours shall ever be fortunate in temporal affairs: but I dare affirm, that if we must needs be afflicted as men, although we should loose all, yet never ought we to forsake Religion, as* Julian *that unhappie Monarch hath done, who joyned the ship-wrack of his faith to the loss of his Empire.*

Ambros. epist. 11. ad Valent.

Most sacred Majestie, remember that all the men of the world fight for you, and that you should combat for the true Religion, without which, there is neither protection in the Empire, nor safety in the world. If there be occasion to resolve a matter of arms, make address to your Councel of War, but if a point of Religion be handled, you neither ought nor may determine it without the advise of your Bishops. You should see them all here assembled, if the practice of our enemies had not prevented them. I answer for all, and in the name of all I implore the pietie and justice of your Majestie, that no man here may pretend to abuse your Minoritie to the prejudice of your soul. Take heed how you precipitate any thing in this affair, without imparting it to the Emperour Theodosius, *whom you have hitherto honoured as a father.*

If you do otherwise, I will not conceal that from you which my profession commandeth, and conscience obligeth me to tell you: You will come to the Church, but you will find no Bishop there; or if you do, it will be but to resist you. What would you answer him, when he should tell you, The Church hath nothing to do with your liberalities; since you have adorned the Temples of Gentilism, you shall never build the houses of Sion; *the Altar of* Jesus Christ *cannot endure your offerings, since you have erected Altars for Idols. Your word, your letter, your signet, is the work of your heart, of which our enemies make a trophey, and which you cannot denie. Your service can no longer be pleasing to the Saviour of the world, since you are engaged to false Divinities. Think you to serve two Masters? Think you it will be lawfull to entertain* Vestals *to the contempt of Religious women of your name and belief? You have no more to do with Bishops, since you have preferred Sacrificers to the devil before them. What answer you to this? That you have committed a fault pardonable in a child? Every age is perfect for* Jesus Christ, *and there is no infancie, but is repleniſhed with God, if it render it self not unworthy thereof.*

Little Infants heretofore have confronted executioners, and born away the crown of martyrdom, and will you betray our altars? What will you answer to your good brother the Emperour Gratian *of holy and glorious memorie, when he shall say, My brother, I never thought my self vanquished by mine enemies, whileſt I left the Diadem on your head. It hath not grieved me to die, since my place was repleniſhed with so good a Successour. I freely have forsaken the Empire, being perswaded the ordinances I made in favour of Religion would remain inviolable to posteritie. Brother, these are the spoils I gained over divels: these are my titles and trophеys; these the pledges of my pietie and monuments of my faith, which you have since taken away from me by your Edicts. What may an enemie do more? You have violated what I so piously ordained for the glory of Altars. It is a thing which he who so unworthily bare arms against me, never did. The sword which transfixed my bodie did me less hurt than your Edicts: more sensible am I of the wound you impressed on my cinders, than that which the Tyrant fixed on my members. The one took from me the life of bodie, but this bereaves me the life of memorie and virtues. On this day it is that I loose an Empire, since I see my self deprived of that I always preferred before Empires, and that it is taken from me after my death, yea by the hand of a man whom I infinitly loved. Brother, If you have done this of your own accord, you have condemned my faith; and if by constraint, you have betrayed your own: and being wholly dead as I am, you make me die in you, who are of my self the better part. On the other side, think you not but that the Emperour* Valentinian *your father, whose name you bear, will say unto you, Son, you have done me much injury, so to condemn my conscience, and to believe I ever had any purpose to tolerate superstitions so prejudicial to Christianitie. I punished all crimes that came to my knowledge: But never have I heard of an Altar of* Victorie *nor profane sacrifices to be made in a Sovereign Court before the eyes of all Christendom. Dear son, you greatly dishonour the respect which is due to the memorie of your father, if you think he oweth his Empire to superstition, and not to his Religion.*

I heartily beseech God, most Sacred Majestie, if this affair be so important, as you see, to your conscience, to the memorie of your father, the ashes of your brother,

your own reputation, to the judgement which posteritie shall give upon you, and that which transcendeth all other considerations, to the universal Church, you now do what you will one day wish to have done, when we shall appear before the eyes of the whole Church Triumphant, to the end your actions may be free from reproof, as my counsels are of Repentance.

Who could resist these thunder-bolts? *Symmachus* reputed at that time, as we have said, the prime Statesman in the *Roman* Empire, both for eloquence and authoritie, was ashamed of his superstition, and in pleading for *Victorie* lost it, well shewing it was nothing, since it had so little countenanced a man who ascribed so much unto it, which made *Ennodius* say, *Symmachus* in pleading for *Victorie*, hath lost the victorie, left by him in the hands of S. *Ambrose*, plainly discovering, the Goddess was very unreasonable, to forsake those that served her, and gratifie such as offended her.

Dicendi palmam Victoria tollit amico, Transit ad Ambrosium: plus favet ira Dea. Ennodius.

The triumph of S. AMBROSE in the conversion of S. *Augustine*.

The sixth SECTION.

Of the Nature and Condition of this great Man.

The greatnes of S. *Ambrose* in this conversion.

I Come to one of the most remarkable actions of S. *Ambrose*, resplendent in the conversion of great S. *Augustine*, the benefit whereof heaven and earth have divided, since this incomparable man serves as a support for the Church Militant in the revolution of so many Ages, and an ornament to the Church Triumphant through all eternitie. It is none of the least gifts from Heaven, that our *Ambrose* was selected for an affair of so great importance, that the whole world might find its interests therein, and for a victorie so eminent, that were the Angels as capable of envie as they are repleat with charitie, as they have loved the Conquest, they would envie the glory thereof. Happie voice of thunder, which made this hind to bring forth her young, after the throws and agitations of twelve years. Happie the *Beseleel*, who so well hath laboured in the Tabernacle of the living God. Happy the *David*, who hath subdued this *Rabbath*, so many times shaken by the arms of great Captains. Happy the *Alexander*, who with the sword of the word hath cut so many *Gordian* knots, as held this great Spirit in disturbance. I here defie all the Amphitheaters which have been in the world, and so often mixed the bloud of men with that of Lyons and Elephants: I call those spectacles, which so many times have attracted the eyes of *Cesars*. I desire the jousts, turneys, races, chariots, triumphs, and those magnificences may be proposed, which have drawn bloud from all the veins of the world, to establish superfluitie; and that it may be considered whether there were ever combat comparable to this which I present; where a holy Bishop entred into the list against the prime Spirit of the world, where God sits enthroned, where the Angels, ranged before the gates of Heaven, contemplate, where three parts of the world expect the issue of this duel, where Heaven applaudeth, the earth trembleth, where hell frowneth, the divels houl to see themselves deceived of their prey: Where the victorious *Ambrose* triumpheth, where the unvanquishable *Augustine* yieldeth, to be confirmed by his fall, to be raised by his abasing, fortified by his weakness.

Exod. 31.

2. Kings 12.

Gentle Reader, I intreat you, as my purpose is no other but to enchase in this historie of S. *Ambrose* the acts of Ecclesiasticks, who to him are so particularly tied, that you think it not strange if I more at large distend my self upon a narration so proper for the subject which I treat of: I doubt not but the manner wherein I shall unfold it will render it wholly new, as the greatnes thereof made it honourable, and the utilitie still seaseneth it with some particular delight.

Impediments in the conversion of S. *Augustine*.

That we may here well observe the ways of the Divine providence in the direction of mans salvation, and the strength of S. *Ambrose* quickened with the Spirit of God, it is necessarie to consider the powerfull oppositions, that so long time hindered this conversion, which I reduce to three principal heads, Curiositie, Presumption, and Carnal Love.

It is a dangerous pestilence in matter of Religion to take the wind of Curiositie, which ordinarily fixeth it self on the fairest Spirits, as it is said Cantharides rest on the beautifullest Roses. A great train of vices is ever waited on by a great curiositie, and he that can well know them, shall find, that to be Curious is to forsake innocencie, to draw near to sin, according to the eloquent S. *Zeno*, Curiositie maketh more offenders in prison than learned in schools; and ever the desire to know what God would have hidden, is paid with ignorance of ones self.

Curiositas rerum efficit, non peritum. S. *Zeno* 2. de æternâ Filii generatione.

Were I a Painter or Pourtrayer, to represent to youth the vanitie of this passion, I would make the statue thereof on a moving globe, what can be more inconstant? I would give it wings; what is lighter? I would sprinkle it all over with eyes; what more watchfull? I would fill it with ears; what more industrious in the discoverie of so great a diversitie of things? I would give it a mouth perpetually open, for it is no sooner filled by the ear, but emptied by the mouth. I would lodge it at the sign of Vacuum, for what is more vain? I would afford it spiders webs for attyre; what is more frivilous? For table and viands, smoke; what more slender and hungry? I would ordain for officers many lyers and impostures, for such people are its favourites: Before it a certain itch of generall knowledge should go; for it is the ordinarie messenger thereof: at the right hand Opinion, for it is it which deceives her: at the left, Tattle, it is that, which instructs her: after it I would set disturbance of Spirit, ignorance, and miserie; for it is its inheritance in the end.

Curiositie & the description thereof.

Augustine, as it were from his most tender years, made himself tributarie to this false Deitie; and instead of taking the way of true Religion by the paths of holy simplicitie, needs would he dive into it by reasons and humane subtilities, which alienated him as far from truth as they were of power to encline him to vanitie.

The wit of S. *Augustine*.

He had a great wit as it were like a prodigie, and it seemeth that *Africk* which produced him, would then bring forth nothing which was mean: It must still bring forth huge monsters, or mightie men. He notwithstanding was over-sharp, being not as yet in his consistence, but resembled the glass of a mirrour, which cannot render forms till it be leaded. So this admirable wit through want of the virtue of humilitie, which is in men as lead in the mirrour, sparkled with a vain presumption, which bringeth with it no other profit, made more illusions in eyes than it left good examples in manners. Now to specifie the qualities of this excellent nature, we must consider it from his tendereſt years; since the disposition makes it self soon appear in children, as the rose in his bud.

His inclinations.

Augustine began almost as soon to studie as to live; for he burned from his younger dayes with a thirst of knowledge, so eminent, that he surmounted his age. And for a note of his curiositie, which alreadie rather aimed at splendour than utilitie, young though

though he were, he resembled the children, who make themselves Preachers before they can read. Nothing was he pleased with the elements of Grammar, which he reputed too low for his spirit. He would climb without a ladder, and scorned to learn of a Grammarian how the name of *Æneas* was written; but rather readily disputed whether *Æneas* had been at *Carthage* or not. Greek to him was a pill, which he swallowed not but by constraint, and better loved he to speak Latine by custom, than the rules of *Donat*. All his delight was to know fables and histories, to weep over the disastrous loves of poor *Dido*, and to be angrie with *Juno* with so good a grace, that composing thereupon certain imitations of *Virgil*, he ravished his Masters and companions in the school; which made it well appear he one day should become more fruitfull in strong imaginations (which are the principal pieces of eloquence) than religious in choice of words and polished in periods. His father, who discovered the riches of this wit, had an ardent desire that he might swim in a large water, for he as yet studied at *Oran* a pettie village of *Africk*, having not the means to go to *Carthage*.

Want of enablements is many times a counterpoize to the height of the understanding: but in depressing it he crowned it, since generous studies (according to *Plines* saying) are lodged at the sign of povertie, and ever sciences are refined by necessity. *Augustine*, not then knowing what God would do with him, sought to make a fortune, and such likewise was the will of *Patricius* his father, who more desired to see him eloquent than chast. Behold why the good man, who had much courage and little means, strove beyond his abilitie to send his son to *Carthage*, the most famous Universitie of *Africk*. As great fishes are found in great seas, so *Augustine* had there wherewith to satisfie the passion of his curiositie, and measuring his own strength with that of others, saw matter enough how to make his wit be held in esteem, to which he alreadie had sufficient inclination.

He was not contented to exercise himself in eloquence, which in all Ages hath had much reputation among arts, as the fullest of noise and that which unfolds it self with most ostent; but he throughly studied Philosophy and all other sciences, which are of power to make an able man, in such sort that there was not then a book which he had not with undefatigable industrie perused. The poor young man went like a torrent whither passion transported him, and where the blast of ambition breathed, having the feeling of Christianitie in him very faint: for much better he loved to measure the world in his vanitie, than possess it in the love of God; not as yet considering the difference between a good countrey swain, who at full ease enjoyeth the fruits of his tree, whereof he knoweth no other secrets, and a Philosopher that observeth the ten Categories, and remains almost famished, not tasting of any one fruit.

Astrologie. His curiositie failed not to transfer him to judicial Astrologie, wherein he imployed much time, still thinking to discover some secrets in this labyrinth of fools, which better knoweth how to involve minds than give them satisfaction. He happeneth one day to confer with an old Physitian, a man grave, and of great capacitie, who seeing him passionately in love with these books of Astrologie, said, Son, if you desire to transcend others in any profession of the world, rather take eloquence, in which, as far as I can see, you have greatly profited, than to stick on vain sciences unworthy of your judgement. Verily I will herein confess the ignorance of my youth, I have been as much addicted to judicial Astrologie as ever was any man of my condition: for I not onely sought the satisfaction of my mind, but the establishment of my fortune. Notwithstanding I have wholly left it, through a most undoubted knowledge that we cannot resolve on any thing solid therein. Judge you what you please, but ever a well rectified spirit will be ashamed to profess a science not supported by reason, and which knows almost no other trade but to deceive. This at that time somewhat startled him, but stayed not his purpose, so much he loved to deceive himself, and so much he resolved to find out this secret in the end. But ever as he waded further, not discovering firm land, he found trouble in a barren labour, and much vanitie, where he to himself proposed some solidities.

Nothing confirmed him so much in contempt of this folly, as the discourse he had with *Firminus*, a young man of eminent qualitie, sick of the same disease that he was: for the curiositie of Astrologie ceased not to incite him, as being born of a father an Astrologer, a man of honour, but so curious, that he calculated the very horoscope of cats and dogs that were whelped in his house; yet so little had he profited therein, that at the same time his son came into the world, a servant of his neighbours being delivered of a male-child, he foretold, according to the rules of his art, that both of them being born under one same constellation, should run the like fortune: which was so false, that this *Firminus* his son being born of a rich family, progressed far into the honour of the times, whilest the son of the servant, notwithstanding the favours of his goodly horoscope, waxed old in servitude.

This young man, who made this narration, though convinced by his own experience, still suffered himself to be beguiled with his proper errour, so difficult it is to take away this charm by force of reasons. Our *Augustine* by little and little dispersed those vapours, both by the vivacitie of his own excellent judgement, and the consideration of others folly. He was likewise solicited to attempt a kind of magick, much in request among the heathen Philosophers of that Age; which was to seek predictions from the shop of the devil, by means of the effusion of the bloud of beasts, and sometimes of children. But God who as yet held a bridle on this uncollected soul, and would not suffer it to be defiled with those black furies, gave him in the beginning so much horrour upon all these proceedings, that a Negromancer promising him one day to bear away the prize of Poesie in a publick meeting of Poets, if he would assure him of a reasonable reward, he answered, that were the Crown to be given in those games of profit, of gold wholly celestial, he would not buy it by such kind of ways, at the rate of the bloud of a flie. Which he partly spake through some sence of pietie, partly also by the knowledge he had of the illusion and barrennes of such sciences.

His Religion. He was much more troubled about the Articles of Faith; for though from his childhood he was educated in Christian Religion, under the wings of his good mother S. *Monica*, yet suffering his mind to mount up unto so many curiosities, he had greatly weakened the sence of pietie. And being desirous to penetrate all by the help of humane reasons, when he began to think on the Christian maxims of Faith, he therein beheld much terrour and abyss. He came to this condition, that not content with the God of his forefathers, who taught him holy counsels, and the universal voice of the Church, he put himself upon masterie, now wholly ready to shape a Divinitie on the weak idæas of his own brain.

The *Manichees* at that time swayed in *Africk*; who having found this spirit, and seeing he might one day prove a support to their Sect, they spared nothing to gain him: and he being upon change, it was not very hard to bring him into the snare. This Sect sprang from one named *Manes*, a *Persian* by

birth, and a servant by condition, who having inherited the goods of a Mistres whom he served, from a good slave which he had been, had he remained in that state, became by studie an ill Philosopher, and a worse Divine; for mingling some old dotages of the magick of *Persians* with other maxims of Christianitie, partly by the help of his purse, partly also by an infinitie of impostures derived from his giddy spirit, he made himself head of a faction, professing he was the holy Ghost. His principal folly consisted in placing two Gods in the world, the one good, the other bad, who had many strange battels. The bodie, as he said, was the creature of the evil God, and the soul a portion of the substance of the good, enthraled in matter. And following these principals, he gave a phantastical bodie to the Saviour of the world, esteeming it a thing unworthy of the Word to be personally united to the flesh, which he held in the number of of things execrable. Behold the cause why those who were ingulfed in this Sect, made shew to abstain from meat and wine, which they termed the dragons gall.

I do not think that ever *Augustine* fully consented, to all the chymeraes of *Manes*, which were innumerable, but at the least he relished this Sect in the opinion it had of the original and nature of the bodie and soul, and in many other articles, even to the believing (as himself witnesseth) fables most ridiculous. Great God! who thundereſt upon the pride of humane spirits, and draggeſt into the dust of the earth those that would go equal with Angels! What Eclypse of understanding! What abasing of courage in miserable *Augustine!* To say that a man, whose eye was so piercing, doctrine so eminent, and eloquence so divine, after he had forsaken the helm of faith and reason, became so abandoned, as to make himself a partie of the Sect of a barbarous and phantastical slave, who in the end, for his misdeeds was flayed by the command of the King of *Persia*; as if the skin of this man could no longer cover a soul so wicked.

Behold whither curiositie transporteth an exorbitant spirit. Behold into what so many goodly gifts of grace and nature are dissolved. Behold now the Eternal Wisdom besotteth those, who forsake him to court the lying fantasies of their imagination.

A second impediment, Presumption.

A second obstacle went along with this extravagant curiositie, to settle him fixedly in errour, which was the presumption of his own abilities, an inseparable companion of heresie. He that once in his brain hath deified crocodiles and dragons, not onely adoreth them, but will perswade others, that he hath reason to set candles before them, and burn incense for them. It is a terrible blow, when one is wounded in the head by his proper judgement, whose ill never rests in the mean. We come to the end of all by the strength of industrie: Stones are pulled forth from the entrails of men, the head is opened to make smoak issue out: but what hand hath ever drawn a false opinion out of the brain of one presumptuous, but that of God? All seemeth green, saith *Aristotle*, to those who look on the water; and all is just and specious to such as behold themselves in proper love. Better it were, according to the counsels of the ancient fathers of the desert, to have one foot in hell with docibilitie of spirit, than an arm in Paradise with your own judgement.

Augustine, not to acknowledge his fault, would ever maintain it, and thought it was to make a truth of an errour, opinionatively to defend it. He had that which *Tertullian* saith is familiar among hereticks, swellings and ostentation of knowledge, and his design was then to dispute, not to live. Himself confesseth two things long time made him to tumble in the snare: the first whereof was a certain complacence of humour, which easily adhered to vicious companies; and the other an opinion he should ever have the upper hand in disputation. He was as a little Marlin without hood or leashes, catching all sorts of men with his sophisms; and when he had overcome some simple Catholick, who knew not the subtilities of Philosophie, he thought he had raised a great trophey over our Religion. In all things this Genius sought for supereminence; for even in game where hazards stood not fair for him, he freely made use of shifts, and were he surprized, he would be angry, making them still believe he had gained: as a certain wrestler, who being overthrown, undertook by force of eloquence to prove he was not fallen. This appeared more in dispute than game: For having now flattered himself upon the advantages of his wit, he was apprehensive in this point of the least interest of his reputation, and had rather violate the law of God, than commit a barbarism in speaking, thereby to break the law of Grammer, to the prejudice of the opinion was had of him. It was a crime to speak of virtue with a solecism, and a virtue to reckon up vices in fair language. When he was publickly to enterprize some action of importance, the apprehension of succes put him into a fever: so that walking one day through the Citie of *Milan* with a long Oration in his head, and meeting a rogue in the street who confidently flouted him, he fetched a great sigh, and said, Behold, this varlet hath gone beyond me in matter of happiness. See, he is satisfied and content, whilest I drag an uneasie burden through the bryers, and all to please a silly estimation. The ardent desire he had to excel in all encounters, alienated him very far from truth, which wils, that we sacrifice to its Altars all the interests of honour we may pretend unto: and besides it was the cause, that the wisest Catholicks feared to be engaged in battel with so polished a tongue, and such unguided youth. Witness this good Bishop, whom holy S. *Monica* so earnestly solicited to enter into the list with her son, to convert him: for he prudently excused himself, saying the better to content her, That a son of such tears could never perish.

3. Impediment, The passion of love.

Besides the curiositie and presumption of *Augustine*, the passion of love surprized him also to make up his miserie, and to frame great oppositions in matter of his salvation. But because this noble spirit hath been set by God, as the mast of a ship broken on the edge of a rock, to shew others his ship-wrack, I think it a matter very behovefull to consider here the tyranny of an unfortunate passion, which long time enthraled so great a soul, to derive profit from his experience. The fault of *Augustine* proceeded not simply from love, but from ill managing it, afoarding that to creatures, which was made for the Creatour. Love in it self is not a vice, but the soul of all virtues, when it is tied to its object, which is the sovereign good; and never shall a soul act any thing great, if it contain not some fire in the veins. The Philosopher *Hegesippus* said, that all the great and goodliest natures are known by three things, light, heat, and love. The more light precious stones have, the more lusture they reflect. Heat raiseth eagles above serpents; yea among Palms, those are the noblest, which have the most love and inclination to their fellows. These three qualities were eminent in our *Augustine*. His understanding was lightening, his will fire, and heart affection. If all this had happily taken the right way to God, it had been a miracle infinitely accomplished: but the clock which is out of frame in the first wheel, doth easily miscarry in all its motions; and he who was already much unjoynted in the prime piece which makes up a man, *viz.* judgement and knowledge, suffered all his actions to slide into exorbitancy. As there are two sorts of love, whereof the one is most felt in the spirit, the other predominateth in the flesh, *Augustine* tried them both

Augustin. l. de duabus animabus contra Manicheos.

both in ſeveral encounters. Firſt he was exceſſively paſſionate even in chaſt amities; witneſs a ſchoolfellow of his, whom he ſo paſſionately affected. He was a ſecond *Pylades*, that had always been bred and trained up with him in a mervellous correſpondence of age, humour, ſpirit, will, life, and condition, which had ſo enkindled friendſhip in either part, that it was tranſcendent: and though it were in the liſts of perfect honeſty, yet being as it was too ſenſual, God who chaſtiſeth thoſe that are eſtranged from his love, as fugitive ſlaves, weaned his *Auguſtine*, firſt touching this friend with a ſharp fever, in which he received baptiſm, after which he was ſomewhat lightened. Whereupon *Auguſtine* grew very glad, as if he were now out of danger. He viſited him, and forbare not to ſcoff at his baptiſm, ſtill purſuing the motions of his profane ſpirit: but the other beholding him with an angry eye cut off his ſpeech with an admirable and preſent liberty, wiſhing him he would abſtain from ſuch diſcourſe, unleſs he meant to renounce all correſpondence. He ſeemed already in this change to feel the approaches of the other world: for verily his malady augmenting, quickly ſeparated the ſoul from the body. *Auguſtine* was much troubled at this loſs, inſomuch that all he beheld from heaven to earth, ſeemed to him filled with images of death. The country was to him a place of darkneſs and gyddy fancies; the houſe of his father a ſepulcher; the memory of his paſſed pleaſures a hell: All was diſtaſt, being deprived of him for whom he loved all things. It ſeemed to him all men he beheld were unworthy of life, and that death would quickly carry away all the world, ſince it took him away whom he prized above all the world. Theſe words eſcaped him, which he afterwards retracted, to wit, *That the ſoul of his companion, and his, were expreſſie but one and the ſame, ſurviving in two bodies, and therefore he abhorred life, becauſe he was no more than halfe a man, yet would he not die, for fear the part of his friend, which yet lived in himſelf, might periſh.*

All this well declared he had great diſpoſitions to love, and that to what ſide ſoever his affections tended, they never would be with mediocrity. It ſeemed now all things conſpired againſt him to kindle a coal in his veins, which the revolution of many years could not extinguiſh. Firſt, as nothing is more dangerous to foment this paſſion than ill example, he lived in a place, as contagious for chaſtity as the North wind for plants. *Saluianus* a great Writer ſpeaking of *Africk*, which bred S. *Auguſtine*, ſaith, It was the Country of loves, and that it was as ſtrange a man ſhould be an *African* without being an *African*, as to be an *African* and not laſcivious. Secondly, theſe dangers ſo frequent, which ſeemed to require much retention, found liberty enongh in the houſe: for the tears of the bleſſed S. *Monica* were not as yet ſufficient to ſtay the courſe of inſolent youth, ſince the father little cared: for that he having one day beheld his ſon in the baths, ſpake ſome free words, which ſerved rather as a ſpur for ſenſuality than a motive to continency. In the third place, as the eye muſt be open to direct occaſions, ſo he therein uſed ſo little ſtudy, that having a ſoul as it were of ſulphure, ſo much was it diſpoſed to take fire, he haſtened to throw himſelf into the midſt of flames.

Salvian. l. 7. de gubernat. Tam novum eſt impudicum non eſſe Afrum, quàm Afrum non eſſe Afrum.

He haunted the company of Libertines, who are the moſt dangerous enemies to chaſtity, and being of a humour very gentile and pleaſing, gave love, and reciprocally received; and although he had none, needs muſt he counterfeit. When he came to *Carthage*, about the ſixteenth year of his age, there was not a ſtreet where love ſpread not his nets. He as yet knew not well what it was to love, and yet deſired to be beloved, and grew weary of living in innocency. He hated his liberty, and ſought a hand which captived him. He went to Theaters there to behold loves repreſented, where he fervently was enamoured of the paſſions of imaginary lovers: yea, his very eyes hunted in the Church after objects of concupiſcence, by glances too too diſſolute; for which he confeſſed to have been very particularly chaſtiſed by the hand of God, ſince he mingled the ſanctity of the place with the enterainment of the profane actions. This ulcered ſoul threw it-ſelf out of its compaſs, and took wind and fire on every ſide. It ſeemed to him he muſt excel in vice as well as in ſcience. He made himſelf more vicious than he was, to appear more gentile in the eyes of evil men, and there remained for him nothing more as it were in this point but one ſhame, not to have been ſufficiently impudent. In the end he fell into the ſnares he deſired, and was involved in admirable labyrinths, where ever the end of one love was the beginning of another.

This life ſo carnal was a perpetual hinderance to the viſitations of God. For as *Platoniſts* ſay, ſtars cannot exerciſe their virtue on the ſphere of fire: So all the light of good counſel had no force in the flames of ſuch a paſſion. His ſpirit was depraved by ſenſuality, allured by the bait of worldly beauties, and darkned with the obſcurity of his blindneſs, in ſuch ſort, that the light of the ſpirit of God in him found no place, If there be a vice in the world which tyeth the ſoul to fleſh, and makes it ſtupid to the feeling of God, it is this foul ſin: and although it be not wholly incompatible with ſcience, yet never accorded in the wiſdom of heaven, which is more converſant in the taſt of heavenly things, than in knowledge.

The ſeventh SECTION.

Diſpoſitions towards the converſion of Saint Auguſtine.

BEhold the principal impediments of the converſion of S. *Auguſtine*: but God, who inſenſibly wove this work, and draws good even from the evil of his elect, cauſed him to uſe the remedy of the ſcorpion that ſtung him. For as he purſuing his ordinary curioſity, plunged more and more into ſolid ſciences, he began by little and little to diſtaſt the doctrine of the *Manichees*, finding it very ſtrange, that a man ſhould make all kind of dreams and ſottiſhneſs to paſs for verities, under the falſe ſeal of the holy Ghoſt. Thoſe of his faction, who ſaw him waver, oft lent their helping hands, too weak to ſupport him; and knowing their own inability, promiſed quickly to cauſe the prime man of their Sect to come from *Carthage*, who ſhould diſengage his mind from ſo many doubts, and afford him ample ſatisfaction.

Fauſtus and his qualities. *Pretioſorum poculorum decentiſſimus miniſtrator.* Conf. 5. & 6.

They failed not in their promiſe: for in few days the falſe Biſhop *Fauſtus* arrived; who was as the ſword and buckler of the *Manichees*. He was a man of a fair preſence, had charms in his tongue, and many attractives in his converſation, able to enſnare the moſt ſubtile wits. He inſtantly ſet himſelf to frame ſome ſtudied diſcourſes upon the maxims of his ſuperſtition, which were heard with great applauſe by the whole faction. For indeed he was an Eagle among Parrets. Theſe men ſuppoſing that *Auguſtine* was fully ſetled in all their apprehenſions and approbations, asked him what he thought of the Biſhop *Fauſtus*, and whether he were not an incomparable man? He very coldly anſwered, he was eloquent, and throughly able to tickle an ear: but his malady daily encreaſing, could not be cured by a man, who perpetually ſpeaketh, and ſhuffles up the matter; and threfore beſides his goodly ſermons, there was need of a particular conference, where he might fully diſcharge

charge his mind. *Faustus* endowed with a natural curtesie, thinking he had to do with a young spirit, whom he with words would amuse, accepts the disputation; where instead of finding a crane he encountred an eagle, who handled him roughly from the beginning of the battel. This man made him presently appear to be of base gold, and that this tallent was no other, than that he was an indifferent Grammarian, had read some orations of *Tully*, the memory whereof were very fresh in him, some epistles also of *Seneca*, with a mixture of poesy, but in the books of his own Sect, he had very little knowledge. All that which made him esteemed in publick consisted in a grace of language, which proceeding from a fair body was exposed with the more exteriour pomp. Behold that which now throughout the world authorizeth an infinite number of men, who are in the opinion of ignorant, or the indifferently knowing, as flying fires in the air. When *Augustine* put him upon the solstices, equinoctials, eclypses, the course and motion of stars, wherewith the books of *Manes* are replenished, this man then found himself in a new world: but yet was wily; for he was not as the sottish *Manichees*, who promising evidence upon this doctrine, made as many slips as steps: he roundly said, his curiosity had never born him so far that way, and that he better had loved to contemn such things than study them. As for the rest, the doctrine of *Manes* depended not upon the knowledge of eclypses, since never had it been eclypsed. *Augustine* perceived his Doctour was not wholly ignorant, since he understood at the least how to acknowledge his own ignorance, but was otherwise absolutely distasted with the divinity of the *Manichees*, seeing so little support in *Faustus*, who was the prime pillar of the faction; and the snare which he would make use off to stay him was the beginning of his liberty. It was to make a banquet of flowers and songs for one almost famished, to seek with words to give him satisfaction.

Non usquequaquè imperitum erat imperitiæ suæ. Confes. 4. c. 7.

In the end, after a long abode in *Africk*, he resolved to go to *Rome*, not so much to find verity in its source, which as yet he proposed not to himself to be in the Church of *Rome*, as to dissolve the irksomness of teaching Rhetorick at *Charthage*, the youth whereof was extreamly insolent: His friends propounded unto him for his aim a far other air, much different successes from his former labours, and another recompence for his merit; adding besides, it was a sweeter climate, where young men held within the lists of good discipline, yielded their Masters full satisfaction. It was the strongest bait could therein be found; for the sweetness of his spirit was incompatible with the boldness of the schollars of *Carthage*, which was the cause that secretly stealing away from his good mother, who could not with her tears hinder the voyage, he set sail for *Italy*, and came to *Rome*. Behold him in the chief Theater of the world, where he began to shew himself, and entertain an Auditory in his Chamber, to be known, and forthwith appear in publick Courts, where he learned, the students of *Rome* gave their Reader good words, but the time of payment being come, they inconsiderately many times forsook the Teacher to exercise elsewhere the like deceit, which infinitely displeased him: and seeing that by good fortune a Rhetorician was sought after for *Milan*, he handled the matter so, by the assistance of some *Manichees* whom he yet courted for his own ends, and by the favour of *Symmachus* Pretour of the City, that this charge was stayed for him.

Hidden passages of divine providence in reclayming souls.

Behold him then at *Milan*, where the providence of God had marked out his lodging. Behold him in the field of battel, where he was to be assaulted. Behold him in the Amphitheater, where he should be disarmed. Behold him in the sphere, where he must be illuminated.

As we have beheld the strong oppositions which stopped up the way in the salvation of this great soul, let us now see, the means God used for his conversion. Here is an admirable spectacle, and worthy the consideration of noble spirits, since of all the works which God doth out of himself, nothing hath so much manifested his wisdom, bounty, mercy, and power, as the conversion of men. We observe in the effects and experiences of nature, that one thing draweth another in four especial manners, to wit, sympathy, motion, heat, and secret attraction. Sympathy say I, or natural conformity; so the stone tendeth downwards into the bosom of the earth, because it there finds reposes: Motions; so the hammer drives the nail, and one man leads another by the hand: Heat; so the sun raiseth up the vapours of the earth, after it hath subtilized and heated them: Secret attractions; so amber draws the straw, and the adamant wyns the iron. The spirit of God, ingenious and powerful in our conversions, makes use of these same four attractions to draw us to him. Attractions, which are able to gain the harshest, disarm the most savage, heat the remissest, and startle the stupid. Attraction of sympathy, consisteth in good nature and sweet inclination, which the Master-workman giveth us for virtue. Attraction of Motions is seen in the conuersion of good company, where examples of piety sweetly stir a soul to that which is its good. Attraction of heat is insinuated by the word of God, which is a sword of fire to make strange divisions between the soul and flesh. Secret attraction, is a most particular touch from God, who taketh men by ways hidden, interiour. and extraordinary. So, many times we see conversions infinitely strange. Such was that of S. *Paul* who felt a blow in the bloud of S. *Stephen*, when he shed it by so many hands as he gave consents to the furie of his executioners. Such was that of the Jugler *Genesius* under *Diocletian*, who in a full Theater scoffing at the ceremonies of Christians, at the same time became a Confessour of the faith, and Martyr of *Jesus Christ*. Such was that of *Mary*, neece of *Abraham* the Hermit, who was gained to God in a supper which she had made in a bourdel. Such likewise was that of *Irais* a poor maid-servant of *Alexandria*, who as the Samaritan going to draw water, left her pitcher to run to Martyrdom, and joyning her self to Christians which were led to execution, bare away the first crown. Such was that of a thief, who forsook his wicked life, beholding a young Monk that ate wild roots, and another converted, having seen *Paphnutius* the Hermit drink a glass of wine who never had drunk any before, and then onely did it by a resignation of his own judgement and proper will into the hands of another who commanded it: The thief at that instant thus concluded. That if this holy man were so enforced by virtue for an action so contrary to ordinary life, he himself might well by the help of resolution undertake the same predominance over his passions, and of an ill man become a Saint, as he did. Briefly, such was the conversion of *Parentius*, a man of quality, who exercised a place of judicature in a City of *Italy*: For having seen a young swyn-herd, who taught his companion a trick to make his hogs readily run into into the Sty, which was to say to them: *Enter hogs into the sty, as wicked Judges into Hell*; and then perceiving that these beasts readily obeyed this word, he laughed heartily; but presently changing all his mirth into serious actions, he set himself to ponder on the difficulties he found of salvation in the great corruptions of justice, and was so touched, that he tooke the habit of *Franciscans*, where he so far proceeded in virtue, that he became General of the Order, and visited bare-foot all the houses of S. *Francis*. It must be confessed there are great priviledges of Gods providence in such affairs. I am willing briefly to recite exam

Notable conversions.

Martyrol. Rom. 16. Martii & 22. Septemb.

Joannes Egid. de doctrina Patrum titul. Charit. num. 6

Chronic. Minorum.

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ples of these secret attractions, because they are very famous; and I set before you the four sorts of conversions, by reason they will not be unprofitable to make us discover the singular œconomy of God in that whereof we are now about to treat.

The œconomy of God in the conversion of S. *Aug.*

The Saviour of the world used all these pieces in the conversion of S. *Augustine*, as we may observe in his progression. For first, concerning attraction of sympathy or natural conformity, it is true, that this great man was of an excellent nature, and though it were a long time smothered up in flesh and bloud, yet was it as a sun in eclipse, which should one day appear in full liberty, and illuminate the bodie, which then was its obstacle. In his most tender infancy, he made amorous inclinations to his Creatour appear. For then he had recourse to prayer, as to a Sanctuary of his small afflictions: and like a child placing felicity in that which touched him neerest according to his esteem, he ardently besought God that he might escape the chastisement of rods, and disgraces of the school. He was of an humour free and liberal, gracious, mild, affable, obliging, and full of compassion toward men in want, which is a good way to represent great actions of virtue, and dispose one to receive the spirit of God in abundance. Affections, with tears of sweetness and devotion, were to him very familiar, which appeared on the day of his being made Priest, some time after his conversion; for he spared not to weep in that ceremony, where by chance a simple man interpreting that this happened to him through disturbance, that he was not yet a Bishop, who so well deserved it, he came near to comfort him, saying *He should be patient; that Priesthood was the next degree to the dignity of a Bishop, and that in time he should enjoy the accomplishment of his desire.* S. *Augustine* afterward related this speech to his friends, as an example of the errour of judgements made upon mens actions. As for his vices, he had nothing therein black or hydeous: for his loves though inordinate, were bounded in limits most tolerable; and his ambitions were not haughty and disdainful, but consisting onely in a sleight vanity to make shew of that which he had either of wit or learning; a passion very natural to those who feel themselves endowed with any perfections. Otherwise he had no design, pretence, engagements, as have they, who often cover their petty interests with the pretext of piety, and are ever ready to imbrace the Religion wherein they find most accommodation for their temporal affairs. *Augustine* was so free from worldly avarice, that he knew not what it was to make a fortune, or reach at wealth. Scarce would he ever learn to carry a key, possess money in a coffer, and take accounts, as observeth *Possidonius* in his life. All his mind was upon books, and all his intentions aimed to the finding out of truth that he might offer homage to her for all he had, and faithfully serve her all his life, after he once had well known her. These dispositions gave a full passage to such as were to treat with him.

On the other part, attraction of motion, which commeth from good example, was to him very advantagious in the person of his good mother S. *Monica*. And if certain people, as the *Lycians*, took the name of their mothers, as of those, whom they thought most contributed to the production of man into the world, *Augustine* had great cause to take the title of his nobility from S. *Monica*, who brought him forth more profitably for the life of grace, than that of nature.

Herod. l. 2.

This woman verily was the pearl of women, whose life had not great lightnings of extasies, nor raptures; for all her virtues passed with little noyse, like to great rivers that glide along with peaceful majesty: but all was there very inward, as in her who ever was hidden within the better part of her self.

The qualities of S. *Monica*.

Much hath she done in affoarding a S. *Augustine* to the Church; and whosoever cannot discover the secret virtues of the sun, let him content himself to measure it by his rays. She pretended to consecrate her Virginity to Altars, God drew her to marriage, to gain from her a Doctour for his Church. This Saint knew not as yet what she did; when in her tender years by a laudable custom she rose from her bed in the deep silence of night, to offer her prayers to God, and when she shortned her diet at each repast, to divide the moity of her life with the poor: but the spirit of God, which guided her, disposed her then by these actions to some matter of importance. She was married to a Pagan, and one of a humour very untractable; which she so softened by her long and discreet patience, that in the end he set aside all his moody extravagancies, as it is said the furious Unicorn sleeps in a maidens bosom. It was with her a great consolation to have married an infidel, and after some years to see him dye a Christian, saying to God, She had received a lion, and restored a lamb. All her care aimed onely at this son, whom she first saw ingulfed in a life most licentious afterward, by mishap involved in the heresy of the *Manichees*. The poor mother endured nine entire years the throws of this spiritual child-birth, the most sensibly that may be imagined. What grief and sighs in her retirement? What fancies in her sleep? What prayers in the Church? What alms in necessities of the poor? What prudence and discretion in all her proceedings? She sought out all the passages into this spirit, which she could imagine: but seeing it was a torrent not to be restrained by her forces, she peaceably expected the assistance of Heaven. She despaired not of his malady through fear to cure him. She undertook not in the fervent accesses of his feaver to upbraid his disorders: She went not about manacing him with fire and cauteries: But did as God, who acteth no ill, but ever so useth the matter, that the evil is extenuated. When she could not speak to her son, she caused the apple of her eyes to speak to God, deploring all night, and watering the Altars, not with bloud of victims, but that of her soul, which were her tears. We may say, that as the waters which have pearls in them, run for the most part to the south, so this holy woman being in *Africk*, a Southern Region, became in the abundance of her tears the true fountain of the South, fit to bear a great pearl, which afterward brought forth for Christendom many millions of pearls. Never had the Angel *Raphael* so much care of young *Toby*, as this celestial intelligence of her son, being perpetually in Centinel, and observing the visitations of Gods providence. Her Paralitick was ready at the fish-pool, and expected nothing but the stirring of the water.

Aquæ defluentes ad Austrum generant margaritas. Tarentinus Philosophus.

Behold she came from *Afrik* to *Milan*, through so many perils both of sea and land, such travels and sufferings, to conclude her deliverance. She found her son much already shaken by the shocks which the eloquence of S. *Ambrose* had given him. Soon the holy woman knew it was this great Bishop, whom God had chosen to set a seal upon this work of the conversion of a man so important: and her son relateth, that from that time she esteemed S. *Ambrose* as a very Angel of Heaven (*a*). She was still in the Church to behold him, ever she hung on his lips, as the sources which distil from the Paradise of God.

Here is the attraction of heat, or rather the sun that must on high exhale this cold vapour, after so much resistance it had made against the spirit of God. *Augustine* himself very particularly decipher-eth, how being at *Milan*, he saw the Bishop *Ambrose*, known through the whole habitable world (*b*) as one of the best men upon the earth, who ceased not to administer to his people the word of God, which in it bare corn, oyl, and the wine of sobriety. This

(a) *Diligebat illum virum sicut Angelum Dei. In Ambrosii ora suspendebatur ad fontem aquæ salientis in vitam æternam.* Conf. 6. in c. 1.

(b) *In optimis notum orbi terrarum.*

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man of God, ſaith he, at my arrival imbraced me, as a father would his ſon, and ſhewed he was much pleaſed with my coming to *Milan*, obliging me with many charitable offices. Behold the cauſe why I began to affect him very much: not ſo much yet as a Doctour of truth (for I expected it neither from him nor any other Catholick) but as a man, who wiſhed me well. I continually was preſent at his ſermons; in the beginning for curioſitie, to eſpie and found whether his eloquence were equal to his great reputation. I was very attentive to his words, little caring for the matter, and I found he really had a ſtile very learned and ſweet, but not the cheerfulneſs and quaint attractions of *Fauſtus* (c) though for ſubſtance of diſcourſe there was no compariſon: For *Fauſtus* recounted fables, and this man taught moſt wholeſome doctrine. Behold the firſt apprehenſions that *Auguſtine* had touching the abilitie of S. *Ambroſe*. In the end he continuing to hear him for delight, truth entered through his ears, which were onely opened to eloquence, and he found in the beginning, that our Religion had not thoſe abſurdities which the *Manichees* obtruded, and were it not true, it might at leaſt be profeſſed without impudence, which he could not hitherto be perſwaded unto. The old Teſtament, which with the *Manichees* he ſo much had rejected, ſeemed to him to have a quite other face, after the learned interpretations of S. *Ambroſe*. The chymeraes and fantaſies, which environed his imagination, were diſſolved at the riſing of ſome pettie rays from him. Notwithſtanding it was yet neither day nor night in his ſoul: Errour was below, and Religion had not yet the upper hand. His ſpirit over-toiled with ſo many queſtions by the wiles of Satan propended to neutralitie, being neither hot nor cold, as it happened to thoſe, who forſake truth through the deſpair they have how to know it.

(c) *Sermonis erat eruditioris, minus lamen hilarescentis, atque mulcentis quàm Fausti.*

The eighth SECTION.

Agitations of ſpirit in S. Auguſtine *upon his converſion.*

BUt God ſtill enflaming his chaſt deſires, he bent himſelf to conſider S. *Ambroſe*, whom he perpetually had for object; and ſeeing how this man was honoured by the chief Potentates of the earth, & how he flouriſhed in ſuch glorious actions, all appeared compleat in ſuch a life, but that it went on without a wife; he thinking at that time the want of a great burden to be a main miſerie. He as yet proceeded but to the bark of S. *Ambroſe*, obſerving onely what was exteriour, and not penetrating into thoſe great treaſures of lights, virtues, contentments, and heavenly conſolations, ſtored up in the bottom of the conſcience of this holy Prelate. He had vehement deſires to ſpeak to him ſomewhat more familiarly, to underſtand his opinion, to ask queſtions at large, to diſcover his heart all naked, and unfold the miſeries of his paſſed life: "And becauſe (*ſaith he*) "I ſtood in need of a man full of great leaſure to re- "ceive the ebbe and flow of thoughts which were in "my ſoul, now I found all in *Ambroſe*, except time "to hear me: not that he was difficult of acceſs, for "he was ever in his Hall expoſed to the ſervice of the "whole world; but my unhappineſs was, to be like "the Paralitick of the fiſh-pool, ſtill out-gone by o- "thers more ſtrong than my ſelf. What diligence "ſoever I uſed, I found *Ambroſe* environed with a "large troup of ſolicitous men, whoſe infirmities he "comforted to my excluſion; and if any little time "remained for him it was imployed either in repaſt, "which was exceeding ſhort, or at his book. The "good Prelate ſtudied in his Hall in ſight of all the "world, where I oft beheld him, and ſaw that in "reading, he onely ran over with his eye one page of "a book, then ruminated it in his heart, not at all "moving his lips, whether it were that he would "not engage himſelf to diſcourſe upon his reading "to all there preſent, or whether it were, he did it "to preſerve his voice, eaſily weakened with much "exerciſe of ſpeach, or for ſome other cauſe. I thought "time was very precious to him, and ſeeing him ſo "ſerious, I ſuppoſed it a kind of impudency to in- "terrupt him. After ſo long a ſilence I went away "with the reſt, not having opportunity to ſpeak to "him.

Verily this diſcourſe ſheweth a mervellous repoſe of ſpirit in S. *Ambroſe*: and as it were over much modeſty in S. *Auguſtine*: for it was a wonder that he who ordinarily lived at *Milan* in the reputation of a great wit, and was already known by the Biſhop to be ſuch, brake not the preſs at one time or other, to gain ſome hours of audience in affairs of ſo great importance. I ſhould think either that he uſed a forbearance too ſhame-faced and irreſolute, or that S. *Ambroſe* would not enter into diſputation with a young man as yet ſo well perſwaded of his own abilities, before he had ſuffered him to ripen, and to be throughly ſeaſoned by the reſentments of piety. However, it put the mind of S. *Auguſtine* into great diſturbance. "Behold (*ſaith he*) almoſt eleven years, "that I have ſought the truth, and ſee I am arrived at "the thirtieth year of my Age, yet ſtill perplexed. To "morrow infallibly it muſt diſſolve: ſtay yet a little; "perhaps *Fauſtus* will come to *Milan*, and tell thee "all. But how will he tell that which he ſhall never "know? Let us hold with the Academicks, and ſay "all is uncertain, for every man maintaineth what he "liſt. It is the property of man to imagine, and the "nature of God to know. But the Academicks (be- "hold gallant men) do leave a ſpirit in perpetual do- "tage. Let us rather ſet our feet on the ſteps of Ca- "tholick Religion, where we planted them from our "tender age. It is not ſo cloudy as the *Manichees* "ſuppoſe it, *Ambroſe* hath already much freed me "from errours: let us purſue the reſt. I, but *Ambroſe* "hath not leaſure for thee. Let us read: where ſhall "we find neceſſary books, and where have ſit time? "Thy ſchollars buſy thee all the mornings; take at "leaſt ſome hours after noon to enjoy thy ſelf. But "when ſhall I admit the neceſſary viſits of friends "that muſt be entertained? and when the prepara- "tions for my lectures? and when my recreations? "Let all be loſt, ſo I may gain my ſelf. This life, as "thou ſeeſt, *Auguſtine*, is moſt miſerable, and death "uncertain. If it catch thee upon a ſurpriſe, in what "eſtate wilt thou leave this world? And where doſt "thou think to learn that, which here thou haſt neg- "lected? But how if death alſo ſhould conclude the "faculties and life of the ſoul? It is a madneſs to "think onely on it, ſince all the greatneſs and choiſe "of Religion, wiſdom, and ſanctity fights for the "immortality of the ſoul. We ſhould never ſo much "employ the ſpirit of God in ſo great advantages "as he hath given us, if we had no other life but "that of flies and ants. *Auguſtine*, thy evil is thy ſen- "ſuality. If thou wilt find God, thou muſt forſake "thy ſelf, and from this time forward bid a long "adue to worldly pleaſures, Thou art deceived: when "thou haſt left them, thou wilt have the repentance, "to have done that too ſoon, which thou oughteſt "not to do; nor canſt thou any more make an ho- "nourable retreat into the world. Let us live, we "have good friends; we may in the end have an "office, a wife, means, and all ſort of contentments: "There are too many miſerable enough through "neceſſity, that conſent not to it by any act volun- "tary. To conclude, a wife and the truth of the "Goſpel, are not things incompatible.

Diſturbances of mind in S. *Auguſtine*.

Behold

Behold how this poor ſpirit turmoiled it ſelf in the retirement of his cogitations, as himſelf hath declared in his Confeſſions. He beheld the life of Saint *Ambroſe* and his chaſtity, with an eye yet benummed and ſurcharged with terreſtrial humours, and it reflected ſome rays upon him; but he found it ſo high mounted in the throne of its glory, that the ſole aſpect affrighted him: he meaſured continency by his own forces, not by the grace of God. Behold why he deſpaired of a ſingle life, and thought a wife was a chain, ſometime unhappy, but ever neceſſary. He lived at that time with *Alipius* and *Nebridius*, two noble *Africans*, his intimate friends, who followed him charmed with his doctrine and ſweetneſs of his converſation: and from this time they propoſed that life to themſelves, which they afterward led. He often put them upon the intention to eſtabliſh a good manner of life, to paſs the reſt of their days in the ſtudy of wiſdom. *Alipius*, who was very chaſt, maintained this could not be done in the company of women, according to an ancient ſaying of *Cato*, who affirmed, If all the world were without a woman, it would not be exempt from the converſation of gods. *Auguſtine*, that was leſs chaſt than *Alipius*, and much more eloquent, prepared himſelf to diſpute this queſtion ſtrongly and firmly againſt him, ſo that it ſeemed (ſaith he) that the old ſerpent ſpake by his mouth, ſo much he connected together reaſons and allegations to maintain his opinion. The good *Alipius* was much amazed to behold ſuch a great ſpirit ſo tyed to fleſh; and as he attributed much to all his opinions, reſpecting him as his Maſter, it was a great chance he had not drawn him into voluptuouſneſs through a ſimple curioſity of experience. This miſerable ſnare ſtayed all his good purpoſes, and needs muſt he break them, to put this great ſoul into full libertie.

Confeſ. 6. 11. *Amans beatam vitam, timebam illam in ſede ſua.*

The ninth SECTION.

Three accidents which furthered this Converſion.

IT happened, either by the induſtry of holy Saint *Monica*, who failed not to obſerve opportunities for the ſalvation of her ſon, or by a ſecret inſpiration of God, that the woman, whom he had brought with him from *Africk*, and with whom he had always lived in fair correſpondence, preſerving to him inviolable faith, as if ſhe had been his lawfull wife, reſolved to leave him, ſaying: *That ſhe had now fulfilled the meaſure of her ſins. That it was time to think upon a retreat; that ſhe ſhould die with this onely grief, not to have tears enow to waſh the offences of her youth ſo unthriftily waſted. For the reſt, never man ſhould poſſeſs her after him, and that all her loves ſhould be from this time forward for him who made her; onely ſhe recommended unto him a ſon which ſhe left, praying he would ſhew himſelf as a father and mother unto him.*

Auguſtine was much amazed at this ſpeech. It ſeemed his heart was pulled away from him, to ſee himſelf ſeparated from a woman he ſo faithfully had loved: and on the other ſide he was full of confuſion, to behold that ſhe ſhewed him the way which he ſought, he not yet feeling himſelf ſtrong enough to follow her example. It was not in his power to ſtay her any longer, nor to approve what ſhe did. His ſpirit was penſive and divided, not knowing upon what to reſolve. After the departure of this woman, the mother, who as yet knew not the will of God, ſpeaks to him of marriage, and he caſt his eyes upon a young virgin of a very good houſe, which much pleaſed him, who, though ſhe were two years younger than the lawfull age of marriage permitteth, he reſolved to ſtay for her; but in the mean ſpace he found out new loves, taking another unlawfull woman in the place of her whom he had forſaken.

Yet for all that he deſiſted not from the enquiry of truth, feeling none of all thoſe engagements more than that of love, which made the ſharpeſt reſiſtance againſt him; and ſeeing he could not accoſt S. *Ambroſe* in his great multiplicity of affairs, with that facility he wiſhed, he made his addreſs to *Simplicianus*, Holy *Simplicianus*. Prieſt of the Church of *Milan*. He was one of the moſt venerable men that was then in *Europe*, endowed with infinite piety, and excellent literature. For this conſideration he was delegated by his holineſs to ſerve as a ſpiritual Father to S. *Ambroſe*. Otherwiſe he was ſo humble and modeſt, that to give his Biſhop the upper-hand, he very often counterfeited ignorance in queſtions which he right well knew, conſulting with S. *Ambroſe* as an Oracle, becauſe of his dignity, and giving a perfect example to all, of the duty we ow to the Prelates of the Church.

Beſides theſe ornaments of virtue and ſcience, this holy man had ſtrong attractives in the facility of his converſation, and ſweetneſs of entertainment: ſo that a certain particular grace was ſeen to ſhine in his face, which was the cauſe every one deſired to ſpeak to him for his converſation, nor was any one weary of his company. *Auguſtine* having met with this *Simplicianus*, whom he called the *Man of God*, throughly openeth his heart unto him, relating all the diſturbances of his life paſſed. *Simplicianus* moſt tenderly embraceth him, and ſhews the Port now much nearer than he imagined. For, as he mentioning, that among other readings, he had peruſed the books of *Plato*, tranſlated by *Victorinus* a Senatour, and heretofore Profeſſour of Rhetorick in the Citie of *Rome*: *I like very well* (ſaith this good old man) *that you have read the books of* Plato, *rather than the impieties of other Philoſophers. I doubt not but you have obſerved many paſſages in this good Authour, which make for our Religion: but ſince you have read the Tranſlation of* Victorinus, *and much eſteem of it, why do you not imitate him in his converſion? You muſt underſtand that I moſt familiarly knew him, when we were at* Rome: *he was a very learned old man, having his hairs grown white in the long ſtudy of all ſorts of ſciences, which he taught, manured, and illuſtrated the ſpace of ſo many years, partly in declaming, partly by writing. There was not almoſt a Senatour in* Rome, *which acknowledged him not for his Maſter, and he arrived to ſuch a degree of reputation, that they erected a Statue unto him in conſideration of his great learning. Who could ever have hoped in the decrepitneſs whereunto he was come, to ſee him born again among the little children of the Church? Notwithſtanding, to ſhew you the force of Gods ſpirit, after the reading of almoſt all the books in the world, he ſet himſelf in the end of his age, to peruſe the Bible and other Writings of Chriſtians, where he found himſelf ſurprized at unawares, ſaying afterward to me:* Simplicianus, *know I am a Chriſtian. I thinking he meant to ſcoff me: I will not, ſaid I, believe any thing, till I ſee you at Church. And imagine you (replied he) the walls of a Church make a Chriſtian? He ſpake this, much fearing to offend the Cedars of* Libanus, *which were his parents, eminent in qualitie, though Infidels: but he afterward was well reſolved never to bluſh more for the Goſpel. Let us go (ſaith he) to the Church. I am a Chriſtian. I was at this word ſo tranſported with joy, I could no longer contain my ſelf. I led him to the Church, and cauſed him to be inſtructed in the Articles of our Faith, and commanded a name to be given him among thoſe that required holy Baptiſm. When he came to make his profeſſion of faith, ſome one, thinking to pleaſe him, would have him pronounce in ſecret. No (ſaith the good old man) in publick: It is no longer fit to be aſhamed of ſo glorious an action. As ſoon as he was mounted into an eminent place to pronounce the Articles*

ticles of his belief, all the world which knew him, began to crie Victorinus, Victorinus. *The admiration was so great, the contentment so universal, the joy so sensible, that it seemed every one would snatch him from thence, to set him in his heart.*

Ob God! how you honour those that faithfully serve you? Behold him now, who in stead of tying himself to those dying Palms of Rhetorick, is fastened to the tree of life, which never perisheth, and is eternized with a glorious memorie in the estimation of Christendom. Who would not think himself most happie, by following his example to participate in his crowns? For mine own part, I will truly confess unto you (dear son) that at such time as Julian *the Apostata forbade all the Christians to use humane learning, I was as much addicted to it as any man of mine age, being then in the flower of youth very curious: but seeing matter of faith was in question, I most freely forsooke those* Syrens, *to arrive at the haven of salvation, where I speedily hope to enjoy your companie. For so excellent a nature as yours, is not made to be lost. It were over-much to resist the inspirations of God; your age and fashion require you to lay arms aside.*

This discourse quickened with love, reason, wisdom, and examples so sensible, penetrated far into the heart of *S. Augustine*, causing him to speak these words, which he did afterwards couch in his Confessions: *I knew not what to answer, convinced by varieties so palpable, but in dull and drowsie words, saying always, this shall soon, very soon be: yet had this soon no measure in it, nor did this delay I desired find any end.*

Confes. l. 8. c. 5. *Non erat omnino quod responderem veritate convictus, nisi tantùm verba lenta & somnolenta, modò, ecce modò: sed modò & modò non habebant modum, & sine paululùm, in longum ibat.*

God recharged again, and laid a fresh battery upon *Augustine* by the mouth of a secular man. A certain gentleman of *Africa*, called *Pontianus*, who following the Emperours Court, came to visit him in his lodging, found by chance on the table, the Epistles of Saint *Paul*. This being a man much given to devotion, and who knew *Augustine* to have a wandering wit in the curiosities of prophane books, smiled to see him now seeking out his entertainment with an Apostle. *Augustine* replied, there was no cause of wonder, for it was now become his principal exercise. The gentleman seeing him in this good humour, sets before him divers discourses of piety, and among others, some narrations of the life of Saint *Anthonie*. Wherewith *Augustine* and his companion *Alipius* were ravished, having never before heard this great Saint spoken of: So little curious were they to know that, which could not be omitted but by such as were willing to be perpetually ignorant of themselves. The other proceeding in his discourse, represented to them the companies of Religious then in great account, esteemed by all the world as the paps of the Bride, repleni shed with celestial odours, which streamed even as far as the deserts, with immortal sources of their milk; and added, that they had a Monasterie in the suburbs of *Milan*, erected by Saint *Ambrose*, wherein were many great examples of virtue. They heard this man with some small shame to be ignorant of so large a treasure, even at their gate, whilest they turned over the writings of many wits which lived in flames, tormented where they are, and applauded where they are not. This good man seeing they relished this excellent discourse, following the point, said: *Being one day at* Trier, *with three gentlemen, my companions, as the Emperour after dinner beheld the Turneys, and race of horses with all his Court, it came into our heads to go take the air in certain gardens near the Citie. Two of the four of us walking along, arrived by chance at a little Cel, where they found Hermits, and a book of the life of Saint* Anthonie. *One takes it up, reads, and admireth it, and in reading is so moved, that he determined in his heart to change his course of life. And being no longer able to contain himself (so replenished was he with the love of God, and confusion of his own infirmities) he turned to his companion, and said: And what (I pray) do we seek with all our travels? Whither tend all our ambitions? Why bear we these arms? What pretend we with so much toyl? To gain the favour of a man, which is more light than the wind, more frail than glass, more thin than smoak? Out alas! by what perils hasten we to a greater danger? By what steps mount we up to a promontorie of ice, where our foot is ever upon the precipice? Behold, I may from hence forward be the friend of God, if I will. He persisted to read this book, all on fire, and became big with a new life, which he brought forth; then again he cried out as a man rapt with an extasie: It is done; I have broken my bands from this step, from this hour, in this place I am resolved to serve God. Go (my dear friend) if you will not imitate me, at the least oppose not my resolution. The other replieth: I am wholly yours; God forbid I forsake you in so fair a way, by frustrating my self of so honourable a warfare, and so rich a reward. Behold them from gallants in an instant become Hermits. I and my associate enquired for them in the mean space on every side, and about evening found our selves in the same Cell, condemning them that they must be sought for, and saying it was now time to end our walk with the day-light, and return to the Citie. They seriously made answer: They had found their lodging, we might do well to go whither we pleased, but they were throughly determined never to depart from thence.*

I thought in the beginning it was a counterfeit merryment, but better sounding it, upon relation what had passed, I in effect saw they were men wholly changed. We were ashamed to leave them, and as yet felt our selves much unable to follow. In conclusion, we parted with many tears, we dregging our hearts in the dust, they by supereminence lifting the better part of themselves to Heaven. We went to bear this news unto two Ladies, their betrothed wives, who, enkindled with the same spirit, afforded a free consent thereunto, vowing their virginitie to God, at the time when their marriage was almost on the point of consummation.

The tenth Section.

The admirable change of S. Augustine.

WHile *Pontianus* related this, Saint *Augustine* was enchained to his discourse, and already felt flashes of lightening and battels in the bottom of his conscience, which he had much ado to dissemble. It seemed that God took him as a fugitive, who was hidden behind him, to set him in full view before himself. He saw himself (saith he) in this discourse as in a mirrour, foul, crooked, disfigured, and repleat with blemishes and ulcers. When he made comparison between his own unworthiness, and the life of those brave Champions, a holy horrour of his vices so surprized him, that he seemed desirous to be dis-engaged, and to flie from himself. And in this conflict he was still much confounded before his own eyes. The resolution of these two gentlemen unveiled his memory, embroiled from his youngest years, when he remembered he had great inclinations to serve God in the state of continency, and to have begged it of him, who is the Authour thereof, but with so much weakness, that he feared that God would not then take him at his word. He much wondred how these men in one after-noon could resolve on an affair of so great importance, and that he in the space of twelve years stuck fast in the snare. In the end, he could contain himself no longer, but brake the air with a deep sigh, saying to his faithfull *Alipius*: *What is this? What have we heard? These simple men are raised, and win Heaven by a brave warfare, while we with our knowledge wallow*

low in flesh and bloud. Do we blush to wait on them? Nay, rather let us be ashamed not to follow them.

He spake this very suddenly in great agitation of spirit, which appeared in his forehead, in his eyes, visage, colour, and voice. *Alipius* very sad, beheld him, judging there was some transportation in this act. From thence he stole into a garden (which was very near the chamber where they discoursed) as a man distemper'd, knowing well what he had been, and not as yet understanding what God would do with him, at the least he had an intention to give free liberty to sighs, which he could withhold no longer. *Alipius* thinking there should be nothing concealed from him, step by step follows him, and both in private began a good work. *Augustine* said in this retirement: *My God, what binders me that I break not my chains to day, to put my self into the libertie of thy children? What monster is this? Behold my will commandeth my eye to be opened, my hand to work, my foot to walk, this is done without resistance: now this same will commandeth it self to forsake a wicked puddle, and set it self in the path of virtue; why so much resistance? Doubtless it will and it will not, otherwise it would be obeyed. I am yet fastened to the earth by some great root, and to day I must cut it off. See you not,* Augustine, *two messengers from God, to wit, shame and fear, armed with whips, which are by thy sides to wyne thee from the way of thy customarie pleasures? Turn thy face boldly, cut off from henceforth all the knots, which have hitherto entangled thy libertie. It is done, Behold me free. I deceive my self, I am not as yet where I think. Then let us do it now without further promise. What is that? I feel, what I do, and do not; notwithstanding I believe what is good, and recoyl not; I draw near, I mount up; the cause why I stay is but to take breath. In the end, by pure force behold I am there; I touch, and almost reach the good so oft desired. Out alas! I say, almost. For in effect I touch not, nor as yet hold any thing. Must I so much doubt to die to death, and live for life eternal?*

An admirable combat.

As I was (saith he) *upon these resolutions, near approching my happines, if I did see behind me the image of that I left in forsaking the world, I might see abysses and horrours which congealed my heart, and yet notwithstanding I stood fair, not proceeding nor retiring, as a bodie hanged in the air.*

Behold in an instant all the sensual pleasures of my youth, which I had so cherished, were presented to my imagination, as Nymphs *and* Syrens. *They seemed to pull me by the garment, and say:* Augustine, *What? Will you forsake us after we so sweetly have trained up your youth? Wherein have we disobliged you, but in suffering you to enjoy contentments which the law of nature permitteth? You now become very hardie in this transportation of your thoughts. It is a feaver which possesseth you, it will pass away, and you will be much ashamed to have no longer made use of us. You hasten to go whrie, which shall cost you dear if you take not heed. When you have done, you will be ashamed to return this way back again, and for fear to be thought a fool, you will live miserably all the rest of your dies. What? can you live without us? You are not so ignorant of that which God hath created for you. You have affection for beautie, and will have as long as you live. To love, and not enjoy, is to be set on the torture; and to be there voluntarily, is to loose your wits. What? this moment of time here being ended, are we yours no longer? What? shall neither this nor that be permitted us for ever? Is it enough when one saith for ever? What hell is there in the world, if it be not to be deprived for ever of what we most affect?*

These blameless Syrens *altered not their discourse; for still they batter'd me with such like words, but found I had changed mine ears. Behold the cause, why as I then shewed my self verie resolute, they much lessened their boldness. Their speech was no longer a command, but a request: and when I turned my face from beholding them, it seemed their voice was lost in the air, like a languishing eccho, to which proximitie affordeth no more reverberation. The more I fortified my self with reasons, the more they desisted. All they could do was but to speak some slight words softly in mine ear, or by stealth pull me by the cloak, to cause me to turn my face once again towards them: but I stood firm as a rock, beholding the beautie and sweetness of the life, to which I felt my self called by God.*

It seemed unto me that I saw before mine eies fair chastitie, the mother of holy loves, encompassed with a large troup of virgins and chast ones, all white with innocencie, and resplendent with light of glorie. She smiled upon me with a brow more brightsom than the clearest summers day, and stretching out her arm full laden with palms; Come confidently (saith she) *why do you any further dispute with your thoughts? Forsake those* Syrens, *they too much have abused the flower of your age. I will acquaint you with their deceits, their vanities, and infamies, if the experience of a dozen years have not taught you more than I am able to discover. What else have you done the space of so many years, but till a barren field, which promised fruits, and gave you thorns and ill savours, sprinkled with some slight blossoms? As for their words, were they not full of promises, their promises of oaths, and their oaths of perjuries? What illusions and fantasies have you experienced? And if you have in some sort enjoyed them, hath it not been worse than your own desires, so much was it mingled with gall, and attended by remorse, which made you bear gibbets and tortures with your pleasures? Must you purchase a hell with so many mischiefs, which seemeth wide open to receive the desperate? Where think you to find pleasure out of God, from whom all pleasures are? I am not hydeous nor barren, as your thoughts, O* Augustine, *do figure me: I am the mother of holy delights, ever fruitfull by the visitations of God. My joys are gardens, which never wither, since they perpetually are watered with immortal graces. Ask those children, those maids, those men and women. Behold of all ages, and all conditions: Ask them, if they ever found any bitterness in my conversation. You turmoil your self upon the frailties of flesh; how simple are you? why cannot you do what such and such have done, who have waxed old in virginitie? Think you they have other flesh, bloud, and other qualities than you? You equal them in all, except in a strong resolution to be a slave no longer. Imagine you that all this they do is by their own power? God gives them the will, God grants the power, God affords them the accomplishment. Child of diffidence, why do you still handle your infirmities? Cleave to God, as doth the ivie to the wall, and fear not that ever he will bereave you of his support, if you to him remain faithfull.*

He entertained his mind with such cogitations, and it seemed unto him this consideration at that instant drew all his misery, as from an abyss, to represent it before his eyes. Then was it when the secret attraction, which consisteth in the particular touch of the Holy Ghost, did manifestly appear. Behold the prophesie of *David* accomplished: *Behold the God of Majestie who thundereth. Behold the voice of God on the waters, and on the great waters, since it forceth tears to issue out in abundance. Behold the voice of God, which cometh with a strong hand, since it over-beareth all resistance. Behold the voice of God, which cometh with magnificence, since it operateth so glorious a conversion. Behold the voice of God, which breaketh the Cedars of* Libanus, *since it overthroweth all the pride of the world. Behold the voice of God, which divides the flames since it scattereth the fires of concupiscence. Behold the voice of God, which shaketh the desert, since it removeth from the bottom to the top the sterilities of this desolate soul. Behold the voice of God, which prepareth the Hind for her deliverance, since it removes all the obstacles.*

Psal. 28. *Vox Domini super aquas, Deus majestatis intonuit: vox Domini super aquas multas.*

He was near his *Alipius*, who expected the issue of these agitations of mind, and suddenly behold he felt in his heart a tempest raised, which in it contained fire and water, and seeing the cloud began now to be divided with the ardent sighs and fountains of tears, which he poured forth, he left *Alipius* the Secretary of all his thoughts, to engulf himself further into retirement, and give free rains to his passion. He threw himself under a fig-tree, which *Isidorus* of *Pelusium* holds to have been the tree of the first unhappiness of the world, so, as if to wipe away this stain, it had then been the beginning of his happiness. There he made rivers run from his eyes, which were wasted with his heart in a noble sacrifice of love, and seemed willing to wash the victim with the waters of *Libanus*, before they were burnt in the fire of *Sion*.

Thereupon he cried out with redoubled sighs: *My God, how long? My God, how long? No longer remember the sins of my foolish youth, but treat with me according to the greatness of thy mercies. Shall we yet say, to morrow, to morrow? And why not to day? And wherefore is it not time to give end to a life so exorbitant? I am troublesom to my self, nor can I any longer endure my self. Must I ever be to Heaven an object of vengeance, and to earth an unprofitable burden? My God, how long? My God, how long?* Speaking this with an abundance of brinish tears, he heard a voice sweet and harmonious, which said these words as it were singing: *Take and read*, often repeating them. Admiration stopped the flood of tears, and he began to examine in himself, whether such a voice could come from any neighbour-place by some ordinary means. All which well weighed, he found it could not be humane, but that God by this voice instructed him what he was to do. He went from this place thither where he left S. *Pauls* Epistles with his friend *Alipius*, imagining, that as S. *Anthonie* had been converted by the reading of one word in the Gospel, on which he casually happened, God might likewise work somewhat in his soul by the words of his Apostle. He openeth the book with a holy horrour, and the first sentence he encountered, was that which said: *It was time to live no longer in good cheer, feasts, and the drunkenness of the world. That it was time to live no longer in unchast beds, quarrels, vanities, and emulations, but that we must be clothed with* Jesus Christ, *as with a robe of glory, no more obeying the flesh, nor the concupiscence of the heart.*

Rom. 13. *Non in commessationibus & ebrietatibus, non in cubilibus & impudicitiis, non in contentione & æmulatione, sed induimini Dominum* Jesum Christum *& carnis providentiam ne feceritis in concupiscentiis vestris.*

There was no need to read any further. Behold in an instant the ray of God, which did directly beat upon his heart, and opened to him a delicious serenitie. Behold him throughly resolved. He sheweth this passage to his faithfull *Alipius*, as the decisive sentence of a long process, which he had with sensuality. And *Alipius* casting his eyes upon the subsequent words, found: (a) *Receive him who is weak in faith.* Behold me (said he) If you determine to forsake the world, take me for your companion. They rose and went both to the good S. *Monica*: *Mother* (saith *Augustine*) *you shall not need to take the pains to find me out a wife. Behold me a Catholick, and which is more, resolved to leave the world, to live in continency. The resolution is made, and concluded with God, there is no means at all to retire.* Had not God withheld the soul of this holy widdow of *Naim*, it was already upon her lips to flie out for joy, beholding this dead son, this son of so many tears, to come unexpectedly out of his tomb, and present himself before her eyes with a splendour of incomparable light. She made bon-fires of joy in her heart, and triumphed with celestial alacritie, blessing God, who had stretched out the power of his arm on this conversion, and who by the bounty of a true father, had surmounted the vows of an afflicted mother.

(a) Rom. 14. *Infirmum autem in fide recipite.*

Augustine in the mean while thought sweetly to begin his retreat from the Rhetorick Lectures wherein he was engaged. There yet remained but twenty days to the time of vacation, which had the continuance of twenty years, to a man, who then entertained far other affections: notwithstanding, through great wisdom and modesty, he would not break with exteriour pomp, by publishing a change of life in the Citie of *Milan*, but suffered the time to steal away with little noise. When the term expired, he quietly discharged himself thereof, and likewise freed himself from the importunity of fathers, who passionately sought him to be Tutour to their children for his great capacity, he alledging for his excuse, that the exercise of the School had brought a difficulty of breathing, and an indisposition of the breast upon him, which threatened him with a ptysick, if he desisted not. This was very true, but yet not the principal point of his resolution. Behold how this great man avoided the occasions of ostentation, and the divers interpretations he might make to himself for a gloss of actions: and although God (as he said) had put into his heart flaming darts, and juniper-coals against slanderous tongues, he chose rather to take away occasion of calumny, than to see himself put upon the necessity of defending himself; very far different therein from the nature of those, who make great flourishes, to end them in nothing.

After he was discharged from his profession of Rhetorick, he retired himself into the Grange of *Verecundus*, where he stayed a long time, as yet a Catachumen, leading a most Angelical life, spent wholly in prayer, and the study of holy letters. From thence he wrote to S. *Ambrose* of the errours of his passed life, and the estate wherein he presently was by the grace of God, as also of the aid he had contributed to his conversion, demanding besides what book he should read, the better to prepare himself for the grace of Baptism. S. *Ambrose* certified him of the contentment he took in this so particular visitation of God, and advised him to read the Prophet *Isaiah*; but he seeing he could not yet understand it, did defer it till another time, wherein he might be better practised in holy Scriptures.

In the end, the day so many times desired being come, wherein he was to be born anew by Baptism, it being in the thirty fourth year of his age (as Cardinal *Baronius* accounteth it) he went from the Grange of *Verecundus* to the Citie of *Milan*, where he was christened by the hand of Saint *Ambrose*, and had for companion of his Baptism his faithful friend *Alipius*, and his onely son *Adeodatus*, at that time about fifteen years of age; so prodigious a wit, that his father could not think upon it without astonishment. *I had nothing therein* (saith he) *my God, but sin; the rest is from you, who so well know how to reform our deformities.* But all was there admirable, for at the age between fifteen and sixteen years, he already surpassed many great and learned men. He also verified the saying of Sages, affirming, these such sparkling wits are not for any long continuance upon earth, for he died some years after his return into *Africk*, leaving a repose in the father, who already apprehended the course of this youth: and although he grieved to see him taken away in the flower of his age, yet on the other side he was much comforted in the innocency of his life, & hope of his immortality, knowing it was the will of the gardener, who had gathered the fruit according to his good pleasure, to lay it up in store. After this baptism, there were nothing but hymns, songs, lights of eternal verities, thanksgiving, and tears of joy.

S. *Ambrose* baptized S. *Augustine.*

Horrori mihi erat ipsud ingenium.

Ingenium nimis maturè magnum non est vitale.

This done, he must take the way of *Africa*, and they were now arrived to the port of *Ostia*, expecting the opportunity of navigation, when the holy and venerable mother, *Monica*, of fifty six years of age, and worn with many labours, rendered to nature her tribute, and soul to its Creatour.

The death of S. *Monica.*

This

This admirable woman resembleth the Ark in the deluge, which after it had born the whole world in the bowels thereof, amongst so many storms and fatal convulsions of universal nature, reposed on the mountains of *Armenia*: So S. *Monica*, when she so long time had carried in her entrails and heart a spirit as great as this universe, among so many tears and dolours, so soon as she was delivered of this painful burden, went to take her rest on the mountains of *Sion*. A little before her death, beholding Heaven from a high window, which opened on a garden, she seemed there already to mark out her lodging, so much she witnessed resentment and extasie towards her son *Augustine*, who at that time made this admirable colloquie with her, couched by him afterward in his Confessions. The conclusion was, that she said unto him: *My son, I have now no more obligations to the world, you have discharged all the promises of Heaven to me, and I have consummated all the hopes I might have on earth, seeing you a Catholick, and which is more, resolved to perfection of the life you have embraced. When it shall please God to call me, I am like fruit ripe and falling, that holdeth on nothing.*

Soon after she betook her to her bed, being surprized with a feaver, which she presently felt to be the messenger of her last hour. Behold the cause why she being fortified with arms and assistances necessary for this combat, took leave of *Augustine* and his brother there present, affectionately entreating them to remember her soul at the Altar, onely meditating on Heaven, and neglecting the thought of the land of *Africa*, which she had seemed at other times to desire for the sepulcher of her body.

And as her other son said unto her: *Madame, my mother, we as yet are not there, we hope to close your eyes in our own countrey, and burie you in the tomb of your husband*; this holy woman seeing this man would still tie her to the present life, and divert her from cogitation of death, which to her was most sweet, beheld him with a severe eye, and then turning her self towards her son *Augustine*, *Hearken* (saith she) *what he saith; as if we absent from* Africa, *must needs be further from God.* She often cast her dying eyes towards this son, who was her precious conquest, and who in her sickness served her with most particular assistances, affirming, that *Augustine* had ever been a good son towards her, and though he had cost her many sorrows, he never had forgotten the respect due to a mother.

Verily there was a great sympathie between the soul of such a mother and such a son, which was infinitely augmented after this happy conversion, and therefore we must give to nature that which belongs to it. The child *Adeodatus*, seeing his Grand-mother in the last agony, as possessing the affections of his father, threw out pitifull out-cries, in which he could not be pacified. And S. *Augustine*, who endeavoured to comfort them all upon so happy a death, withheld his tears for a time by violence, but needs must he in the end give passage to plaints so reasonable. The Saint died as a Phenix among Palms, and they having rendered the last duties to her, pursued the way begun directly for *Africk*.

(b) *Aug. contra Julianum Pelagianum. l. 1. c. 6.* *Excellens Dei dispensator, quem veneror ut patrem, in Christo enim Jesu per Evangelium ipse me genuit, & eo Christi ministerio lavacrum Regenerationis accepi.*

Behold how the conversion of S. *Augustine* passed, and though many cooperated therein, yet next unto God, S. *Ambrose* hath ever been reputed the principal Agent; and for that cause his great disciple said of him: (b) Ambrose *is the excellent steward of the great father of the family, whom I reverence as my true father, for he hath begotten me in* Jesus Christ *by the vertue of the Gospel, and God hath been pleased to make use of his service to regenerate me by Baptism.* Whilest stars and elements shall continue, it will be an immortal glory to the Bishop *Ambrose* to have given the Church a S. *Augustine*, of whom *Volusianus* spake one word worth a thousand: (c) Augustine *is a man capable of all the glorie of the world. There is much difference between him and other Bishops. The ignorance of one Church-man alone, prejudiceth not Religion, but when we come to Bishop* Augustine, *if he be ignorant of any thing, it is not be, but the law which is defective, because this man is as knowing as the law it self.*

(c) Volusian. Epist. 2. *Vir est totius gloriæ capax* Augustinus. *In aliis sacerdotibus absque detrimento cultus divini toleratur inscitia: at cum ad Antistitem* Augustinum *venitur, Legi deest, quicquid ab eo contigerit ignorari.*

The eleventh SECTION.

The affairs of S. Ambrose *with the Emperours* Valentinian *the father, and* Gratian *the son.*

LEt us leave the particulars of the life of S. *Ambrose*, to pursue our principal design, which is to represent it in the great and couragious actions he enterprized with the Monarchs of the world. Let us not behold this Eagle beating his wings in the lower region of the ayr, but consider him among lightenings, tempests, and whirl-winds; how he plays with thunder-claps, and ever hath his eye where the day breaketh.

The state of Christianitie stood then in need of a brave Prelate to establish it in the Court of Great-ones. The memory of *Julian* the Apostata, who endeavoured with all his power to restore Idols, was yet very fresh, it being not above ten years past since he died, and yet lived in the minds of many Pagans of eminent quality, who had strong desires to pursue his purpose. On the other side the *Arians*, who saw themselves so mightily supported by the Emperour *Constans*, made a great party, and incessantly embroyled the affairs of Religion. *Jovinian*, a most Catholick Emperour, who succeeded *Julian*, passed away as a lightening, in a reign of seven moneths. After him *Valentinian* swayed the Empire, who had in truth good relishes of Religion, but withal a warlick spirit, and who to entertain himself in so great a diversitie of humours and sects, whereon he saw this Empire to be built, much propended to petty accommodations, which for some time appeased the evil, but took not away the root. He made associate of the Empire his brother *Valens*, who being a very good Catholick in the beginning of his reign, suffered himself to be deceived by an *Arian* woman, and did afterward exercise black cruelties against the faithfull, till such time as defeated by the *Goths*, and wounded in an encounter, he was burnt alive by his enemies in a shepherds cottage, whereunto he was retired; so rendering up his soul in the bloud and flames wherewith he had filled the Church of God.

The state of Christendom.

The association of this wicked brother, caused much disorder in the affairs of Christendom, and often slackened the good resolutions of *Valentinian* by coldness and tollerations, which were rather esteemed the feaver of times, than men.

S. *Ambrose* entered into charge, as is most probably thought, about the end of the reign of this *Valentinian*, and had not much occasion to intermedle with him; yet from his entrance sheweth he would become a Lion. For seeing in the State some practises in Magistrates, which turned to the prejudice of the Church, he with much freedom and generosity complained to the Emperour; and though this Prince was one of the most absolute who had swayed the Scepter, he was no whit offended, but answered to S. *Ambrose*: *It is a long time I have foreseen your nature, and the libertie you would use when a Myter was set on your head. Yet notwithstanding did I never oppose your election, and though I might exercise the resistance which the laws allow me, without any other authoritie, yet I gave my consent, for the desire I have to behold a stout man in this charge. Do what the laws of God appoint you, the times are sick, and need a good Physitian.* Theod. lib. 4. cap. 6.

The death of *Valentinian* the father.

This ſo favourable beginning promiſed good effects for the future. But this Prince lived not long after: for, having reigned about twelve years in a very harſh manner, he being haughty, and exceſſively cholerick, it happened that hearing one day the Deputies of a Province in *Bohemia*, who excuſed themſelves upon certain incurſions and roberies imputed unto them, he entered into ſo violent and thundering diſtempers, that they laid him on the bed of death; for, from the Councel-table he at that inſtant was carried into his chamber. The veins of his body ſhrunk up, his ſpeech ſtopped, his members were turmoiled with horrible convulſions, and his face ſpread all over with purple ſpots. In concluſion, he was waſted with fervours of anger, more dãgerous than the dog-ſtar, which in few hours took him hence, who under the ſword of the *Roman* Empire had made ſo many Armies of Barbarians to tremble, to teach us we have no greater enemies than our ſelves.

Valentinian left two ſons, the one by his firſt wife *Severa*, which was *Gratian*: The other by *Juſtina*, which was *Valentinian* the Younger. Let us ſee how S. *Ambroſe* treated with them both.

The holy Biſhop, who had already exerciſed ſo much authority over the father, retained it on the ſons with ſo much the more priviledge, as their age and the neceſſity of the affairs of the Church required. *Valentinian* ſome years before his death, foreſeeing as it were what would happen, declared his eldeſt ſon *Gratian* Succeſſour of his Empire, and from that time aſſociated him to his dignity. As he was a Prince very awfull, and who among his ſharp proceedings, ſpared not to mingle many ſweet attractives when he undertook an affair, ſo he made himſelf appear in his latter days as a ſetting Sun in his Royal Throne, and having made a moſt ſpecious Oration to all his Captains and ſouldiers there then about him, flattering, and calling them companions by way of Court-ſhip, he exhibited many large demonſtrations of amity to them: then taking his little ſon *Gratian* by the hand, clad in an Imperial robe, being then of fourteen or fifteen years of age, he told them, that this was his Heir, whom they were one day to have for companion, and who ſhould with them tread under-foot the powers oppoſed againſt the *Roman* Empire: adding, he ſhould equal his father in valour and in affection, due to their good ſervices, but ſurpaſs him in ſweetneſs, having been made happy with a better education than himſelf. This young youth (as ſaith his hiſtory) was beautifull as a ſtar, for his eyes ſparkled like two lightening-flaſhes, his face very amiable, and complexion mingled with white and red. When the ſouldiers beheld him in this habit, they began ſoftly to ſtrike their targets, and at that inſtant the trumpets ſounded with a thouſand acclamations to ſalute him.

Gratian the ſon of *Valentinian*.

This action was the cauſe that the ſudden death of his father, made him inſtantly Emperour with his uncle *Valens*, who yet lived, when for a ſingular tryal of friendſhip, he divided his dignity with his brother, the little *Valentinian*, who was not yet above five or ſix years old, being then left an orphan under the charge of his mother *Juſtina*. Afterward the great neceſſities of the Empire, made them likewiſe aſſociate *Theodoſius* to the Crown, one of their fathers chiefeſt Captains.

The young *Gratian*, who was endowed with an excellent diſpoſition, preſently put himſelf under the wings of Saint *Ambroſe*, to direct him in affairs of his ſalvation and conſcience, which he eſteemed the moſt important of all might concern him. Our great Prelate entered ſo far into his ſoul, that living and dying, nothing was ſo ſweet nor familiar in his mouth, as the name of Biſhop *Ambroſe*. And well to diſcover the apprehenſions of this fair ſoul, and the eaſie enterance it gave to all the forms of virtue propoſed by this great Saint, you muſt obſerve, even in the judgement of Pagan Hiſtorians, who never graced him above his merit, that he was the moſt accompliſhed Prince for his age, which ever bare the Diadem of *Cæſars*. And if a life ſo precious could have been redeemed with the bloud and tears of the faithfull, it had repleniſhed the Church with ſanctity, the Empire with glory, and the whole world with wonders.

The beauty of body which he enjoyed, contained a ſpirit wholly celeſtial enchaſed therein, for it was full of generous vivacity; and as fire out of his ſphere ſeeketh its nouriſhment in the conqueſts thereof, ſo he lived by ſciences and lights, that they became tributary by his judgement and travel, as well as men by his arms. He laboured much in the matter of eloquence, ſeeing it was then a ſtudy as it were abſolutely neceſſary for Emperours, to reign over people, and that words were the cement, which united wills and arms for the ſafety of the publick. By good chance he had *Auſonius* for Maſter, eſteemed even in the judgement of *Symmachus*, the moſt able man of his time; moſt happy Maſter of an excellent ſcholar, who made him change the ſchool of Rhetorick, for the purple of Conſul-ſhip. *Gratian* was naturally eloquent, nor was it hard to manure ſo generous a nature. When he pronounced ſome Oration, he had early in his young years, the majeſty of his father, conjoyned with an admirable modeſty, and a little acrimony, which gave an edge to his actions. The ordering and inflection of his voice, were rarely proportioned: He ſeemed eloquent in pleaſing arguments; grave, in ſerious; polite, in laborious, and when the ſubject required fervour and invective, his mouth ſpake tempeſts. This enforced no diminution upon his military exerciſes, wherein he was infinitely dexterous; whether he were to run, wraſtle, or leap, according to the cuſtom of the *Roman* ſouldiers, his agility made the world wonder; or whether he were to manage a horſe, or handle arms, the Maſters who had trained him up, confeſſed he had dainty paſſages, inimitable for any practice. The Pagans, who would blame him for diverſity of Religion, have never ſaid ought elſe of him, but that he was to good an Archer, and over-fervent in hunting of wild beaſts. That notwithſtanding, ſet him in the eſtimation of warlike men, and as he was ſingularly affable and liberal, ſo was there nothing to be found in the world more charming than his nature.

Excellent qualities of the Emperour *Gratian*.

Saint *Ambroſe*, having underſtood his ſpirit, much affected him, and endeavoured to joyn the moſt ſolid virtues to ſo many fair natural parts; and above all, perceiving that among ſo many Pagans and Arians, who ſtretched out their ſnares on every ſide to ſurprize him, it was neceſſary to prevent them, he laid in his Royal ſoul deep foundations of faith, and moſt chaſte grounds of Religion, to which *Gratian* ſhewed himſelf from the beginning much enclined. There is alſo a letter found, written in his proper ſtile, and with his own hand, where when he had heard the learned inſtructions of his Prelate, he demands them in writing, and becauſe it is an excellent monument of his ſpirit and Religion, I will here inſert it.

The

The Emperour GRATIAN, *to* Ambroſe *the Religious Biſhop of God Omnipotent.*

Apud *Ambroſ.* in præfat. l. de fide.

I Have a vehement deſire to ſee my ſelf united to you by corporal preſence, as I ever have you in my memorie, and as I cohabit with you in the better part of my ſelf, which is the ſoul. I beſeech you (moſt holy and Religious Biſhop of the living God) haſten unto me, to teach me what I believe before I have ſufficiently learned. For it is not my purpoſe to argue upon matter of faith, better loving to lodge God in my heart, than conclude him in my words. My deſire onely is to open my ſoul at large to the Divinitie, to receive its lights the more abundantly. God will inſtruct me, if it ſhall pleaſe him, by your words, ſince I confeſs and reverence his moſt Sacred Majeſtie, well obſerving not to call Jeſus Chriſt *a creature, or to meaſure him by the weakneſs which I acknowledge in mine own perſon: but rather I avow our Saviour to be ſo great, that our thoughts, which are almoſt infinite, can adde nothing thereunto. For if the Divinitie of the Son could increaſe, I would dilate my ſelf in it for augmentation of his praiſes, ſuppoſing I could not better gain the gracious favour of the Celeſtial Father, than in glorifying the Son Eternal. But as I fear no jealouſie on Gods ſide, ſo for my part I make no account to eſteem my ſelf ſo great an Oratour, that thereby it may be in my power to adde any thing to the glory of the Divinitie by my words. I acknowledge my ſelf to be infirm and frail, I praiſe God proportionably to my forces, and not anſwerably to the meaſure of his greatneſs. As for the reſt, I beſeech you to afford me the Treatiſe of faith, of which you heretofore gave me a taſt, adding thereunto the Diſputation of the Holy Ghoſt, in ſuch ſort, that you prove his Divinitie by the Scripture and reaſon. Hereupon I pray God (dear Father, and true ſervant of God, whom I adore) that he many years preſerve you in ſafetie.*

Excellent faith and modeſtie of the Emperour.

This Letter, he that will conſider it, ſhall find to be full of much ſenſe; and verily Saint *Ambroſe* was ſo raviſhed herewith, that he confeſſeth never to have ſeen nor read at that time the like. This good Emperour (ſaith he) wrote to him with his own hand, as *Abraham*, who himſelf prepared the dinner for his gueſts, not giving commiſſion thereof to his own ſervants. He wrote holy words unto him, as if he had an ear in Heaven; and which is more remarkeable, it was in a time when he was upon the point of a journey to reſiſt *Barbarians*, and therefore he purpoſely took the arms of faith from this great Biſhop. For obſerve, this young eaglet from the ſecond year of his Empire found buſineſs enough For *Athanaricus* King of the *Goths*, entered into *Thracia* with a formidable Army: and as *Gratian* amaſſed together all his Eaſtern troups to make head againſt him, the *Barbarians* imagining with themſelves that the Weſtern Empire was unfurniſhed, fell upon the *Gauls*, whither the Emperour went with admirable expedition to ſuccour them, and it was at the time when he wrote this letter, and moſt particularly recommended himſelf to Saint *Ambroſe*, taking the ſtandard of faith from him, to bear it in the front of his flouriſhing Legions. This was not without very notable ſucceſs: for by relation of *Ammianus Marcellinus*, he bare himſelf moſt valiantly in this journey, although very young, undergoing toyls, and ever appearing in the head of the army to encourage the ſouldiers by his preſence, which ſo enkindled them, that they reſolved to confront the enemy, as ſoon as might be, and defeated them at *Straſbourg*, with ſo horrible a ſlaughter, that of ſeventy thouſand *Barbarians*, threeſcore and five thouſand covered the field with their maſſacred bodies, leaving young *Gratian* to make a harveſt in the chief field of *Mars*, moiſtened with the palms of his own ſweats, but above all, bleſſed by the prayers of great S. *Ambroſe*. As the Emperour returned from this conqueſt, he received letters from the holy Prelate, where among other things, excuſing himſelf that he had not accompanied him, he ſaith:

Genes. 18.

Triumphant victory.

It is not the want of affection, Moſt Chriſtian Emperour (for what title can I give you either more true or more glorious?) It is not, I ſay, the want of affection hath abſented me from your perſon, but modeſtie joyned to the decorum of my profeſſion; yet at your return I preſent my ſelf before you, if not with bodily ſteps, at the leaſt with the whole affections of my heart, and all the vows, wherewith I could charge the Altars; and in this, the dutie of a Biſhop principally conſiſteth. But it is miſtaken to ſay, that I came before you, as if I had been ſeparated from you, having perpetually attended you in mind, marching along with you in your thoughts, heart, and good favour, which is the moſt noble preſence I can deſire. I meaſured your journeys, I went along with your Armie, I was in your camp day and night, with all my cogitations, and with all my cares; I ſtood centinel with my prayers, and thoſe of my Clergie, at your Imperial Pavillion. How much I was little in merit, ſo much the more did I raiſe my ſelf in diligence and aſſiduitie. And rendering this dutie for you, I did it for the whole Church: herein do I uſe no flatterie, for you love it not, and well know it to be far from my nature, and the place which I hold, but God is a witneſs with us both, how much you have comforted my heart by the ſinceritie of your faith, to whom he hath afforded ſuch proſperitie, and ſo much glorie. I ow this acknowledgement both to the publick and your particular amitie: for you have granted me the repoſe of my Church, you have ſtopped the mouthes of the perfidious (and by my good will I wiſh you had as well ſhut up their hearts) and this have you done with marvellous authoritie, fortitude, and faith.

Affectionate words of S. *Ambroſe* to the young Emperour.

The holy Emperour ceaſed not afterward to oblige the Church in all occaſions, by the favour of his Edicts, and ſhewed himſelf ſo openly zealous, that even he, firſt of all the Emperours merited the title of *Moſt Chriſtian*, given afterward to our Kings. His Predeceſſours who profeſſed Chriſtianity, ever ſuffered their reputation to be diſhonoured with many blemiſhes, which much weakened the worth of their actions; but *Gratian* was the moſt royal and ſincere of them all; for he ſo little complied with the Gentiles, that their Prieſts coming together to offer him the title and habit of Great Pontife, which all the Chriſtian Emperours had yet for ceremony and reaſon of State, retained, this good Prince confidently refuſed it by the counſel of Saint *Ambroſe*; and although the Gentiles were ſo much moved, they could not abſtain from words of menace, he contemned all humane reſpects, where the glory of God was intereſſed. As for the reſt, to conſider further the energy of the diſcretion of this holy Biſhop, it is to be noted that the faith of *Gratian*, his tender plant, was not a languiſhing and idle faith, but much employed in the exerciſe of good works, which *Auſonius*, a worldly man, could not ſufficiently admire in his ſchollar, well ſeeing he knew much more than his Maſter.

Zeal and virtue of *Gratian* by the direction of holy S. *Ambroſe*,

He who obſerved the moſt particular actions of the life of this Emperour, hath left in writing, that from the time of his childhood, never did he let any day paſs, without praying to God moſt devoutly, daily rendering ſome vow to Altars; and that thoſe who knew his moſt ſecret thoughts, gave aſſurance he lived in unſpeakable purity of heart, and moreover, he was very ſober and abſtinent in his ordinary courſe of life: and for as much as toucheth and concerneth chaſtity, it might well be ſaid, that the Altar of *Veſtal* Virgins, where perpetually burned a ſacred fire which purged all, was not more holy than the chamber of *Gratian*, nor the couches prepared in

Singular qualities of a young Prince

the Temple for ceremonies, more chaſte than his Imperial bed. He had the heart of a mother towards his poor ſubjects, and the beginning of his Empire was conſecrated by the comfort of the people, for whom he much ſweetened the taxes and ſubſidies, freely cutting off what was due to his own coffers; and to take away all cauſe of enquiry in time to come upon that which he liberally had granted, he commanded through all Cities, papers, and obligations of publick debts to be burnt. Never bon-fire more clearly blazed than the ſame; not a creature complained the ſmoak hurt his eyes. Every one praiſed the Emperour, beholding, that as his benefits were not frail and tranſitory, ſo the evils he took away, were never to return.

Admirable charity in an Emperour.

How could he but do well for the publick, ſeeing he was moſt liberal towards particulars? He was not contented to viſite the ſick, but himſelf led Phyſitians along with him thither, cauſing them to miniſter at his charge, and in his own preſence, that which was neceſſary for their recovery. He was ſeen after the defeat of the *Barbarians* which I ſpake of, to run into the Tents of his ſouldiers to enquire the number of the hurt, and himſelf with his own victorious hands to touch the wounds, and cauſe them inſtantly to be dreſt, haſtening and encouraging the ſurgeons. And if any poor ſouldier through diſtaſt refuſed to take broath, he would ſit down by him, and charm him with ſuch ſweetneſs of words, till he obtained of him that which conduced to his health. He ceaſed not to comfort the moſt afflicted, to congratulate with the moſt happy, to enquire into the neceſſities of all the world, even to the making the packs of a poor ſubject to be carried by his own mules: and all this did he indefatigably with ſingular promptneſs and alacrity, void of oſtentation, giving all, and reproching no man.

Behold the fruits of the good education of S. *Ambroſe*, which well ſheweth, that in making a good man of a great Prince, the whole world is obliged.

The twelfth SECTION.

The death of the Emperour Gratian, *and the afflictions of S.* Ambroſe.

BUt alas! Eternal God, who art elder than the beginning of time, and more durable than the end of Ages, muſt great gifts be ſo freely given to the world to become ſo ſhort? My pen abhorreth to paſs beyond the bloud of this poor Prince, in whom the earth had nothing to wiſh but immortality. Behold what a wound it is for the Empire, what ſorrow in the Church, and a touch-ſtone to the virtue of S. *Ambroſe*.

Gratian, after the death of his father, had reigned about ſeven years, when behold a monſter ſtarted up in *England*, to diſpoſſeſs its natural Prince, and caſt fire and confuſion into the Empire. It was *Maximus*, who according to the relation of *Zoſimus*, was a *Spaniard* by Nation, companion of the great *Theodoſius*, and Captain of the Roman troups, which were then in great *Britain*.

Maximus rebelleth againſt his Prince, and his wicked diſpoſition.

This wicked man, vexed to the quick that the Emperour *Gratian* had aſſociated *Theodoſius* in the Empire, without ever mentioning himſelf at all, reſolved to enter into the Throne by tyranny, ſince he could not arrive thither by any merit. Never Tyrant uſed more induſtrie to cover his ambition than did this man: Never hath any ſought more ſupport from the diſſimulation of ſanctity and juſtice; yet I beſeech thoſe who make account by the like ways to bring their purpoſes to paſs, to learn by the ſucceſs of *Maximus*, that if the arm of God ſuſtain not an affair, the more exaltation it receiveth, the deeper ruins it findeth.

Maximus then, a ſon of the earth, who had nothing great in him but the deſire of reign, made himſelf ſometime an *Engliſh* man, other-while a *Spaniard*, ever leaning to that ſide, where he ſaw moſt ſupport for his affairs. As an *Engliſh* man, he laboured to have it thought he had ſome correſpondence of affinity with Saint *Helena* mother of great *Conſtantine*, and he was ſo impudent as to take the very name of that family, cauſing himſelf to be proudly called *Flavius Clemens Maximus*. As a *Spaniard*, he would be reputed the allye of *Theodoſius*, whom he ſaw to be powerfull in the affairs, and whoſe force he more feared, than loved his advancement. As for Religion, he well diſcovered by the effect that he had no other God but honour. Notwithſtanding like thoſe who provide oyl to burn in the lamps of Idols, as well as in that of the living God, he embraced all ſorts of Sects, making his arrows of every wood, ſo to hit the white of honour.

Deteſtable hypocriſie.

Verily, if there be any vice deſerving the execration of all mankind, it is that which diſtendeth ſnares over Altars, and which under colour of piety and zeal, entrappeth men, Cities, and Provinces, with a kind of theft, which ſeeketh to make it ſelf honourable under pretence of piety and Religion. This was very familiar with this bad man: for ſeeing many Pagans of quality, who bit the bridle, expecting the re-eſtabliſhment of Idols, he under-hand entertained them with very fair hopes. On the other ſide, he favoured the Synagogue of *Jews* in ſecret, ſuppoſing theſe men being loſt in Religion and conſcience, might one day ſerve his turn, though but to fill up ditches. But then beholding the Catholick Church in an eminent height, he openly courted it, and that with demonſtrations of reſpect and ſervice, which might ſeem to proceed from none but the moſt zealous.

Letters alſo of his were found written to the Emperour *Valentinian* the Second, where he made many declarations of the duty he owed to the Catholick Church, ſo compleat, that they ſeem much fitter for the mouth of a Biſhop, than of a Tyrant. He ſpeaketh of God like a Saint, ſaying: (*a*) Great heed muſt be taken not to contend with ones Maſter, and that ſins committed againſt Religion admit no excuſe. He talks of *Rome* (*b*) as a Pope, calling it in full voice, *The moſt Venerable, and Princeſs of Religion*. He ſeemed to ſweat bloud and water in defence of S. *Ambroſe*, whoſe virtue he infinitely feared, it being joyned to a liberty, which never accuſtomed to bow under tyranny. In another Epiſtle, where he writeth to Pope *Siricius*, he tells, how going from the Font of Baptiſm, he had been tranſported to the Imperial Throne, which being ignorant of the life of the children of God, he eſteemeth an incomparable favour from Heaven, and in recompence thereof promiſeth all ſervice to the Church of *Rome*, ſatisfying himſelf onely to execute that, which ſhould be commanded him, without any deſire to enter into the knowledge of the cauſe.

(*a*) *Periculoſè, mihi credè, divina tentantur: Inſanum, ut i error excuſabilis non ſit, ibi velle peccare.* Baron. an. 387. 35.

(*b*) *Roma Venerabilis, cui in hac parte Principitatus ſit.* Epiſt. ad Siricium cod. anno ſect. 65.

Moreover, if he ſaw any forlorn Hereticks, who were feeble in faction, and much out of favour, he ran upon them with all manner of violence, and then ſhewing ſpiders webs, of one ſide filled with little flies, and on the other ſide all broken by creatures of a larger ſize, he raiſeth mightie tropheyes, thinking ſo to piece out his fortune by the effuſion of contemptible bloud. In this manner he cauſed *Priſcillian*, and many other of his Sect to be put to death, who were Hereticks poſſeſſed with a black and melancholy devil; and ſuch as in truth, according to the laws both divine and humane, well deſerved puniſhment, but not according to the proceedings

ceedings were obſerved in their proceſs, much blamed by S. *Martin* and other wiſe Biſhops, who took notice of paſſions over-bloudy, even in the Eccleſiaſticks, that ſought after ſpoil.

Virtutibus vitia. ἐγχίδνες. *Ariſtot.* Origen. Baſil. *Albertus* in Paradiſo animæ, Prolog.

O God! it is verily one of the greateſt unhappineſſes of humane life, to ſay, that vices keep ſhop near to virtues, and often deceive the beſt experienced merchants with their artifices. That is moſt true which is ſpoken by *Albertus* the Great, Maſter of Saint *Thomas*: Severitie counterfeiteth juſtice: melancholy calleth it ſelf gravitie: babble ſtealeth into the name of affabilitie, as doth diſſolution paſs under colour of free mirth. The prodigal ſaith he is an honeſt man; the covetous, provident; the ſelf-conceited, conſtant; the craftie, prudent; curioſity borroweth the title of circumſpection; vain-glory, of generoſity; preſumption, of hope; carnal love, of charity; diſſimulation, of patience; puſillanimity, of mildneſs; indiſcreet zeal, of fervour in matter of Religion: and the worſt of all is, hypocriſie puts on the mask of ſanctity. Yet if with theſe ſemblances and borrowed faces, they onely deceived vulgar ſouls, it were ſomewhat tollerable; but it is a thing moſt deplorable, that the ſubtile, who have no other God but their own intereſts, by ſlight complacences and petty affectations of devotion, enſnare noble and Religious ſouls, who, meaſuring all by their own innocency, daily afford more ſupport to credulity. A little outward ſhew handſomly expreſt, raviſheth men with admiration, and cauſeth Altars to be raiſed to them, for whom God hath prepared gibbets. There are alſo many ſilly birds, who ſeeing the fowler with blear and running eyes, role a huge pair of beads in his hands, ſay, this is a holy man, and full of compaſſion: but the more judicious anſwer, We muſt not regard his eyes nor beads, but the bloud and rapine which is in his hands.

Pretext of devotion dãgerous.

A parable of the fowler.

Had *Maximus* been beheld upon this ſide, he had never deceived the world, but his plaiſtered devotions ſerved his turn to amuze eaſie natures, whileſt his ambitions cleft mountains to climb to the Throne of *Cæſars*. Pope *Siricius*, beguiled with the maſk of this falſe piety, gave demonſtration of much affection to him; and when he was declared Emperour, many Biſhops uſed with him at *Trier* ſundry complements, which too near approched to ſervitude. There was none at that time but our Saint *Martin*, who held a ſtrong power over this ſpirit: and the wily *Maximus*, who well foreſaw there was no reſiſtance to be uſed againſt a ſtroke of thunder, ſubmitted with all pliantneſs and poſtures, to draw this great Prelate to his amity. He, who heretofore made himſelf to be petitioned unto by the Biſhops, received the commandments of S. *Martin* as decrees, and endeavoured to yield him all ſatisfaction.

One deſire onely he fixed in his heart, which was ſome one time to invite this holy man to his table, to wipe away all the ill reputation of which the moſt judicious could not be ignorant: but S. *Martin* conſtantly refuſed it, until *Maximus* upon a time having made a thouſand proteſtations of the ſincerity of his intentions in that point, which concerned the uſurpation of the Empire, the man of God, whether perſwaded by reaſons, or mollified by ſo many prayers, went thither, and uſed there paſſages of generoſity, which you ſhall know.

Sulpitius in vitâ S. *Martini*. cap. 23.

In this banquet were preſent the falſe Emperour *Maximus*, with his brother, and his uncle, a Conſul, and two Counts. S. *Martin* for his honour was placed in the middle, near the perſon of *Maximus*, and when about the midſt of dinner, the cup-bearer preſented a goblet to his Maſter, he for a ſingular teſtimony of his affection, put it into the hands of the good Biſhop, ſeeming to have a holy ambition to drink therein after it was conſecrated by the touch of his lips: but S. *Martin* not uſing any other complement, when he had drunk, gave the cup to his Deacon, as eſteeming him the moſt worthy perſon of the feaſt next himſelf. *Maximus*, who infinitely ſeemed to be pleaſed therewith, although he inwardly felt himſelf gauled with this liberty, did ſo outwardly diſſemble it, that he cauſed S. *Martin* to be applauded through all his Court, proteſting that none but he was worthy the title of a Biſhop, and that he had done at the table of an Emperour, what the other Biſhops would never have acted in the houſe of a mean Judge. On the other ſide, the wife of *Maximus*, who already poſſeſſed the title of Empreſs, made her ſelf a *Magdalen* at the feet of Saint *Martin*; and although never woman touched this chaſte creature, he ſuffered her to exerciſe all ſort of ceremonies towards him, undergoing a thouſand troubles to rid himſelf of her importunities. This ſeemed not ſtrange in the age of threeſcore and ten, and in the reputation of ſanctity wherewith he had filled the world, that a woman ſhould kiſs his feet: but it was a thing very unuſual to behold a Princeſs, humbled in the duſt of the earth, to perform this office: She regarded neither purple, diadem, quality, nor Empire, ſhe had no eyes but for S. *Martin*, being blind to the reſt of the world.

After this firſt banquet, *Maximus* and the Ladie went to the Saint, and beſought him again to take a bad dinner, which the Empreſs would in private prepare for him with her own hands: and although he in the beginning refuſed, it was impoſſible for him to eſcape from theſe Saint-like invitations. For theſe are ſnares which catch eagles as well as ſparrows. Needs would the Queen do all offices in this ſecond feaſt: She played the cook, dreſſed the dining-room, laid the cloth, gave to the holy man water for his hands, was his cup-bearer, and waited on him all the time of his meal, ſtanding bolt upright as a ſervant, with her mind intentive on her office. Dinner being ended, ſhe did eat the ſcraps and remainder of the table, which ſhe preferred before all the Imperial delicacies. Verily, we may ſay women are violent in their affections, and, when once they go the right way, their virtues have no mean. I will not ſeek to penetrate the Ladies intentions, which I ſuppoſe were very good; but conſidering the proceedings of *Maximus*, there is great cauſe to think he endeavoured by his infinite courtſhip, to charm the nature of Saint *Martin*, which to him ſeemed ſomewhat harſh. Yet the great man, endowed with the ſpirit of propheſie, freely told all which ſhould befal him.

Behold ſome part of the diſpoſition of *Maximus*, which I was willing to preſent on paper, that it might appear of what condition they ordinarily are, who bear arms againſt the obedience due to Kings, who are the lively images of God. The Tyrant began a revolt in *England*, and from that time determined to eſtabliſh the Citie of *Trier* in *Germanie*, as the ſeat of his Empire, and thence to raiſe a pair of wings to flie above the clouds, which were *Italie* and *Spain*. He choſe for his Conſtable, a man very conſonant to his humour, and of great reſolution, who cauſed himſelf to be called the *Good man*, the better to colour the wickedneſs of his Maſter. With this bad Councellour he endeavoured to ſtir up the ſouldiers, and on every ſide drew the warlick troups to his party. The good Emperour *Gratian* ſpeedily armeth, to ſtiffle tyranny in the birth thereof, and in perſon goeth to encounter his adverſary. He had then very freſhly drawn good ſouldiers from the Kingdom of *Hungarie* to his aſſiſtance, of whom he made much account. Others ſeeing that he much eſteemed of them, were ſtung with jealouſie, and grew cold in their Maſters behalf. The poor Prince being on the point to wage battel, found him-

himſelf careleſly and traiterouſly abandoned by his legions, who daily ſtole away to increaſe the Army and ſtrength of *Maximus*.

This black and hydeous treaſon much amazed the Emperour, who complained, as the Eagle in the Emblem, that his own feathers gave him the ſtroke of death, ſeeing his ſouldiers, who ſhould have born him on their wings, delivered him to his enemy, through a neglect, which ſhall make the *Roman* hiſtory to bluſh eternally. So that ſeeing there was no ſafety for his perſon, he ſought to regain *Italie* as ſoon as poſſible, accompanied onely with a full troup of horſe, conſiſting of about three hundred men.

Maximus well diſcovered, that he would at any price whatſoever have the bloudy ſpoil of his Maſter: For he charged this *Good man* to purſue him with all violence, and not to deſiſt till the prey were in his clutches; which he did, taking horſes with him, who ran like a tempeſt, and could well endure any tedious travel. In the end, he met with the Emperour at *Lyons*, and fearing he might eſcape, bethought himſelf of a miſchievous ſtratagem. For he ſecretly cauſed the Emperour to be enformed, the Empreſs his wife was in danger of her perſon, if he ſtayed not ſome while to expect her, becauſe ſhe was reſolved to follow him, thinking no place capable of ſafety or conſolation where her husband was not.

This falſe report much ſoftened the heart of *Gratian*, who was as good a husband as an Emperour; he therefore reſolved to haſten to the Empreſs, though not without evident danger of his life. There is an unſpeakable power in the love of neighbours, which is the cauſe that birds and fiſhes are oft-times voluntarily caught with twigs and nets: not fearing to put their life in danger, where they ſee ſome part of themſelves to be. This Prince, who in the extreameſt diſaſters of his fortune, was full of courage, and flew every where like a flaſh of lightening, to give order to his affairs, at the news that the Empreſs was on her way to follow him, was much terrified; nor was there an object of peril which he framed not in his thoughts: Moments ſeemed days unto him, and days as Ages. A thouſand fantaſies of affrightment ſummoned his heart in his ſolitude. There was no living for him, if he beheld not his deareſt love in his arms. She was a Princeſs of much merit, daughter of the Emperour *Conſtantius*, born after the death of her father; whom *Gratian* faithfully loved, though he as yet had no iſſue by her.

Pitifull death of the Empe rour *Gratian.*

Socrat. lib. 5. cap. 11. *Zozom.* lib. 7. cap. 13.

The Tyrant underſtanding his game ſucceeded to his wiſh, made a litter to paſs along much like to that of the Empreſs, and diſpoſed his ambuſhes round about in the way. The Emperour perceiving it afar off, and ſuppoſing his wife *Conſtantia* was in it, ſpurs his horſe, and flyeth with thoſe wings which love and joy gave him, being at that time followed by few of his people. The murderers aſſailed and maſſacred him, but he ſtill ſhewing the courage of a Lion, bare himſelf bravely amongſt ſwords and halbards, leaving the mark of his hand all bloudy on a wall, as S. *Hierom* hath obſerved, and ever having on his lips the name of S. *Ambroſe*. His body, after the ſoul departed, was taken up to be preſented to *Maximus*, as the monument of a faithfull aſſaſſinate.

Cruentæ manus veſtigia, parietes tui Lugdune teſtantur. Hieron. ep. 3.

O God! who ſhall here be able to cleave a cloud, to read through ſo much darkneſs, and ſo many ſhadows, the ſecrets of your Providence? This poor *Abel* butchered by the hand of a *Cain*, with a cruelty ſo barbarous, a manner ſo perfidious, and a ſucceſs ſo deplorable! A Prince, who ſheltered the whole world under the valour of his arms, forſaken by the moſt truſty ſervants of his houſe! An Emperour moſt Religious, ſeparated by death from the aſſiſtances of Altars! A Monarch moſt juſt, given as a prey to injuſtice! One of the beſt Maſters of the earth ſlain by ſervile hands, and uſed like a beaſt among the halbards, and courtelaxes of his own ſervitours! So many rare qualities as were in him, leave nothing elſe to mortals, but the ſorrow to have loſt him.

A man, who deſerved to have lived Ages, torn from his Throne and life in his 28 year, after a reign ſo advantagious to the Church, and wiſhfull to all the world! O Providence! Muſt he paſs away, as the foam glideth on the face of the water? Muſt he be hayl-ſtrucken, as the Crown Imperial, the honour of a garden, in the height of his beauty? Muſt he wither, as lightening cauſeth pearls in their growth, leaving them in ſtead of a ſubſtance, nought elſe but a ſhell? O God! What bloud of *Abels* muſt be ſhed in all Ages, to teach us a leſſon, which telleth, the reward of our children conſiſteth not in the favour and proſperities of the world, but that ſeeing in ſuch innocency they are ſo roughly handled, your juſtice hath infallibly diſpoſed them for another life, where they live covered with the purple and glory of your Son, whoſe ſufferings they have imitated.

The poor *Conſtantia*, wife of *Gratian*, hearing this lamentable news, was ſeized with overwhelming ſorrow, and as ſoon as ſhe came to herſelf again, *Ah* Gratian (ſaith ſhe) *my Lord, and dear husband, I have then found an evil worſe than your death, which is, to have been the cauſe of the ſame. Muſt my name be ſo much abuſed? Muſt the love of a creature ſo caytive as I am, engage into danger a life ſo important as yours?*

I began my unhappineſs from the day of my birth, being born after the death of my father Conſtantius, *nature not permitting me to ſee him, who gave me life. That little age I have, hath not ceaſed to be turmoiled with many uncertainties, which enforce me to reap thorns in the fortune of* Cæſars, *where the world imagineth roſes. Yea, I avow (my moſt honoured Lord) that this accident hath outgone all my apprehenſions. For although I figured you mortal as a man, I could not ſuppoſe that he in whom all my charities and hopes ſurvived, ſhould be taken from me ſo ſuddenly, in a fortune ſo eminent, in an age ſo flouriſhing, with a death ſo unworthie of his goodneſs, not leaving me at the leaſt a ſon in my entrails to be born of me, as his mother; and which is worſe, that I inſtantly muſt (Oh my deareſt* Gratian, *the ſweeteſt amongſt all men living) redeem your bloudie bodie with the price of gold, from the hands of a wretched ſlave. My God, I confeſs I have no ſtrength to bear theſe calamities ſo violent, if you afford it not.*

Ambroſ. in Pſal. 61. *Meminit Gratiani, moriſſe magis eſſi peccati fuga, quàm morientis detrimentum.*

The news of this death, which flew like a fatal bird through all the world, transfixed the hearts of all good men. The little *Valentinian* reſented it beyond his age, ſeeing himſelf deprived of a brother, whom he ſo faithfully had loved. S. *Ambroſe*, though moſt couragious, felt himſelf as it were ſurprized with ſorrow and ſadneſs, not being able to unloſe his tongue to pronounce any funeral Oration. All the Court was infinitely affrighted, as if *Maximus* had already been at the gates of *Milan* to finiſh the cataſtrophe of the Tragedy. *Juſtina* the Empreſs, mother of young *Valentinian*, taking the care of affairs for her ſon in minority, inſtantly made her addreſs to S. *Ambroſe*, and beſought him to undertake an Embaſſage, and preſent himſelf before *Maximus*, ſo to divert the ſtream of his arms, which came to pour themſelves on *Italie*, and to demand the body of his pupil; humbly praying, not to neglect him dead, whom he alive had ſo faithfully ſerved.

The thirteenth SECTION.

The Embaſſage of S. Ambroſe.

OUr great Prelate couragiouſly undertook the buſineſs, fortifying his heart with aſſiſtances of Heaven,

Heaven, to treat with the murderer of his ſon, for one may well ſay, the love he bare to the dead, equalled that of fathers towards their children.

The acts of his firſt Embaſſage are loſt, although the effect hath been ſufficiently publiſhed. Which was the diverſion of the arms of *Maximus*, ſo much feared by the Empreſs *Juſtina*. But as for the Emperours body, it was impoſſible to gain it from him: for *Maximus* ſaid, he with-held it upon a point of State, well knowing this ſpectacle would have no other effect, but to exaſperate the memory of what was paſt, and that the ſouldiers through fury might revenge the dead body, much aſhamed they had betrayed their living Emperour.

This wicked man inſatiable in his deſires, and perfidious in his promiſes, ſoon repented to have ſigned the peace, complaining that *Ambroſe* had with his fair words caſt him into a ſleep; he was full of impetuous paſſions, and inceſſantly threatned to paſs into *Italie*, nor ſhould any thing hereafter hinder his intentions, which made S. *Ambroſe* enterprize a ſecond Embaſſage, at the ſollicitation of the Empreſs *Juſtina*, of whom we have a moſt faithfull narration from the pen of the Saint himſelf, in an Epiſtle which he wrote to the Emperour *Valentinian*, to yield him an account of his Commiſſion. There he relateth, how being arrived in the Citie of *Trier*, where *Maximus* had placed his Throne, that he the next morning went to the Palace to ſpeak to him in private. The treacherous man, who with ſo many Legions could not endure the counterbuff of truth, delivered by a Biſhop, thinking to ſilence him, ſent one of the gentlemen of his chamber, to demand if he had any letters from *Valentinian* to deliver him, if ſo, he ſhould receive anſwer, but that he might not ſpeak to the Emperour himſelf, but in full Councel. S. *Ambroſe* replieth, that was not the audience, which is uſually given to perſons of his quality; that he had moſt important affairs to handle, which might better be privately expreſſed in his cabinet, than at the Councel-table. He prayed the gentleman of his chamber, to let him know this his requeſt, which indeed was moſt civil. He did ſo, but brought back no other anſwer, but that he ſhould be heard in Councel. The good Biſhop ſaid, that was ſomewhat too far from his profeſſion; but he notwithſtanding, would omit nothing of his duty, preferring the memory of the dead, and the affairs of his living Prince, before all the intereſts of his own perſon.

Majeſtie of S. *Ambroſe.*

He came then to the Councel-table, where *Maximus* ſate on his Throne, who ſeeing S. *Ambroſe*, roſe up to give him the kiſs, according to the cuſtom of that Age: but the Biſhop taking place among the Counſellours, who very honourably invited him to ſit uppermoſt, freely ſaid to Maximus: *I wonder how you offer the kiſs of peace to a man of whom you are ignorant, for were I well known in the rank I hold, you ſhould not ſee me here.* Maximus amazed at this liberty, could not ſay ought elſe, but, *Biſhop you are in choller.* S. *Ambroſe* replieth: *I have more ſhame than anger in me, to ſee my ſelf in a place where I ſhould not be. Notwithſtanding* (ſaith *Maximus*) *you might have learnt the way, having been here once already. It is a double fault in you* (replieth the Prelate) *to have ſummoned me twice.* Thereupon *Maximus*: *Why came you hither? To demand peace of you* (anſwereth S. *Ambroſe*) *which I have required as of an inferiour, and you now enforce me to ſeek it as from an equal.*

The proud man who thought himſelf leſſened, if compared to the Emperour *Valentinian*, was moved at theſe words, and cried out: *How equal? By whoſe favour? By the favour of God* (anſwereth S. *Ambroſe*) *who hath preſerved that Empire in* Valentinian, *which he gave him. Maximus* at this word entered into violence. *It is you* (ſaith he) *that have deceived me, and your goodly Count* Bauton, *who under pretext to preſerve the Empire for a child, made other accommodations for himſelf, and for this effect is joyned with Barbarians, to invite them to paſs into the Empire. And who hath more credit than I, to cauſe them to march under my Standards when I liſt? I have thouſands under my pay, by whom I can be ſerved before all the men in the World, and had you not ſtopped the courſe of mine arms with your goodly Embaſſage, no man living had been able to oppoſe me.* He ſpake this with quick flaſhes of choller.

The holy Biſhop coldly anſwered: *It is diſhonourable in you to reproch my Embaſſage, and put your ſelf upon theſe extravagancies. For to whom appertaineth it to defend Widows and orphans, if not to a Biſhop? That is it, which the law of my Maſter commandeth me.* Judge in favour of the orphan, and defend the widow, and deliver the weak from oppreſſion. *Notwithſtanding, I will not give ſo much credit to my Embaſſage, as to perſwade my ſelf it hath ſtaid the courſe of your arms. What ſquadrons have I oppoſed againſt you? What walls? What rocks? Have I ſtopped up the paſſage of the* Alpes *with mine own bodie? By my will could I ſo have done; I ſhould account all your objections as a glorie to me. But you your ſelf ſent the Count* Victor, *whom I met at* Mentz, *to treat of peace: Wherein hath* Valentinian *deceived you, if he have granted the peace, which you demanded of him? In what hath the Count* Bauton *played falſe with you, unleſs you term it deceit to be faithfull to his Maſter? In what have I beguiled you? Was it then when you ſaid, that* Valentinian *need not put me to the trouble of this Embaſſage, but come himſelf in perſon, as a ſon to his father; and that I freely anſwered you, There was no likelyhood to ſee a Princeſs, widow of a great Emperour, to put her ſelf into the way with her ſon, tender of age, and feeble of body, to paſs the* Alpes *in the extremities of winter: and that as for the child, whom you deſired onely to ſee, the mother ſo much affected him, ſhe could in no ſort ſuffer him to be ſeparated from her? Is not this the anſwer was given to your Embaſſadour in the Citie of* Milan, *when I was then preſent with you? What deceit find you in this proceeding? Did I ever promiſe you the coming of the Emperour, and have I failed you in my faith? Have I diverted your troups? Have I ſtaid your Eagles? Where are thoſe Barbarians, which the Count* Bauton *cauſed to paſs into* Italie? *Verily if he who is a ſtranger ſhould have called people of his Nation to the ſuccour of his Maſter, it would be very excuſable, ſince you, who are ſo much intereſſed in the preſervation of the* Roman *Empire, threaten us that you have Barbarians under your pay, whom you can make to over-run us when you pleaſe.*

Behold a little, the difference that is between the ſweetneſs of Valentinian, *and your menaces: You are much troubled not to have fallen upon* Italie *with Barbarian Legions, and* Valentinian *hath graciouſly diverted the forreign* Gauls, *whom he had invited to his ſervice, whileſt you in the mean time make waſte on the* Grizons, *with your Barbarians: he hath bought peace for you with his own money, and you with ingratitude repay him.*

Behold your brother, who is now by your ſide, and you ſhall ſee an irreproachable teſtimonie of the Emperours clemencie. He held in his Province, and hands, that which is moſt dear to you in the world. Every one thought it was reaſon to revenge the aſhes of the Emperour Gratian *upon a near allie of him, who was the authour of his death, and yet* Valentinian *upon the news of the aſſaſſinate committed upon his moſt honourable brother, and in the greateſt fervour of his moſt juſt paſſion, hath ſo moderated himſelf, as to ſend him back with honour, whom he might with juſtice have bereft you. Compare your ſelf preſently with him, and make your ſelf Judge in your proper cauſe. He hath reſtored you your brother in perfect health: render him his at the leaſt thus dead as he is. Why do you denie him the aſhes of his brother, ſince he hath not refuſed your ſatisfactions yea to his own*

pre-

prejudice? He hath afforded you a man in like degree of alliance, though in quality much different. He hath granted you one alive; render him one dead to yield him the last offices. A Tartarian *covered with sand a Pyrate, which be by chance found dead upon the sea shore; and you denie us to bury with our own hands the prime Monarch of the world? You take from a Queen-mother, from a widow-Empress, from an orphan-Emperour, the bones of a son, a husband, a brother, whom you have deprived of life and scepter. The bodies of reprobates are taken down from the gallouses, to put them into the arms of their mothers, what hath the bodie of* Gratian *done to be bereaved after death, the charitie of his Allies? Why do you forbid us tears, which very Tyrants themselves, who have torn eyes out, have never denied to the afflicted? You fear (say you) it may exasperate minds, that is to say, you fear a death, which you have caused, and which you have unworthily procured, even then, when you might and ought to save it by all ways of justice and humanitie. And tell me not he was your enemie, you were his, but he never yours. For hostilitie comes from an usurper, and defence from a lawfull Prince. You do well to justifie your self upon this attempt, but there is not a man will believe your justifications. Who sees not you hated his life, whose burial you hinder?*

Paulinus addeth, that for conclusion he dealt with him as one excommunicate, and seriously adviseth him to expiate the bloud he had shed, by a sharp penance.

This liberty of our admirable Prelate amazed all the Councel: and *Maximus*, who never thought that a Priest in the heart of his State, in the midst of his Legions, in the presence of his Court, could have the courage to tell him, that which he would never endure to hear in his Cabinet, commanded him speedily to depart from the Court. All those who were friends of the holy man, advised him to be watchfull upon the ambushes and treason of *Maximus*, who found himself much galled, but he full of confidence in God, put himself on the way, and wished *Valentinian* to treat no otherwise with *Maximus* but as with a covert enemy, which did afterward appear most true. But *Justina* the Empress, thinking S. *Ambrose* had been over-violent, sent upon a third Embassage *Domnin*, one of her Counsellours, who, desirous to smooth the affairs with servile sweetness, thrust them upon despair of remedie.

The fourteenth SECTION.

The persecution of S. Ambrose *raised by the Empress* Justina.

WE may well say there is some Furie, which bewitcheth the spirits of men in these lamentable innovations of pretended Religions, since we behold effects to arise which pass into humane passions, not by an ordinary way. Scarcely could *Justina* the Empress freely breath air, being, as she thought, delivered from the sword of *Maximus*, which hung over her head, tyed to a silken threed, when forthwith she despoiled her self furiously, to persecute the authour of her liberty. O God, what a dangerous beast is the spirit of a woman, when it is unfurnished of reason, and armed with power! It is able to create as many monsters in essence, as fantasie can form in painting. *Momus* desired the savage bull should have eyes over his horns, and not horns over his eyes: but *Justina* at that time had brazen horns to goar a Prelate, having eyes neither above nor beneath, to consider whom she struck. Authority served as a Sergeant to her passion, and the sword of Monarchs was employed to satisfie the desperate humours of a woman surprized with errour, and inebriated with vengeance. Saint *Ambrose* like a sun darted rays on her, and she, as the *Atlantes*, who draw their bowe against this bright star, the heart of the world, shot back again arrows of obliquie. As women well instructed and zealous in matter of Religion, are powerfull to advance the Christian cause, so when they once have sucked in any pestilent doctrine, they are caprichious to preserve their own chymeraes. The mistresses of *Salomon*, after they had caused their beauties to be adored, made their idols to be worshipped: so *Justina*, when she had gained credit as the mother of the Emperour, and Regent in his minority, endeavoured to countenance the *Arian* Sect, wherein she was passionate, that the sword of division might pass through the sides of her own son into the heart of the Empire.

Herod. lib. 4. *Solem orientem execrantur.*

Sect of *Arians*

The *Arians* had in the Eastern parts been ill intreated under the Empire of *Theodosius*, and many of them were fled to *Milan* under the conduct of a false Bishop, a *Scythian* by Nation, and named *Auxentius*, as their head, but who for the hatred the people of *Milan* bore to this name of *Auxentius*, caused himself to be called *Mercurinus*.

He was a crafty and confident man, who having insinuated himself into the opinion of the Empress, failed not to procure by all possible means, the advancement of his Sect, and did among other things, very impudently demand a Church in the Citie of *Milan*, for the exercise of Arianism.

Justina, who in her own hands held the soul of her son *Valentinian* as a soft piece of wax, gave it such figure as best pleased her, and being very cunning, there was not any thing so unreasonable, which she did not ever colour with some fair pretext, to dazle the eyes of a child. She declared unto him, that the place she possessed near his person, wel deserved to have a Church in *Milan*, wherein she might serve God according to the Religion which she had professed from her younger days, and that it was the good of his State, peacefully to entertain every one in the Religion he should chose, since it was the proceeding of his father *Valentinian*, which she by experience knew had well succeeded with him.

Justina an Arian demandeth a Church in *Milan*.

To this she added the blandishments of a mother, which ever have much power over a young spirit: so that the Emperour perswaded by this *Syren*, sent to seek S. *Ambrose*, and declared unto him, that for the good of his State, and peace of his people, it was in agitation to accommodate his thrice-honoured mother, and those of her Sect, with a Church in *Milan*.

At this word S. *Ambrose* roared like a Lion, which made it appear he never would yield to the execution of such requests. The people of *Milan*, who honoured their Prelate as the lively image of the worlds Saviour, when they once perceived that *Valentinian* had suddenly called him, and that some ill affair was in hand, they left their houses, and came thundering from all parts to the Palace, whereat *Justina* was somewhat astonished, fearing there was some plot in it, and so instantly commanded the Captain of the Guard to go out and disperse the rude multitude, which he did, and presenting himself with the most resolute souldiers, he found no armed hands to resist him, but huge troups of people, which stretched out their necks and cried aloud, *They would die for the defence of their faith and Pastour.*

These out-cries proceeding as from men affrighted, terrified the young Emperour, and seeing the Captain of his Guards could use no other remedie, he besought S. *Ambrose* to shew himself to the people, to mollifie them, and promise, that for the business now treated, which was to allow a Church to the Hereticks, never had those conclusions been decreed, nor would he ever permit them. S. *Ambrose* appeared, and as soon as he began to open his mouth, the people were appeased, as if they had been charmed with his words; whereupon the Empress grew very

very jealous, seeing with the arms of sanctity, doctrine, and eloquence, he predominated over this multitude, as the winds over the waves of the sea.

Strange conference pretended by the Empress.

A while after to lessen the great reputation of S. *Ambrose*, she determined to oppose her *Auxentius* against him in a publick reputation: and though she in her own conscience wel understood that he in knowledge was much inferiour to S. *Ambrose*, notwithstanding she reputed him impudent enough, and a great talker, to stupifie weak judgements. She perswaded her self, that of two things one would happen; either that S. *Ambrose*, refusing disputatiõ, would leave some suspition of his inability, or, accepting it, engage his authority. This powerful woman, unable to bow heaven, resolved to stir hell. She obtained a Mandat from the Emperour her son, by which it was enjoyned to S. *Ambrose* to be on a day nominated at the Palace, to confer in his presence upon points of Religion against *Auxentius*, on this condition, that Judges should be appointed for both parts, to decide their difference. The Tribune *Dalmatius* was the bearer of this Mandat, who wished S. *Ambrose* by word of mouth, that he should hasten to name the Judges, which he intended to choose for his party; and that *Auxentius* had already nominated his, who were all Pagans, to take away thereby the suspition might be framed against those of his Sect. He caused also certain words silently to slip from him by the subtility of *Justina*, by the which he advised him handsomly to escape, and go whither he thought good, if he would not accept of this challenge. S. *Ambrose* had a strange horrour upon this Mãdat, seeing how the cunning of a passionate woman, & the impudence of a shameless Heretick tyrannized over the feeble spirit of an infant, enforcing him to demand this hateful Conference, which seemed to be permitted for nothing, but to expose the venerable Mysteries of our Religion to the scorn of Pagans. He would by no means go to the Palace to excuse himself, fearing he might seem to transfer a cause meerly Ecclesiastical, to a Princes Court: but he made a grave answer to the Emperour, which is now extant in his Works, where among other things, the *Arians* condemning his refusal, and taxing him of contumacy for giving occasion of jealousie to the Emperour, upon the over-great authority of S. *Ambrose*, he saith:

Lib. 2. ep. 15.

Resolution of S. *Ambrose*.

"*Sacred Majesty*, He that accuseth my refusal of "contumacy, accuseth the law of your father of injuslice. He, who was a man most accomplished in arms "and great affairs, who signed his faith with the seal "of his constancy, and the wisdom of his counsels by "the happiness of his State, ever witnessed both by "his words and Edicts, that it appertained to none "but Bishops to judge of Bishops. You, who are "tender of age, little experienced, nay, a Catechumene "in faith, will judge of mysteries, which you have "not yet learned. If this seem reasonable unto you, the "laity may hereafter mount into the Chair, and have "those for their flock, whom they have had for their "Pastours, which can never be done but by perverting "the order of this Universe. God forbid I should "choose Judges of the laity, to make them either Prevaricatours of faith, or victims of the vengeance of "our enemies. It sufficeth me to leave my life therein, "which I so long have consecrated to the defence of "the Church, and not engage others in the peril. "I hold the faith of the *Nicene* Councel, from which "neither the sword nor death shall ever separate me. "I am ready to defend it at the Church; not in the "Court, where never had I been, but for you; and "whereof I better love not to know the customs, "than learn the cunning. As concerning this which "I hear, that your Majesty offereth me peaceably to "retire where I shall think good; God himself "knows with how much endeavour I avoided the "burden your father himself, of glorious memory, laid "on my shoulders: Now I cannot with freedom discharge my self in conscience, since the Bishops, my "associates, crie out aloud unto me, that it were one "and the same crime in my person, either to leave or "betray the Altars.

Justina, much moved with the liberty of these words, complained in her Palace, that among so many Legions there could not be a man so faithfull, as to deliver her from the importunities of a Priest, promising offices and singular favours in Court, to any that would lead him into exile.

One named *Euthymius* offered himself, who having purposely hired a house near to the Church, provided a Coach well furnished to carry away S. *Ambrose* at his coming from divine Service: but never was it possible for him to perform his promise, by reason of the great press of the people, which perpetually environed their Pastour. But much otherwise, this miserable undertaker, the year circumvolving, the same day whereon he resolved to execute his design upon the holy man, after he had shamefully been disgraced, was banished, and carried away in the same Coach he had prepared for S. *Ambrose*; as it is said, *Perillus* Authour of *Phalaris* his bull, was the first that hanselled it; and *Hugh Ambriot*, who caused the Bastille to be built, was the first that went into it in the quality of a Prisoner, there to end his days. Another named *Caligonius*, a Groom of the Chamber to the Emperour, threatned S. *Ambrose* to cut off his head with his own hands; the holy man answered: *If God permit thee to execute what thou sayest, thou will act but what Eunuchs do, and I shall endure that which ordinarily the Bishop suffer.* Genebrar. Chronic.

Some time after, as if Heaven had fought against the Prelates enemies, this wicked man, although an Eunuch, being accused of some impurity by a Curtezan, passed the dint of the sword, which he would have drawn against his Bishop. In the end, the Empress resolved to play out the rest of her game, and exercise the whole extent of her power. She obtained bloudy Edicts, which she her self made to satisfie her own passion: She armed her *Auxentius*, as the instrument of her fury: She caused it to be published aloud, that all Ecclesiasticks, who would not deliver the Church which was in question, should be held as criminals of treason. She caused Squadrons of insolent souldiers to run up and down the streets, and cast terrour into the minds of the most confident. That was the time, when the bruit of peril wherein S. *Ambrose* was, being spred through the Citie, universally drew all the people to the Church, each one endeavouring to make a bulwark for him of his own body, and never forsaking him either day or night. Tribunes and Captains were dispatched to him, who signified the Emperours pleasure, which consisted of three articles. The first was, he should speedily deliver the holy vessels, and all the moveables of the Church. The secõd, he should leave the place questioned in the Empresses dispose. The third, that in all haste he must go out of *Milan*, and that he should have free liberty to travel whither he pleased. The Bishop made answer, *That those holy vessels were the inheritance of* Jesus Christ, *and as the Emperour had not abandoned the state of his Ancestours to Tyrants*, so Ambrose *would never betray the patrimony of his Master. Were gold and silver demanded which were his own proprieties, he would make no difficulty to afford them, but as for the goods of the Church, they were sacred pledges, which the Emperour had no right to require, nor he to give. Then, for the Church demanded, It was the house of God, which his Predecessours* Dionysius, Eustorgius, Myrocles, *and others had courageously defended & conserved, not to be profaned by* Arians, *but reverenced by Catholicks. Moreover, for that which concerned his banishment, it was a thing now incompatible with his life, for he more feared God, who had given him this charge, tha the Emperor, who would take it away; and that if* Valentinian *were ready*

to do that which an exorbitant power permitted, Ambroſe *was bent on his part to ſuffer whatſoever a good Paſtour ought to endure for his flock, yea, ſhould his body be torn piece-meal under the rack of perſecution, yet his ſpirit ſhould remain faſt fixed to the Altar.*

The hiſtory of the vine of *Naboth* was then read in the Church, and one part of it, where there paſſed in figure, was here expreſſed in verity. The denial of Saint *Ambroſe* being reported in the Palace, the ſouldiers had commandement to invade the Church on every ſide, like a Town beſieged. Never was a ſpectacle beheld more intermingled with terrour and piety. The Church of *Milan* was then as a Tabernacle of the Lord of hoſts, which marched between the battalions under the conduct of the burning Pillar. There was nothing without, but ſouldiers, lances, pikes, and ſwords; within, but prayers, ſermons, hymns and canzonets. One while this admirable Prelate offered Sacrifice at the Altar, with great effuſion of tears; then he mounted into the Chair, to encourage and conſolate the people; preſently he introduced the ſymphony of Pſalms; anon he gave anſwers to the Emperours Deputies. He travelled indefatigably, and appeared as another *Judas Machabeus*, ſometimes in the head, ſometimes in the rere, and ſometimes in the midſt of the Army. He was in his Church like the Patriarch *Noe* in his Ark, confident in perils, peaceable in tempeſts, immoveable in all violences conſpired to his ruin. The people by his example in the tumult of the whole Citie, and deluge of roaring waters, were in this Tabernacle of peace, as if they had enjoyed the antipaſts of Heaven. All were divided by companies to pray and watch, as in Heaven the Quires of Angels.

Strange ſpectacle.

The good mother of S. *Auguſtine* was then by chance in *Milan* very far engaged in the buſineſs, for ſhe was a *Mary*, ſiſter of *Moſes*, who ſerved as an example to all other women. At that time it was, when God more and more to comfort his faithfull creatures, diſcovered to S. *Ambroſe* the ſacred bodies of S. *Gervaſius* and *Protaſius*, who heretofore had been martyred for the faith. When the holy Reliques were ſeen to be drawn out of vaults ſtill bloudy, every one was enflamed with an incredible zeal for defence of Religion, much like the Elephants in the book of *Machabees*, who were ſtirred up at the ſight of the juice of grapes. There was nothing but lights, muſical conſorts, exultations, and triumphs.

The miſerable Empreſs, who cauſed all things that paſſed, to be hourly related unto her, was now come to the condition of rage. Nothing was heard in the Citie but prohibitions, menaces, penalties, chains and impriſonments. In the end, the Provoſt was ſent to Saint *Ambroſe*, to perſwade him, that he at the leaſt would allow a Church in the ſuburbs, to ſatisfie *Juſtina*, and appeaſe the ſedition. The people prevented his anſwer, and cried out aloud, that could not be done. S. *Ambroſe* ſtretched out his hands, and ſhewed his neck, ſignifying he was ready to receive fetters and ſwords, yea, to be ſacrificed on the Altar, rather than deliver up the Altar. They went to take the Church in the ſuburbs by force: the people ran thither to ſtand upon the defence thereof. The Emperial Enſigns thereon already fixed, in ſign of poſſeſſion, were abuſed even by little children.

It is a ſtrange thing that Heaven, earth, and all the elements, men and women, great and ſmall, noble and ignoble, ranged themſelves on Saint *Ambroſe* ſide. Yea, the ſouldiers themſelves who were ſent to take poſſeſſion of the Church where the holy man was, entered therein, which at the beginning gave occaſion of much terrour to the moſt timorous: but they lifting up their peaceable hands, cried out aloud, They were come to pray with the Catholicks, and not exerciſe violence on any man; letting alſo the Emperour know, that the Church belonged to him, as to a Catholick Emperour, there he ſhould pray, there receive favours from above, there be in the Communion of true Chriſtians. If it appertained to Hereticks, it would no longer be a place where the Emperour ſhould feed on the Lamb, which is never eaten but in the true Church. His wicked mother ceaſed not to bewitch his mind, and breath in his ears, that *Ambroſe* aimed at his State: for which cauſe a Commiſſary was diſpatched to the Biſhop, who roundly told him, he onely deſired to know one thing of him: Whether he would uſurp the Empire, to the end he might hereafter be treated withal as with a Tyrant?

S. *Ambroſe* made anſwer, *That his tyranny was infirmity, and his arms prayers and tears, which made him powerfull before God. That heretofore Prieſts had given Kingdoms, but not uſurped them. That there were ſome Emperours, who had deſired Prieſthood, but that Biſhops never had aſpired to Crowns. That Prieſts had often felt the ſword of Tyrants, but Tyrants themſelves had not at any time ſeen the ſword of Prieſts un-ſheathed againſt them. Let* Maximus *be asked, whether he were a Tyrant, for he was very well able to make relation of ſtrange things. His tyranny was to ſerve the Emperour at the Altar, and to be ſacrificed, if God ſuffer, in ſerving him.*

It well appeared this was to run his head againſt a rock, to think of ſuch an affair. The Emperour fearing to engage his authority any further, by the adviſe of ſome good Councellers, gently ſtruck ſayl, leaving all matters whole and entire. S. *Ambroſe*, who then in the Church explicated the hiſtory of *Jonas*, much wondered, how the tempeſt being ceaſed, he in an inſtant came out of the whales belly.

The fifteenth SECTION.

Maximus *paſſeth into* Italie.

YOu need but to caſt a little earth abroad to ſcatter an army of Ants, to break their Oeconomy and ſport, making them rather to think upon flight than the pleaſure of their pillage: ſo whileſt *Juſtina* with the *Arians* was ſtill employed in riots, and practiſes how to be revenged on S. *Ambroſe*, making uſe of the innocent ſpirit of her ſon, and authority of the Empire to ſatisfie her revenge, God raiſed an accident which made her think of other matters.

Domnin her goodly Embaſſadour, who departed from *Maximus* loaden with preſents and fair words, little thinking thereof, was preſently waited on by an army of the Tyrant, who had in him as much fervour as fire, and more infidelity than ice. So ſuddenly fell he upon *Italie*, that it was a great chance he had not taken the mother and her young-ones upon the neſt. All which the Empreſs *Juſtina* could do, was ſpeedily to ſave her ſelf with her ſons and daughters, to ſet ſayl on the ſea, and paſs to *Theſſalonica*, a Citie of Greece, much renowned, were it but in S. *Pauls* Epiſtles.

Maximus finding no reſiſtance, flowed like a torrent over the fair fields of *Italie*, and made furious havock; though to take away the blemiſh of the bloud of the Emperour *Gratian*, and to gain the reputation of a good Prince, he ſhewed in the end ſome moderation.

It is verily a miracle of God, that he having been treated with by S. *Ambroſe* with ſo much liberty, as we have ſaid before & holding ſtill the bloudy ſword in the ruins of *Italie*, in a time when he might have done any thing which his paſſion dictated, he ſo bridled himſelf, that he not onely abſtained from wronging the holy Prelate, but for his ſake uſed the whole Territo-

Territory of *Milan* with the more humanity. It ſeemed the Citie of *Milan* under the influences of its Paſtour, had the virtue of thoſe ſacred forreſts, which tamed wolves: It tied up the throat of a ravenous wolf, and made him court his prey. Yet though ſhe were without peril, ſhe was not void of fear, ſeeing ſo many armed troups round about her, and ſmelling the ſmoak of thoſe fires which waſted her neighbours. Then was the time, when the admirable Biſhop acted things likewiſe worthy of his perſon. For, all the Citizens wavering, and almoſt ready to leave the Citie deſolate, to ſave their lives, he by his eloquence and authority held them back ſo well, that he ſeemed to have enchained them. *This ſcourge* (ſaith he) *proceedeth from our diſorders: let us ceaſe to ſin, and God will give over to afflict us. It is a folly to flie from your countrey. If you deſire to be ſafe, flie from your ſins. The arms of* Maximus *will have no power over bulwarks of ſanctity.* Beſides, as it is ſaid, he is bad, who is good for none but himſelf, the charitable Prelate, not content to conſolate and confirm his own, but ſeeing that all *Italie* was filled with extream miſeries, not onely ſpent all the means which he had to comfort them, but employed therein the very gold and ſilver veſſels of the Church, for which cauſe the *Arians* ſought occaſion to calumniate him, diſpoſing themſelves to condemn virtues, ſince they could find no vice to lay hold on.

Ambroſ. ſerm. 99. Prudence and Charity of S. *Ambroſe.*

The holy man anſwered that which he afterward couched in his offices. *It is the effect of a moſt ardent charity to compaſſionate the miſeries of our neighbours, and to aid them according to our power, yea, above our power. I rather chooſe herein to be accuſed of prodigality, than inhumanity: there is no fault more pardonable, than that of bounty. It is a ſtrange thing to find men ſo cruel, as to be troubled, when they ſee a man redeemed from death, an honeſt woman delivered from the violence of Barbarians, which is worſe than death, or poor forſaken infants, drawn from the contagion of Idols, which they are forced to adore with menaces of death. Let our enemies murmure as long as they pleaſe, but I more affect to keep ſouls for God, than to treaſure up gold.*

Offic. lib. 1. *cap.* 18.

Enterview of *Theodoſius* & *Juſtina.*

Whileſt all this paſſed in *Italie*, *Theodoſius* came to viſit *Juſtina* and her children at *Theſſalonica*, who failed not to preſent all their complaints, and ſolicite him to undertake the war againſt *Maximus*. But he therein at firſt ſhewed himſelf very cold; inſomuch that (not to diſguiſe the truth partly touched in *Zoſimus*) although *Theodoſius* was a very great Captain, as one who arrived to the Empire by his own merit, notwithſtanding ſeeing his fortune now at the height, he was pleaſed to taſt the repoſe and delights of the Court, under the ſhadow of his own palms, and not conteſt again with any man, fearing the hazard of wars, and the ſlippery foot of felicitie. Moreover *Maximus*, who defied the force of all the world, played the fawning dog before him, and ſent expreſs Embaſſadours to draw him to ſome agreement. This ſo wrought, that when the offended Empreſs ſounded an alarm, *Theodoſius* endeavoured to pacifie her with fair promiſes and good hopes, ſaying, Nothing muſt be precipitated; that *Maximus* would become dutifull; that it was better to give him ſome bone to gnaw on peaceably, than enkindle a war which would never be extinguiſhed, but with rivers of humane bloud. But the Ladie infinitely vexed, purſued this affair with all extremity, and was much diſpleaſed to ſee, that he who held all his advancement from her husband, her ſelf, and her children, ſhewed ſome remiſneſs in ſo urgent a neceſſity. She bethought her ſelf of an excellent ſtratagem, which was, to enflame the war with the fire of love. The Emperour *Theodoſius* had loſt his wife *Placilla*, and was much enclined to a ſecond marriage.

Juſtina, who heretofore had enjoyed the ſhort tyranny of beauty, making two Emperours *Maxentius* and *Valentinian* the Elder, tributary thereunto, was no longer in ſeaſon to afford that which might very eaſily win *Theodoſius*: but ſhe had a daughter, named *Galla*, then in the flower of her age, and a perfect image of the mother; ſhe determined to pierce this man by the arrow of the eye of this Princeſs, which was moſt eaſily done, for ſhe took her along with her to diſſolve this heart of ice; and caſting her ſelf at his feet, humbly beſought him by the ſervice he heretofore had vowed to the houſe of great *Valentinian*, by the ruin of her orphans, and by the bloud of poor deceaſed *Gratian*, whom he had aſſociated in Empire, to take the matter in hand. In the ſame proportion as ſhe uttered thoſe words with great fervour, the daughter compoſed her ſelf to weep with a good grace, and even as tears in ſuch perſons have a ſtrong ſpur in them, *Theodoſius* beholding her, felt the wound of *Turnus*, when he beheld *Lavinia* in the like caſe. He quickly took the Empreſs and her daughter up, promiſing all aſſiſtance, and from that time plainly diſcovering that he was powerfully touched. He alſo failed not in few days to require *Galla* in marriage, which the mother promiſed him, as ſoon as ſhe had irrevocably engaged him in the war ſhe pretended. The marriage was haſtily enough ſolemnized, and from the feſtival hall they paſſed into the field of *Mars*. *Maximus*, who ſaw *Theodoſius* entertained his Embaſſadours with words, not giving them any abſolute anſwer, much doubted the affair, and bent his whole force upon defence. He did all which humane prudence may, that hath not the eyes of God. He ſet his *Good man*, the furtherer of all his treacheries, to ſea, commanding him to guard the Archi-pelagus with a great fleet. On the other part, he gave commiſſion to his brother *Marcellinus* to keep paſſage of the Alps with a ſtrong Army. He himſelf with the moſt reſolved troups deſcended into *Sclavonia*, to prevent his enemy.

Theodoſius advertiſed of all this, after he had moſt particularly invoked the aſſiſtance of the God of hoſts, he put himſelf on the way to caſt the lot of the worlds Empire. Never was there a more proſperous war. It ſeemed the Angels of Heaven led the Emperour by the hand; and that the bloud of *Gratian* ſo traiterouſly ſhed, raiſed Furies in the Camp of *Maximus*. The encounter of the two Armies was at *Siſſia*, where thoſe of the contrary party accounted themſelves ſtrong, having the river for bulwark, which ſeparated them from approches, terrible to their treachery. But the brave ſouldiers of *Theodoſius*, nothing amazed, although already much wearied, and all duſty with the long journey they had taken, laying hold of occaſion by the forelock, ſpeedily paſſed the river, and furiouſly charged the enemy.

These wicked men were ſo aſtoniſhed to ſee themſelves ſurprized by ſuch an action of courage, that ſo ſoon as they had taken a view of them, they turned their backs. *Maximus*, hardy for a black miſchief, and remiſs in a field of battel, ſhamefully abandoned his Army; inſtantly the earth was covered with bodies, the river filled with bloud, and good ſucceſs reſerved a part to the clemency of the victour. *Theodoſius* purſued his fortune, and grapling with *Marcellinus*, who was no abler man than his brother, defeated him, returning now very freſh from the victory he bare away in the firſt battel. And as at the ſame time he had notice that *Maximus* was retired into *Aquileia*, he, who deſired to cut away the root of war, went thither with his army to beſiege it. The juſtice of God fought powerfully againſt this *Cain*, and the time was come, in which with his bloud he muſt waſh the ſpots of his crime. God, who in puniſhments holdeth ſome conformity with the ſin, would that as this miſerable creature had ſtirred the

Overthrow of *Maximus*.

military men againſt his Prince, he ſhould be betrayed by the ſame ſouldiers, in whom he had all his hopes repoſed. It is a ſtrange thing, that theſe people abhorring the wickedneſs of this man, took, ſeized, and ſhamefully deſpoiled him of the very habiliments and marks of Emperour, which he had arrogated to himſelf; then tying and binding him like a Galley-ſlave, they preſented him to *Theodoſius*.

It was the greateſt extremity of unhappineſs, which might befal him, to ſay, that in ſtead of meaſuring with his dead body the place he ſhould have defended, living with his ſword in hand, he was uſed as a King diſarrayed, to let him be ſeen by all the world as a ſpectacle of infamy.

Theodoſius beholding him ſo humbled, had ſome pitie of him, and reproching him with his treachery, demanded who cauſed him to enterprize this tragedy? He being a coward and a flatterer, anſwered in ſo humble terms, that he diſcovered to have had this belief, that his deſign no whit diſpleaſed his Majeſty; in other things excuſing himſelf with great ſubmiſſion, and making it appear, he was a true lover of life. He never had ſo good an opinion of his wickedneſs, as to hope for an ordinary death, yet ſeeing the Emperour changed colour, and ſpake to him in a ſweeter tone, he was in ſome hope to obtain life, when the enraged ſouldiers haled him, and tore him in pieces, or, as others have written, delivered him to the hangman, who cut off his head.

His death. *Inter innumeros manus fertur ad mortem.* Pacatus.

At the ſame time *Theodoſius* diſpatched Count *Arbogaſtus* to ſeize on his ſon, who was a young child, as yet bred under the wing of his mother, whom *Maximus* cauſed to be called the *Victorius*, and had already declared him *Cæſar*, when ſuddenly he was taken and maſſacred, to accompany his father.

The *Good man*, his Admiral, underſtanding the general diſcomfiture of affairs, voluntarily drowned himſelf, preventing the hand of a hangman which would not have failed him, but all the water in the ſea was not ſufficient to waſh away the ſtain of his Maſters bloud from his ſoul, ſince the eternal flames never can free it.

Behold the iſſue of *Maximus*, after the rapine of four or five years. Behold to what the deſigns of the wicked tend, who under pretext of Religion, ſeek the advancement of their temporal affairs. Behold to what hypocriſies and goodly humane policies, which make uſe of God as a maſk for their wickedneſs, are finally reduced. Behold a ſtroke of thunder, which hath left nothing on earth behind it, but noiſe and ſtench. O beſtial and bewitched men, who having ſo good leſſons of the juſtice of God, written with the bloud and ſweat of ſo many miſerable Sacrifices, purſue ſtill the ranks, to be companions of the like misfortune.

S. *Ambroſe* is much glorified for treating with this man, who deceived ſo many others, as with one excommunicate, unwilling to be ſo much as ſaluted by him, who vowed ſo many ſervices at his feet; and freely fore-telling the miſery ſhould befall him, if he appeaſed not the celeſtial vengeance with a ſincere repentance.

The ſeventeenth SECTION.

The affliction of S. Ambroſe *upon the death of* Valentinian.

WHoſoever hath ſaid that Scepters are made of glaſs, Crowns of perfumed thorns, and the ways of great men are all of ice, bordered with precipices, hath ſaid no leſs than truth. It is verily a thing moſt ſtrange that the golden ſeelings of Palaces tremble over crowned heads, and that in the heat of feaſts, the hand of Heaven viſibly on the walls figureth the ſentence of their death. In the mean time we deſperately love the vanities of the world: nothing is thought on, but to ſet our foot on mens throats, that we may the more eminently be ſeen, to draw the bloud of this univerſe out of its veins, to cement up the ruins, and tie our ſelves to a miſerable world, which daily falleth apieces even in our own hands. The poor *Valentinian* was reſtored to the Throne by *Theodoſius*, after the death of *Maximus*, and had onely paſt three or four years in peacefull tranquilitie, diſpoſing himſelf to good according to the latitude of his own heart, and giving way to be wholly governed by the Counſels of Saint *Ambroſe*, whom he heretofore had perſecuted. When behold him taken away at the age of one and twenty years, by a horrible treaſon, which did as it were mingle his bloud with that of his brother *Gratian*.

The good Prince paſſed into *France*, being then at *Vienna* near *Lions*, accompanied by the Count *Arbogaſtus*, a French-man by Nation, who had lived till then in ſingular good reputation: for he was a man of worth, having a well-compoſed body, a quick ſpirit, a generous behaviour, and much practice in the exerciſe of arms, which had ſo dignified him, that he held the prime place in the Empire, to the which he had rendered good ſervices. He was very well beloved by the ſouldiers; for beſides his excellent parts, he bare an irreconciliable hatred to avarice, and appeared ſo little curious to enrich himſelf, that being ſo great a Captain as he was, he would be Maſter of no more than an ordinary ſouldier. This ſeemed commendable in him, but he was ſo deſperately proud and cholerick, that he would have all things carried according to his own counſels, much offended with the leaſt contradiction, and accounting himſelf ſo neceſſary, that nothing could be done without him. *Arbogaſtus.*

On the other ſide the young Emperour, who was jealous of his authority, ſeeing that through his preſumption he took too much upon him, he in all occaſion ſought to depreſs him, which the other ill digeſted: but he continuing in this arrogant and harſh diſpoſition, *Valentinian* violently moved, did reſolve to be rid of him. Behold why one day, as *Arbogaſtus* approched to his Throne to do him reverence, he looked awry on him, and gave him a ticket, by which he declared him a man diſgraced and deprived of his charge. He furious, as a dog who byteth the ſtone thrown at him, after he had read the ticket, tore it in pieces in the preſence of the Emperour, through extream impudency, and cried out aloud: *You gave me not the charge which I hold, nor is it in your power to take it from me* This he ſpake, preſuming of ſupport from the ſouldiers, whom he had ever eſteemed. From this day forward he ceaſed not to make his diſtaſts appear, and to bend his ſpirit to a miſchievous revenge.

There was by misfortune at that time in the Court one named *Eugenius*, who was accounted a wittie man, but cold and timorous, that heretofore had profeſſed Rhetorick, and acquired a good talent in ſpeaking. *Arbogaſtus* ſuppoſed his own boldneſs would make an excellent temper with the coldneſs of this man, and having along time much confided in him, he made him an overture to ſeize on the Empire, which he at firſt refuſed. But the other having promiſed him the death of *Valentinian*, and his ſword for defence, gave conſent to a moſt enormous aſſaſſinate.

All men were amazed, that the poor Emperour in a fatal morning was found ſtrangled by the conſpiracy of *Eugenius* and *Arbogaſtus*, aided by the Gentils, who deſired nothing but the liberty of Paganiſm.

This news brought a moſt ſenſible affliction upon Saint *Ambroſe*, for the Emperour was aſſured, that the

the Bishop came to *Vienna* expresly to entreat his return into *Italie*, which having understood, he reckoned up the days, and expected his arrival with unspeakable impatience. But S. *Ambrose*, who would not by importunity thrust himself into unnecessary affairs, as he through charity was unwilling to be wanting in necessary, having understood that the Emperour was daily upon his return, deferred this voyage, which had been most requisite to hinder *Arbogastus*, over whom he had a great power. *Valentinian* advertised of this delay, wrote to him, and earnestly pressed him to come, adding, he meant to receive Baptism at his hands, for he was as yet but a Catechumen. The good Prelate having received the Emperours letters, speedily undertook the journey, using all expedition, when at his coming to the Alps, he heard the deplorable death of the poor Prince, which made him return back again, and wash (as he saith) his own steps in his proper tears, most bitterly every moment bemoaning the death of his dearest pupil.

Manners of *Valentinian.* *Ambrosius* de obitu *Valent.*

The Providence of God was very manifest in his death, for *Valentinian* was drawn from Empires of the world in a time, when he seemed now fully ripe for Heaven. It is an admirable thing how the direction of S. *Ambrose*, whom in his latter days he onely affected, had metamorphosed him into another man. In the beginning, he was thought to be over-much delighted in tourneys and horse-races: he so took away this opinion of him, that he would hardly permit these sports in the great festival entertainments of the Empire. The Gentiles, who made observations on all his life, had nothing to reproach in him, but that he excessively delighted in the slaughter of savage beasts, whom he caused to be taken and fed for his pleasure, saying, it diverted him from cares of the Empire. He, to satisfie all the world, caused instantly all those creatures to be killed, and disposed himself to attend the affairs of his Councel, with so good judgement, and so great resolution, that he seemed a *Daniel* in the midst of the Assembly of Elders. These envious people having watched him so far, as to observe him at the table, objected, he anticipated the hour of his repast; yet he so addicted himself to abstinence, that he was seen in feasts rather seemingly than effectually to eat: for sometimes in entertaining others he fasted, tempering devotion and charity with a singular discretion. Finally, to give testimony of his infinite chastity, it was told him there was in *Rome* a female Comedian, endowed with a singular beauty, having attractives which ravished all the Nobilitie. This understood, he deputeth one expresly to bring her to the Court: but they being passionately in love with her, corrupted the messenger, so that he returned without doing any thing. The Emperour rechargeth, and commandeth that she with all expedition should be brought. It was so done, but she coming to the Court, the most chaste Emperour would not so much as onely see her, but instantly sent her back again, saying, That if he being in a condition which gave him the means to satisfie all his pleasures, and in an Age which ordinarily useth to be very slippery in matter of vice, and which is more, not married, abstained from unlawfull loves; his subjects might well do somewhat by his example. Never servant (saith S. *Ambrose*) was more in the power of his Master, than the body of this Prince was under command of the soul; nor ever Censor more diligently examined the actions of others, than he his own.

Though all these dispositions infinitely much comforted the holy Prelate, and namely, the desire he expressed to receive Baptism two days before his death, asking every instant if Bishop *Ambrose* were come, notwithstanding his heart was transfixed to see him taken away in a time, when he went about to make himself most necessary for all the world. His death was generally bemoaned by all men, and there was not any, nay, not his enemies, which for him poured not out their tears.

It is said that *Galla* his sister, wife of the Emperour *Theodosius*, at the news of his death, filled the Court with incontolable lamentations, and died in childbed, which came by excess of grief; for which *Theodosius* was pitifully afflicted.

The other sisters of the Prince, who were at *Milan*, ceased not to dissolve into tears, before the eyes of S. *Ambrose*, who had no word more effectual to comfort them, than the assurance that his faith and zeal had purified him, and the demand he made of Baptism had consecrated him, to the end they should no longer be in pain with the ease of his soul.

The good Bishop took a most particular care of his obsequies and burial, where he made a Funeral Oration, found yet among his Works. In the end remembering his two pupils: *Go* (saith he) *O you most happy, gone as you are out of the desert of this world, dwell now in the everlasting delights of God, united in Heaven, as you have been on earth. If my prayers have any force before God, I will not let a day pass of my life, that I remember you not: I will not make a praier, wherein I insert not the names of my dearest Pupils* Gratian *and* Valentinian. *In the silence of the night the apple of mine eyes shall be waking and full of tears for you, and as often as I approach to Altars, my sacrifices shall mount to Heaven in the odour of sweetness. By my will (dearest children) if I could have given my life for yours, I should have found consolation for all my sorrows.* Then turning himself to his sisters, those mourn full turtles, whom this good Prince had so passionately loved, that in consideration of them, he deferred his own marriage, fearing lest the love of a wife might diminish his charity towards them, the good Bishop thus spake unto them: *My holy daughters, I will not bereave you of tears; this were to be over ignorant in the resentments of your hearts. I wish that you bewail your brother, but bemoan him not as lost, he shall live more than ever in your eyes, in your breasts, in your hearts, in your embracements, in your kisses, in your memorie, in your praiers; nor shall any thing draw him from your thoughts: but you ought now to consider him with a quite other visage, not as a man mortal, for whom you were ever in fear, but as an Angel in whom you dread nothing: An Angel, who will assist, comfort, and hold you day and night in his protection.*

S. *Ambrose* speaketh to the souls of his two pupils.

The seventeenth SECTION.

The tyranny of Eugenius, *and notable libertie of S.* Ambrose.

IN the mean while *Eugenius*, drawn from the school to the Throne of Monarchs, to serve as a specious game for the fortune of the times, changeth his ferula into a scepter, and makes himself an Emperour, like the ice of one night. The faithless man, who had been a Christian, shutting up his eyes then from all consideration of piety, and onely opening them to the lustre of this unexpected greatness, made himself an arm of towe, forsaking the direction of God, to support in humane policie. He put all his hope in the sword of *Arbogastus*, and counsel of *Flavianus*, a Gentleman of prime quality, and much versed in judicial Astrologie, who promised him a golden fortune, if he would leave Christian Religion, to re-advance the worship of false gods, towards which *Eugenius*, blinded with his presumption, discovered great inclinations.

He chose the Citie of *Milan*, to begin the web of his wicked purposes, where S. *Ambrose* did not desire

him, not through fear of his arms, but for the horrour he had conceived of his ſacriledges. The falſe Emperour failed not to write to the holy Biſhop to require his friendſhip, which he would make uſe of to ſupport his authoritie: but holy *Ambroſe* ſhewed ſo generous a contempt of his letters, that he deigned not ſo much as to make anſwer, untill ſuch time that being informed how *Eugenius* under-hand favoured the Sect of Pagans, having already allowed them this Altar of *Victorie*, for which ſo many batels had been fought, he wrote to him a moſt couragious letter; where, not touching his election nor affairs of State, as then not well known, he reprehendeth him for his impietie, and ſaid among other things:

Epiſt. *Ambroſ.* ad *Eugenium.*

How the retreat, which I made from Milan, not attending you, to the fear of God, which ſhall perpetually be the rule of my actions. The grace of our Saviour ſhall ever be more precious with me, than that of Cæſars, *nor will I at any time flatter a man to betray my conſcience. I wrong no perſon, if I render to God that which is due to him; and I profit all men, when I conceal not a truth from great-ones. I underſtand you have granted to Pagans that which conſtantly hath been denied by Catholick Emperours. God knoweth all the ſecrets of your heart. It is a very ill buſineſs if you unwilling to be beguiled by men, think to deceive God, who ſeeth all that is to be done, even to nothing. The Gentiles, who ſo much have importuned you to ſatisfie their paſſion, taught you to be urgent to make a good refuſal of that which you cannot give, but with committing ſacriledge. I am no Controller of your liberalities, but an interpreter of your faith. Give of your treaſures what ever you think good; I envie no man: but you ſhall not give any thing of the rights of God which I will not reſiſt with the utmoſt extent of my power. You make a goodly matter to preſent offerings to* Jeſus Chriſt; *you will find few, that make account of theſe diſſimulations, every man hereafter will regard, not what you do, but what you have a will to do. As for my part, I enter not now into conſideration of your eſtate, but if you be true Emperour, you will begin with the ſervice of the divine Majeſtie: This is it which I cannot hide from you, becauſe my life and flatterie are two things incompatible.*

As for the reſt, the Emperour *Theodoſius* ſeeing the tyrannie of *Eugenius* in a readineſs, well foreſaw neceſſitie muſt needs put arms into his hands to be mannaged with pietie. Whileſt the infamous *Eugenius* made ſlaughter of beaſts, amuſing himſelf on the conſideration of their entrails, from thence to judge the events of war, the brave *Theodoſius* proſtrated himſelf before the Altars of the living God, covered with hair-cloth, imploring the aſſiſtance of Saints for his ſuccour, and all the prayers of ſouls the moſt purified, which at that time lived within Monaſteries. He departed from *Conſtantinople* with theſe aids, cauſing the Standard of the Croſs to march before him. *Eugenius* was alreadie encamped on the Alps to hinder the paſſage of his adverſarie, and had in a manner covered them with Statues of falſe Gods, as of *Jupiter* and *Hercules*, ſo beſtial was this man.

Theodoſius maketh the Court holy.

The Emperour ſeeing he needs muſt fight, commanded *Gaynes*, Colonel of the *Goths*, who led the vanguard, to break the trenches of his enemies, which he quickly did: but they being yet very freſh, and having a notable advantage of place taken by them, ſuſtained the firſt aſſault with much reſolution, and infinite loſs on the Emperours part; for it is thought that *Gaynes*, who was a valiant Captain in his own perſon, yet too wilfully opinionative to force this paſſage of the Alps, loſt there about ten thouſand men, which were killed like flies: ſo that needs a retreat muſt be made, very ſhamefull for *Theodoſius* his army.

Eugenius, whoſe head was not made for a diadem, thinking the whole buſineſs ended, after ſo great a ſlaughter of his enemies, was ſo puffed up with this ſucceſs, that he rather thought how to glorifie his victorie, than foreſee his defence. The ſage Emperour on the other ſide, ſeeing his Army grown very thin, and the courage of his ſouldiers wavering, more ſtedfaſtly made his addreſs to God. He was ſeen upon the top of a rock proſtrate on the earth, and crying aloud, *My God, you know that I in the name of your Son enterprized this war, and have oppoſed the arms of the Croſs againſt Infidelitie. If in me their reſt any blame, I beſeech you to revenge my ſins on my culpable head, and not abandon the cauſe of Religion, leſt we become a reproch to Infidels.*

Remarkable pietie of Theodoſius.

The ſame night God for his aſſurance ſhewed him a viſion of two Apoſtles, S. *John* and S. *Philip*, who ſhould be, as indeed they were, the Conductours of his Legions. The next morning about break of day, he ranged his forces in battel array, and charged *Eugenius*, not as yet througly freed from his drunken proſperitie: And when he ſaw that thoſe who had the vanguard proceeded therein ſomewhat fearfully, remembering themſelves of the uſage of their companions, he did an act of admirable confidence, for he alighted from his horſe, and marching on foot in the head of his Army cried out: *Where is the God of* Theodoſius? At this word the ayd of Heaven was ſo propitious, that a furious whirl-wind was raiſed, which perſecuted the enemies of *Theodoſius*, caſting a huge cloud of duſt into their eyes, and returning all their own darts back to their proper faces, in ſuch ſort, that as it is confeſſed by *Claudian*, a very obſtinate Pagan, it ſeemed the good Emperour that day had the winds and tempeſts at command, and that he had nothing to do but to give the word, to make them obedient to his Standards. Heaven fought for its beloved *Theodoſius*, and all the powers of the ayr were in arms to favour his victories. The ſouldiers at this inſtant were all changed, ſo much hope had they in their hearts, & fire in their courages.

Victorie of *Theodoſius* over *Eugenius*. Ambroſ. in *oratione funebri* Theodoſii

Bacurius, one of the Emperours greateſt Captains, with his enflamed Legions, brake through the ranks, penetrated the ſtrongeſt reſiſtances, and gained the Alps. *Eugenius*, his people dejected as men fallen from the clouds, could not ſufficiently admire this alteration. The diſcreeteſt among them diſpoſed themſelves to treat of peace, crying aloud, that never would they bear arms againſt a man, who had the ayr and winds in his pay.

Theodoſius fortified them with his clemencie; all diſpoſitions by a moſt remarkable miracle of God, who exerciſeth his power as well over hearts as winds, were changed in an inſtant, and that which is admirable, the moſt faithfull to *Eugenius* promiſed the Emperour to put him into his hands, which they performed: for they went to take this miſerable man, who ſat on his Throne entertaining his goodly imaginations, and crying, *Bring him alive*, (ſpeaking of *Theodoſius*) when they laying hold of his collar, and moſt ſhamefully binding his hands: *It is you* (ſaid they) *we muſt bring alive to* Theodoſius, *and that inſtantly.* They truſſed him up like a beaſt aſtoniſhed, and preſented him to the Emperour, who having reproched him in preſence of all the world for his impietie and treacherie, cauſed him preſently to be put to death, to make an end of his imaginarie Empire.

The wicked *Arbogaſtus* who had at other times been ſo happy, when he followed the counſels of S. *Ambroſe*, ſeeing the ill ſucceſs of his deſigns, became ſo enraged, that himſelf thruſt two ſwords through his own bodie, being not able to endure life nor light, which ſeemed to upbraid him with his crimes.

Some hold that *Flavianus* died in the throng, that he might not ſurvive his own ſhame: others think he eſcaped, and that *Theodoſius* extended his ordinarie clemencie to him.

Briefly behold the courſe of the tyrannie of *Eugenius*, ſtill more and more to verifie the Oracles of S. *Ambroſe*.

S. *Ambroſe*. The Emperour came to *Milan*, where he caſt himſelf at the feet of the holy Biſhop, attributing theſe victories to his wiſdom, counſels, and virtue of his prayers.

The eighteenth SECTION.

The differences of S. Ambroſe *with the Emperour* Theodoſius, *and his death.*

PHiloſophers ſay, there are four things which divert thunder, to wit, wind, rain, noiſe, and the light of the Sun. And behold a thunder-clap arreſted by Saint *Ambroſe*, with the wind of his mouth, the holy rain of his eloquence, the noiſe of his voice, and reſplendent light of his moſt unſported life.

Theodoſius verily was a great Prince, but as it is ſo difficult to be on earth, and not participate of earth, as that the Moon being diſtant by ſo many thouſand leagues, yet ſeemeth to bear the marks thereof on the forehead; ſo is it very hard to be in Court, and not reſent the manners of the Court, and ſouls eſteemed the moſt temperate, not to have ſome blemiſhes appear on the face. This brave Emperour was naturally enclined to choller, which was enkindled by the breath of thoſe who converſed with him, nouriſhing himſelf with the food of over-much credulity. For this cauſe he had two great conteſtations with S. *Ambroſe*, which eminently manifeſted the authority of the holy Biſhop.

Synagogue burned.

The one was for a Synagogue of *Jews*; the other for the murder committed at *Theſſalonica*. The matter for the *Jews* was, for that one of their Synagogues was burnt in the Eaſt, at the ſolicitation of a Biſhop, with which *Theodoſius* offended, as if it had imported much prejudice to his Edicts, cauſed a carefull Inquiſition to be made, and adjudged the good Biſhop, who was ſaid to be the Authour of this fire, to re-build the Synagogue, now turned to cinders. Saint *Ambroſe*, although he had a peaceable ſpirit, and that he in his Dioceſs had never undertaken the like, avoiding popular commotions as much as he might, which ever tranſport affairs into ſome exceſs, yet could he not tolerate the rigours uſed againſt Chriſtians, on this pretended injury, but he very ſharply wrote thereof to *Theodoſius*, as it appeareth by the letter which is yet found among his Works; ſome words whereof behold:

Ambroſ. epiſt. 17. lib. 2.

My life paſſeth away in many cares, wherein I am engaged by obligation of my charge: but I muſt avow that I never reſented any thing more lively, than to ſee my ſelf as it were accuſed of ſacrilege before your Ma-

Grave words of S. *Ambroſe*.

jeſtie. I beſeech you patiently to hearken to me; for if I be unworthie to be heard by you, I cannot be heard of God for you. You do wrong to commit your praiers and vows to me, to be carried to Altars: if you denie me the audience of your ears, you declare me by the ſame ſentence unworthie to bear your complaints to the ears of the living God. It is not a thing to be done by a good Emperour to take away the libertie of ſpeech, nor for a good Biſhop to conceal a veritie contrarie to his conſcience. All that which Monarchs have in them moſt amiable, is, to love libertie, even in the tongues of the ſouldiers; but by a much ſtronger reaſon, ought they to cheriſh it in the mouthes of Biſhops. There hath ever been a notable difference between good and evil Princes, which cauſeth that the one deſires the libertie of their ſubjects, and the other love nothing ſo much in them as ſlaverie. God commandeth us to bear his word to the face of Kings, and not be aſhamed of juſtice. I do not intrude through importunitie, but preſent my ſelf of dutie. That which I do, I do for your good, and in conſideration of your ſafetie. If I derive not the effect which I pretend, yet ever will I better love to be by your Majeſtie eſteemed troubleſom, than unprofitable or infamous. You have commanded enquiries ſhould be made of thoſe who have burnt the Synagogue of the Jews, *to inflict puniſhment, and that the Biſhop by whoſe ſolicitation this fire hath been kindled, ſhould be condemned to re-edifie the waſted buildings. What have you done (O Emperour) in impoſing ſuch a command, which by neceſſitie will make of a Biſhop, either a Prevaricatour or a Martyr, although neither the one, nor other be proper for your time? I deſire a Biſhop may be found ſo fervent as to burn a Synagogue of the* Jews; *and for that cauſe you have deputed for him a Commiſſarie, to the end, that if he obey your commands, he ſhould betray his own law; and if he reſiſt, make you to do that which the* Neroes *and* Domitians *have acted. Behold to what this affair will come, if you take not heed. For my part, I propoſe to my ſelf, that the Biſhop will rather encline to matter of Martyrdom, than of treaſon: he will ſay that he hath ſtirred up the people, ſounded the alarm, taken the flaming fire-brands in hand, and that he will expoſe himſelf for his whole flock. O happie lie, which ſhall ſerve others for abſolution, and him for a Crown! But what need is there to enquire into the abſent? Behold me preſent, behold me avowing the act. I publiſh, and proteſt, if needs you will have it ſo, I my ſelf burned this Synagogue now in queſtion, that there might no longer be a place where* Jeſus Chriſt *ſhould be denied. And do not tell me, that I have not burned any in mine own Dioceſs; Heaven hath done it for me, Heaven hath prevented the negligence, which I then thought to be reaſonable. And if men have in it ſeconded the will of Heaven, would you ſend one of your Counts to puniſh them, and re-build the Synagogue of the* Jews *at our charge, that ſo the hand of a Captain, which carrieth the Standards of the Croſs, may not henceforth bear them, until he hath been defiled with a ſacriledge intended againſt the Croſs of* Chriſt.

We have heretofore ſeen on the front of the Temple of Idols, how they have been built of the ſpoils of Cimbrians, *but we ſhall hereafter read over the portal of Synagogues, that they were made with the bloud of Chriſtians, by the commandment of a Chriſtian Emperour. The* Jews *paſſionately deſire to ſee Chriſtians at the chain, and they ſhall find a Chriſtian Emperour miniſter of their furies. You will make them triumph over the Church of God, you will cauſe them to put our tears and afflictions among their days of Feſtivals, and the victories they will gain upon us, with thoſe they have had from the* Amorrheans *and* Cananeans.

He purſued this ſubject with great vigour of ſtrong reaſons, and good words, and ſeeing the Emperour made no reckoning of this adviſe given him in particular, he failed not, according to promiſe, to ſpeak of it in publick, in a Sermon he made of the waking-rod of *Jeremie*; where deſcending upon the hiſtory of *Nathan*, who reproched *David* for his ſin, by conſideration of the benefits he had received from God, he made a long apoſtrophe to the Emperour *Theodoſius*, to him applying the word of God: *I have then made thee Emperour of a private man, I have ſubjected barbarous Nations to thee, I have afforded thee iſſue to ſucceed in thy Empires, I have given thee peace, I have put thine enemies fettered into thy hands, I have opened land and ſeas to thy Legions, I have ſheltered thee under the buckler of my protection, I have confounded the counſels of thy adverſaries, to make thy enterprizes proſperous, I have rendered thee dreadfull to people, marking thee on the forehead with the rays of my Majeſtie, that thou mayeſt re-edifie the Synagogue of the* Jews.

He ſpake many things in the like terms, with ſo much lightening, thunder, and tempeſt, that *Theodoſius* was wholly amazed, nor could ſay any thing elſe to him coming from the pulpit, but: *Biſhop you have preached to me to day. Sacred Majeſtie* (anſwereth S. Ambroſe) *it is for your good. It is true* (replieth the Emperour) *I did ill to give this command. And for that* (ſaith

Saint *Ambroſe*) *I will not go to the Altar to offer the pledge of our ſalvation for you, till you have revoked this Edict. I from this preſent revoke it*, ſaith Theodoſius. *On this aſſurance which you give* (anſwereth the Biſhop) *I will offer ſacrifice.*

As for the other conteſtation of Saint *Ambroſe* with *Theodoſius*, which was concerning the murder of the *Theſſalonians*, of one part the matter is ſo notorious, that it needeth no declaration, but on the other it is ſo important, that it were a crime to let it paſs under ſilence.

The *Theſſalonians* in a popular commotion, ſlew one of the Emperour's Captains, who had cauſed a Coach-man to be impriſoned. The news reported at Court, incenſed all men of arms, who think, wearing ſwords, they have right over the bloud of people. *Theodoſius* could do no otherwiſe but ſhew himſelf offended with this death: For the Emperours then thought the ſouldiers were as neceſſary for their fortunes, as feathers for birds. As the thunder already roared in the cloud, and the thunder-ſtroke of the Imperial Eagle menaced the miſerable Citie, tainted with this murder, S. *Ambroſe* came thither very fitly, who much ſweetened the affairs, and wholly diſpoſed the Emperour to clemency. But as it is the wind which worketh all the miſchief on the Sea, this element being of its own nature very peaceſull, ſo they are ill officers, who often cauſe thoſe diſturbances which happen in the lives of Great men, their good natures very frequently affording them inclinations to ſweetneſs. Theſe Captains which poſſeſſed the ears of the Emperour, ceaſed not to breath and murmur ſo ſtrongly, that after the departure of S. *Ambroſe*, they raiſed fire and tempeſt. *Theodoſius* giveth freedom to the ſouldiers, for the revenge they were to exerciſe upon the Citie of *Theſſalonica*: They who were willing to drown all their paſſion in bloud, bethought themſelves of a wicked and barbarous invention, putting the poor people into a large publick place encloſed with rails, comonly called *the Circus*, where ordinarily games were preſented, divulging they had an admirable ſpectacle to ſhew, for entertainment of the Burgeſſes of the Citie. Curioſitie of its nature is ever credulous, and he that hath the image of pleaſure in his head, regardeth the bayt, not conſidering the hook. Theſe unfortunate men ran by heaps to take place in the morning very early; they were entertained in the beginning with certain ſopperies, which they beheld with much ſatisfaction, clapping their hands at every word, and crying, *Vivat Rex*, when behold from the rayls, where tourneaments were expected, horſ-men covered with ſteel were ſeen to iſſue out, with ſword in hand, who ſet upon this multitude encloſed as in a pit-fall, and made a lamentable ſlaughter of theſe ſilly ſheep. The bloud ſtreaming among ſo many out-cries and horrible images of death, was a hydeous ſpectacle, even to thoſe who were out of danger. As a coal enkindled, ever gaineth more and more, eating out his way, it was not known whether any reſiſtance redoubled this fury, but going out of the compaſs of the *Circus*, they ran all the Citie over, in ſuch ſort, that in the ſpace of three hours there were numbred about ſeven thouſand bodies ſlain in the market-place.

Maſſacre of *Theſſalonica*.

O you Great-ones, whom God hath ſet over the heads of men the higher, to behold the images of your own miſery, and not to cruſh and rent them in pieces; what Ocean will ſuffice to waſh your mouths when to content a vanitie of ſpirit, you let words fall, which carry along with them the maſſacre of mortals? The ſea is leſs furious, a thunder-clap leſs dreadfull, the gall of Dragons and poiſon which ſwelleth up the neck of Aſpicks, is much more tollerable, than an inconſiderate word proceeding from the mouth of a Great man, which unlooſeth the hands to violence, and ſhuts them up to juſtice. In three hours, behold a poor Citie diveſted of Citizens, and peopled with dead bodies, become a deſert Iſland encompaſſed with a river of bloud: ſo many women calling upon their huſbands, and ſo many little children crying for their fathers among the dead, who had voice no longer to anſwer.

Theodoſius never to himſelf propoſed this miſchief, but his word falling into the hands of men of war, fleſhed in revenge, could by no means be recalled.

When S. *Ambroſe*, being in the company of other Biſhops, heard the news of this pitifull tragedy, it drew ſobs from his heart, and tears from his eyes. The Emperour tormented in his conſcience, cauſed ſecretly the opinion of the good Biſhop to be ſounded, and inſtantly knew that he, who in matters of much lighter importance had not ſpared him, would handle him in this action according to his demerit. Whereupon he immediately by letter denounced him excommunicate, and that if he came to *Milan*, he could not otherwiſe entertain him, but as one excommunicate: His ſin having reduced him to that ſtate, that the very ſight of Altars would be a crime, unleſs he reſolved upon a perfect penance.

Theodoſius in this matter well diſcovered his mind was good. Some other, beholding himſelf in condition of a power to diſturb the Church, would have reſiſted the rod with moody extravagancies, and imperious menaces, or admit he would have taken more temperate ways, had ſought the means of diſpenſation from the ordinary rigours of a publick penance, for reverence due to his perſon: but this good Emperour, knowing his maladie ſtood in need of a good Phyſitian, made choice of the moſt ſevere, and never had any reſt in his ſoul till he ſaw Saint *Ambroſe*; much better loving to be reprehended by him, than flattered by another. He came to *Milan*, and taking the ready way to the Church, the holy Biſhop cauſed ſpeedily all the gates to be ſhut, and went out of the circuit of the ſacred place to encounter him, and at the firſt meeting, ſpake to him in this manner:

Brave words of S. *Ambroſe* to *Theodoſius*.

It is not credible, Oh Emperour, that you as yet know the enormitie of the murder you have committed. As choller at that time blinded you, ſo now the opinion of your greatneſs, and rays of your Diadem dazle your eyes; yet ought you not to reflect on the earth from whence you were extracted, and to which you muſt return. It is fit you think the purple which covers your bodie, cannot defend you from putrifaction and worms. The ſtate wherein you then ſhall be, ought to ſerve for a counterpoize to the elevation of that, which at this time tranſporteth you out of your ſelf. You command over men, who are of the like nature with your ſelf, who are derived from the ſame elements, who have equalled you in birth, and ſhall alſo parallel you in a tomb. God hath made you man, and Emperour, to uſe them as men and ſubjects; and they by your commandment are worſe treated than the moſt ſavage beaſts.

With what eyes pretend you to behold the Church of the living God, who is your Sovereign Maſter? Have you any other than thoſe, which are poiſoned with the gall of your anger? With what feet will you touch theſe marbles, which are not made but for the feet of the faithful? Shall it be with them, which go upon ſlaughters? What hands will you extend to Altars? Have you any other than thoſe, which yet diſtil the bloud of thoſe unfortunate victims? Dare you with thoſe hands to take the bodie of the Son of God? Dare you to lift his bloud to that mouth, which hath denounced the ſentence of this maſſacre? Retire, retire, adde not crime to crime. Take about your neck the yoke of penance, which is the onely remedie of your evils.

Theodoſius amazed at this liberty, made no other anſwer, but that *David* had been a great ſinner as well as he; but ſo ſoon as he opened his mouth, the

Biſhop

Biſhop replieth: *Well then, ſince you ſpeak of* David, *imitate him in his penance, as you have in his ſin.*

Thereupon the Emperour departed, and went to his Palace, touched with an amazed grief, where he endeavoured punctually to perform the works of penance impoſed upon him by the holy Prelate. He already had paſſed about eight moneths in this eſtate, when the feaſt of Chriſtmaſs being come, he fetched many deep ſighs, and ſhed abundance of tears, bitterly deploring his condition, for which cauſe *Ruffinus*, who was at that time the chief favourite of *Theodoſius*, and after that cut in pieces under the reign of his children, perceiving it, asked him the cauſe of this unmeaſurable ſorrow. Then *Theodoſius* redoubling his ſobs: *Ah* Ruffinus, *you are merry* (ſaith he) *and ſee not where the evil woundeth me. Have not I cauſe to bemoan my miſhap with bitter tears, ſeeing the Altars, made even for ſlaves and beggers, cannot endure me, and needs muſt I be cut off, as a rotten member, from the ſociety of men and Angels? For I am not ignorant, that what is bound on earth by the mouth of Prieſts, ſhall be bound in Heaven.*

Ruffinus, who then thought himſelf as ſtrong as Heaven, ſaid, *If there were nothing elſe but that which afflicted the Emperours mind, he would quickly afford a remedie.* Theodoſius replieth: *You know not Biſhop* Ambroſe; *but I know, neither thy credit nor induſtry can ought avail me.* *Ruffinus* notwithſtanding inſiſted, proteſting he would inſtantly perſwade the Biſhop what ever he pleaſed. He failed not to find out the Biſhop, but the Saint gave him a very ſharp reprehenſion, adviſing him rather to dreſs his own wounds, than intercede for others; for he partly underſtood, that he had a hand in this fatal counſel. *Ruffinus* notwithſtanding, plyed it all he could, and endeavoured to charm this man with fair words, ſaying finally for concluſion, he would immediately accompany the Emperour to the Church. S. *Ambroſe*, who was ever very ſerious, anſwered: *If he come thither as a Tyrant, I will ſtretch out my neck: but if in quality of a Chriſtian Emperour, I am reſolved to forbid him entrance.* *Ruffinus* well ſaw the Biſhop was inflexible, and went in haſte to adviſe the Emperour, not yet on this day to hazard his approach to the Church. He found him on his way, as a man diſtracted, that had the arrow in his heart, and haſtened for remedy: and he ſaying he had dealt with the Biſhop, *It is no matter* (ſaith *Theodoſius*) *let him do with me what he pleaſe, but I am reſolved to reconcile my ſelf to the Church.*

Ædicula jaculatoria. S. *Ambroſe* advertiſed that *Theodoſius* came, went out, and expected him at the door of a little Cell, ſeperated from the body of the Church, where ordinarily ſalutations were made. Then perceiving him environed with his Captains, *Come you, oh Emperour,* (ſaith he) *to force us? No* (ſaith *Theodoſius*) *I come in the quality of a moſt humble ſervant, and beſeech you, that imitating the mercy of the Maſter whom you ſerve, you would unlooſe my fetters; otherwiſe my life will fail. What penance* (replieth the holy man) *have you done for the expiation of ſo great a ſin? It is* (anſwereth *Theodoſius*) *for you to appoint it, and me to perform it.*

Then was the time, when to correct the precipitation of the Edict made againſt the *Theſſalonians*, he commanded him to ſuſpend the execution of the ſentence of death for the ſpace of thirty days: after which, having brought him into the Church, the faithfull Emperour prayed, not ſtanding on his feet, nor kneeling, but proſtrated all along on the pavement, which he watered with his tears, tearing his hair, and pitifully pronouncing this verſicle of *David*: *My ſoul is faſtened to the pavement, quicken me according to thy word.*

Pſal. 118. Adhæſit pavimento anima mea, vivifica me ſecundum verbum tuum.

When the time of Oblation was come, he modeſtly lifted up himſelf, having his eyes ſtill bathed with tears, and ſo went to preſent his offering, then ſtayed within thoſe rayls, which ſeperated the Prieſts from the Laity, attending in the ſame place to hear the reſt of Maſs. Saint *Ambroſe* asked him, who ſet him there, and whether he wanted any thing? The Emperour anſwered, He attended the holy Communion: of which the ſage Prelate being advertiſed, he ſent one of his chief Deacons which ſerved at the Altar, to let him underſtand that the Quire was the place of Prieſts, and not of the Laicks, that he inſtantly ſhould go out, to rank himſelf in his order, adding, the Purple might well make Emperours, not Prieſts. *Theodoſius* obeyed, and anſwered, that what he had done was not on purpoſe, but that ſuch was the cuſtom of the Church of *Conſtantinople*. Yea, it is alſo remarkable, that returning afterward into the Eaſt, and hearing Maſs at *Conſtantinople*, on a very ſolemn feſtival day, after he had preſented his offering, he went out of the Quire, whereat the Patriarch *Nectarius* amazed asked him, why his Majeſty retired in that manner? He ſighing, anſwered: *I in the end have learned to my coſt, the difference between an Emperour and a Biſhop? To conclude, I have found a Maſter of truth, and to tell you mine opinion, I do acknowledge amongſt Biſhops, but one* Ambroſe *worthy of that title.*

Behold an incomparable authority, which was as the rays of his great virtue and ſanctity, from whence diſtilled all that force and vigour, which he had in treating with all men.

I imagine I hitherto have expoſed the principal actions of S. *Ambroſe* to the bright ſplendour of the day, and ſo to have ordered them, that all ſorts of conditions may therein find matter of inſtruction. It hath not been my intention to diſtend them by way of Annals, but hiſtorical diſcourſes, proper to perſwade virtue: So likewiſe have I not been willing to charge this paper with other particular narrations, which may be read in *Paulinus*, *Sozomen*, *Ruffinus*, and which have exactly been ſought out by Cardinal *Baronius*, ſuitable to his purpoſe. I conclude, after I have told you that *Paulinus* his Secretary witneſſeth, he writing by him a little before his death, ſaw a globe of fire, which encompaſſed his head and in the end entered into his mouth, making an admirable brightneſs reflect on his face, which held him ſo rapt, that whileſt this viſion continued, it was impoſſible for him to write one word of thoſe which Saint *Ambroſe* dictated.

Death of S. *Ambroſe.* As for the reſt, having attained the threeſcore and fourth year of his age, he was accounted as the Oracle of the world; for they came from the utmoſt bounds of the earth to hear his wiſdom, as unto *Solomon*, and after the death of *Theodoſius Stilicon*, who governed all, held the preſence of Saint *Ambroſe* ſo neceſſary that he eſteemed all the glory of the *Roman* Empire was tied to the life of this holy Prelate. In effect, when on the day of holy Saturday, after his receiving the Communion he had ſweetly rendered up his ſoul, as *Moſes* by the mouth of God; a huge deluge of evils overflowed *Italie*, which ſeemed not to be ſtayed but by the prayers of this Saint. Let us (I beſeech you) paſs over his death in the manner of the Scripture, which ſpeaketh but one word of the end of ſo many great perſonages; and let us never talk of death in a ſubject, wholly repleniſhed with immortality.

Oh what a life, what a death, to have born bees in his firſt birth on his lips, and at his death globes of light in his mouth! What a life, to be framed from his tender age as a *Samuel* for the Tabernacle, not knowing he was deſigned for the Tabernacle! What a life, to preſerve himſelf in the corruption of the world, in a moſt undefiled chaſtity, as a fountain of freſh water in midſt of the ſea! What a life, to arrive to honour and dignities in flying them, and to have enobled all his charges by the integrity

grity of his manners! What a life, not to have taught any virtue before he practiſed it, and to become firſt learned in examples, before he ſhewed himſelf eloquent in words! What a life, ſo to have governed a Church, that it ſeemed a copy of Heaven, and an eternal pattern of virtues! What a life, to have born on his ſhoulders the glory of Chriſtendom, and all the moveables of the houſe of God! What a life, to have ſo many times trampled the head of Dragons under-foot, and rendered himſelf the Oracle of the world, and the Doctour of Monarchs! And what a death, to die as in a field with palms planted by his hand, manured by his induſtrie, and watched with ſweats!

What a death, to have built himſelf before his death a tomb ſtuffed with precious ſtones of ſo many goodly virtues! What a death, which hath made it known that S. *Ambroſe* was born for all the world, and could not die without the tears of all the world; ſince as every one had his intereſts in the life of this Prelate, ſo he found in his death the ſubject of his ſorrow! What a death, to die with theſe words in his mouth: *I am neither aſhamed to have lived, nor fear to die, becauſe we have a good Maſter!* What a death, to return to Heaven as the dove of the deluge to his Ark, bearing words of peace, as an olive-branch in his mouth! What a death, to ſee vice trodden under his feet, Heaven all in crowns over his head, men in admiration, the Angels in joy, the Arms of God laden with recompences for his merits!

Prelates, who pleaſe your ſelves with Myters and Croziers, would to God this incomparable man, as he is the ornament of your Order, might be ever the model of your actions. And if your dignities make you be as Mountains of *Sinai*, wholly in lights, flames, and thunder-ſtrokes, let the innocency of your life, render you (by his imitation) Mountains of *Libanus*, to bear the whiteneſs of ſnow in the puritie of your converſation, the odour of incenſe in your ſacrifices and devotions, and fountains in the doctrines and charities you ſhall diſtribute to the whole world.

THE SOVLDIER.

TO SOULDIERS.

O Brave and couragious Nobility, whoſe Anceſtours have fixed the Standards of the Croſs upon the land of Infidels, and cemented Monarchies with their bloud; to you it is I addreſs theſe lines, for you it is my pen laboureth, excited with a generous deſign it hath to honour your profeſſion. Here it is, where I preſent the true figures of valour: Here I diſplay the palms and crowns, which environed the head of your Fathers: Here I do reſtore the value of fair and glorious actions, reſerved for your imitation. Enter with a firm footing and a confident courage into this Temple of glory, perſwading your ſelves that there is nothing ſo great in the world, as to tread falſe greatneſs under foot, and deifie virtues. Worldly honour is the feaſt of Gods, ſaid an Ancient, where the ambitious are not invited, but in quality of IXIONS and TANTALUSSES, to ſerve there as buffons: but that which conſiſteth in valour, joyned to integrity of manners, ought to be the object of your affections, the recompence of your labours, and trophey of your memorie. Reflect onely with a favourable eye on this poor endeavour which I conſecrate to your benefit, and afford by your virtues effect to my prayers, and accompliſhment to my writings.

THE

THE SOULDIER.

The first SECTION.

The excellency of Warlick Virtue.

IF the profession of arms were as well managed, as it is excellent and necessary in civil life, we could not have eyes enough to behold it, nor tongues sufficient to praise it: and although our spirit should arrive to the highest top of admiration, it would ever find wonders in this subject, not to be attained.

God of hosts. We seem to hear the Scripture speak, that God himself affecteth the glory of arms, when he causeth himself to be surnamed the God of hosts, and when the Prophets represent him unto us in a fiery Chariot, all environed with burning Legions, at which time the pillars of Heaven tremble under his feet, the rocks are rent, abysses frown, and all the creatures of the universe shake under the insupportable splendour of his Majesty. In effect, this great Monarch of Heaven and earth ceaseth not to make war; and if we will consider his proceedings, we shall find it is more than fifty Ages, since he hath laid siege to a rebellious Citie, which hath for ditches, abysses of iniquity; for walls and rampires, obstinacy; for towers and bulwarks, mountains of pride; for arms, resistance against divine inspirations; for artillery, tumult and insolency; for houses dens of hypocrisie; for Palaces, labyrinths of dissimulation; for tribunal and bar, impiety; for Temple, proper-will; for Idol, self-love; for Captain, blindness; for souldiers, exorbitant passions; for counsel, folly; and for constancy perverse opinion.

Town besieged by God.

The hurt of man. This Citie in a word, is the heart of man, against which God daily wageth war, to give us libertie by our captivitie, advancement by our fall, greatness by our abasing, and life by death, which maketh us die to all dead things, to live for immortality. God would that we fight by his example, not onely with spiritual arms, but sometimes with material: and it is a thing very considerable, that *Abraham*, the first Father of all the faithfull, was a warriour; since S. *Ambrose* reckoning up all his titles, according to the Scripture, sheweth he was a good Religious man, a good Justice, a good Captain, a good hoast, and a good husband. Yea, also it is a passage much more admirable to say, what *Clemens Alexandrinus* hath observed, that the first Army of the faithfull which ever was, marched, not thinking thereon, under the figure of the Cros, and the name of Saviour, although it were about two thousand years before the birth of the Messias.

Ambros. Offic. lib. 1. cap. 24. Fide primus, justitiâ precipuus, in prælio strenuus, in victoriâ non avarus, domi hospitalis, uxori fidulus.

The fourteenth Chapter of Genesis teacheth us, that nine Kings came into the field with their troups, to fight, four against five. Those of *Sodom* and *Gomorrha* were there in person, who like effeminate Princes turned their back at the first encounter, and in flying, fell into pits of sulphure. Their defeat gave leisure to the enemy to pillage all the Countrey: where poor *Lot*, the nephew of *Abraham*, was taken, having by mishap, chosen his habitation in a Territory, fertile in wealth and iniquities.

The news coming to the ears of *Abraham*, he speedily armed his household-servants, who were to the number of three hundred and eighten, and with shepheards assaulted Kings, whom he valorously vanquished, bringing back his kinsman, and all the booty which his enemies had taken. Behold the first battel renowned in Scripture, where this brave Doctour of *Alexandria*, before alledged, very well subtilizeth and saith, that the number of *Abraham's* souldiers is represented by three Greek letters T. J. H, whereof the first signifieth the Cros, and the other two the name of Saviour, God being desirous so to consecrate the first arms of believers, by the Mysteries of his Greatness, to declare, that the warfare which is well managed, is his work and glory. Likewise we do not find that the name of Sun hath been given in holy Writ to a living man with so much lustre and applause, as to a souldier, and the best of souldiers: I speak of *Sampson*, which is so much as to say, *Sun* in our language: where it seemeth the Scripture leadeth us by the hand, to make us acknowledge that military profession, which is under good direction, so much excelleth the ordinary vocations of men, as doth the Sun the stars. For letters, yea, eloquence and arts, which are set out with so much lustre in the estimation of men, are covered under the wings of military virtue, as very well the *Roman* Oratour hath acknowledged. We do not read that ever the Sun stood still to hear the gracefull words of an eloquent tongue, nor to behold the Theaters and Amphitheaters of the *Romans*, nor the *Olympick* games of *Grecians*, nor all the other objects of admiration, which are in the industrie of men: But we do well know from the Oracle of truth, that this great Star, admired by all the world, immoveably stayed, as charmed by the voice of a souldier, the illustrious *Josuah*, at that time, when he acted so many brave feats of arms; as if it would admire his prowess, and enlighten his conquests.

Warriours suns.

And what is there also more admirable in the world, than to see a man, covered with steel, who curvetteth on a generous horse, and hasteneth, his head bowed, to throw himself through the battallions, all bristled with launces and swords, through so many musket-shots, so many hail-showers of iron, and so many dreadfull images of death, which he as freely defieth, as if he were immortal, and as little spareth life, as if he had a hundred to loose? What a spectacle to behold him in a furious conflict, like a thunder-bolt in the cloud, which forceth his prison, and breaks all resistance, flying upon wings of fire, and the whirling roar of thunder, to shake the height of rocks? What an affrightment to see him in another posture, scaling a wal, all beset with arms and terrours, and hastening into danger with the same pace and visage, as another to a feast? What support and what consolation for poor people (whom injustice and hostility would butcher, as sheep ordained to slaughter) to perceive a brave captain, with a flying squadron, dissevering the malignity of those forces, con-

The greatnes and excellency of a brave Captain.

conspired to the ruine of innocents, and by the splendour of his arms changing all the storms into calms?

O what a beauty is it to receive wounds in those combates, from whence floweth more glory than bloud! O what greatness to reap palms in midst of so many thorns! O what a felicity to behold his battels attended by so many laurels, congratulations, and applauses of the people, preserved by this military virtue! How can all be in this profession but glorious, seeing death it self, the terrible of terribles, sheweth a face all smiling to those, who are buried in their valour, as in the true tomb of honour?

The delight of history to praise Captains.
Induit se loricâ sicut Gigas, similis factus est leoni in operibus suis, & sicut catulus leonis rugientis in venatione.
(a) 1 Mac. 13.
(b) 2 Reg. 23.

It seemeth holy-Histories do likewise describe these great Captains with some delight, when they make them march in the war. So they tell us (a) of *Judas Machabæus*, who having put on his arms appeared like a Gyant, and that he in the battel was seen like a roaring Lion, seeking out his prey. So they describe in the second of Kings (b) the prowess of *David*, and other valiant men, who flourished in this time with most particular Elogies. So they depaint unto us in a very admirable manner the strength and stratagems of *Gedeon* against the *Midianites*.

Valour is matter of astonishment, which transporteth all men both great and small, wittie and dull, to honour its qualities. *Aristotle*, the politest judgement which hath been in former Ages, so much wondereth at this warlick force, though far distant from his profession, that he composed an excellent Hymn in praise of it, which is yet to be found in *Diogenes Laertius*: Where he calleth it a virtue most painfull for mortals, but the faireſt ornament of Civil life: A virtue, which hath such attractive beauty, that the most generous hearts seek for death with strife to enjoy the lustre of its glory. If then this valour have such attraction, considered onely within the limits of nature, how will it be if once advanced by the assistance of grace and virtues, which take al that is harsh from it to make it shine with rays of a true and happy majesty? Is there any thing more lovely in the whole world, than to see a valorous souldier furnished with qualities of piety, prudence, justice, liberality, goodness, honesty, and with all other graces, which are in a sweet disposition, as stars sown in the azure of celestial globes?

Oh Nobility, if you knew your own excellency, and could conform your life to your dignity, what lustre and support would you afford to Christendom? It was the faith of a souldier, and of a souldier issued from Paganism, which the mouth of the living God hath exalted above all the piety of the *Israelites*, when he so highly commended the *Centurion* of the Gospel, for acknowledging the Saviour had as much power over maladies and things insensible, as an absolute Captain over his souldiers. It was a souldier, whom Saint *Peter* by the revelation of the Angel did first of all consecrate to faith, as the first fruits of Gentilism. They are warriours which so often repleniſh our Martyrologes with their names, our memories with their veneration, and mouthes with prayers offered up to them. These hearts have at all times been capable to receive seeds of most noble virtues, and now adays they are suffered to putrifie in neglect, ordure, and bruitishness. Oh Nobility, deceive not your selves in the acknowledgement of the badges of your profession, nor flatter your selves under a false mask of valour. I will here represent to you the Palace of military virtue, and shew the way you must walk in, to arrive thither, not suffering your selves to be seduced by chimerical fantasies and illusions of greatness, onely big-swoln with smoak, and which when they have promised to make mountains, produce nothing but rats and vermine.

The second Section.

The enterance into the Palace of valour, and the illusions of Salmoneans *and* Rodomonts.

The ingenious *Delben*, who hath composed all *Aristotles* moral Philosophie in excellent Tables, figureth unto us at the entery into the Palace of valour, an enraged Mistress, called *Audacioussneß*, which seduceth an infinite number of *Salmoneans* or *Rodomonts*, under colour of virtue. It is true, she is dumb in this piece of painting, but I resolve to shew her full of life in this Treatise, and discover to you the slie practises and damnable maxims, which she makes use of to deceive the spirits of this Age; to the end, that the knowledge of the evil may with more facility furnish us for application of remedies.

Suffer me here, O Reader, to imitate the great S. *Isidore*, who the more natively to represent the horrour of vices, makes them dispute against virtues, putting into their mouthes all their lewd maxims. Afford me the liberty, that I may manifest the disorders, which are at this day in the corrupt Nobility, by the mouth of a *Rabsaces*, the wicked souldier, who undertaketh to give precepts to youth, and dictate most pernicious counsels, which shall afterward be refuted by the Christian souldier.

S. *Isidorus de conflictu viciorum & virtutum.*

Note and behold the damnable precepts of Rabsaces, *the false Souldier, which contain a true Satyre of the manners of the depraved Nobilitie.*

I Magine to your self, that this dangerous Master goes before the Nobilitie, which seeketh after the glory of Arms, and that he taketh by the hand a young man, whom he sees apt for his impressions, and sheweth him, in stead of the true mansion of fortitude, a Palace all of wind, built upon quick-silver, where palms and laurels grow like the fruits of *Sodom*, which flie into ashes when we think to touch them. Thereupon he thus discourseth with him, wherein you shall too well know the manners and inclinations predominant in the petty *Salmoneans* of this Age.

Sir, behold you are in the Palace of valour, and I am he whom you search for, I purposely present my self before you, to receive you with open arms, and dictate precepts from my lips, which shall make you to equal the glory of *Cæsars* and *Alexanders*.

I affirm the time hath been when brave souldiers took the sword from the Altar, to employ it for the honour of Altars, and lived in the exercise of Arms, as in the Temple of the God of hosts: but these kind of actions are more found in ancient histories, than in the manners of men that live at this present. If thou wilt be a souldier of the time, I wish thee to become a petty *Cyclop*, and know very little what God or Religion is, but to swear by the one, and profane the other. I should fear lest this devotion may not soften thy courage, which is esteemed at this day not to be of temper good enough, if it have not much impietie. Thy oaths shall be thy Sacraments; thy mysteries, the cabale of the wicked; the table, thy Altar; the dishes, thy Sacrifices; and thou shalt account thy sword, as a Deitie, which thou shalt bear hanging at thy girdle, without further search. If needs thou must for ceremonie go to Church, pass along as if thou went'st to a dancing, free from apprehension of the Divine Majesty, for that may make thee melancholy: and when thou art there, without any distinction of profane or sacred, dispose

First disorder of the Nobility. Great impietie.

Life bruitish and infamous

diſpoſe thy ſelf to laugh and geer upon all occaſions which are preſented: for indeed we muſt pleaſantly paſs away this little ill time. Thou ſhalt ſet thy ſelf into divers poſtures, which ſhall ſavour much of a jugler, to keep the decorum of men of thy condition; and if there be nothing to be talked on, nor jeſt to be broken, at leaſt thou ſhalt turn thy head on every ſide, and make thy eyes and thoughts hunt after objects which may pleaſe the ſenſe. I well know, that all this (taken according to the model of ancient piety) is held for a great ſacriledge: But thou art very capable of it; and if thy countenance deceive me not, thou wilt never be one of thoſe ſcrupulous ones, who think the Churches are made for nothing but prayer.

2. Diſorder, The tongue blaſphemy of and calumny.

Thou ſhalt learn in good time to lie, ſwear, forſwear, ſlander, and blaſpheme: for it is very ordinary Rhetorick in the mouth of our *Salmoneans*. Go not about to ſearch into old Hiſtories, as *Charls* the Eighth, who hewed through the Alps, conquered the Kingdom of *Naples*, and made *Conſtantinople* with its *Ottomans*, to tremble with the onely ſhadow of his name, yet durſt not ſo much as ſwear by his faith. We are no longer in ſuch kind of times; men now are ſo accuſtomed to lie, that needs muſt oaths mount by degrees up to the clouds, to aſſure a truth, although with extream ſwearing it is taken for a lie. And were there no other reaſon of ſwearing, but to make an able man, ſince thou canſt not be valiant with thy arm, cut through confidently with thy tongue.

3. Diſorder, The abomination of duels.

Let brags and Rodomontadoes never drie in thy mouth, no more than water in huge rivers. If thou wilt have one of the greateſt virtues of the times, thou muſt be froward and peeviſh, and ſpeak of nothing but duels, of challenges, and aſſignments of the place; and as ſoon as thou ſhalt hear ſome ſpeech of any man of valour, thou muſt ſay, thou much deſireſt one day to ſee him with ſword in hand, and that thou haſt heretofore ſeen others, over whom thou hadſt great advantage. Swear in good earneſt, that ſuch a one hath done thee wrong: but that thou wilt evict reparation from him, ſealed with his bloud: diſpute, ſwagger, tell tales, make quarrels ariſe about a pins point, preſs to be a ſecond to this man, and that man, but ever engage others, and as nimbly as thou canſt draw thy pin back again from the game. Believe me, the whole myſtery conſiſteth onely in ſetting a good face on't. If thou canſt counterfeit wounds, as Hereticks falſe miracles, thou ſhalt not do much amiſs. For all valour now adays bendeth that way. It ſufficeth, it be ſaid, thou art a man to kill or be killed bravely. It is true, that anciently ſome duels were permitted in time of war, enemy againſt enemy, and executed in the view and preſence of Captains of both parts, who beheld them with much ſolemnity. So the brave *Chevalier Bayard*, the eye and arm of French warfare, ſlew *Alphonſus* de *Soto-major*, a Spanyard, in the field of battel, before the eyes of both Armies, who beheld this ſpectacle. This made the ſouldier very confident to enter into liſts with military laws in preſence of his Captain, againſt an adverſary of another Nation. Where ſhall we now adays find the like valour? Of neceſſity night, private places, and ugly corners muſt be ſought out, to fight a duel: yea, I leave thee to conſider what a goodly ſpectacle it would be, if one from a Theater might behold the countenance of theſe *Rodomonts*, moſt violent in words; you ſhould ſee them tremble, wax pale, quake, be amazed, troubled, and in the end be ſlain, like wretched ſwine; but this is not honeſt, we therefore muſt find out ſome ſcarff to cover the cowardiſe of theſe clandeſtine combats.

The more a man is ignoble, cowardous, or unhappy, ſo much the more ought he ſeek out ſuch kind of duels: I ſay ignoble, though I am not ignorant it hath heretofore been the trade of ſlaves; but opinion hath made it now a way for Gentlemen. Behold why thoſe, who find themſelves to be of baſe extraction, do the more fervently ſeek out ſuch occaſions, as if they ſhould thereby blot out their ignominie. I ſay cowardous, for it is to become confident in a baſe buſineſs, where lackies and butchers may be Maſters. I ſay unhappy, for it is the means to conſummate his miſery, without having many witneſſes: needs muſt the deſperate find ſome gate to eſcape from life, as would enraged beaſts from a liſt, by leaping over the rails. In the end, when thou ſhalt die in this combat, thou haſt nothing to looſe, but a wicked ſoul. And though thou art moſt wretchedly ſlain, our *Salmoneans* will ſay, thou dieſt in the bed of honour, and that ſufficeth to be valiant to the world.

4. Diſorder, Tyranny in war.

When thou art in the war, thou ſhalt be a kind of *Barbarian*, in ſuch ſort, that the Peaſants ſhall take thee to be more than an Army of *Hunnes* or *Tartars*. If thou haſt any command, thou ſhalt march all puffed up with vain-glory, and make thy ſelf known by the diſaſters of the poor. If thou be called on, to put thy hand to thy purſe, thou ſhalt pay thy hoſteſs with threats, and thy ſouldiers with impunity of crimes. Thou ſhalt endeavour to lengthen out the war as long as thou canſt, and if thou couldeſt kill peace it ſelf it ſhould ſuffer, transfixed through the body with thy ſword, as the greateſt enemy of worthy actions. Thou ſhalt not hazard thy ſelf to go much among muſket-ſhots, unleſs thoſe muskets be charged with powder of Cypreſs, as an Authour of this time hath told us, where piſtolets were ſhot in ſtead of bullets.

5. Diſorder, Impuritie moſt diſſolute

Trouble not thy ſelf to number up thy wounds; thou ſhalt ever more eaſily reckon them than thy crimes. As for that which concerneth the vice of impurity, I ordain no more limits to thy luſt, than health to thy reaſon. Heretofore men affected to become better, and a young Cavalier, who made love to a Ladie by the lawfull ways of an honeſt marriage, ſhewed himſelf virtuous to be beloved, ſuch correſpondence was there then between love and virtue: men always endeavoured to lodge their affections in a good place, to become honeſt by the imitation of their loves, which is the moſt pleaſing way that may be found to innocency. All was treated with ſo much honour, that the leaſt ſpot of blame was apprehended much more than death: at this day matters go not ſo. If thou wilt follow the courſe of times, and the proceedings of *Salmoneans*, thy pleaſures ſhall be without order, as thy concupiſcence without meaſure: Thou ſhalt make a trophey of diſhonour, nor ſhalt thou have other ſcope in thy love, than vice; nor other means, but thoſe which thy bruitiſhneſs ſhall provide thee. Thou ſhalt make no difference between the bed of married, that of virgins, and women proſtitute; and when thou haſt ſeduced an unhappy maid, thou ſhalt vaunt it, as if thou hadſt gained a Citie.

6. Diſorder, Perpetual wickedneſs.

For this purpoſe it is fit thou entertaineſt bravery, thy belly, and game, for theſe will be the furies moſt familiar to thy humour: thou ſhalt take the moſt coſtly ſtuffs out of the ſhops of Merchants, to cover thy ſtench with gold and ſcarlet, and thou ſhalt hold all the beſt Artiſans in breath to ſerve thee. When thou muſt pay thy debts, thou ſhalt revenge benefits by force of injuries, and cloſe up thy infidelity with all ſorts of ingratitude.

7. Diſorder, Barbarouſnes in government of thoſe under you.

If thou haſt ſubjects, thou ſhalt uſe them like ſlaves, and govern them with all rigour, exerciſing violence on their bodies, and rapine on their goods: one ſhall feed thy dogs, the other thy horſes, the other thy ſervants, which ordinarily are petty *Tartarians*, whoſe inſolency foſtered by the Maſters and Lords, doth all

which may be expected from a ſervile ſoul, that hath authoritie in its hands; yea, thou ſhalt endeavour to make good men believe, that what thou haſt done is for their preſervation; as was ſaid to the poor ſhepheard, from whom the ſacrificers of *Hercules* had more ſheep than would have ſerved an Army of wolves. Thy table, notwithſtanding the tears and neceſſities of the publick, ſhall ever be abundant in delicacies, and for thy recreation, thou ſhalt play thy gold with a full hand, although it be the bloud of ſo many men, to whom thou art beholden. Thou ſhalt be the chicken of the white hen, and needs muſt the riches of the wealthy, the induſtry of trades-men, the virtues of innocent, even hunger it ſelf, and the miſeries of the moſt wretched, be tributaries to thy riots.

8. Diſorder, Perfidiouſneſs.

I wiſh, that exteriourly thou appear with an open viſage, a ſmiling countenance, a very honeſt deportment; but be thou inwardly full of cauteries, and be thy heart always repleniſhed with more ſtains, than the moſt ſpotted skin of a Panther. Thou ſhalt ſell thy ſoul to ambition, and to advance thy fortune, ſhalt neither hearken to God, Angel, conſcience, nor virtue: Thou ſhalt have no regard to the perſon either of father, mother, brother, or ſiſter, but the meaſure of all thy amities ſhall be thy own intereſts. Thou muſt not think any thing unjuſt, when it ſhall be for thy own accommodation, nor be thou ſcrupulous in matter of conſcience; of what ſide ſoever profit accrew, it hath ever a good ſavour. Thou ſhalt, to ſuit with the time, bear a mind more black than the abyſs, and to ruin an innocent, ſhalt not ſpare ſuch treacheries and treaſons as have heretofore been accounted moſt horrible: but the cuſtom of the Age, which is ſo naturalized in vice, cauſeth that we now grow familiar with monſters. Thou ſhalt raiſe gain out of all, if thou canſt; and let there not be a vice, that yields thee not tribute. Thy words ſhall be full of cunning, thy cunning of promiſſes, and thy promiſſes of wind. Finally, thou ſhalt live in Chriſtianity, as a *Janiſſary* at the Porta of the great Turk; and for recompence, when thou ſhalt end thy days, which cannot laſt very long, thou ſhalt directly go to the Paradice of *Mahomet*, with thoſe great lights, *Sardanapalus*, *Epicurus*, *Bajazet*, and *Selymus*.

Abominable manners.

Behold the infamous and pernicious diſcourſe, which this wicked Maſter held with this young man: wherein you may obſerve a true Satyre of the lives of many, who entitle themſelves Noble, although their manners are far worſe than theſe my words, and that the imagination of a writer cannot ſo much feign, but they in their profane actions will expreſs much more. Let us now behold the Palace of true valour, and take an antidote againſt the poiſons of the times.

The third SECTION.

The Temple of Valour, and ſage Precepts, given by the Chriſtian Souldier, to refute the manners of the times. And firſt, that Pietie helpeth Valour.

THe Souldier purſuing his way, entereth into the Temple of Valour, where, according to the excellent conceits of the painter before mentioned, beholdeth on the frontiſpiece of the Palace a goodly tower of Chryſtal, adorned with lights, as the Globe of glaſs, in which the *Perſians* heretofore bare the image of the Sun: or elſe by the imitation of that huge Pharos of *Alexandria*, which enlightened the ſea on all ſides, to guide veſſels to a ſafe haven. This was expreſly ſet down to ſignifie the great and divine lights of wiſdom, which are in a true Chriſtian valour. This Palace ſeemed wholly built of rocks of the colour of iron, ſtreamed with little veins of bloud, which well ſhewed it was purpoſely done, to repreſent the invincible courage of the pupils of this virtue. The Halls were all hanged with proweſs and victories: and in ſtead of columes, it had great Statues of the moſt valorous men of the world, who flouriſhed in the revolution of ſo many Ages. Valour bare ſway within it, ſitting, not on gilli-flowers, or roſes, but encompaſſed with thorns and ſufferings, ever armed, and ſtill with ſword in hand, with which it cut off an infinite number of monſters, and chaſed away all *Salmoneans* from its houſe.

In this Palace was the brave *Eleazar*, who, as ſoon as he from far perceived this young Souldier, he cauſed him to draw near, and ſpake to him in theſe terms:

Son, I doubt not but you found at the enterance into my lodging a wicked Sorcerer, who hath by the ear empoiſoned you: It is neceſſary you cleanſe it, to make your ſelf capable of the ſingular precepts of valour and wiſdom, which I am now preſently to afford you, ſeeing you for this cauſe are come hither into my Palace. It hath been told you, that to be a good ſouldier, you muſt become a little *Cyclop*, without any feeling of God or Religion: for devotion were but to weaken your warlick humours. Thoſe who have ſaid this unto you, have told nothing new. It is an old ſong, which they have drawn out of *Machiavel*, who thinking to make a Prince, have made a wild beaſt, and yet would perſwade us it was a man; but thoſe that believe it, are ſuch onely as bear their eyes on their heels. Let us not ſerve our ſelves with this Phyloſophie of fleſh, which maketh valour and devotion, as two things incompatible. Verily I go not about to require of you an affected, enforced, and ceremonious piety, that is out of the limits of your profeſſion. I would have you a ſouldier, and not a Monk: but aſſure you the prime virtue of art military, is, to have good thoughts, and pure beliefs touching the Divinity, then to practice ſuitableneſs thereto by offices and exteriour actions of pietie.

Refutation of the firſt diſorder.

Piety the firſt virtue of a ſouldier.

When I ſpeak this, I am ſo ſtrong in reaſons, that I dare take our enemies themſelves for Judges. Behold the ſubtile *Machiavel*, who upon the Decads of *Titus Livius*, ſheweth Religion is an admirable inſtrument of all great actions, and that the *Romans* made uſe thereof to eſtabliſh their Citie, purſue their enterprizes, and pacifie tumults and ſeditions, which roſe in the revolution of State. Becauſe it was (ſaid he) more conſcience to offend God than men, believing his power ſurpaſſed all humane things. So we ſee, that all thoſe who would form, cheriſh, or advance a State, although they had no true Religion in their ſouls, have taken pretexts, as *Lycurgus*, *Numa*, *Sertorius*, *Iſmael* the *Perſian*, and *Mahomet*.

Reaſons which ſhew that true pietry is the ſoul of military virtue. Chap. 13. and 11.

I demand of you thereupon (my ſouldier) if by the teſtimony of this man, who hath made himſelf our adverſary, falſe beliefs have had ſo much power upon minds, that they have rendered them more docible to virtue, more obedient to Sovereignty, more adventerous to undertake things difficult, more patient to tollerate matters diſpleaſing, more couragious to ſurmount thoſe which make oppoſition; if, I ſay, the ſole imagination of a falſe Divinity, accounted to puniſh miſdeeds and recompence valour with a temporal ſalary, was powerfull enough to make Legions flie, all covered with iron, through ſo many perils, muſt we not ſay by the confeſſion of our very enemy, that a true Religion, as ours is, which promiſeth ſo many rewards to virtue, and puniſhments for crime, not for a time, but for all eternity, if it be once well engraven in hearts, ſhall produce ſo many

many worthy effects beyond those of other Sects, as truth is above lying, reality above nothing, and the sun above the shaddows?

From whence think you do so many neglects grow, but from coldness in Religion? For how can a souldier but be valiant, when he is confidently perswaded it is the will of the living God that he obey his Prince, as if he beheld a Divinity upon earth; and that burying himself in the duty of this obedience, being well purified from his sins, he takes a most assured way to beatitude? How can he be but the more couragious, having received absolution of his sins, by the virtue of the Sacrament, since by the Confession of all Sages, there is nothing so perplexed, so timorous, so inconstant, as a conscience troubled with the image of its own crimes? How should it spare a transitory life, having a firm belief of immortality, since the wisest have judged, that the valour of ancient *Gauls*, which was admired by the *Romans*, proceeded from no other source, but from a strong perswasion which the *Druides* had given them, touching the immortality of our souls? How could he be but most confident, if he stedfastly beheld the eye of the Divine Providence of God, perpetually vigilant for his protection? How could he be, but most fervent, if he did but figure the Saviour of the world at the gates of Heaven, with his hands full of rewards? See you not that all reasons combat for us, as well as experience?

I will not flatter Christians, under pretext that I call my self the Christian Knight, nor ought I betray my cause under the shaddow of modesty: Let all the ancient and modern Histories be read, let military acts be examined, and courages poized in a just ballance, I challenge the ablest Chronicler to present me any valour out of *Greek* or *Roman* Historie, where the most admirable prowesses are to be seen, that I do not shew them perpetually parallel'd, yea, The Acts of Pagans. surpassed by the courage of Christians. When I read those histories of elder times, I behold *Grecians* that triumphed, for having vanquished *Xerxes*; who, to say the truth, was a Stag leading an army of sheep: never was any thing seen so perplexed. And although there had been no opposition, yet was this great body composed of a lazie stupified army, onely strong to ruin it self. I see a young *Alexander*, who, to speak truth, was of an excellent nature, though the most judicious observe great errour in his carriage, he oft-times being rash, and many times insolent; but it was well for him he had to do with such gross Novices, whose eyes were dazled with the simple glimmer of a sword, for had he come to encounter the arms of *Europe*, his Laurels doubtless would have been seen to wax hoary in the Northern snows. I see the *Roman Cæsars*, who invade, or those which are already effeminated by their proper vice, or such as are wanderers, and dis-united, not to have an assured State to resist their enemies. My ears are perpetually filled with the acts of *Cynogirus*, who having both his hands cut off, bit the arms and ships of his enemies with his teeth; of one *Otryades*, who wrote his victory with his own bloud; of one *Sergius*, who fought four times with the left hand, which *Plinie* observeth in his History, as a prodigie; of the one-eyed *Horatius*, who defended a bridge against the Army of his enemies; of a maid named *Clælia*, who passed over *Tyber* on horse-back; of one *Sicinnius*, that had been in six-score combats, and bare away thirty six spoils of his enemies, with five and fourty wounds at divers times. I will not extenuate their prowesses, nor take away from them the honour they deserved; for to say there was no valour nor vigour in these ancient courages, were to proceed against common opinion. But we now adays see many *Aristarchuses* in the world, who have spirits so retrograde, that when we speak of bruit beasts, they highly glorifie them above men, as if they were of the race of *Ulysses* his souldiers, who, as fables tell us, were turned into hogs: so when we come to compare the valour of Christians with that of Infidels, they find nothing, which on our part may give them content, so much have they either of malice, or stupidity.

Let me die, if in the sole life of Captain *Bayard*, warlick atchievments may not be observed, which in manage and valour surpass those of *Alexander's* and *Pompey's*: and he that would number all the heroick actions which have been performed in our wars, sometimes by silly souldiers, sometimes also by Christian women, might as soon reckon the stars in the firmament. And had I now undertaken to make a simple enumeration of great Captains, which have flourished in Christendom, it would weary pens, fill books, and confound readers. Prowess of Christians.

I would willingly know whether *Constantine*, going out of an Oratory where he prayed with the Bishops, before he had so many battels, was less valiant against *Maxentius*, *Maximianus*, *Licinius*? If *Theodosius* in recommending himself so particularly to the prayers of Monks, have the less done his devoir against *Maximus* and *Eugenius*? Whether *Heraclius* were the more remiss for carrying the Image of our Blessed Ladie in his hands, when he subdued *Cosroes* King of *Persia* in three pitched battels? Whether *Clodoveus* did the less good, when he caused his standards to march under the conduct of the prayers of Saint *Martin*? Whether *Charls Martel* were weakened in his devotions, when at the onely battels of *Towers* he cut in pieces three hundred three-score and fifteen thousand *Saracens*, with the most hydeous slaughter that ever was seen? Whether *Charlemaine* in being so firmly tied to Altars, felt his arm to fail against the *Lombards*, *Saxons*, and *Moors*? Whether the sword of *Godfrey* of *Bovillon*, after so many actions of piety were the less keen, when it cleft the *Barbarians* at a blow, from the crown of the head to the girdle-stead, and glistered in azure all covered with rays of Palms and Laurels? Whether *Belliſarius* in being a good Catholick, did the less charge the *Goths*? And whether *Simon Momfort* in taking his sword from the Altar, were the less dreadfull to the *Albigean* Hereticks?

Assuredly there is nothing so strong, nothing so invincible, nor triumphant, as a valour which marcheth under the laws of Christian Religion. The Turkish Nation, which seemeth to be born to brandish the sword, and to have ample transcendency in matters of arms, feareth not so much the *Persian* and *Tartarian* standards, as the banners of Christians. And *Baronius* in an Epistle dedicatory of his Annals, which he wrote to the Great *Henry* the Fourth, of famous memory, observeth, that they hold it as a fatal Prophesie among them, that their Empire shall never be destroyed, unless it be by the hands of French-men. If they have obtained victories against Christians in so many wars, it hath ever been our divisions that have disarmed us, our ambitions that have devoured us, our Apostata-brothers who have betrayed us, our Infidels who have acquainted them with our intentions, our industries, and arms, our mutual quarrels which have wasted us, our sins that have chastised us, the hand of a powerfull God which hath excited the *Saracens* to purifie, under some colour of temperance and justice, those lands which ours had defiled by so many ordours and sacriledges, for otherwise there could not be any force in the world able to resist Christian Princes, were they well united.

We know it by the success of the battel of *Lepanto*, and the prowesses of *George Castriotb*, called *Scanderbeg*, who with a flying camp defeated seven Generals of the Turkish Army, in seven great battels,

wherein he ſlew two thouſand men with his own hand, and in the end made *Amurath* ſtark mad, to ſee himſelf defied, beaten, and maimed by a petty Lord, and with ſo ſmall numbers. What could this brave courage have done had it been aſſiſted with men, gold and arms, anſwerable to his merits?

Are you not then very ridiculous, O Souldier, when to be accounted valiant, you play the *Cyclop*, and fear leſt devotion might weaken your courage? Accuſe not your Religion, for it is holy: accuſe not devotion, for it is innocent. Rather accuſe your own impiety, your own neglect, your own unworthineſs of ſpirit, and your own baſeneſs: that is it which enfeebleth you, and cauſeth that you are onely valiant to play the beaſt. No man looſeth courage, but he that never had it, and no man hath it, if he beg it not of the true God of hoſts. Where ſhould we ſeek for light but of the Sun, for water but in rivers, and heat but in fire? And where think you to find true ſtrength, but with the God of the ſtrong? The more you ſhall be united to him, the more able ſhall you be; not that he will ever give you ſtrength of body, as to *Milo*, that you may bear an ox; but in ſerving him, you ſhall have from him the courage of a man, who hath his root in reaſon, his increaſe in piety, and his Crown in true glory.

The fourth Section.

Manifeſt Proofs, which declare that Pietie and Valour are not things incompatible.

IT is an intollerable thing to ſee certain young Roarers, who think to make themſelves eſteemed valiant by profeſſion of impiety, and have as it were but one ſhame, which is, not to be ſhameleſs at all, as if we had never ſeen, nor as yet was ever heard in the world, of ſouldiers furniſhed before God and men with great and Divine virtues, who fail not to be as couragious as Lions. Let us not ſearch out Saints of the Martyrologe, let us onely behold among a thouſand, one man, whoſe life was very lately printed, written in a low ſtile, I mean the Marſhal *Boucicaut*, who flouriſhed in *France* under *Charls* the Sixth. Theſe petty Rodomonts, who make boaſt of duels, meer cowardice covered with an opinion of courage, durſt not behold this Captain without doing that which heretofore was done to the ſtatues of the Sun, that is, to put finger on the mouth, and admire. For, not to ſpeak of his other acts of proweſs, it is he who was preſent at that furious battel, wherein *Bajazet* the Turkiſh Emperour, waged war againſt the King of *Hungarie*; where there were many French-men, the Duke of *Burgundie*, then called the Count of *Nevers*, being there in perſon.

Mounſieur *Godefroy* hath publiſhed this written by an ancient Authour.

The Marſhal *Boucicaut.*

The hiſtory ſaith, that the Turk coming to fight with dreadfull forces, began ſo furious a charge, the air being thickened with a black cloud of arrows, that the *Hungarians*, who were reputed good ſouldiers, much trembled at this aſſault, and fled away. The French, who ever had learned in all battels to vanquiſh or die, unwilling ſo much as to hear any ſpeech of the name of flight, preſſed into the Turkiſh Army, notwithſtanding the ſtakes and pyles fixed in the earth to ſerve as hinderances, and attended by ſome other troups, brake the Vanguard of the Turks, by the counſel and example of this brave Marſhal; whereat *Bajazet* much amazed, was ready to retire, at which time it was told him, there was but a very little handfull of French men, who made the greateſt reſiſtance, and that it were beſt to aſſault them. He, who kept his battalions very freſh, returneth and came to fall upon theſe poor ſouldiers, now extreamly tired. Never did angry Lion exerciſe ſuch violent force amongſt the javelins of hunters, as was then the proweſs which ſhined in this generous Captain. For, he having no further purpoſe but to ſell his own life, and thoſe of his companions, as dear as he could, ſo negligently betrayed, he with the French Cavalry, and ſome few other people who ſtuck to him, did ſuch feats of arms, that it was thought twenty thouſand Turks were ſlain in the place. In the end, this prodigious multitude, able to weary out the moſt hardy, although it had been but to cut them to pieces, did ſo nearly encompaſs our French, that the Count *Nevers*, with Marſhal *Boucicaut*, and the moſt worthy perſonages, were taken priſoners.

Piety and valour of a French ſouldier.

The next day after this diſmal battel, *Bajazet* ſitting under a pavillion ſpred for him in the field, cauſed the priſoners to be brought before him, to drench himſelf in bloud and vengeance, which he ſo paſſionately loved.

Horrible ſpectacle.

Never was ſpectacle ſeen more worthy of compaſſion: the poor Lords, who had done wonders in arms, able to move Tigers, were led as it were half naked, ſtraitly bound with coards and fetters; no regard being had neither to their bloud, which was noble, nor youth, which was pitifull, nor their behaviour, moſt raviſhing; theſe *Saracens*, ugly and horrible as devils, ſet them before the face of the Tyrant; who in the winck of an eye, cauſed their throats to be cut at his feet, as if he meant to carrouſe their bloud.

The Count *Nevers*, with two other Counts of *Eve* and *Marche*, had now their heads under the ſymitar, and their lives hung but as it were at a thread, when *Bajazet* having heard by his interpreters, that they were neer kinſmen to the King of *France*, cauſed them to be reſerved, commanding they ſhould ſit on the ground at his feet, where they were enforced to behold the lamentable butchery of their Nobilitie.

The valiant Marſhal *Boucicaut* in his turn was produced, covered with a little linnen cloth, to maſſacre him over the bodies of ſo many valiant men. He, who was wiſe, and particularly inſpired by God in this extremity, made a ſign with his fingers before *Bajazet*, who underſtood not his language, as if he would declare himſelf the kinſman of the Count of *Nevers*, who beheld him with an eye ſo pitifull, that it was of power to rent rockie hearts. *Bajazet* being perſwaded by this ſign, that he was of the bloud Royal, cauſed him to be ſet apart to remain a priſoner; where he afterward by his great prudence, endeavoured the liberty of thoſe noble Gentlemen, and his own. I cannot think theſe petty Novices of war will compare themſelves to the valour of this man, accompliſhed with ſuch heroick proweſs.

Pietie of a ſouldier.

Let us come, if it pleaſe you, to conſider him at leiſure, whether he were of the number of thoſe, who profeſs themſelves wicked, that they may ſeem valiant. He was a man, who in time of peace, whileſt he governed the Citie of *Genoa*, daily heard two Maſſes, with ſo exemplar devotion, that he never ſuffered any man to ſpeak to him in the Church; where he ſaid the Office with ſingular attention, for which he ſo accommodated his company, that you ſhould never ſee the leaſt action of uncomelineſs in Divine ſervice, which he did not ſeverely puniſh. But the Hiſtorian addeth, that who had beheld his people at Maſs, would rather think he ſaw Religious men than Souldiers. Noblemen are of power to bend their familes to what they pleaſe, were it not that through ſoftneſs of ſpirit, they many times give way to the torrent; and contenting themſelves to be good, make all the reſt nought by the eaſineſs of their natures. I ſpeak not here to you of a Canonical Saint, a Hermit, a Religious man, a Prieſt; I ſpeak of a Marſhal of *France*, of a moſt ardent warriour.

Behold

Notable devotion of a souldier.

Behold, I pray, whether piety be incompatible with arms. This brave Captain happily made his Will, disposing of all his devotions, his affairs, and charge: each day he executed some part hereof, doing all the good he could during his life, not expecting the casual portions of others piety, as those, who cause the torch to be carried behind, to light them when they have lost their eyes, and indeed never do well, but when they are in a condition to be able to do no more. The charitable Lord informed himself very particularly of the necessities of the bashfull poor, set their names down in his Registers, as the rarest pieces of his cabinet, appointed on every side his alms to poor Religious, to widdows, to orphans, to needy souldiers, namely those, who through inability of old age and sickness, could labour no more. He visited Hospitals, giving, according to his means, round sums of money to furnish and accommodate them; if he walked in the streets, he ever had charity in his hands, that himself might give all he could, for he therein took a singular contentment: and never was he seen to be so merry, as when he had distributed good store of money; this was his hunting, his game, his delight.

He bare a singular devotion towards the friday, in memory of the passion of our Saviour; and whilest he was able, did eat nothing on that day but fruits and pulse, abstaining from all which participated of the life of beasts; and clothed himself likewise with a most simple habit, desirous to shew exteriourly some tast of the reverence we ow to the bloud of the Son of God. Besides abstinencies commanded, he ordinarily fasted the saturday, which is dedicated to the memory of the Blessed Virgin. He never fed at his repast but on one dish, and though he had great quantity of silver vessels, he caused himself to be served in pewter and earth, being glorious in publick, and in his particular, an enemy of worldly pomps and vanities.

I leave you to think, how much this kind of life is alienated from the curious Nobility, to whom we must daily give so many priviledges and dispensations, that it seems it is for their sakes needfull to create another Christendom, besides that which hath been established by the Son of God. A man would say, to see how they pamper their bodies, they were descended from Heaven, and that thither they should return, not passing through the sepulcher, for they deifie it, and to fatten and guild a dung-hill covered with snow, sport with the bloud and sweat of men.

Sage government of a family.

Superfluity of tast being so well represt, all went in true measure in the house of this good Marshal: his retinue was very well entertained according to his quality, and he had a very solemn custom by him religiously observed, which was speedily to pay his

To pay his debts.

debts, and as much as he might possible to be engaged to none. It is no small virtue, nor of sleight importance, if we consider the Nobility at this time, so easily engulfed in great labyrinths of debts, which daily encrease like huge balls of snow that fall from mountains, and which require ages and golden mynes to discharge them.

Is it not a most inexcusable cruelty before God and men, to see a busie Merchant, a needy Artificer, every day to multiply his journeys and steps before the gate of a Lord or a Ladie, who bear his sweat and bloud in the pleyts of their garments? And in stead of giving some satisfaction upon his most just requests, it is told him he is an importunate fellow, and he many times menaced with bastonadoes, if he desist not to demand his own. Is not this to live like a *Tartarian*? Is not this to degrade ones self from Nobilitie, Christianitie, and Reason? Is not this to thrust the knife into the throat of houses and entire families? Alledge not unto me, that it is impossible for you to pay at that time what is demanded. Why well foreseeing your own impotency, have you heaped up debts, which cannot be discharged? Why do you not rather admit the lessening of your port? Why cut you not off so many superfluous things? Are not your sins odious enough before God, but you must encrease them with the marrow of the poor? From hence ariseth the contempt of your persons, the hatred of your name, the breaches and ruin of your houses.

A singular discretion.

This man in well paying his debts, was served and respected of Officers, like a little Deitie: there was no need to doubt, nor to make a false step into his house. Never would he suffer a vice, or a bad servant, were it to gain an Empire. Blasphemies, oaths, lies, slanders, games, quarrels, and such like ordures were banished from his Palace, as Monsters; and if he found any of his family in fault, he dismissed them, lest they should infect the other; yet not scandalizing them, nor divulging their offences. At the table he spake little, and did voluntarily entertain himself with example of virtues in the lives of Noblemen, not opening his mouth to discourse of his own proper acts, but with singular sobriety.

In his marriage he demeaned himself most chastely, and had such a horrour against impuritie, that he would not so much as keep a servant who had a lustful eye. Behold the cause, why passing one day on horseback through the streets of the Citie of *Genoa*, as a Ladie presented her self at her window to comb her hair, and one of the Gentlemen of the Marshals trayn, seeing her tresses very bright and beautifull, cried out, *Oh what a goodly head of hair!* staying to behold her, the Lord looked back on him with a severe eye, saying: *It is not well done; it is not fit, that from the house of a Governour, a wanton eye should be seen to glance.*

In this point and all the rest which concerned the commerce and repose of Citizens, he rendered so prompt and exact justice, that it was a proverb amongst those of *Genoa*, when any one was offended, to say to him who had wronged him: *If you will not right me, my Lord Marshal will.* The other understanding it, oft-times rather chose to submit himself to right, than expect a condemnation which was inevitable. He so by this means gained the good opinion of the people, that the inhabitants of the Citie sent to the King, beseeching he might continue the government to the end of his days: which having obtained, it seemed to them, they had drawn an Angel from Heaven, to fix him at the stern of their Common-wealth.

At the time that the Emperour of *Constantinople*, then dispossessed of one part of his Empire by the great Turk, came into *France* to demand succour, and had obtained of the King twelve hundred men, defrayed for a year; many widdow-Ladies were seen at the Court, who complained of injustices and oppressions by them endured after the death of their husbands; whereby this good Marshal was so moved with compassion, that with much freedom he instituted an Order of Knights for the defence of afflicted Ladies, which he surnamed *The Order of the white Ladie*, because they who made profession of it, bare a schuchion of gold enameled with green, and thereon the figure of a Ladie in colour white: thus sought he by all occasions to do good, and shewed himself a great enemy of idleness, the very moth of minds.

He ordinarily rose early in the morning, and spent about three hours in Prayer and Divine Service: at the end whereof he went to Councel, which lasted till dinner time. After his repast, he gave audience to all those, who would speak with him upon their affairs, not failing to behold his Hall daily full of people, whom he speedily dispatched, contenting every one with answers sweet and reasonable: from

thence he retired to write letters, and to give that order to his Officers, which his pleasure was should be observed in every affair : and if he had no other employment, he went to *Vespers*. At his return he took some pains, then finishing the rest of his office, ended the day. The Sundays and Holy-days either he went on foot in some pilgrimage of devotion, or caused the life of Saints, or other victories to be read, daily more and more to dispose his manners unto virtue. When he marched in the field, he had an admirable way, not to oppress any of his company, nor would he permit, even in the land of an enemy, that the least disturbance should be given to Ecclesiasticks.

Behold you not here a life worthy of a *French* Cavalier? Oh Nobilitie, this man was not a petty Royster, who makes boast to fight in a meadow; but a souldier, who during the wars with the English, kept the field of battel three times, thirty days together, against those brave souldiers who would oppose him, from whence he went out all sparkling with glory and wonders.

I would here willingly adde a *Bertrand* of *Gueselin*, Count of *Longuevil*, & Constable of *France*; whose life Monsieur *Menard* hath given us, written by a pen of that ancient Age, in old language : you shall see a man, who after he had solemnly dedicated in the offertory of a Mass his soul, body, and arms, at the Altars, fought six or seven times hand to hand, exercised strange feats of battel and arms; stood in the midst of combates, bold, and confident as in his chamber, being otherwise furious, strong, and stout in the press. You should see a man sage in counsels, prompt in execution, whom an enemy found near at hand when he thought him thirty leagues off. A man in all things else free from fraud or dissimulation, chearfull, courteous, obliging, and liberal of his own, employing his moveables and the jewels of his wife, for relief of poor souldiers. Then you may judge, whether to be valiant, you may live in the Court of a Christian Prince like a little Turk. Where is your judgement? and where your reason?

The fifth SECTION.

Against Duels.

A condemnation of Rodomontadoes and Duels.

I Do assure my self some will not forget to tell you, that to be valiant men of the times, you must be outragious in slanders, in blasphemies, in audacious words, in duels, challenges, which are the mighty valours of this Age. Well then, my souldier, following this course you will learn to swear and blaspheme. I speak not how great this crime is, nor how much you render your tongue punishable in disposing it to this language of devils; but I will say one thing, which is very certain, those which seek for glory out of vice, have not alwayes been made eminently prosperous. All you may doe in purchasing hell by these execrable oathes, will bee to acquire the goodly qualities of a base clown.

Authours of duels.

And as concerning Duels, I undoubtedly hold, that if this infamous souldier, who hath abused you, were willing to speak the truth, which his conscience will dictate to him, he rather gives it you for an honest coverture of cowardice, than for true valour. The world is not so doltish as to measure courage by the model of *Moors*, slaves, and horse-boys, who were the first executours of these butcheries. How can you perswade us that a confused mass of these petty mutiners, who have nothing else in their mouthes but these duels, may be valiant men? We are not so ignorant, but that we well know courage never makes good alliance with servitude and effeminacy. But the most part of this kind of men, are servile spirits, who submit to an infinite number of shamefull and tyrannical laws, for a little smoak. They are bodies withered with lazines, who are many times entangled in their garters, and stand in need to have rings for winter and summer, to change according to the seasons. They fear the lancet of the Surgeon, they crie out aloud for a sleight fever, and will needs be tended like women in childbed : Imagine with your self, what valour can be herein. Were they beaten and stampt into powder in a morter, a hundred of such like Rodomonts would not make up one half ounce of warlick fortitude. But there is a little despair and rage, which boyleth in a passionate heart, to counterfeit virtue. God forbid, we should take chaff for gold, hemlock for parsley, or an Ape for a man. We know valour, by report of great Captains, resteth in mature deliberation and coolnes, as in its true element. When I behold one of these silly braggards, who hasteneth to the field for a base fear of some shame, or upon some liver-heat which tormenteth him, I make as much reckoning of it, as if I saw an angry hen. Do you think *Sichem* was a couragious man for enduring to be circumcised for the love of *Dinah*? My opinion is, it was an act of much cowardice to permit himself to be cut with a razor in the most shamefull part of his body, to please a silly female *Jew*, who when it was done, had great cause to turn this painfull sacrifice into scorn and laughter. This poor Courtier to satisfie a wily wench, for a foolish imagination of point of honour, hasteneth to be cut in pieces in the field : unhappy man, he thinketh to marry *Dinah*, and finds *Proserpina*; he proposeth to himself a worldly glory, that may rank him in the number of the valiant, and meeteth a bloudy death, which at one blow killeth body and soul. Let me die, if it be not the poorest thing to behold them in such adventures. For if one did see them, they would make those burst with laughing at their idleness, who were willing to bemoan their misery. I have drawn from this massacre, such as were more amazed than a bridled goose, and more ghastly than a dead man four days after his funeral, taken from his sepulcher. These silly creatures endured all this to make a wretched bruit run up and down in *Paris*, that they were in the end beaten, and had with so many cold sweats of deaths done that, which their Lackeys, who are somewhat more stupid, would a hundred times with more willingness of heart have undertaken. Behold you not who is worthy either of compassion or contempt? Yet you flatter them with a pretext of courage, which you enforce them to purchase at a costly rate. When you applaud such actions, and tell how brave a combate was performed behind the Charter-house, and that both of them came thither with much resolution, you are men guilty of bloud : It should suffice you to have your judgements so dull in the estimation which ought to be made upon valour, without rendering your tongues so tragical. Their trembling swords would become very lazie to consummate the mysteries of furies, if your words armed not despair, to play out the rest of the game.

Lazines. *Juvenal.* Satyr.

Perhaps you will say, you know those who have fought duels; who notwithstanding were valiant in Armies. I deny not this. I affirm not that a valiant man cannot fight a duel; but I deny that he is valiant for fighting a duel. *David* had been an adulterer, and became a Saint; but it is not for having been an adulterer that he was a Saint; nor shall any one have the reputation of valour among understanding men, for committing a crime. For if this duel were ever an infallible mark of courage, I demand wherefore have we seen those, who have shewed themselves most

most importunate to provoke others to combat, most fiery to haſten thither, moſt factious to be herein opiniouative, and in the mean time, when they came to bear arms, where they muſt witneſs true valour for the ſervice of their Prince, ſuch encounters have happened, that they ſo deſpairingly ran off, that they have paſſed through forreſts two leagues over, and not ſeen a tree, ſo much affrighted they were. It is not neceſſary to name them, happily they are already too much renowned in the Hiſtories of the times. And yet you will make much account of theſe goodly ſwaih-bucklers.

Courage of duel like to that of the poſſeſſed.

Aſſure your ſelf the moſt part of thoſe, who ſhew ſuch boyling fury in theſe barbarous acts, are as Lunaticks poſſeſſed with an evil ſpirit. You would be amazed to ſee a little girle ſo ſtrong, that there muſt be twenty men to hold her. From whence, I pray, hath ſhe this force, but that ſhe hath the devil in her body? And tell me, a young Gentleman, who many times hath father, mother, wife, children, honours, riches, pleaſures in his life, would he go upon cold bloud to deprive himſelf of all this? Would he contemn the ſacred Edicts of his Prince, now very lately renewed by the zeal of our great Monarch? Would he deſcend with open eyes into hell, if he had not ſome black ſpirit of the abyſs, which dreggeth him to the laſt miſchief? He doth that for a cold countenance, an extravagant word, and a caprich of ſpirit, which he would not either for God, the King, or the whole world. We may well ſay this is the malady of inferiour houſes, and you take it for valour? A poor cocks-comb forſooth, called a ſecond, who putteth into compromiſe at the diſcretion of a crack't brain, all that which is moſt dear unto him in this world, and what he hopeth in the other, going to be the victim of death, or the murderer of a man, whom he never ſaw or knew, or if he have ſeen or known him, ſo far as to love or honour him, would he play all this goodly prize, if he were not poſſeſſed with an evil ſpirit? Yet you admire this. Why do you not rather wonder at the countenances, the twindges, and diſtorted mowings of the poſſeſſed?

I begin to perſwade you to reaſon (ſay you my Gallant:) You are an enemy of this race of *Cadmus*, derived from the teeth of ſerpents, and think not theſe petty wranglers of the times, with all their letters and challenges have any valour: But if a brave ſpirit be urged to fight by ſuch kind of men, ſhould he refuſe it? Verily there are main differences in duels, in the cauſes which make them, and the proceedings of ſuch as execute them. If you muſt needs go to duel, paſs thereunto, as *David*, in ſight of an Army, with permiſſion of your Prince or your Captain, againſt ſome *Goliah*, who hath defied you. Go thither with intention to defend the honour of your Nation, and to weaken the contrary faction. Behold who is worthy. If you muſt go to duel, go thither when your King or Lord ſhall command you to accept the combat, to end ſome notable war, and ſtay a great effuſion of bloud, but by the hazard of two Champions. Behold who is glorious. But if you haſten thither upon ſome chimera of ſpirit, which you call by the name of honour, upon ſome ambiguous word, to which you frame an interpretation againſt your ſelf, for a cold countenance, a ſurly brow, for a deſire which you have to become pledge of the follies of ſome fellow, witleſs, and a ſlave to his own paſſions; if you haſten thither for the love of ſome unchaſte woman, to whom you ſacrifice humane bloud, how can you be excuſable? For if you tell me your honour is more precious unto you than your wealth and life, and therefore, that as the law of nature permitteth you to defend both your riches and body at the point of your ſword, againſt a robber and a homicide, from whom you cannot otherwiſe diſ-engage your ſelf, you have the ſame right for the defence of your reputation, which is in man as the apple in the eye. I anſwer, that being ſo ſurprized upon the ſudden by ſome aſſailant, who provoketh you, threatneth you, and thruſteth his ſword into your ſides, if you uſe not a lawfull defence, it is not then ſaid that you are bound to flie, with ſome kind of ignominy. Nay, I will ſay beſides, that if true honour were intereſſed in refuſal of a challenge, he that ſhould accept it, might likewiſe according to the laws of conſcience ſeem ſomewhat tollerable: But from whom ought we to derive this eſtimation and judgement of true honour? Is it from certain ſleight braggards and witleſs people, who have ſold themſelves to paſſion, eternally to renounce prudence? Behold goodly Judges of honour: Behold who well deſerveth to preſcribe unto us the rule and price of the moſt precious thing in the world.

If we deſired ſincerely to eſtabliſh the judgement to be made of the point of honour, we ought to ſearch into the reſolutions of the Church and Civilians: but theſe kind of people are ſuſpected by you, as being alienated from the profeſſion of arms. Let us enquire it in the mouthes of warriours. Was there ever a braver ſouldier than the late King of moſt famous memory? And hath there likewiſe ever been a Prince more dexterous in arms, and more fortunate than he that now reigneth? Since their Edicts condemn duels, both in thoſe who challenge, and ſuch as are challenged, although much different in their proceedings, what do we need any other judgement to decide the point of honour? But Kings and Princes ſovereign (ſay you) notwithſtanding their Edicts, approve thoſe by word of mouth, who ſhew courage in ſuch like actions. Who dare reproach them with this? Who dare tell them to their faces, that they bely their Edicts by their particular judgements? Who ſees not ſuch words are purpoſely invented by thoſe men, who ſeek for pretexts to their falſe liberties? Why theſe Edicts, dictated by reaſon, agreed unto with judgement, ſupported by juſtice, provoked by piety; to the writing of which, *Jeſus Chriſt* would contribute his own bloud, to ſpare the bloud, and with it the ſouls of ſo many, as are loſt, and whom to ſave, he gave up his own life? Where ſhould we learn the rule of honour, the judgement, and will of the Prince, but in Oracles and virtues, which he hath conſigned to the memory of all Ages? I intreat you, trouble my head no more with theſe daſtardly combats and deteſtable maſſacres; let this be no longer, but for the infamous and melancholy bloud-thirſters. One *Bachet*, underſtanding that a Turkiſh Captain had called his companion into duel, What, ſaith he, are there no more Chriſtians? And have not we cauſe to ſay, Are there no *Saracens* nor *Moors*, and other Infidels, to turn the edge of the ſword againſt our entrails?

The ſixth SECTION.

Againſt the ill mannage of Arms.

FRom hence it is likewiſe, that you are taught in time of war to play the little Cannibal in arms, and to caſt nothing but fire and bloud from your throat, that menaces may march before you, and havock and deſolation after. Barbarous as you are, do you think becauſe you have a ſword by your ſide, you are therefore a Maſter over the life and bloud of mortals? Never was iron drawn out of the entrails of the earth, but either againſt wilde beaſts, or men who are worſe than beaſts; and you employ it to torment innocent

people, whom you ought to protect under your wings. It is a ſtrange thing, that men who are made for the ſupport of men, and who are not ſtrong but for defence of the feeble, are now adayes more pernicious than wolves, hail, ſerpents, inundations, fire, plagues, and famins. Behold that which maketh warfare odious, behold that which diſgraceth an honourable profeſſion, behold that which poureth upon the heads of Great-ones, who countenance ſuch actions, the cups of Gods anger, mingled with gaul, worm-wood, and poiſon of Dragons.

The tears of poor labourers, widdows, and orphans, which are enforced by thoſe who entitle themſelves friends, with cruelties that would juſtifie the *Saracens* and *Moors*, ceaſe not to mount to the Throne of God, to ask vengeance on thoſe, who, to ſatisfie their ambitions, glut their appetites, and fiſh in troubled waters, enkindling wars inteſtine, timorarious, and unjuſt, not regarding the diſorders, which ordinarily ariſe from theſe wicked counſels. Oh God! it is a very great matter, that a man can make a hundred thouſand ſwords to be unſheathed in an inſtant, which have no eyes to ſee where they ſtrike, nor hands to pull them back, when they once have received motion. That a man, who hath but one life, ſhould expiate ſo many deaths, ſo many violences, ſo many outrages, as are committed by the unbridled ſouldiers! Much courage muſt be neceſſarily uſed, to make military diſcipline be obſerved, and if theſe furious corruptions cannot be hindred, it were better to abandō the charges and commands, than to cement them up with the bloud and tears of ſo many miſerable ſacrifices.

Juſtice of *Beliſarius* and *Aurelianus.*

The brave *Beliſarius*, who was one of the moſt excellent Captains in the world, having cauſed two ſouldiers to be empaled for ſome crime, ſeeing others to murmure at it: *Know* (ſaith he) *I am come to fight with the arms of Religion and Juſtice, without which we can expect neither victory nor happineſs. I deſire my ſouldiers ſhould have their hands clean to kill an enemy. Never will I ſuffer any man in mine Army, that hath fingers crooked or bloudy, were he in arms as terrible as lightening. Force is of no worth, if it have not equity for companion.* Hear a ſouldier ſpeak. He might perhaps have learned the ſame leſſon from the Emperour *Aurelian*, who wrote to one of his Lieutenants: *My friend, If thou wilt be a Captain, nay, if thou wilt live, contain thy ſoldiers in their dutie. I would not that a peaſant ſhould ſo much as complain that he hath been wronged in the value of a chicken, nor that any hath taken a grape from his vine without his permiſſion. I will make him give an account even to a grain of ſalt, or a drop of oyl unjuſtly exacted. I deſire my ſouldiers ſhould be rich with ſpoils of enemies, and not the tears of my ſubjects. I would have them carry their riches upon their ſwords, not into their cabins. I would have them waſte in the houſes of their hoaſts, and that there be no ſpeech of any quarrels.*

Procop. l. 1. de bello Vandal.

Vopiſc. in Aurel.

Excellent diſcipline.

And is not that ſtrange which *Marcus Scaurus* writeth, that there have been ſeen Regiments encamped round about a great tree laden with fruit, and the ſouldiers to depart the next morning, not doing ſo much wrong, as to take one apple from the Maſter of the place? And who would not be amazed at that which *Lampridius* ſpeaketh of *Alexander Severus*, that his ſouldiers marched to the *Perſian* war, like Senatours, and that the Countrey-peaſants loved them as their brothers, and honoured their Emperour as a God? Is it not a ſhamefull thing, that Infidels muſt teach us a leſſon of modeſty, and that this *Alexander*, who had learned a leſſon from Chriſtians, which was, not to do that to another which we would not have done to our ſelves, obſerved it ſo exactly even in the liberty of arms, that he thereby became as it were adored by his ſubjects? And in the mean time we behold Gentlemen, who never having wanted good precepts, exerciſe tyrannies on their ſubjects, both in peace and war, ſuch as *Scythians* and *Arabians* would abhor to do. War cannot now adays be made, but that it ſeems *Attila* with his Army is raiſed up, once more to pillage *France*. It is not enemies they ſeek to ſurprize, but purſes: and they are ever criminal enough, who have ſome, though but ſmall wealth to looſe. I know not where to ſeek for his unhappineſs, to find it in its ſource. The ſouldier excuſeth himſelf upon neceſſity, the Captain complaineth of payment, the one filcheth, and the other quarrelleth, whileſt the diſorder is immortal.

O brave and valorous Cavaliers, ought not you herein to ſecond the good intentions of our great King, and baniſh ſuch infamies, not onely from *France*, but even from the memory of men? If you deſire to ſee how you are to bear your ſelf in war, I will not go about to ſeek out a Saint *Martin* for you: Behold a man, whoſe life not long ſince hath been publiſhed, to ſerve as a model for the Nobility: we yet touch him as it were with a finger; for he died under the reign of *Francis* the Firſt, having ſerved three Kings in their Armies the ſpace of two and thirty years. It is the valiant *Terrail*, otherwiſe called Chevalier *Bayard*, born in *Daulphine*. I willingly make uſe of his example, both becauſe one of our moſt warlick Kings, the ſon of *Francus* the Firſt, would needs be knighted by his hand, to witneſs the honour he bare to his valour, as alſo, for that I ſee therein many noble paſſages, which taſte of the virtue of a true *French* ſouldier. He was a courageous Captain, of excellent direction, valiant, and magnanimous, of whom was ſaid, that he had the aſſault of a wild bull, the defence of the bore, and flight of the wolf. I ſet aſide his warlick deeds, I take ſome of his virtues, which I here will make uſe of. This Royal courage had no other aim in arms, but the glory of God, the ſervice of his Prince, the honour of his profeſſion: whereof we have an ample teſtimony in a ſhort Elogie, which his Secretary made upon him, ſaying, *That after theſe two and thirtie years ſervice, he died almoſt as poor as he was born.* Much is ſpoken herein, and I think *Bayard* more glorious under this title, than if he had born the Dutchy of *Milan* on his back. He had the true piety of a good ſouldier: For every morning he prayed to God moſt devoutly, and would not permit any man ſhould enter into his Chamber during the time of his devotions: he was ſo obedient to thoſe who commanded in the Army, that he never refuſed any Commiſſion impoſed upon him. Yea, well fore-ſeeing that the laſt charge enjoyned him by the Admiral *Bonnivet* was moſt dangerous, and as it were impoſſible, yet he went thither, ſacrificing his life to the commandments of the Lieutenant of his Prince, that he might not digreſs from his ordinary cuſtom. There was he ſlain by the moſt generous manner of death that might happen to any Captain of his quality. He was a Lion in arms, who with a choice company of men, ſelected by him, and trained to this profeſſion, wrought ſuch admirable effects, that there was not any battel won, of which he was not ever the principal cauſe. Never was any man more terrible to an enemy in the conflict; but out of it, it was ſaid, he was one of the moſt affable and courteous men of the earth. He was ſo ill a flatterer of Great men, that to gain a Kingdom he would not be drawn to ſpeak any thing but reaſon. His practice was to honour the virtuous, ſpeak little of the vicious, leſs alſo of his own deeds of arms, never to ſwear, do favours to all who required, as willingly as if himſelf were to receive the benefit, to give ſecret alms according to his ability, in ſuch ſort, that it is written, that he, beſides his other acts of piety, married at the leaſt a hundred young mayds. Behold of what

Military virtues of a brave French ſouldier.

what elements his ſoul was inwardly compoſed.

Marvellous contempt of money.

As for the manner of his carriage in the war, he as little cared for money as the dirt of the earth, and deſired not to have any but to give. Witneſs an act of great liberality, which is related of him. He by fair law of arms, took a *Spaniſh* Treaſurer, who carried with him fifteen thouſand Ducats; one of his Captains, named *Tardieu*, ſwore, enraged with choller, that he would have part of the booty, becauſe he was in the expedition. This good Captain ſmiling, ſaid to him: *It is true, you were of the enterprize, but are not to ſhare in the booty; and were it ſo, you are under my charge, I therefore will give what I think good.* This man entered into more violent fury, and went to complain to the General, who having well conſidered the buſineſs, adjudged it wholly to *Bayard*. He cauſed his Ducats to be carried to a place of ſafety, and commanded them to be ſpred on a table, in preſence of all his people, ſaying to them: *Companions, what think you? Do you not here behold fine junkets?* Poor *Tardieu*, who had been put by his pretenſions by expreſs ſentence of his Captains, looked on this money with a jealous eye, and ſaid: *If he had the half of it, he would all his life be an honeſt man. Doth that depend on this?* ſaith this brave ſpirit? *Hold, I willingly give that, which you by force could never obtain,* and ſo cauſed at the ſame inſtant ſeven thouſand five hundred Ducats to be told out to him. The other, who in the beginning thought it was but a meer mockery, when he ſaw it to be in good earneſt, and himſelf in poſſeſſion of that he deſired, he caſt himſelf on both his knees at the feet of *Bayard*, having abundant tears of joy in his eyes, and cried out: *Alas my Maſter, my friend, you have ſurpaſſed the liberality of* Alexander, *how ſhall I ever be able to acknowledge the benefit, which I at this time do receive at your hands? Hold your peace* (ſaid this incomparable man) *if I had power I would do much more:* and thereupon cauſing all the ſouldiers of the Garriſon to be called, he diſtributed the reſt of the Ducats, not keeping one ſole denier for his own uſe.

I ask of you whether this were not a heart of pearl, wherein there could not one leaſt blemiſh of avarice be found? Yea, alſo when he paſſed through the Countrey, even in a land of conqueſt, he paid his expence. And one ſaying unto him, "*Sir*, This "money is loſt: for at your departure from hence, "they will ſet this place on fire. *He anſwered*, Sirs, "I do what I ought, God hath not put me into the world, to live by rapine.

An excellent act of *Chevalier Bayard.*

Purſuing this courſe, he did an act at the taking of *Breſcia*, a Citie of *Italie*, for ever memorable, which I will here deduce as it were in the ſame terms as it is couched in his Hiſtory. Which is, that being ſet in the head of the Perdues, he firſt entered and paſſed the rampire, where he was grievouſly hurt in the top of his thigh with the thruſt of a pike, ſo that the iron ſtuck in the wound: he nothing terrified, ſaid to Captain Molard: *I am ſlain, but it is no matter, let your men march confidently, the Town is won.* Hereupon two ſouldiers bare him out of the throng, and ſeeing the wound ſtreamed forth much bloud, they pulled off their ſhirts, and rent them, to bind up his thigh; then in the firſt houſe they hit upon, they took a little door off the hindges, and laid their poor Captain upon it, to bear him the more eaſily. From thence they went directly to a great houſe, which they ſuppoſed to be very convenient for his accommodation. It belonged to an honeſt Gentleman, who was retired into a Monaſterie to avoid the fury of ſouldiers: For the ſaccadge of this Citie was ſo dreadfull, that there were reckoned, as well of *Venetians* who defended it, as Burgeſſes, to the number of twenty thouſand ſlain. The Ladie ſtayed in this houſe with two fair daughters, who had hidden themſelves in a barn under hay. As they knocked at the gate, the mother arming her ſelf with reſolution, openeth it, and beholdeth a Captain all bloudy, born upon this plank, who preſently ſet Guards about his lodging, and demanded a place to retire unto. The Ladie leadeth him into the faireſt chamber, where ſhe caſt her ſelf at his feet, and ſaid: *Sir, I offer this houſe unto you, and all within it, for I well know it is yours by the law of arms. I onely beg of you, you will be pleaſed to ſave me, and mine honour, as alſo of two poor maids ready to marry, which my huſband and I have had between us.* The Captain anſwered: *Madame, I do not know whether I ſhall eſcape this wound or no; but I faithfully promiſe you whileſt I live, there ſhall be no injury done to you nor your daughters, no more than to mine own perſon. Onely keep them in your chamber, and let them not be ſeen: Send for your huſband, and aſſure your ſelf you have a gueſt, who will do you all courteſie poſſible.* The Ladie much comforted to hear him ſpeak in that manner, obeyed, and employed all her care to give him good entertainment. She preſently perceived ſhe had lodged an honeſt man, when ſhe ſaw the Duke of *Namures*, the brave *Gaſton* de *Foix*, General of the Army, come daily to viſit him, and that theſe men in a Citie of conqueſt, ſpake of paying for all they had taken. The good hoſteſs waited on him, as on an Angel of Heaven, ſo much honour and virtue ſaw ſhe to ſhine in him. When he was cured, and that he ſpake of diſlodging, to be preſent at the battel of *Ravenna*, where his General paſſionately deſired him, the Ladie, who accounted her ſelf as his priſoner, with her husband and children, conſidering if her gueſt would rigorouſly uſe her, he might draw ten or twelve thouſand crowns from her, reſolved to give him a preſent, and coming into his chamber with a ſervant of hers, who carried a little ſteel box, ſhe preſently threw her ſelf at his feet, but he readily raiſed her up again, not ſuffering ſhe ſhould ſpeak one word, till ſhe was ſeated by him: at which time ſhe made this ſpeech, well obſerved by the Secretary of *Bayard*:

SIR, *The favour which God hath afforded me in the taking of this Citie, by ſending you into this houſe, which is wholly yours, hath not been leſs, than the preſervation of the life of my huſband, mine own, and that of my daughters, with their honour, which they ought to eſteem more precious than life. Beſides, your people have lived with ſuch temper here in my houſe, that being not able to complain of any injuries, I have cauſe for ever to commend their modeſtie. Sir, I am not ſo ignorant of the condition, whereunto the miſery of war hath reduced us, as not very well to ſee, that my huſband, my ſelf, and children, are your priſoners, and that all the goods in the houſe are at your diſcretion, to be diſpoſed of to your liking. But knowing the nobleneſs of your heart, which is incomparable, I am come moſt humbly to beſeech you, to take pitie on your poor captives, and to uſe us according to your accuſtomed liberalitie. Behold a poor preſent which we offer, intreating it may be acceptable.* In ſpeaking this, ſhe took the box out of the hands of her ſervant, and opened it before the good Captain, who ſaw it to be full of fair Duckets, at which he ſmiled, replying: *Madame, how many Duckets are there in this box?* The poor woman, who thought this ſmile proceeded from ſome diſcontentment, anſwered: *There are in it but two thouſand five hundred, but if you be not ſatisfied, we will find more. Nay Madame,* replied the Captain, *I can well aſſure you, that ſhould you give me a hundred thouſand crowns, you could not do me ſo much good, as you have done in the courteous entertainment I have here received. In what place ſoever I ſhall remain, while God gives me life, you ſhall have a Gentleman ready at your command. As for your Duckets, I will none, I render you thanks, take them up again. I have ever more eſteemed people of honour than crowns, and think not, but I go as*

well

well satisfied from you, as if this Citie were at your disposition, and you thereof have made me a present.

She again prostrateth her self on her knees, and the Captain lifting her up, answered: *No Sir, I should think my self for ever the most unhappy woman of the world, if you accept not this present, which is nothing in comparison of the infinite obligations I owe to your worth. Well,* saith he, *since you give it with so good a will, I accept it for your sake; but cause your daughters to come hither, for I will bid them farewell.* These good creatures had charitably assisted him, during the time of his infirmity, in the presence of their mother, many times touching the lute, whereon they played very well, for his recreation. They fell at his feet, and the eldest made a short speech in her mother language, to thank him for the preservation of their honour. The Captain heard it as it were weeping, for the sweetness and humility he therein observed, and then said: *Ladies, you do that which I ought to do, which is to give you thanks for the many good helps you have afforded me, for which I find my self infinitely obliged. You know men of my profession are not readily furnished with handsom tokens, to present fair maidens withal: But behold, your good Ladie mother hath given me two thousand five hundred Duckets; take each of you a thousand, as my gift; for so I am resolved it shall be.* Then turning to his Hostess: *Madame,* saith he, *I will take these five hundred to my self, to distribute them among poor religious women, who have been ransacked; and I recommend the charge thereof to you; for you better than any other understand where there is necessity.* At this time, the Ladie touched to the quick with so great a piety, spake these words, couched in the History in ancient language: *O flower of Chivalrie, to whom no other may be compared! our blessed Saviour and Redeemer* Jesus Christ, *who for sinners suffered death and passion, both here in this world, and in the other, reward you.* The Gentleman of the house, who at that time heard the courtesie of his guest, came to thank him with bended knee, making offer of his person and his whole estate. The young Gentlewomen, who were skilfull at the needle, made him a present of two bracelets, woven with threed of gold and silver; and a purse of crimson sattyn, very richly wrought. He very graciously receiving them, *Behold,* saith he, *I have more than ten thousand crowns*: and instantly he put the bracelets on his arms, and the purse in his pocket, assuring them whilest these gifts lasted, he would wear them for their sakes. Thereupon he mounted on horseback, accompanied with his true friend, the Lord *D'Aubigny*, and about two or three thousand men; the Lady of the house, the daughters, and the whole family, as bitterly deploring his departure, as if they should have been put to the sword. Idemãd of you, if the stars were to descend from heavẽ, whether they might find more love and respect? Where be these silly fencers, who are as comets of fire and bloud, to bear murder, pestilence, and poison into houses, who make the pillars of buildings to tremble with the force of blasphemies, who load whole families with injuries, wounds, and scars, who pill and ravage like Harpies, fed with humane bloud? Should they do nothing else all their life, but heap up mountains of gold and silver, they could not arrive to the least part of the contentment which this good Captain enjoyed, who sought no other recompence from his great actions, but the satisfaction of his conscience, and the glory to have done well. Thus is it, O Noblemen, that hearts are gained, to make a crown of immortality: Thus is Heaven obliged, and earth tributary to virtues.

The seventh SECTION.

Against sensual love and impuritie.

I May well say, that among all the qualities of a Nobleman, there is not any hath a sweeter odour than temperance, which represseth the voluptuous pleasures of the body. Let no man flatter you in the passion of love, as if it were a prime virtue of your profession. Believe me, it is the worm which gnaweth all great actions, the moth which eateth all the vigour of spirit, the stain which defileth all the fairest ornaments of life, the labyrinth which hindereth all generous designs, the rock which wracketh all vessels, the gulf which devoureth bodies and souls.

Divers kinds of love.

The wise Secretaries of nature have observed, that all creatures which have the breath of fire, have the tayl of a Dragon. Nor likewise do we ever see carnal love vehemently enflamed, but that it produceth some serpentine, hydeous, and disasterous issue. I affirm, fire penetrateth into the marrow of the total nature of the Universe, but hath effects very different, according to the subjects wherein it resideth. It otherwise scorcheth in Heaven, otherwise in hell, otherwise in the bodies of beasts, otherwise in sulphur and gun-powder, and such like bodies able to receive its action. It filleth the stars in Heaven with a flame full of lustre and honour: It tormenteth the damned in hell, it entertaineth the life of creatures, it wasteth all bodies drie or oily, to reduce them either into ashes or smoak. Take my comparison, and say with me, there are lovers who burn as Heaven, others as hell, others as bodies well composed, others as oyl and wood.

The first lovers have the ardours of Heaven, who entertain chaste and spiritual love for things Divine. These are pleasures, which the jealous eye cannot espie, the slanderous tongue cannot bite, bad report is not accustomed to defame; which equals have no cause to envie, nor can Tyrants, armed with horrour of so many torments, find the means how to take it from Martyrs. When we love God, we find him every where, we speak to him every where, we serve him every where, and every where we feel the services done to him, have their recompence. We talk to him as well in the whales belly as in the flaming furnace; witness *Jonas* and the three children, who found Chappels wholly built in the entrails of fishes and flames; because the love of God, the wisest architect of the world, had framed such for them.

The second lovers burn as hell, who live perpetually in stinking, wicked, and infamous concupiscences, in dark, extraordinary, and desperate passions, who are in sensuality as in an abyss, fettered with a long chain of servitude, never having any part of the air, or light of the children of God.

The third are as bodies mixed, who entertain conjugal, honest, and moderate amities; such as are found in good marriages, which are used according to God, in all honour and sanctity.

Those of the fourth order, enkindle one another, as so many little bodies that daily minister fuel to the fire, wasting spirit, flesh, and means, in certain frivolous and giddly loves, which after much use, make men of vapour, ashes, and smoak. You now adays shal find, that affections purely conjugal are very rare, and celestial loves much more; but every where there are many men, who burn like hell or pitch.

Four sorts of love.

There are four sorts of love, which have been great enemies, and still are, to the reputation of a good souldier: the one is the love of sensuality, the other of fantasie, the third of servitude, and the fourth of fury. On what side soever you turn your face, assure your self, Sir, you shall find nothing beautifull in this ugly beast.

Love of sensuality.

Love of sensuality, which subsisteth onely in voluptousnes of body, is a bruitish, base, and wandering love, which is ever employed to spie out and trade for flesh, having no other design, but to satiate an unworthy concupiscence, more unsatisfied than fire, the abyss, and hell. If nature had created you some Mustapha to grow fat in a Seraglio, & that you had

had never heard ſpeech of good or honour, it were tollerable: but to ſee a brave ſouldier, well born and bred up, to paſs his life in laying ſnares for chaſtity, to ſearch out of both ſexes ſuch as make traffick of the ſins of others, to train up a wicked ſervant to be the meſſenger of your paſſions, to promiſe, ſwear, forſwear, to ſeduce poor forſaken maids, to caſt them from neceſſity into diſgrace, and from diſgrace into deſpair, how can it be but abominable.

Think you the earth is made to be repleniſhed with your ſins, and charities to be inſtituted to ſupport your crimes? It is idleneſs that ſerves as a ſtore-houſe for your paſſions, and it is your remiſneſs which doth not ſo much as vouchſafe to ſeek out a remedy. If you be reſolved to lead ſuch a life, give up your ſword, for you diſhonour it. It is no reaſon that it alone ſhould retain the virginity, which all your other members have loſt. You cannot well ſerve two miſtreſſes, *Venus* and *Bellona*, ſince they are ſo different. And go not about to propoſe to your ſelf that *Sampſon*, *David*, and *Cæſar*, made them well accord together: believe me, when they came to be laſcivious they ceaſed to be valiant.

It was neither with the looking-glaſs nor comb of *Dalila*, that *Sampſon* ſlew a thouſand *Philiſtines*, but with the jaw-bone of an Aſs. Whileſt he preſerved himſelf from women, he was a ſun, and a thunder-bolt; a ſun to enlighten his Nation, a thunder-bolt to deſtroy the *Philiſtines*. So ſoon as a woman had ſhaved him, he of a ſun became a coal, of a thunder-bolt a vapour, and of a man a lame jade, who from the field of battel, was ſent to mill, no longer having eyes, but to deplore the diſaſter of his loves with tears of bloud. When *David* in the liſt overthrew the Giant, he had not then received the wound from *Bath-ſheba's* eye. But after he had ſeen her at the fountain, his eyes ceaſed not to caſt forth flouds, and love dried up all his Laurels, that they had very much ado to wax green again in the water of ſo many tears. Hold it alſo for undoubted, that *Cæſar* being in the ſnows of the *Gauls*, thought not of committing adulteries at *Rome*; the buſineſs or war took from him all the taſte of love, and never did he ſubmit to the imaginations of a beaſt, till he retained no more deſigns worthy of a man. Voluptuouſneſs never acteth any thing great, but hath deſtroyed all that is great. And when God is pleaſed to overthrow Empires, he chooſeth ſouldiers who have chaſte hands, to chaſtiſe the effeminate. So *Arbaces* vanquiſheth *Sardanapalus*: So *Alexander*, who would not look upon Queens, his priſoners, but with an eye of chaſtity, defeated the *Perſians*, bond-ſlaves to luxury: So the *Gothes* gained the Empire of *Rome*, as ſaith *Salvianus*, God being willing to purge the earth, which the Romans had defiled, by the arms of a Nation more chaſte than themſelves, it being reaſonable, that thoſe ſhould enjoy their goods, who would have no ſhare in their vices.

Love of fantaſies.

The love of fantaſie is more ſottiſh than malicious or ſordid. There be Cavaliers, who perſwade themſelves they are the braveſt men of their Age, and that all Ladies, who ſometimes love vapour where it is not be loved, muſt of neceſſity have love in ſtore for them. They enter into ſo great vanities, as they caſt their affections upon none but Princeſſes, or eminent beauties, eſteeming the reſt of the world too baſe for the entertainment of their affections. They reſemble thoſe birds of *Ægypt*, who will not build their neſts but upon Palms; nor will they love but in a high place. Of this quality were *Endimion* and the Emperour *Caligula*, who in the end diſtaſting all the women in the world, transferred the ambition of their loves above the ſphere of fire, ſuppoſing they were hardy enough to take the Moon in marriage. One would not believe the frenzie of this paſſion, if we had not by experience ſeen men of moſt baſe extraction, with much content to entertain their thoughts upon the loves of the Queens of *Antioch* and *Sicilie*, tranſporting themſelves with joy, whenſoever it was told them they were entered far into their gracious favours. This is it which maketh me ſay, that we in two things know the greatneſs of our ſoul, to wit, that it can frame a world to its knowledge, as God hath created one in nature; and can lodge the thoughts in ſo high a place, that the pooreſt begger of the world can entertain affection for the moſt eminent perſon of the earth. The rich, who do as it were forbid the uſe of elements, cannot deny love, but it is a groſs infirmity to love out of the ſphere of your power, that which you can no more enjoy than the Moon in the Heavens. If we will love aloft, let us love him who hath made us. When once we have paſſed far into his heart, we ſhall find all the greatneſs of the world much lower than our feet.

If you, my ſouldier, entertain theſe fantaſtick loves, I from this preſent will ſend you to the *Strophad Iſlands*, with thoſe who ſearch for the hand of glory, the Philoſophers ſtone, and *quadratura circuli*, and who oft-times diſtil the money out of their purſes, with that little brain which is left them, through the ſame limbeck.

Love of bondage.

I fear you rather have the love of ſervitude, and make a Goddeſs of a piece of fleſh, to which it is your glory to ſacrifice your liberty, being ſo blind, as to kiſs the fetters of your ſlavery, inſtead of breaking them. Verily it is a pittifull thing to ſee a man burn in ice, and congeal in fire, having the colour wan, the viſage meagre, the eyes hollow, the cheeks ſunk, the ſpirit giddy, the reaſon uncollected, and the heart wholly feaveriſh, for the love of a creature who flouteth him. To ſee a man who walketh in his ſolitude, and creepeth like a ſpectre, not knowing whether he be of the number of the living or dead, who ſpeaketh, writeth, who prieth, who hopeth, who feareth, laugheth, ſigheth, waxeth pale, bluſheth, deſireth, deteſteth, dieth, riſeth again, ſinketh into an abyſs, and then toucheth Heaven with a finger, who playeth a Comedy of a dozen Perſonages in one hour, and paſſeth through more metamorphoſes in a day, than *Ovid* in three years.

Oh what a miſerable thing is it, ſaith the golden mouth of *Conſtantinople*, to ſeek to be roſted in aſhes, and ſo deſperately love a beauty, which is onely fair in the fantaſie of a feaveriſh brain, and of which in a ſhort time the moſt licorous worms would ſcorn to make their dung-hill! O my ſouldier, let ſuch a frenzie never enter into your heart; you were better ſerve a *Turk* or an *Arabian*, than ſuch a love. It is the punais-worm, which bites while ſhe liveth, and after death maketh her infection to be felt. Why go you about to idolatrize a woman? Have you not ſlavery enough at home, but you muſt needs ſeek it abroad? Withdraw your ſelf in good time from this captivity, gain the haven before the ſtorm ſurprize you; for if you once be engaged, there is neither arm nor oar can ſerve to bring you back again. Is it not a comely thing, think you, to behold a ſouldier, who hath a ſword by his ſide, able to hew monſters, to ſeek to play the cocks-comb in queſt of a wily wench, that exerciſeth the moſt infamous tyranny over him that ever was heard of? It is ſaid *Omphale* took the Diadem from a King named *Hercules*, and ſet her ſlippers on his head: That *Dionyſius* the Tyrant wrote the expeditions of his Kingdom with his hand, and that *Mirrha* cancelled or ſigned them at her pleaſure: That King *Athanaricus* tied the ſtrings of *Pincia's* ſhoes: That *Themiſtocles* cauſed himſelf to be purged and let bloud with his captive Miſtreſs. He that ſhould ſee all the follies of the entranced lovers, might obſerve an infinite number of matters much more ſtrange.

In

In ſerving a ſcornfull piece, who makes you die a thouſand times a day, you can oft-times hope for no other thing but ever to ſerve, and if you come to the end of your pretenſions, brag not ſo much; you perhaps have nothing, but that which ſervants, or perſons more unworthy, have obtained before you. This well deſerveth indeed to betray your honour, and to commit ſuch filly actions; but if you open your eyes to ſee the end of this goodly ſtage-play, you ſhall do as thoſe, who cauſed themſelves to be ſhaved when they eſcaped a ſhip-wrack: you would not let ſo much as a hair remain upon that young head, which ſuffered it ſelf to run at liberty after ſuch ſottiſh loves.

Love of fury. If you plunge your ſelf further into this paſſion, you ſhall find fury, which tieth cords, which mingleth poiſons, which ſharpeneth ſwords, which openeth black caverns, which erecteth gibbets, which kindleth coals, which prepareth racks, which produceth all that may diſcover the proceedings of an engaged love, and which maketh an arrow of all crimes, to hit the mark it aimed at.

Were I in your place, I would tear from my heart the ſleighteſt cogitations which occur by this folly, as cankers, vermine, and ſerpents; and I would ride on poſt, if it were poſſible, beyond the elements, with purpoſe to avoid ſuch encounters. All the braveſt ſouldiers have made boaſt of chaſtity. It was the trophey of *Cyrus*, to whom God for this cauſe gave all the treaſures of *Aſia*: It was the triumph of *Alexander*, who in recompence had the conqueſt of the *Perſians*: and the Emperour *Julian*, who made profeſſion to imitate him, although he had renounced all the Sacraments, would never forſake chaſtity, which he had learned amongſt Chriſtians: ſaying, *This virtue made beautifull lives, as Painters fair faces.* But not to ſearch any further into the ruins of antiquity, look what your *Bayard* did upon this point: behold an admirable paſſage, which I will relate in the ſame words as it is expreſſed in his hiſtory.

Julianus apud *Ammianum.*

A Royal act of military chaſtitie. They had cauſed a young maid to be conveyed into his chamber, which was one of the faireſt creatures of the world, and indeed ſhe was endowed with an Angelical grace, but that her eyes were ſwoln with extremity of tears. When the Captain ſaw her, *How now, fair maid,* ſaith he unto her, *what ſay you? Why come you hither?* The poor creature fell on her knees, and ſaid: *Alas Sir, my mother hath commanded me I ſhould do what you would have me; yet I am a virgin, and never had I any diſpoſition to do ill, were it not neceſſitie enforced me thereunto; for my mother and my ſelf are ſo poor, that we periſh for hunger: and I wiſh to God I were dead, before I commit this act, or at leaſt that I were not in the number of unhappy maids.* The noble Lord touched to the quick with the words of this creature, anſwered her, having tears in his eyes: *Verily, pretty ſoul, I will not be ſo wicked, as to take that from you, which you ſo faithfully have kept for God.* Thereupon he cauſed her to be veiled, covering her with a mantle, leſt ſhe might be known, he lighted a torch, and not recommending her to any other, conducted her himſelf, to reſt in the houſe of his kinſwoman. The next day he ſent for the mother, and ſaid to her: *Are not you a wicked woman to betray the honour of your daughter, which ought to be more dear unto you than life? You deſerve a puniſhment ſo much the more rigorous, as that I underſtand you are a Ladie: for in doing this, you wrong Nobilitie.* The poor woman wholly confounded, knew not what elſe to anſwer, but that they were as poor as might be. *Is there no man,* ſaith he, *who requires her in marriage? Yes truly,* ſaith ſhe, *an honeſt man, a neighbour of mine, but he demandeth ſix hundred florens, and I am not worth the one half of it.*

Then the brave *Bayard* drew out his purſe, and ſaid, *Hold, here are two hundred crowns, which are of more value than ſix hundred florens of this Countrey to marry your daughter withal. I adde alſo thereunto a hundred more to cloth her, and a hundred to relieve your poverty; but my will is you diſpatch it in three days:* all which was accordingly done with an unſpeakable joy of the mother and daughter, which made them live thenceforth very honourably.

O Nobility, I preſent not here unto you an *Hermit*, it is a Captain, it is a *French* ſouldier, who was compoſed of no other fleſh, bones, nor bloud, than you, while he in the mean time performeth an act of a Religious man the moſt mortified: he exerciſeth the liberality of a King, he equalleth therein, and as it were ſurmounteth the heroical deeds of the greateſt Saints. It is true, that S. *Nicolas* ſaved the honour of virgins, contributing thereunto his gold and ſilver: It is true, that in doing it he generouſly triumphed over the covetouſneſs of temporal goods: but he ſerved not in this action, as a triumph to himſelf, which is verily the choiſeſt piece of eminent virtues. Behold a Cavalier, who vanquiſheth both avarice and love, the two moſt dangerous rocks of the world. *Bayard* commandeth his purſe in a fortune not the beſt accommodated, which meriteth not the leaſt applauſe; but *Bayard* commandeth himſelf in a flouriſhing age, in a vigorous body, in preſence of an object ſo amiable. I beſeech you let us no longer ſay, that chaſtity is onely found in Cloyſters, it is every where, where the fear of God is, where generoſity or real virtue is. What can ſo many wretches anſwer to this, who fill the world with ſins, the Nobility with diſgraces, their bodies with diſeaſes, their name with infamy, and load ſo many poor abuſed creatures with miſeries and deſpair? What can ſo many ſpruce Gallants anſwer, who brave it through the ſtreets, and make oſtents in borrowed feathers, and in habits, ſtanding indebted to the Mercer for the ſtuff, and to the poor Taylor for the faſhion, paying neither the one nor other? True jack-daws of *Eſope*, who deſerve that all other birds ſhould aſſemble to pull their plumes off, which they have ſtoln to entertain their vanity. What will here ſo many gluttons and gameſters anſwer, who eat and rent up the entrails of men by their bloudy riots? Is it poſſible, that this ſouldier ſhould have four hundred crowns, which was then a huge ſum, to give in one onely alms, and thoſe who in bravery talk of nothing elſe but piſtolets, the belly, and game, have not a denier to throw to a poor body?

I will alſo ſhew you an eſſential virtue of your profeſſion, which is a certain mixture of honeſty, juſtice, and loyalty due to the King, the Weal-publick, your conſcience, even towards your enemies themſelves, in the example of this admirable man, juſtly called *The Captain without fault.*

The eighth SECTION.

Againſt the perfidiouſneſs of intereſts.

THere is given to you for the accompliſhment of theſe goodly precepts, a great virtue of the time, which is to betray faith, Altars, and all that which is precious in nature, or magnificent in Religion, to advance your fortune, without any fear at all to trample on the throats of your moſt faithfull friends, that you may go directly to the Temple of Honour, or the riches of the world. Poor *Janiſary*, think you that to be the ſhorteſt way? Have you never learned, that if you take fidelity out of the world, you pull down the principal Altar of the Temple, the ſanctity of humane hearts, the commerce of men; the repoſe of life, the knot and band of all felicities? Perjury, ſaith an Oracle, hath a ſon without

Oraculum Epicylidi redditum, apud Nicztam.

ſon without name, feet, or hands, and who wandereth up and down throughout the world, and cruſheth in pieces the heads of the perfidious, even to the fourth generation. You in the ſubſequent diſcourſes ſhall behold the goodly ſucceſſes of ſuch proceedings: I for this preſent tell you, to ſtrengthen theſe precepts, that were faith and integritie baniſhed from the reſt of the world, they might be found in the heart of a *French* ſouldier.

Our excellent *Bayard*, from whom I more affect ſtill to derive this model, than from any other, made it well appear in an affair, where the life of the moſt eminent man of the Church was intereſſed. He was at that time in *Italie*, ſent by the King to aſſiſt the Duke of *Ferrara* againſt the armie of Pope *Julius*, then much oppoſite to *France*, although ſo many other worthy Popes heartily loved our Nation. See the cauſe, why he ſent to the Duke one *Mounſieur Auguſtine Gerlo*, a Gentleman of *Milan*, a traitour, and factious to perſwade him to forſake the *French* alliance with intention to deſtroy them, and that in recompence he would give him his neece in marriage, and make him Captain General of the Church. This Prince would not in any wiſe underſtand him, but he handled the matter ſo by his policie and advantagious promiſes, that he gained this *Auguſtine*, who gave him his hand, that he in few days would deſtroy the Pope, by the help of a miſchievous morſel, which he could eaſily give him. The Duke of *Ferrara* underſtanding theſe propoſitions, went to find out the noble *Bayard* in his lodging, and made a long diſcourſe to him of the evil diſpoſition of Pope *Julius*, and the enterpriſes he had, both on his life, and of the *Frenchmen*, of purpoſe to enkindle him for revenge. Then he purſued his opportunitie, and made overture to him of the treaſon of this wicked *Gerlo*. *Bayard* beheld him, and ſaid, *How Sir? I could never have imagined that a Prince ſo generous as you, would conſent to ſuch a miſchief: and had you done it, I ſwear by my ſoul, before night I would have given the Pope notice of it. How?* anſwered the Duke, *he would have done as much either to you or me. It is no matter,* replieth *Bayard*, *this treatherie diſpleaſeth me.* The Duke ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and ſpitting on the ground, *Mounſieur* Bayard, ſaith he, *I would I had killed all mine enemies in this ſort: but ſince you diſlike it, the matter ſhall reſt, and you and I both may have cauſe to repent it. We ſhall not if it pleaſe God,* replyeth the good ſouldier; *but I pray you put this gallant into my hands, that would do this goodly piece of ſervice; and if I do not cauſe him to be hanged in an hour, let me ſupply his place.* The other excuſed it, ſaying, he had given him aſſurance of his perſon.

Behold you not a brave ſpirit? See you not a man of a Royal conſcience, and of an honeſtie in all things like to it ſelf? Where are theſe pettie ſpirits of the abyſs, more black than ſpecters and infernal furies, who have neither loyaltie for their Prince nor Common-wealth, but as it may concern their own intereſts, who ſwallow treaſons as big as cammels, to gain a flie? They would make truth it ſelf to lie, were not their iſſues ever tragical, abominable, and hideous.

The ninth SECTION.

Short and notable Inſtructions.

Auguſt. ep. 80. MY ſouldier, follow the precepes, which the great S. *Auguſtine* gave to Captain *Boniface*. Obſerve faith and virtue in Arms, which never will be proſperous on earth, if they be not fortified with bleſſings from Heaven. Beg of God, with *David*, to deliver you from your neceſſities, which are your paſſions: he doth nothing to overcome viſible enemies, that have power over bodies, who ſurmounteth not the inviſible, bandied againſt the health of our ſouls. Make uſe of the world, as a thing borrowed: do good with its goods, and become not bad. They are goods, ſince they come from God, who extendeth his power over all things both celeſtial and temporal. They are goods, ſince God gives them to good men; but they are not alſo great goods, ſince he affords them to the wicked. He takes them away from the virtuous, to trie their virtue, and from the perverſe, to chaſtiſe their crimes. It is true, ſtrength, health, victorie, honour, wealth, are indifferently the portion of all men; but conqueſt over paſſions, virtues, ſalvation of ſoul, immortalitie of bodie, glorie, honour, beatitude, are the proper inheritance of Saints. Love theſe goods, deſire them, ſeek them with all your endeavour, do almsdeeds to get them, faſt as much as your forces will permit: all here below paſſeth away but good works.

Think when you go to the wars, that the ſtrength of your bodie is a gift of God, & that it is not fit to arm againſt your ſovereign Maſters proper benefits. Keep promiſe even with your enemies, make peace with all the world voluntarily, and war for neceſſity to acquire the good of peace. Be peacefull even in Arms, for ſuch men are called the children of God. If it be neceſſarie to kill an enemie in fight, let mercy be always exerciſed in the latter end of the combat, principally, when there is no further fear of rebellion. Adorn your manners with conjugal chaſtitie, ſobrietie, and modeſtie. It is a ridiculous thing to conquer men, and be vanquiſhed by vices; to eſcape the ſword, and be overthrown by wine. If you want means, ſeek it not on earth by wicked practices, but ſecure rather in Heaven that little you have, by the exerciſe of good works.

Flee theſe rocks of Nobilitie, which we have hitherto ſpoken againſt, and above all bridle preſumption, choller, the tongue, and ſenſuallitie.

They are ſlaves, who cannot keep in the mean, between ſervitude and Empire, where either chains muſt be had to maſter them, or a Throne erected to honour them. Peſumption, if you afford it enterance, will make you of a man a baloon filled with wind, a ſcare-crow of honour, a temerarious thing void of courage, an undertaker without ſucceſſe, a phantaſtick without ſhame, which in the end ſhall become burdenſome to it ſelf, and odious to all the world. Choller and folly are two ſiſters, which have in all things the ſame qualities; or if there be any difference, it is, that the one with more furie maketh havock in an inſtant, and the other produceth her effects with more leiſure and cheerfulneſs: whileſt you are ſubject to this paſſion, no man can confide in you in matter of judgement, no more than to weather-cocks in the point of ſtabilitie: you will have all other vices in-ſeed, and perpetually live in the ſorrow of time paſt, diſturbance of the preſent, and uncertaintie of the future. As for the tongue, it is that which containeth all the good or evil of man: It is the needle of the great dial of the ſoul, that muſt ſhew all the hours. It is the truche-man of our thoughts, the image of our actions, the interpreter of our wills, and the principal key of converſation. *He that will now adays live in the world*, ſaith the famous S. *Nazianzen*, *muſt have a veil over his eys, a key on his ear, a compaſs on his lips. A veil over his eyes*, not to ſee, or in ſeeing to diſſemble many things; *a key on his ears*, to ſhut them up againſt ſo many follies and ordures, which proceed from bad mouthes: and a *compaſs on the lips*, to meaſure and ſquare out all his words with diſcretion. So many ſecrets unneceſſarily diſcovered, ſo many infamous ſlanders, ſo many inconſiderate tales, ſo many frivolous promiſes, ſo many impudent lyes

Nazianz. in Iamb.

ſuch perjuries and execrable blaſphemies, ſo many diſaſters which oft happen for a ſleight ſpeech, daily teach us, that words have no handles to hold them by, and better it is to trip with the foot than the tongue.

Senſualitie, if you powerfully reſiſt it not from the firſt reflections which reaſon may preſent, will make you a thing of nothing. The three ſpirits, wine, love, and game, will fetter you with a prodigious ſlavery. You will become a living ſepulchre, a tomb of ſurphets and ſlaughters, a gulf of calumnies, a meer hobgoblin without repoſe, which ſhall continually handle cards and dice, to bereave you of your purſe and underſtanding, ſo to make a ſpoil of your goods, a frencie of your reaſon, and a perpetual feaver of your life.

Your condition ought not to make you pretend power over men, if you ſeaſonably enterpriſe it not over your own paſſions. Beware how you enter into the liſt among ſo many noble ſpirits, there to diſcover your weakneſſe, and to adde nothing to the luſtre of the honour of ſo many worthy Anceſtours, but to render your own crimes the more remarkable. Shew your ſelf herein a reaſonable man, and endeavour that all your actions may be as lines, which grow from the centre of wiſdome, to be produced with all felicitie. Remember things paſt, rectifie the preſent, foreſee thoſe to come. Above all, learn to ſet a true eſtimation upon every thing in the world, and ſuffer not your ſelf to be ſurpriſed by the illuſions of ſo many objects, which when they have charmed the eyes, and overthrown reaſon, leave nothing behind them, but ſorrow to have done ill, and impotencie of doing well.

In converſation take the meaſure of your ſelf, and the like of thoſe with whom you deal, to husband and accommodate your ſelf reaſonably to all the world; yielding to every one the reſpect which his merit ſeems to require. The exerciſe of devotion will not hinder you from the endeavour how to become an able man in your profeſſion, from being honeſt, civil, diſcreet, affable, liberal, obliging, ſtout, couragious, patient, which are the principal qualities of a Courtier.

It is not deſired, that to be devout, you ſhould have a ſpirit drowzie, ſluggiſh, overwhelmed, not that through overmuch ſimplicitie you make profuſion of your ſelf, in an Age, where bountie ſeemeth to be the prey of inſolent ſpirits. Wiſdom will teach you neither to intrude nor pour out your ſelf; to diſſemble through virtue that which ought to be concealed; to adapt your ſelf to companies and affairs, to believe nothing lightly, nor to promiſe nor decide any thing without conſideration; to perſevere in certain things not ill, becauſe you have begun them; not to be harſh, nor too much complying, ſince the one taſteth of brutiſhneſs, the other inclines to flatterie. To propoſe to your ſelf good and evil, which may ariſe from an affair, to moderate the one, and tollerate the other. Above all, honour the King next after God, as the ſource of all greatneſs, and the fountain of the moſt noble lights, which reflect on Nobilitie. Honour him with profound reſpect, as the lively Image of God. Love him ſincerely, ſerve him with all fidelitie. If you be employed in affairs and governments, endeavour to perfiſt therein with conſcience and honour, which are the two manſions of a great ſoul. If you have merit without employment and recompence, ſay not therefore that all is loſt. It is a good buſineſs to be well at reſt, to manure your ſpirit, to enable your ſelf with reading and peaceable converſion, to govern your houſe. Learn nothing, but what you ought to know. Search that onely which you may profitably find; deſire nothing, but what you may honourably wiſh for. And be not conceited to run after a ſpectre of imaginarie favour, nor to mount to a place, where you cannot ſtay without fear, nor fall without ruin.

So many great Monarchs, ſo many Princes, Lords, and valorous men, who are come from Courts and the profeſſion of arms, to enter into the Temple of pietie, aſſure us, this life is capable of Saints, and that no man ought to deſpair of virtue, but he who renounceth it. If the brevitie of this Treatiſe would permit, I would willingly ſet before you, a *David*, a *Joſias*, an *Ezechias*, a *Charlemaign*, a *S. Lewis*, a *Hermingildes*, a *Henry*, a *Stephen*, a *Caſimire*, a *Godfrey* of *Bovillon*, a *Wenceſlaus*, an *Edward*, an *Elzear*, an *Amideus*: I would make you ſee flouriſhing Squadrons of Martyrs, drawn from warfare, amongſt which you would admire a *Maurice*, an *Exuperius*, a *Sebaſtian*, a *Marius*, a *Memnas*, an *Olympiades*, a *Meliton*, a *Leontius*, a *Maximus*, a *Julian*, an *Abdon*, a *Sennen*, a *Valens*, a *Priſcus*, a *Marcellus*, a *Marcellinus*, a *Severinus*, a *Philoromus*, a *Philoctemon*, and ſo many ſuch like. Finally, I would ſhew in the latter Ages men worthy of all honour, eminent in arms, and enobled with ſingular pietie; but I now content my ſelf to draw from *Euſebius*, *Theodoret*, *Nicephorus*, *Zozimus*, *Socrates*, *Sozomenus*, *Cedrenus*, and above all Cardinal *Baronius*, the life of Great *Conſtantine*, who hath been the very prime man amongſt *Chriſtian* princes, and hath witneſſed, eſpecially after his Baptiſm, a maſculine pietie, and a great example of ſanctitie.

CON-

CONSTANTINE.

The first SECTION.

The Providence of God over Constantine.

I Will ſhew to Chriſtian Nobilitie its ſource in the life of the prime Gentleman of Chriſtianitie. If we reſpect antiquitie, greatneſs, and dignitie, we ſhall not find a Prince either more anciently noble than he, who firſt of all among Emperours deſerved the title of *Chriſtian*, or more truly great than he, who ſo happily engraffed the empire of the univerſe on the tree of the Croſs; or more juſtly honourable than he, who cemented his honour with the bloud of the Lamb. It is the admirable *Conſtantine*, who ſo perfectly allied valour to pietie, Monarchy to humilitie, the wiſdom of the Croſs to the government of the world, the nails and thorns of the paſſion, to the Diadem of Kings and delights of the Court, that he hath left matter of meditation for the wiſe, of profit for Religious, of imitation for Monarchs, and of wonder for thoſe who admire nothing vulgar.

Greatneſs of *Conſtantine.*

Behold a marvellous Theatre of the providence of God, whereunto I would willingly invite all thoſe ſpirits, repleat with humane policie, and deveſted of heavenly Maxims, who are onely great by the greatneſs of their ruin, to ſee how the breath of God demoliſheth the Towers of *Babel*, to raiſe the walls of *Sion*, how the ſubtil are ſurprized in their ſubtility, how the ſcience of men becometh blind in its proper lights, how the vigour of the world is ſlain by its own hands, how ſtabilitie is overturned by the ſupports it chooſeth, how the ſpirit of fleſh at unawares contributeth to plant the Croſs on the top of Capitols and heads of Monarchs, by the ſame ways wherewith it promiſed to over-cloud them with darkneſs and abyſſes.

Theatre of Divine Providence.

I here produce a *Conſtantius*, bred up very young in the Court of *Diocletian*, who had an intention to become a ſcourge to Chriſtianitie: but God ſurprized him therein, as *Moſes* in the Court of *Pharaoh*, to ſtop the ſtream of perſecution, to calm the tempeſts of the time, confound Idols, and raiſe the Church on the ruins of Gentiliſm.

Reader, ſtay a little on the frontiſpice of this hiſtory, and behold how the Eternal Providence led this young *Conſtantine* by the hand, like another *Cyrus*, to humble the Great-ones of the earth before his face, and to give him hidden treaſures; to take from him ſo many bars and impediments, to open for him ſo many gates of iron, and to cauſe ſo many Kings to turn their faces and afford him their place. *Iſaiah* 45.

There was at that time twelve heads, which already either wore the diadem, or thought themſelves capable of it. *Diocletian* and *Maximian* held the higheſt place: They had choſen for Succeſſours *Galerius* and *Conſtantius Clorus*, father of our *Conſtantine*. *Galerius* had made two other *Cæſars*, *Severus* and *Maximinus*. *Maxentius*, ſon of *Maximian*, violently

lently drew upon himself the Purple by main force, *Licinius* furiously opposed him to gain it. *Constantius*, *Dalmatius*, *Hannibal*, brothers of *Constantine* by the fathers side, beheld this goodly game, and might well hope to have some part therein, as being legitimate sons of *Theodora*, whom *Constantius Clorus* had espoused when he rejected S. *Helena*. *Constantine* saw himself the furthest off, through the disgrace of his mother, yet did the anointment of God make choice of him, dispersing all the rest by such and so divers ways, as we shall afterward behold, to place him in the throne, onely absolute and independent, and to establish him with a long continuance of years, and a large posterity, had it pursued the way which he traced.

The state of the Church under *Diocletian*.

Consider what then was the state of the Church, and view the wonders of the powerful hand of God. *Diocletian* had undertaken to raze from the memory of men the name of Christianity; and being an imperious man, who would as it were that the Heavens and elements should observe no other course but according to his will, and engaged very far in this affair, bare himself with such excess of cruelty, that for about three hundred years, that the Christians were persecuted, there had nothing been like the persecution raised under his Empire.

Then was the time, when in full assembly of publick games, which ordinarily were presented at *Rome*, the cries of an innumerable multitude were heard, who to flatter the design of the Prince, loudly proclaimed two and twenty times; *Christiani tollantur, Auguste, Christiani tollantur*, Let the Christians be taken away, O Emperour, let the Christians be rooted out. Then was the time that dreadful Edicts of persecution were affixed on every place, that the earth was covered with bloud and massacres, and slaughters dispersed as it were in all the parts of the habitable world. Christians were accounted as the dregs of mankind, the scorn of the earth, and object of all cruelties. Some were shut up in caves, not daring to appear in publick, excluded from commerce and society of men, deprived of necessities, which nature would have to be common to all the world, they not being permittted to draw water from wels, or to buy a handful of herbs in the market, unless they presented incense to Idols, purposly fixed in publick places. Others crept up and down in the deserts, among wild beasts, and sometimes roasted with heat of summer, and sometimes congealed with cold of winter, tearing up with their nails the grass, which they mingled with their tears before they ate it. Others were led into Theaters, Amphitheaters, and Tribunals of Judges, where old men of four-score and an hundred years of age were seen. Ladies very honourable, most tender maidens and little children, brought into the slaying house there to die, before they knew what it was to live.

All the tortures which the *Busiris* and *Mezentiuses* knew not, were then invented, and exercised on the bodies of Christians: there was no speech but of racks, combs of iron, moulten lead, boiling cauldrons; but how to crush men under presses as in the time of vintage; but of shutting bodies up in vessels, armed within with counterpointed nails, and rouling them in this moving prison down the descent of hils; but of annointing them with oyl and honey, and exposing them to wasps, in the boiling ardours of the sun; but of hanging women by the feet in their nakedness, to serve as a spectacle for lustful eyes.

It is not credible such horrours could enter into the hearts of men, without some particular impression of malign spirits; yet *Diocletian* thought it was a great point of state, and the true means irrecoverably to banish Christianity.

Behold the cause why he spared none, yea not pardoning even his neece *Susanna*, nor his wife *Serena*, whom he caused to feel the edge of the sword for professing Christianity. It was desired the Martyrs should be numbred, but this was impossible, for when it appeared that one moneth reckoned up seventeen thousand, and the rest carried the like proportion, the Christians prepared themselves rather to die than to keep any further record of them. The Emperour also caused all holy books to be exactly sought out, to commit them to the flames, thinking it was a singular policy to suppress our Religion: but it is a thing extreamly prodigious, and an invincible argument of the Divinitie of our faith, that notwithstanding all these endeavours, the Church was like the burning bush, which derived glorie from its proper flames. She increased under the sword of persecution, borrowing her ornaments from ignominy, her riches from losses, and life from her tomb. It seemed that every drop of bloud which distilled from the bodies of Martyrs, was a grain of seed to make others spring, which in the end wearied executioners, blunted the edge of swords, wore out all the instruments of torture; yet was *Diocletian* for all this nothing mollified.

Conditions of *Diocletian*.

A man would wonder, from whence he should conceive such hatred against Christianity: but he that will consider his nature and ordinary proceedings, shall find, that besides the suggestions of Hell, he had inclinations disposed to such cruelties. He was born of very base birth, nursed up in bloud, addicted to the Religion of the Gentiles, so far as to make himself the most superstitious. Whilst he abode in *France*, as yet a young souldier, a *Druid* who much intermeddled with divination, foretold him he should arive at the Empire, when he had killed the fatal bore. He being of a spirit ambitious and credulous, went purposely a hunting, and ordinarily chased bores, to see if a Crown would spring from their bloud. But that was not it which the evil spirit pretended. There was at the Court a Lord, named *Aper*, as much as to say *the bore*, father-in-law to the Emperour *Numerianus*, a man powerful & factious, who after some years possessed himself of the *Roman* Empire by crime and treachery. *Diocletian* adventured to kill him, not so much for hatred, as he said, as for desire to fulfil the prophesie of the *Druid*, and he having thrust his sword through his body, being already arived to the highest degrees of warfar, and well beloved of the souldiers, was proclaimed Emperour. This election made him greatly esteem the false Religion of Pagans, and to take deep roots in his superstition; which was much augmented by the Priests of Idols, mortal enemies of Christians, who perswaded him, the Gods that had given the Empire, demanded of him in requital the extirpation of Christianity, and that his hand was fatal to cut and burn the heads of the *Hydra*, which his Predecessours could never destroy. This afforded him matter of vanity, which he very easily apprehended, and it being also softly whispered in his ears, that the Christians had a plot upon his state, and promised themselves in their prophesies an everlasting Empire, he grew moody even to rage, employing all manner of engines to give counterpoize to their exaltations. Besides, he being ever desirous to appear exactly absolute in his commands, and effectuall in his enterprizes, thought he must never give over persecution, till he had buried the memory of the Christian name; and he voluntarily suffered himself so to be flattered upon this subject, that no man could do a thing more acceptable than to tell him he had extinguished the wicked Sect, and established the honour of the Gods immortal. Columes also and Monuments were dedicated to him with this inscription, *SUPERSTITIONE CHRI-*

CHRISTI UBIQUE DELETA, which witnessed, these honours were yielded him, for having throughly purged the world from the superstition of *Christ*: but his conscience suggested the contrary, wherewith his spirit fierce, and cruel, was horribly amazed.

O God! we may well say, there is neither force nor counsel can oppose your designs: your divine Providence, shut up in a cloud, roareth over crowned heads, in a moment overthroweth the mountains of winds, which the Tyrants railed one upon another, and makes the silly wisdom of the greatest politicians, appear like an owl unfeathered, and ashamed at the rays of the mid-day.

He leaveth the Empire.

Diocletian, who was reputed the subtilest, and most courageous man of the world, upon a suddain resolved to forsake the Empire, and to hide himself in some grot, like a beast, timorous and wretched. He abandoneth the sceptre and purple, to retire himself into a little country-house, and with his own hands to manure a garden.

Reasons.

This gave matter enough of surmise to all the world, which could not penetrate his intentions. It was believed by no man, that he did it for humility, for these apprehensions found no place in the heart of a man, who caused himself to be adored, and presented his shoes embroidered with precious stones, to be kissed by them, who came to salute him. He notwithstanding publickly professed, that he addicted himself to this life through a generous contempt of the vanities of the world, being fully satiated with honours of the earth, and having accomplished all the hopes of the most ambitious; so that he knew what the fortune of the *Cæsars* was, and that Diadems were charged with more thorns than pearls: that there was but one way to contentment of life, which was to despise what others adored: and pursuing this, he wrote a letter to a friend of his, who perswaded him to re-assume the Empire: *If you saw the lettice which grow in my Garden, planted with mine own hands, you would think me too good a Gardener, to become a miserable Emperour.*

This man would needs play the Philosopher, which he had never learned, and endeavour to colour this change which he had made, with appearances of virtue: but the most understanding judged it was the disease of *Timon*, and a melancholy enraged, that had transported him into this retirement. He was extreamly confounded, to have drawn blood out of all the veins of the earth, to stifle a Religion which flourished in its proper ruins. It seemed unto him, that a million of spirits of the dead, encompassed his bed, to require from him, an account of their lives: he began to apprehend something divine in this Religion, which he had so outragiously persecuted, and withall to fear a horrible punishment in the revolution of the affairs of his estate. Behold the cause why despaire, anxiety, and eminent peril, made him voluntarily to despoile himself, as a man ready to be drowned, believing still, that he should have a better penny-worth of the punishments of Heaven, in the person of a Gardener, than in that of an Emperour. He anticipated his punishment, serving for execution to himself, and leaving an Empire, which seemed as it were as fast tyed to him as his soul, to make, being yet alive, an honourable recompence to the truth, which he had so unworthily offended. He perswaded *Maximianus*, partaker of all his crimes, to be also the companion of his fortune and both of them retired, leaving in their places *Galerius* and *Constantius*, the father of our *Constantine*; ignorantly giving the Empire to him, who had already brought forth a son, who should ruin all that which these two had built.

Let us now behold his extraction and qualities, beginning from the eminencies of his birth; and let us find in his time the wicked Hermit in the bottom of his cave.

The second SECTION.

The Nobilitie of Constantine.

IT is said, when nature made the wild Lilie, she also taught bees to make hony: and I may say, when she created the grandfathers and parents of great *Constantine*, she then began the work of a perfect Emperour, which she afterward finished in the person of this Monarch, whose life we write.

Plinius Caninius. *Rectè monuere veteres, fabis fucere discendis.*

Nobilitie of *Constantine.*

Nazarius observeth, that he was descended from the Emperour *Flavius Claudius*, a Prince so renowned, that it was said, the moderation of *Augustus Cæsar*, the vigour of *Trajan*, and piety of *Antonius* were assembled together, to honour in his heart. He sustained one of the most furious incursions of the *Barbarians*, which ever was upon the *Roman* Empire, for he in one sole battel defeated three hundred and twenty thousand, and deserved a statue of gold, which was erected for him in the Capitol, having reigned onely two years.

Constantius Chlorus the father of our great *Constantine*, was as the rose amongst thorns; for he lived among those Barbarous Emperours, who made the world shed tears of blood, with so great cruelness, torment, and concupiscence, that *France* and *England*, where he ordinarily resided, loved him as their father. That which gained him the good will of people, was, that he rendred himself affable to all the world, and thought no treasure greater than the love and affection of his subjects. He was a capital enemie of extortions, and vices of unjust monies, even to the lessening rather the train of his house, than to overcharge those, which other Governours had oftimes to ill executed.

Notable moderation in *Constantius.*

He being as yet but nominated for the Empire, *Diocletian* understanding his deportments, whether he would reach him frugalitie, or that he feared left the bright lustre of the integritie of *Constantius* might eclipse him, one day reproched him with his povertie, and sent Embassadours to him expresly to see his husbandrie, and exhort him to heap up treasures, as well as other *Cæsars*. He desirous to appear magnificent at this meeting, spake but one word, which was to give the people notice he wanted money. It was a pleasing spectacle to behold, how all the world ran to him with full hands, every one offering him what he had, with a love so cordial, and so prompt alacritie, that nothing might be said to be more affectionate. He in few hours amassed together great treasures, which he shewed to these Embassadours of *Diocletian*, who were much amazed thereat. But the brave Prince after their departure, restored all had been presented unto him, saying, he loved better to see riches in the coffers of his subjects, and to retain their loves for himself, than to have all the treasures of the *Indies* in his house, without friendship.

Eusebius.

Excellent passage.

A judicious experiment.

It was verily a fair and generous lesson, which he taught the Great-ones of the earth, who through excess of avarice heap together all that, which they must forsake, and in great abundance of wealth have a main want of two things which ought to be eternall, to wit, Love and Truth.

Constantius did all this by ways of moral virtues: for although he had very good inclinations to Christianitie, he was no Christian by profession, being as yet strictly associated to the great persecutours there-

of: yet becauſe the accidents of time and place might permit it, he freely made uſe of Chriſtian Officers, judging thoſe would be moſt loyal in his ſervice, who were moſt conſtant in piety. And to this purpoſe *Euſebius* addeth, that he being one day deſirous to make trial of the faith of Chriſtians which were of his train, commanded them to ſacrifice to Idols; which the moſt faithful conſtantly refuſed, reſolving rather to forſake Court and life, than to be traitours to the character of their Religion. Others yielding to the ſtream of the times, and hope of worldly favours, ſhewed themſelves ſomewhat more pliant to his will, which he having perceived, diſmiſſed them all; ſuppoſing they might well be perfidious to their Prince, ſince they had been diſloyal to their God. And as for the reſt having highly commended them, he afforded them extraordinary preferment.

To be faithful to the King one muſt be loyal to God.

Helena.

One would wonder from whence ſuch ſincere affections ſhould ariſe, in ſo ill education as he found among Perſecutours of the faith. But for my part, I think we ought to impute this change, next after God, to the holy and couragious *Helena*, whom he eſpouſed in his firſt marriage, and who was mother of our admirable *Conſtantine*. This incomparable Lady, that ſought the Croſs with more induſtry, than others do Empires, hath engraven her praiſes with an adamantine pen in the memory of all Ages. It is ſtrange why certain modern *Grecians*, as *Nicephorus* and others, have been ſo deſirous to attribute to *Greece* this creature, ſo that ſtriving to make her a *Grecian*, they have made her an out-caſt. I have not ſo much leiſure in this treatiſe, as to amuſe my ſelf in recounting and refuting their fabulous narrations, being naturally an enemy of men affectedly eloquent, who have no other profeſſion but to lye in good terms. I ſpeak that which is the more probable, agreeing with what is written by Cardinal *Baronius*, whoſe opinions are ordinarily moſt ſincere. *Helena* was an *Engliſh* woman by Nation, daughter of one of the beſt qualified men of this great *Iland*, who lodged in his houſe the Lieutenant of the *Roman* Empire. *Zoſimus* the hiſtorian, who could neither love *Conſtantine* nor his mother, morally hating Chriſtianity, reproacheth her, that ſhe was no Lady, and ſpeaketh as of a woman of baſe extraction: but we may well ſay, that his hiſtory, when he ſpeaketh of faithful Princes, hath mingled much gall with his ink. Certain it is, that *Helena* being a ſtranger, could not be in the *Roman* Empire of reputation equal to ſo many Princeſſes of the Court, from whom *Conſtantius* might at that time expect alliance, yet was very honourable in her own Country, not ſo much by Nobility of bloud, as that of faith, wherein in my opinion ſhe already was inſtructed; there being many Chriſtians in *England* under the Empire of *Diocletian*. For I hold with S. *Paulinus*, that ſhe was the firſt Miſtreſs of her Son in the faith, and that we ſhould not have had a *Conſtantine*, if God had not given us an *Helena*, *Princeps Principibus Chriſtianis eſſe meruit, non tam ſuâ quàm Helenæ matris fide*, ſaith this great Biſhop.

It is the opinion of *Polidorus* lib. 10. Of *Radul. h.* in his Polychron. l. 4. cap. 29. Of *Hunter.* lib. 1. Of *Ounſ.* in the Treatiſe of Roman Emperours, Of *Harpſfelius* in his hiſtor. Eccleſ of England. *Lipſius* is of another opinion.

Conſtantius at that time, Governour in great *Britain* for the *Roman* Emperour, being lodged in the houſe of her father, did caſt his eye upon *Helena*, who was endowed with an abſolute beauty; by reaſon whereof, as we may conjecture, ſhe was afterward called *Helena* in the *Empire*, this name being not otherwiſe familiar with the *Engliſh*. With this eminent comlines of body ſhe had modeſty, and a ſingular grace, which was a ray imprinted by God upon her forehead; as he did heretofore to the virtuous *Heſter*, to make her amiable to all the world. It is true, which *Euſtatius* a *Greek* Biſhop ſaid, that beauty which hath no grace, is a bait floating on the water without a hook, to be taken, and to catch nothing: but when theſe two things do meet, they exerciſe much power over hearts.

Beauty and grace of S. *Helena.*

And at that time *Conſtantius* felt the eyes of *Helena* had made more impreſſion upon his ſoul, than could the ſword upon his body: and being a Prince of a ſingular continency, ſo highly prailed by the Pagans themſelves, he would not require the daughter of his hoſt by any other means than thoſe of a lawful marriage, which *Zoſimus* hath not wholly denied in this point, more reſpective, than ſome *Grecians*, of Chriſtianity. The father ſeeing the honour done him by his hoſt, made no difficulty to reſolve upon it; and the prudent *Helena* with as much eaſe condeſcended to the will of thoſe to whom ſhe owed her being. She entred into marriage for the univerſal good of the Church, to which ſhe ſhould bring forth a *Conſtantine*. Her firſt care was to ſoften the warlick humour of her husband, by the temper of ſweetneſs and goodneſs, which ſhe gave him in ſuch ſort, that in ſo great a rage of ſhedding of Chriſtian bloud which than reigned, he kept his hands the reſt of his days moſt innocent.

His marriage.

This marriage was as the ſacrifice of *Juno*, where the gall of the offering was never preſented. There was ſo much love on both ſides, that the ſpirit of *Conſtantius* lived onely in that of *Helena*, and *Helena* as the flower of the ſun perpetually followed the motions of this bright ſtar, together with all the good diſpoſitions of her husband. The young *Conſtantine*, born in the ſame *Britain*, ſeemed alſo more firmly to knit the knot of theſe chaſt loves, when behold an obſtacle which interpoſeth.

Conſtantius is ſent to ſucceed in the Empire, and is declared *Ceſar* by the Emperour *Maximianus*, on this condition, that he ſhould forſake *Helena* his wife, and marry *Theodora* the daughter-in-law of the ſame Emperour. An Empire is a mervellous flaſh of lightning in the eyes, it dazleth and ſhuts them up from all other conſideration. This good husband, who had ſo much affection for his dear ſpouſe, ſuffers himſelf to be won by the ambition and eaſineſs of his nature, which bowed much to the wills of thoſe who ſeemed to wiſh him well, and by the luſtre of the purple preſented to him. *Maximianus* would needs play the Tyrant aſwell over loves, as men, and plotting marriages, placeth his daughter in the conjugal bed of *Conſtantius*, to plant him in the Throne of *Ceſars*.

Inconſtancy of men.

S. *Helena*, of more worth than an Empire, underſtanding the news, bare this alteration with great conſtancy, not complayning, either of the chance, force, or diſloyalty of *Conſtantius*, but accounted it an honour, that to refuſe her no other cauſe was found, but the good fortune of her husband. She more feared than envied Scepters, and was hidden in her little ſolitude as the mother of pearl under the waves, breeding up her young *Conſtantine* in ſuch ſort, as God ſhould direct her. *Conſtantius* touched with this admirable virtue, lived in body with *Theodora*, and in heart with his *Helena*. He gave contentment in the Eaſt to a man Imperious, and ſerved the times, to have his will another day. But he was in the Weſt, in the better part of himſelf. Beſides, when he was abſolute, and that he muſt needs divide the Empire with *Galerius* his Colleague, he voluntarily reſigned the reſt of the world unto him, to have *France*, *Spain*, and his Ile of *England*, where the moity of his heart remained.

Virtue of S. *Helena.*

It is a very hard matter long to reſtrain an honeſt and lawful love. It is ſaid when *Sicily* was torn from *Italy* by an arm of the Sea, which interpoſed it-ſelf a-thwart, palm-trees were found by the violence of waters rent aſunder, which in ſign of love ſtill bowed the one to the other, as proteſting againſt the element, which had ſeparated their loves: The like happened to *Conſtantius* and *Helena*,

Love of *Conſtantius* and S. *Helena.*

Helena, the torrent of ambitions and affairs of the world having parted their bodies, could not hinder the inclinations of their hearts. *Constantius* returned into *Great Britain*, there to live and make his tomb, for he in the end died in the Citie of *York*. And as he being on his death-bed was asked which of his children he would have succeed him, since besides *Constantine* he had three sons by *Theodora*; at that time forgetting his second wife and her offspring, he answered aloud *CONSTANTINUM PIUM*, I will have no other successour but the *PIOUS CONSTANTINE*, which was approved by all the Army.

Thus God, the Master of Scepters and Empires, willing to reward the modestie of the virtuous *Helena*, laid hold of her bloud, to give it the Empire of the world; in the end, leaving the sons of *Theodora*, to whom *Maximian* promised all the greatness of the world.

The third SECTION.

His Education and Qualitie.

Gregor. *epist. 6. l. 5. ad Childebertum. Quantò cæteros homines regia dignitas antecellit, tantò cæterarum gentium regna regni professio vestri culmen excellit.*

A Great Oratour hath heretofore said, speaking of *Constantine*, that he appeared as much above Kings, as Kings above all other men. It is the Elogie, which after-vard S. *Gregorie* gave to our Kings. Verily he was accomplished with a spirit and bodie in so high a degree of perfection, that there needed no more but to see him, to judge him worthy of an Empire. Nature sometimes encloseth great souls in little bodies ill composed, as fortune hath likewise placed Kings in Shepherds Cottages. It is an unhappiness deserving some compassion, when a great Captain is of so ill a presence, as to be taken for one of his servants, and be made to cleave wood, and set the pot over the fire, to prepare his own dinner, as it heretofore happened to *Philopœmen*.

Beautie of *Constantine.*

Constantine took no care for falling into such accidents. It seemed, as *Eumenius* saith, that nature from above had been dispatched, as a brave harbinger, to score out a lodging for this great soul, and to give him a bodie suteable to the vigour of his spirit, so well was it composed. He was of a stature streight as a palm, of an aspect such, that the Oratours of that time called it divine; of a port full of Majestie, his eyes sparkled like two little stars; and his speech was naturally pithie, sweet, and eloquent; his bodie so able for militarie exercises, that he amazed the strongest, and so sound, that he had no disease. In these members so well proportioned, reigned a vigorous spirit, very capable of learning, if the glorie of Arms had not wholly transported him into actions of his profession. His father well enformed of his fair qualities, caused him to come into the East, where he took a tincture of good letters, at the least so much as was needfull for a warlick Emperour, and applied himself seriously to the exercise of Arms, wherein he appeared with so much admiration, that he was alreadie beheld with the same eye, one would an *Achilles* or an *Alexander*, were they alive again.

Diocletian, who had not as yet forsaken the Empire, would have him at his Court, to work him from apprehension of Christianitie, to which he might be alreadie much disposed, and draw him to the hatred of our Religion. It was a most dangerous school for this young Prince; for education ordinarily createth manners, and we are all as it were, that which we have learned to be in our younger dayes. *Constantine* notwithstanding gathered flowers in this garden-bed, not taking the breath of the serpent which was hidden there-under. He soon learned from *Diocletian* militarie virtue, prudence to govern souldiers, good husbandrie in revenews, authoritie to become awfull: but he took nothing either of his impietie or malice. This Barbarous man in the beginning passionately loved him, and would perpetually have him by his sides; but when he saw that passing through *Palestine* and other parts of his Kingdom, the young *Constantine* was more respected than himself (so much his carriage, especially compared to the harsh countenance of the Emperour, had eminence in it) he began to grow into suspicion; and as it is said, desired secretly to be rid of him. But *Constantine* prevented the blow, retiring under an honourable pretext to the Court of *Galerius*, the associate of his father *Constantius*, who most willingly left this son with him in pledge, thereby to hold some good correspondence with him.

Constantine at Court of *Galerius.*

This *Galerius* was a creature of *Diocletians*, who had heretofore declared him *Cæsar*, yet still retained such power over him, that when he had displeased him, he made him run on foot after his coach, not deigning so much as to look upon him. He in the beginning very courteously entertained the son of his faithfull friend, affording him all manner of favours, but in process of time he conceived a strong jealousie, beholding in this young *Mars* more excellent parts, than he had done in all the Courts of the world besides.

Excess of virtues stand in the account of crimes with malign eyes, so as to be culpable one must be an able man. *Galerius* resolved to overthrow *Constantine* for those qualities which made him amiable to all the world; and not thinking it safe to take him away by main force, he made war against him, like a fox, persecuting him in that manner, as sometimes *Saul* did the invincible *David*. He found by chance, that a King of the *Sarmatians* made an incursion on the territories of the *Roman* Empire, and shewed himself so furious, that none durst any more encounter him than an enraged beast. *Galerius* gave commission to *Constantine* to bid him battel, thinking it was a most honourable pretext to be freed from him, and that he had a reasonable excuse with *Constantius* the father, when he should shew him his son dead in the bed of honour. The young man, who shut up his eyes to danger, and onely opened them to glorie, went thither readily; and all succeeded so prosperously, that he not onely brake the troops of the *Sarmatians*, but also led this King along enchained to *Galerius*. This man, who received not so much joy to see an enemie at his feet, as sorrow for the prosperitie of a friend, very coldly commended this encounter, and determined with himself to involve the virtue of *Constantine* in other battels, still seeking in his valour the matter of his ruin.

It was at that time a thing very ordinarie, to make condemned men to fight with savage beasts in an Amphitheater, thereby to give contentment to those who are delighted to behold such spectacles. *Galerius* called for a combat of *Lions*, and beheld it with *Constantine*, who was very impatient to see that such as undertook the assault of those beasts performed it, in his opinion, so coldly. He therefore had a desire to adventure himself therein. *Galerius*, who observed him over-strong for men, thought he might find his tomb in the belly of Lions. Note, how under colour of withholding him, he thrust this young virtue further on, alreadie much enkindled with his proper flames. The valiant Prince descendeth in person into the list, and assaileth the Lion, whom he slew with an incomparable strength, whereupon so loud acclamations, and such

He was bred in the Court of *Diocletian.*

extraordinary applauses were raised through all the Amphitheater, to the honour of brave *Constantine*, that it alone was sufficient to make the treacherous *Cæsar* burst with anger.

Envie is a mischievous vice, it resembleth those mountains which throw their burning entrails against flowers, that blossom on their tops, as the envious dart gall and flames against those men, who bravely bloom over their heads. Envie.

Galerius made the son of his friend reign in hearts, by the same ways wherewith he endeavoured to deprive him of life and Scepter. In the end, he still persisting in his wickedness, and not ceasing to prepare new ambushes, some men of good understanding advised *Constantine* to withdraw himself from the malignity of this wicked man, which he did forsaking his Court, without leave taken, and speedily returning into *England*, where at that time his father expected him with much impatience. *Zosimus* saith, that in this voyage he took the post-horses which best fitted him, and maimed all the other, to take from his enemies the means of pursuit.

The fourth SECTION.

His entery into the Empire.

IT was in this revolution of times that *Diocletian* and *Maximian* having dispossessed themselves of the Empire, and *Constantius* having swayed certain years with a most prosperous and peaceable government, died at *York*, a Citie of *England*, to the great grief of the West, which he had so prudently governed. *Constantine* by good chance was there and nominated by his father for the Empire a little before his death; which judgement was approved with such consent of the souldiers and all the people, that he had scarcely as yet wiped away his tears, when the purple was cast on his shoulders, and he saluted Emperour. The good son, who thought on nothing but to render the last duties of his piety to the memory of his father, found this honour unseasonable, and would have declined it by all means: but a grave Oratour hath said in his Panegyrick, there is no horse so swift, which can steal from mortal eyes a man, whom the Providence of God pursueth with Empire in hand. He is constrained to yield, though through modesty he would not be absolutely pronounced Emperour, but contented himself with the title of *Cæsar*, well foreseeing he was to have many great affairs upon his hand, before he could be peaceably established in his throne. *Quis te Cyllarus, aut Arion posset eripere, quem sequebatur Imperium?* Eumenius.

The first shock he had, came from two Kings of *Germanie*, to wit, *Assacar* and *Gaisus*, who passing the *Rhene* with huge troups, endeavoured to overwhelm the *Gauls*, thinking to surprize a young Emperour, as yet uncollected in the uncertainty of his affairs. But he nothing amazed, speedily encounters, defeats, and takes them, leading them enchained in a triumph, whereupon succeeded an accident, which I should rather attribute to the humour of *Diocletian* than of *Constantine*. For, after he had taken his pleasure upon these two Kings, he delivered them over to wilde beasts in a combat, which he caused to be presented, for the entertainment of the people. And although the Oratours of his time much applauded this in him, as an act of justice, for the great havock they both had made, notwithstanding having regard to the qualitie of the persons, this proceeding cannot be excused from cruelty, never made familiar to the manners of Christians. *Constant.an.2.*

This forreign war drew along with it civil wars, wherein the powers of the earth encountered together, with incredible fervours, and terrible events. Behold a marvellous game, and a great spectacle of the vanities of the world: you shall see seven Princes, who aspired to the Monarchy, taking each one to himself a piece of the purple, which they were in pulling, and despoiled themselves of it in seeking to put it on. The most fiery of them all, who would swallow the whole earth, could not have so much as five foot to cover his body. A wonderful spectacle of the affairs of the world.

Maxentius, the son of *Maximian*, companion of *Diocletian*, a man lost in conscience and reputation, condemned by the judgements of his own father, who thought him unworthy to succeed in the Empire, understanding that *Constantius* was dead, and that they had chosen his son the young *Constantine*, born of an English mother, entereth into desperate furies, and being then at *Rome*, ready for the purpose, caused himself to be declared Emperour, by the souldiers whom he had gained, alluring them by the means of large promises. *Galerius*, who after the death of *Constantius*, and the retirement of *Diocletian* and *Maximian*, thought himself the neerest to the Monarchie, laboureth speedily to hinder the tyranny of *Maxentius*; and having already made two *Cæsars* to succeed, to wit, *Severus* and *Maximinus*, he dispatcheth *Severus* with all diligence, to suppress *Maxentius*: and as this *Severus* was now gone out of *Milan*, bending towards *Rome*, with Legions of *African* souldiers, *Maxentius* prevented him, defeats him, as well by treason as force, takes him, and causeth him to be unworthily strangled. *Galerius* desperately incensed with this outrage, would needs fall upon the West, all full of lightenings and flames; but the distresse of the safety of his territories stayed him, and made him create another *Cæsar*, named *Licinius*: after whose nomination he survived not long, for he died of an incurable ulcer, Heaven revenging his misdeeds by a horrible maladie and an enraged death. After his decease, these two *Cæsars*, who were both of his faction, *Licinius* and *Maximinus* beheld one another with a jealous eye, and made shew of contestation; but *Maximinus* dying at *Tharsus*, of a very sudden death, decideth the difference by an irrevocable reincamation.

In the mean time *Maximian*, who despoiled of the Empire, before he had a will to reign it, as yet retained blond sparkling in the veins, like a young man: and seeing they had lifted his son to the Throne, whom he had ever reputed a man of no worth, burst with jealousie, and burst with anger. He therefore hastened to find out his old friend *Diocletian* in his grot, (a) and endeavoured to perswade him by all means possible to resume the Empire. *Maximian* the ancient companion of *Diocletian* would needs return to the Empire, & his Oration upon that subject.

(a) At *Corsutium* a little village of *Sclavonia*, which *Zosimus* maketh to pass for the Citie of *Charter* by a notable equivocation, reading Carnuti, for Caruati.

Shall we endure (saith he) *Great Augustus, this young sire so proudly to insult over the patrimonie of the universe, and make sport with the majestie of the Roman Empire? Your authoritie transported me to a resolution, to which, that I may speak freely, I never had any great inclination: but I patiently bare it whilest I saw Galerius and Constantius in the government of the Empire, who seemed two heads very fit for a Crown. But now behold my Maximius, to whose trust I would not have committed the house of a silly Burgess of Rome, to govern it; behold a young Britan, and another I know not who, true mushromes sprung up in a night that would divide between them Europe, Asia, and Africa. God knoweth, that I speak, it not through ambition, but seeing the house of our fathers, and our own all on fire; it is very good reason we bring water to quench it. What do you here in this miserable grot? You are not made for it: the Eternal Providence, which should have fixed you on the government of the World, so necessarie are you for it, is ashamed to see you among beasts*

beasts and peasants. To speak freely, you do amiss, and it is very ill interpreted; your great courage hath ever better hitherto loved to erre, than avow a fault: and I still was of your opinion, while time permitted; but at this present, when the World runs all into confusion, expecting no reparation but from your hands, with what water can you wash the stains of the blood, not of one man nor of two, but of a whole world, which shall stick upon your forehead, and of all posterity, if to obey a fantasie of spirit you suffer the Empire to be lost? Think you when these young men shall be Masters, you shall enjoy this grote in safety? You have too much courage, and Tyrannie hath too much distrust, to leave you so much as life, when it can uncontrollably take it from you. Let us go presently and reassume the Diadem; we shall no sooner stamp with a foot, but we shall make all the world follow us in arms, for our service. If you still affect this kind of retirement, you shall thither return again, when we have pacified all: but believe me an Empire is a shirt, never to be put off but with life.

These perswasions were very moving: notwithstanding *Diocletian*, who concluded all his wisdom in the obstinacie of his resolutions, replyeth:

A brave reply of Diocletian.

Maximian, *I absolutely renounce all the friendship which is between us, if ever you speak to me of such affairs. What levitie have you observed in my proceedings, to perswade me to this change? I protest before the Gods immortal, I will never return to the government of the Empire, no more than into my mothers womb. Miserable man that you are, have you yet so little experience of the vanitie of worldly things, as to prefer a rag of purple before your libertie? I do not know what contentment you may take in government, but for my part, I protest I then slept on thorns, and fed on gall. I neither enjoyed day nor night either rest or travel, nay not sleep; ambition depriving me of things which criminals find under fetters, and which nature is pleased should be common to all the world. I must live by exteriour shews, countenances, and smoaks; and if others once did what I would have them, they made me a thousand times do what I would not. It is said, a Planet which hath its exaltation in one sign, finds ever its counterpoize in another. If I had any good success on the one side, I was ever paid on the other with some discontent. My desires were infinite, and though I seemed very potent, I never had the hundredth part of what I wished; and verily I knew not my self what I would have, so many things desired I, which daily taught me mine own impotencie. What a goodly delight have we to cover the earth with arms, and the Sea with vessels, and fetch a great circuit to seek out a felicitie, which we never find? What libertie, to live a slave of the world, to possess the world? What riches, to beg even from the sweat of a peasant, to entertain riot? What tranquilitie, to live perpetually in torment.*

Your conscience knows this to be true, which I say: When you and I would intermeddle with affairs, according to the obligation of our charges, what care must there be for revenews? what travel for militarie matters? what watching for justice? what noise upon the complaints of so many Provinces poured out at our feet? what fear of surprizes? what distrust of friends? what deadly sweats for treason? what anxieties, and what apprehensions of so many lamentable events, which would happen to others before our eyes? If we resigned the care of affairs to two or three men of our cabinet, they disturbed one another, and sold us to their ambition under colour of service. In the end they caused us to carry the seeming Scepter of all their follies, and made us accountable for all the havock, injustices, and miseries of humane kind. Is not here cause enough to desire such slaverie? If you and I had bodies of whales to clothe, and stomacks to be fed with huge sums of gold every hour in the day, I would say, that needs we must return to these kind of spoils to content us. But we have to do with few things, and for a little space. I swear unto you, that from the time I betook me to this retirement, it hath seemed that all the elements were for me, and that I never was more powerfull, more rich, or contented. I have found all that, which I sought for, health, repose, truth, wisdom, arts, and the Gods. Go not now about to colour your specious oration with pretexts of the publick good, I well know where your ambition itcheth: believe me, he is neareſt to heaven, who leaſt careth in whose hands the earth is. What importeth it, that young Constantine, Maxentius, and Licinius divide the world? I shall see them strive together, like ants about a grain of earth. If the world must be lost, as it is very likely, I had rather it were in their hands than mine. I very well see the Empire is sick to the death, I have forsaken it, like an old Physitian, & will hear no more speech of it, than of a body in the coffin. Believe me, neither you nor I can do any thing for its health but to witness our inability. All those who have admired our resolution in forsaking the Diadem, will be the first that will cast the stone against our inconstancy, if we weakly go about to require again that which we so generously have abandoned. God forbid I should enter into a fantasie to despoil my self of a glory, that never any one Monarch had before me, which is the contempt of a world, when I had it in mine hands. If you be resolved to loose your self, as it without company, your friendship ought to pretend nothing upon me to the prejudice of mine honour and conscience. And whereas you propose unto me the danger of my person, I do not think that envy will extend it self over the coleworts and lettice of this little garden, planted by mine own hands: and should they come thither, I have already lived long enough, according to the course of nature, enough to satisfie the desire, which I had if glory, and too much to see the miseries of the world. I will not think much to render up this life, which I have upon my lips, to him who gave it me.

We must needs say this man had a great understanding, and goodly Maxims: For had not mischief given him the spirit of a hangman against Christianitie, he might be accounted in the number of the greatest Emperours. *Maximian* was much amazed at the constancy of his resolution. Notwithstanding, the desire he had to return to his former honour being insatiable, he spared not to take the purple again, and bear himself as Emperour, protesting it was the desire of publick good, which put the Scepter into his hands.

Maximian the baloon of fortune.

It is an admirable thing, how his ambition was discountenanced. He, who promised himself, much respect, was hissed at by the souldiers, as a man vain, unconstant, and shallow; was chased out of *Italie*, and *Sclavonia*, and other places, which he sought to possess, and reduced as it were to such terms, as to see himself at the mercy of his son, which he apprehended as the last of his afflictions: Although some have thought there was collusion between the father and the son, for the accommodation of their affairs. He wished now to be in the bottom of a cave with his *Diocletian*: but since he had begun the play, he must finish his act. The subtil man, who well foresaw that *Maxentius*, a brain-sick Prince, was upon ruin, resolved to league himself firmly to the fortune of *Constantine*. Behold why being retired in haste towards him, having engaged his house in the Empire, it was not difficult for him to find access there, as also for that the new Emperour in this great concourse of arms and affairs, was very willing to make use of the counsel of a man refined in policie.

Maximian entereth so far into the heart and judgement of *Constantine*, that to tie him the more to himself, and wholly cement up his own affairs, he gave his daughter *Fausta* in marriage to him; whom the young Prince espoused in his second wedlock,

lock, having first of all been married to *Minervina*, by whom he had two children, *Crispus*, and *Helena*. This marriage of *Fausta* was solemnized with much magnificence, and the son rendred so much honour to his father-in-law, that he seemed to retain nothing of the Empire but the name and habit, dividing with him the rest of his power.

3. Disposition

We may well say the spirit of *Maximian* was turbulent and insupportable; for not satisfying himself with all this excellent entertainment, he thought he was nothing, if he wore not upon his forehead the Diadem which he had forsaken. He began to set things in order at the Court, and to prepare factions in such sort, that he seemed to have no other purpose but to set his son and his son-in-law together by the ears, to enjoy both their spoils. In the end he put his design very far upon the fortune and life of *Constantine*, & being as he was vain to talke of his enterprizes namely to his daughter *Fausta*, whom he esteemed to be of a good disposition, he opened himself so much to her, that he made, as saith the Wiseman, of his lips the snare of his soul. For the young married wife; having more affection in store for her husband than her father, and who having already the tast of Empire, would not yield it up to him, to whom she had owed her birth, hastened to tell all to *Constantine*, advising he should take heed of his father-in-law, and that he was a wicked man, who would if it were possible deceive all the Gods of *Olympus* for the desire he had to reign. *Maximian* well perceiving that his daughter had discovered the plot, and that there was no further safetie for him at the Court of his son-in-law, secretly stole away, and endeavoured to regain the East; but was taken tardy at *Marsellis*, and there strangled, to give an end to his life & all his designs. Some have written that he hanged himself through despair of his affairs; others, that it was by the commandment of *Constantine*: Others have said, that his son-in-law was willing to save him, but the publick hatred born against *Maximian* prevented clemency, which I think the more probable. Verily I would not disguise the exorbitances practised by *Constantine* before his entrance into Christianity; for he cannot be justified upon some disorders: But since *Zosimus* the historian, who pardoneth him in nothing, chargeth him not with this death, I see no cause why we should accuse him

Eusebius.

Victor Nazarius. *Non omnia potes, Dij te vindicant & invicem.*

Behold the desperate end of *Maximian*, after he had persecuted the Church, embroiled Empires, all armed the whole world, by the extravagances of his ambition, an infamous halter taketh a little air from him, which he thought he could not freely enough breath, whilst any man stood more eminent than himself. Let us now see the good government of his son.

The fifth Section.

His prowess against Maxentius.

Constant. 7.

Maxentius had reduced the City of *Rome* into such a condition, that there was no sorrest of theeves wherein the lives of Citizens were not more safe than in their houses. He who held his advancement from souldiers, for recompence gave them the priviledge of all crimes; so that in the brave orations which he made to them, no words were more frequent in his month, than these, *Frulmini, dissipate, prodigite: Enjoy, riot, spend*; and what he said in words, he first of all taught by example. What ever avarice could do in rapines, prodigality in profusions, cruelty in massacres, luxury in adulteries, a barbarous life in all kind of bruitishnes, returned upon the great Theater of the world, in the person of *Maxentius*. Whe he had caused houses to be rifled, and unworthily massacred the best qualified Senatours, he betook himself to the honour of Ladies, which he endeavoured to taint with all sorts of artifices. Among other things it is recounted, that having cast his eyes upon a Lady, a Christian by profession, and wife of a Senatour of an honourable rank, he dispatched villains, who served him in such like ordures, to attach her, with sword and violence in their hands. The timorous husband said to the Empetours Guard, he would refer this matter to be treated at the will of his wife. She understanding what was practiled went presently out, and shewed to these wicked messengers, that she was not now in a fit state to be presented before the Emperours eyes, and prayed, they would give her a little time to put on her attyres; which they most willingly condescended unto. The couragious woman, inspired as it was thought with a particular instinct from God, cast her self at the feet of our Saviour, holding a ponyard in her hands, and thereupon began to say: *What shall we do, O holy chastity, which I with so much loyalty have preserved in the conjugal bed, never having admitted a forrain love to enter into my heart? Shall we now abandon thee to the pollutions of a Tyrant, forsaken both by God and men? Let us rather die. Die? It is one of my great desires, but to die by my own hands is a sin. Yet the inspiration of God dictateth to me, he will not be offended with the remedy, which is onely left me to decline my happiness. I will follow the spirit and leave nothing to the flesh, wherewith to displease God. If there be a fault in it, my hope shall smother it, and my bloud shall wash it away.* Upon these words, interrupted with sighs, she thrust the ponyard into her bosom, giving end to her life, to enternize her honour.

Strange Tragedy.

Simil. S. Ambros. l. 3. de virginibus.

The Bauds who expected her at the gate, wondering much at the length of time she bestowed in dressing, entred into the chamber, and found her drenched in her own bloud: wherewith they were so amazed, that fear gave them wings to flie, and make relation to the Emperour of what had passed: but the wretched *Pharaoh*, was not for all this any thing mollified, still continuing his sacriledges with magick and horrible witchcrafts, until such time that *Constantine* came to awaken him.

Behold one of the noblest acts of valour, which hath ever been among all the Emperours, that either have preceded or succeeded the great *Constantine*. For having sought peace by all manner of reasonable wayes, and seeing *Maxentius* would by no means hearken unto it, but that he caused his images and statues to be broken and dragged over dunghils, he resolved to assault him with a just war, in which he began, although not publickly, to abandon the false Gods, and resign himself into the hands of the Saviour of the world, thereunto invited by that excellent vision of the Cross, and other circumstances, which I reserve for subsequent Sections, where I intend to speak of his calling to Christianity.

It was from this time he took the fatal banner, called the *Labarum*, wherein the name of our Saviour was written in certain cyphers.

The Army of *Maxentius* was composed, by the report of *Zosimus* of an hundred threescore and ten thousand foot-men, with eighteen thousand horse, forces so terrible, that they were able to stop the most adventurous.

Constantine amassed together *Gauls*, and from *England*, and *France* it-self, in the name of inhabitants upon *Rhein*, all the forces he could get, and put into the field about ninety thousand foot-men, with many horses of service, which onely amounted to eight thousand. It is the supputation of *Zosimus*, although others sufficiently declare the troops were far less. He, who by relation of *Eusebius* was then about thirtie years of age, although others make him younger,

shewed

shewed in the manage of this Army, all the qualities which might be desired in the most accomplished Captain. For he marched from the *Rhein* unto the wals of *Rome*, with singular order, and unparalelled dexterity.

When he entered into *Italy* he found many resistances both of men and Cities, who endeavoured to stop his passage, in such sort, that needs he must give two or three battels, which he most couragiously won, forcing the rebellious Cities, and very courteously using those who rendered themselves into his hands. In the end he resolved to besiege the City of *Rome*. *Maxentius*, who might have tyred him out with long delays, resolved to oppose, and with all expedition joyn battel, considering in the vast multitude of his forces, which were very fresh to set upon an Army, already wearied with so great a journey.

Besides, he had many notable works over *Tyber*, on the bridge *Milvius*, which the Romans now call *Ponte-mole*. His enginiers promised him, that with certain buckles of iron they would build and demolish the bridge as he should think good: So that when his Army was to pass, it should go upon firm ground, and when *Constantine* with his troups set foot upon it, they were but to let a certain engin loose to drown the bridge and cast it into the river. It seemed to *Maxentius* he had two strings to his bowe, either to overthrow *Constantine* in the field with a huge Army, or entrap him with the stratagem of this bridge, when he was engaged in the battel, and that he had given him a tast of pursuit.

Upon this resolution he passed the *Tyber* with his Army. *Constantine*, most glad to have drawn him out of the wals of *Rome*, arrangeth his battalions with marvellous dexterity, and disposed his souldiers to the fight. Behold two dreadful Armies, which looked one upon another like to huge clouds full of storms, readie to pour down upon the heads of many mortals. The lot is cast, and the quarrel of the Empire of the world must be determined in few hours. The brave *Constantine* resolved with that small proportion of horse he had, yet men most daring, to assail the Cavalrie of *Maxentius*, and for a singular testimony of his valour, and the trust he had in God, he first of all appeared in the head of his Army, and with many paces set forward before the rest, making his horse curvet in a martial manner. It was an easie matter to know him, for his arms shined all with gold, and his helmet was set with precious stones. His enemies began to fall roundly upon him; but the Captaines of *Constantine*, seeing their Emperour so generously to out-brave danger, followed him with such fervour, as if every one of them expected an Empire for recompence. They fell like lightning upon their enemies, who were much amazed at this first charge; yet they notwithstanding made good resistance, but maugre all their endeavours, those of *Constantine* brake through, and defeated them.

Maxentius beholding his Cavalry, in which he reposed all his hope, to be so ill handled, resolved upon a retreat, to make use of his bridge, and drown *Constantine* engaged in the pursuit of those that fled. But oh the justice of God! The wicked man, as saith the Royal Prophet, falleth into the ditch which he himself had digged. It is not known whether those besotted engineers failed in their design, or whether the great numbers of those that fled caused this ruin: but the bridge brake under *Maxentius* his feet, and threw him into *Tiber* all bloudy, like another *Pharaoh* in the red sea, with all the principal of his Empire, who environed his person. He amazed at so violent a fall, hoped yet to recover the other shore, being excellently mounted, where he was seen to wrestle a certain time with the waves, which in the end swallowed him up. There was in the beginning a great slaughter of those, who made resistance: but in the end seeing their Emperour drowned, they yielded all to the mercy of *Constantine*, who stayed the victorious sword in the hands of souldiers, to consecrate it to clemency.

Maxentius defeated.

He did well to search for the body of *Maxentius* in *Tiber* to take off his head, which was fixed on the point of a lance, and born to *Rome* and *Africk*, to satisfie justice for the enormous forfeits he had committed when he was alive. From thence this brave Conquerour is received in the City of *Rome*, as an Angel descended from heaven, for the deliverance of the world. Never was triumph so highly valued as his, because in the trophеys of other Emperours, they triumphed for the gaining of some far-distant Province; but in this, lost *Rome* recovered it-self. The Queen of Nations ceased to be the prey of Nations, & breathed now a sweeter ayr of ancient liberty. If ever Prince saw a glorious day in all his life, this was it, which shined then over the head of *Constantine*. They came from all parts of *Italy* to behold him, and those who had seen him thought they had lived long enough, supposing it unfit to behold any other humane thing. Amongst so many notable spectacles, at that time in the City, none was looked upon, but he; his face was the object of all their admirations, and his valour the matter of all discourses.

The Senate, to witness the joy they conceived for this victory, prepared him a triumphal Arch, all of marble, one of the stateliest monuments that ever had been raised to the honour of a Conquerour, wherein this Inscription was engraven.

IMP. CÆS. FL.
CONSTANTINO
MAXIMO. P.F. AUGUSTO.
S. P. Q. R.

QUOD INSTINCTU DIVINITATIS, MENTIS MAGNITUDINE, CUM EXERCITU SUO, TAM DE TYRANNO, QUAM DE EJUS OMNI FACTIONE, UNO TEMPORE, JUSTIS REMPUBLICAM ULTUS EST ARMIS, ARCUM TRIUMPHIS INSIGNEM DICAVIT.

This said that the Senate and people of *Rome* dedicated this triumphal Arch to *Constantine* Emperour and Great *Pontifice*, happy Prince, and *Augustus*: because by an instinct of Divinity, and an admirable greatness of courage, he had with his Army freed the Common-wealth from a Tyrant and all his faction, by the justice of his arms: Where, in the Arch on the right hand were read these words, *Liberatori Urbis*; on the left hand, *Fundatori Quietis*; which clearly declared him, the Freer of the Citie, and Founder of Repose. There was likewise inscribed on it the number of years, in which they desired to render vows for this glorious victory. Observe, as you pass along, that the Senate was as yet Pagan, yet knowing the devotion which *Constantine* bare to the Saviour of the world, though he were not then a declared Christian, they abstained from the mention of Gods, and spake onely of one Divinitie.

The

The sixth SECTION.

The death of Diocletian, and feats of Arms, performed by Constantine against Lycinius.

SInce I have undertaken to represent the famous warlick Acts of *Constantine* to shew his arrival to Monarchy, I will here insert the end of *Diocletian* and *Lycinius*. When *Constantine* caused his Standards to march against *Maxentius*, there remained no more of so many *Cæsars*, but *Lycinius*, who was created a little before the death of *Galerius*. The brothers of *Constantine* would alter nothing. *Diocletian* remained in his retirement. There was none but this *Lycinius*, who was an old souldier, a man raised from nothing, but advanced by arms, and who had done so good services to *Galerius*, the creature of *Diocletian*, in the war which he had against the *Persians*, that out of meer respect of his valour he was chosen Emperour.

In all other things he was of a rude and gross spirit, as derived from Peasants, and who all his life had done nothing else but handle iron, either for tillage, or war, not having acquired any neatness of a civil life. Behold the cause, why being ignorant and proud, he extreamly hated learning, which he called the poison of the Empire: and had it been in his power, he would have banished all knowing men, that there might be none able to reproach his ignorance. *Constantine*, as wise as he was warlick, saw well he must mannage this spirit, who might much trouble him in his design against *Maxentius*, for which cause following this counsel, he promised him a share in the Empire, and his sister *Constantia* in marriage. It is held this marriage was solemnized at *Milan*, a little after the defeat of *Maxentius*, where many treaties passed between *Constantine* and *Lycinius* touching their principalities, and from that time a most favourable Edict was made for the re-establishment of Christians, & the honour of Christianity; which *Lycinius*, although a Pagan, refused not to sign.

Victor addeth, that *Diocletian* was sent for to the wedding of *Lycinius*. For it was much desired to hear him speak, and see what he had upon his heart; his spirit being very able to give cause of distrust to two Princes, who were desirous to establish themselves in all security.

The subtile Hermit on the other side, who feared to be overtaken, made an answer, in which he besought their Majesties to give him leave to live in his Hermitage, and affoord him that for delight, which others commonly tooke for punishment. That he had not for the time to come any mind upon marriages, and that as his age dispensed him from voyages, so retirement freed him from the vain pleasures of the world. That his presence contributed nothing to this action; that the uneasiness of ways would much prejudice his health. In the end, since the resolution he had made never to enter into the mannage of any affairs, had left him no other share but vows and prayers, he would imploy them for their prosperities.

These fair words satisfied not the Emperours, who had a desire to draw the wolf out of the wood, which gave them occasion to write back again to *Diocletian* letters very sharp, as if they would willingly involve him in the business of *Maxentius*. At this time the miserable man plainly saw, the vengeance of God sought him out, in the place which he so obstinately chose for his repose.

When that notable Edict was read unto him, which was made in favour of Christians, and that he understood Churches were already built for them every where, that they assembled to celebrate their feast with all liberty, that *Constantine* had caused the Cross to be set even in his banners, and that on every side the praises of *Jesus* of *Nazareth* were preached: On the contrary, that the Temples of false Gods were shut up, their statues broken, their Altars overturned, and that all Paganism went to confusion; this direful Persecutour then felt an infinite number of vipers to tear his entrails. And seeing besides, Victor. that he with so much sharpness was sent for, he imagined the Christians victorious over persecution, would rent him in a thousand pieces. Thereupon, having his soul extreamly perplexed, and his body burdened with diseases, languishing and incurable, he perpetually invoked death, the most amiable of all his Goddesses, to deliver him from the ignominies and toils of life. In the end she too slowly answering his desire, as the most probable opinion speakes, he hastened her pace, taking poison, as a man who could not die by a worse hand than his own.

Behold the desperate end of the greatest Persecutour which the Church hath ever had: who endeavouring to extirpate our Religion, hath filled our Martyrologes with the names of Martyrs, our Altars, with veneration, Christianity with Crowns, and the world with virtues, and buried himself in the tomb of despair and infamy; to teach all Greatons; that a worse blindness cannot fall upon them, than the persecution of Innocents, whose bloud hath a voice in it, which crieth out to the memory of all Ages.

Lycinius being alienated from the friendship of *Constantine*, failed not to put *Diocletian* into the number of the Gods, although himself were shortly after to be razed from the number of men. This creature, who by report of Heathens of his own factions was covetous, cholerick, and lascivious, could not long comply with the humours of *Constantine*: for he ceased not to torment the Christians which were in his Empire, with excessive cruelties, though himself, as we have said, had signed Edicts in their favour. Condition of Lycinius.

Constantine, who suffered as much as he thought reasonable, seeing his spirit became untractable, armed against him. The first encounter was at *Cibales*, a City of *Sclavonia*, where *Constantine* was encamped upon a hill, and *Lycinius* in the valley. The battel was very sharp on both sides, it lasted a whole day, from morning till night, they scarcely breathing; & therein *Constantine* was in much danger, had it not been that the spur of honour that pricked him on, made him do admirable things, which in the end discomfited *Lycinius*, and put him to flight. He went creeping away, like an old serpent, who had received many blows, but yet retained strength and poison. For having gained *Thrace*, where he thought himself strongest, he rallied his troops, and disposed himself for another war. First battel against him.

Constantine stoutly follows him, finding means to pass the rivers, whereof these flying enemies had broken the bridges to cut off their way, and he so speeded, that he suddenly was in *Thrace*, near to the Army of *Lycinius*. From that very evening he ranged his forces for fight, resolving to give them battel at the break of day. *Lycinius* seeing they followed him so hard at heels, made him a virtue of necessity, and animated himself to sustain the shock, having no want of men able to do bravely. This second battel was also very rough, both parties bearing themselves manfully: and the ballance of victorie seeming not yet to incline either to one side or other, behold five thousand Legionaries of *Constantine*, that had very long chased *Lycinius*, not being able to overtake him, arrived in the heat of this battel, and fell upon his Army to enclose it, but he, who was, to say truly, valiant in the art military, defended himself very well, and in the end freeth himself 2. Battel.

himself from this fight, with composition to leave *Sclavonia* to *Constantine*, contenting himself to reign in *Thrace* and the Eastern parts.

This accord was signed with the bloud of *Valens*, whom *Lycinius* had before created *Cæsar*, and whose punishment *Constantine* demanded in this treaty of peace, as he who was authour of all those Civil dissentions. This peace so plaistered up, lasted not long. *Lycinius*, still upon alteration, could not contain himself within the limits of reason. He gathered together a great multitude of ships, from the coast of *Cyprus*, *Ægypt*, *Venetia*, *Africa*, *Bithynia*, and other places, and set a great Armado to sea. On the other part, he had an hundred and fifty thousand Foot in the field, with fifteen thousand horse. *Constantine* well perceived that he aimed at Monarchy, and had set up his rest: This was the cause why he prepared forces to confront him, making a naval Army of about two hundred great ships of war, with two thousand of burden, a foot-force of an hundred and twenty thousand men, ten thousand as well Cavaliers as brave sea men.

Great victory of *Constantine*

Now was the time the affair of Empires must peremptorily be decided. *Constantine* armed with the confidence which he had in the Saviour of the world, whose banner was then advanced in all his Armies, knowing that *Lycinius* was at that time encamped at *Adrianople*, overtook him passing the river *Ister*, at this present called *Mariza*, so suddenly, that at the first encounter he routed all his Army, killing thirty four thousand of his men, and taking a very great many other prisoners, who yielded to his obedience. *Lycinius* was so amazed with this blow, that he speedily retired to *Byzantium*, which afterwards was *Constantinople*, where *Constantine* pursued, and hardly pressed him. In the mean time *Ablantus*, who had the charge of the Sea-forces of *Lycinius*, resolving to give battel, put to sea a great quantity of vessels in a streight, which could not bear such a number. The Admiral of *Constantine* determined to assault him, with onely four-score light ships, who at advantage assailed him, finding him much plunged in his fleet. Night having broken off this first encounter, they began a-fresh in the open sea, where the tempest handled the vessels of *Lycinius* so ill, that an hundred and thirty were lost, and the rest put to flight.

Whilest these things were in doing, *Constantine* very streightly besieged the Citie of *Byzantium*, having raised plat-forms that were like huge mountains, which at the least equalled in height the walls of the Citie, from whence he battered it, and endammaged it with much facility. *Lycinius* seeing it was not the securest way for him; gaineth *Bithynia*, where he trieth his utmost endeavour, making arrows of all wood: but all succeeded so ill with him, that of an Army which exceeded an hundred thousand men, there scarce remained thirty thousand. He, who could not yet find in his heart to give over, shuts himself up in the Citie of *Nicomedia*, where *Constantine* furiously assaulteth him; so that seeing himself upon the extream despair of his affairs, he went out of the Citie, and cast himself at the feet of *Constantine*, laying aside the purple robe and Diadem, and onely demanding a place of safety, where he might pass the rest of his days, which could not much longer continue, for he was fully three-score years of age.

End of *Lycinius*.

A certain Priest of *Nicomedia*, who lived at that time there, and who set hand to this History, saith, that *Constantine* sent him into *France* to bewail his sins; but the more probable opinion is, that he put him to death, being weary of his disturbances, and having much distrust of his spirit, notwithstanding that *Constantia* still lived, and begged of her brother the life of her husband. *Constantine* cannot be excused to have used most severe punishments even against his nearest kindred, having still in his head the fire of war and ambition, and not being reconciled but very late to the mildness of Christianitie.

Behold how so many Emperours being removed, he remained sole Master of the world, making afterwards divisions to his brothers, the sons of *Theodora*, as he thought good. He that would attentively consider this arrival of *Constantine* to Monarchy, and the reign of more than thirty years, which God gave him, shall see more clear than day, that all these favours came not to him, but by the virtue of true Religion, whose Altars he the first of all Emperours exalted.

The seventh SECTION.

The vices and passions of Constantine *before Baptism, with the death of* Crispus *and* Fausta.

I Will not here present unto you a *Constantine* in outward lineament, as *Eusebius* hath done, to cover his faults, and onely expose beauties to view. It is no wonder that he had vices before Baptism, but it is the miracle of Christianity, to change Lions into Lambs, sinks into fountains, and thorns into roses and tulipans. The ice of winter makes the beauty of the spring, darkness contributes to the lustre of light, nor ever is the sun more bright, than after an eclipse. So grace, which is the splendour of eternal light, makes it self to be seen with more triumphs in arms, where it hath subdued most iniquities. It is certain, that this warlike humour of *Constantine*, transported him into vanities, ambitions, jealousies, and in some sort into a bloudy disposition, which was greatly fomented by the education he received in the Palace of *Diocletian*.

Behold a prodigious accident, which happened in his house, by a precipitation ill ordered, the death of his poor son *Crispus*, poisoned by the commandement of his father, upon a wicked and sinister calumny raised upon him by his step-mother. Verily my pen shaketh with humour, being to touch upon this history, and I know many *Grecian* flatterers either have passed it over in silence, or been willing to disguise it in favour of *Constantine*: but the holy Martyr *Artemius* freely avoweth before *Julian* the Apostata, who reproched him with it, forbearing to deny a fact, which was very notorious, yet desirous to sweeten it by intervening circumstances. Cardinal *Baronius* is much displeased with *Eusebius*, who hath spoken nothing of it, as if it were a thing very strange, that a man, who wrote to the son the life of his father, in form of a Panegirick, should not charge his writings with crimes and furies, which men then endeavoured to suppress by all means. Great men have their judgements too tender for such like histories, and ordinarily resemble that creature, which bears his gall in his ear. They cannot hear a true Historie in any thing which toucheth them, without offence; they must sometimes understand their own lives in the rumours of people: where the one unlimittedly takes the liberty of speaking all, since the other takes licence of doing all.

Constant. 19. Bar.

Alban. animal. *Albertus.*

The vices of *Constantine* about these times cannot be concealed. But he having caused his son *Crispus* to be put to death, and thereunto added the death of his wife *Fausta*, who had raised the calumny against the innocent, this distick was affixed to the gates of his Palace, attributed afterward to Consul *Ablavius*:

Saturni aurea sæcla quis requirat?
Sunt hæc gemmea, sed Neroniana.

It was an alluſion to the humour of *Conſtantine*, who much loved pearls and precious ſtones; as alſo to that, which paſſed in the matter of *Criſpus* and *Fauſta*, the ſubſtance whereof is this: *Let us not ſeek any more for the golden Age of* Saturn: *Behold one all of pearl, but the Age of* Nero.

Let us ſpeak what we think moſt probably to have happened in this affair. We have already mentioned, how *Conſtantine* in the prime of his youth was eſpouſed in his firſt wedlock to *Minervina*, upon which the Writers of his time have much praiſed him, as a Prince very chaſte, who to avoid wandering and unlawfull pleaſures, willingly tyed himſelf to a legitimate marriage, and from that time took upon him the ſpirit of a husband. It is an eaſie matter to believe, that this *Minervina*, whom he married, had taken the name of *Minerva*, becauſe of the wiſdom, grace, and beauties, reſplendent in her perſon. It ſeemeth theſe great perfections of mind and body, ever draw along with them a certain fate, which affordeth them no long continuance, but rather the lives of roſes, that in the evening make a tomb of the ſcarlet, whereof in the morning they made a cradle. The poor Princeſs quickly died, after ſhe had brought forth to *Conſtantine* at one birth, which was her firſt and laſt, two twins, to wit, a ſon named *Criſpus*, and a daughter, who from the name of her Grand-mother, was called *Helena*, and afterward married to *Julian* the Apoſtata.

The firſt marriage of *Conſtantine*.

Minervina.

This *Criſpus* was verily the moſt accompliſhed Prince of that Age, for he at the very firſt ſucked in piety with his milk, having the moſt glorious S. *Helena* for his firſt Miſtreſs in Chriſtianity. From thence being initiated in the ſtudy of good letters, he had for Tutour that famous man *Lactantius Firmianus*, one of the moſt eloquent and ancienteſt Authours of Chriſtianity: who being the inſtructour of *Cæſars*, notwithſtanding lived in ſuch poverty, that he with much ſtraitneſs enjoyed the neceſſities of life. *Criſpus* having manured his ſpirit with learning, very courageouſly addicted himſelf to the exerciſe of arms; wherein he very well expreſſed the Genius and dexterity of his father, but with much more grace and ſweetneſs. For Hiſtories aſſure us, he was of viſage moſt amiable, full of attractives and admiration, which made upon the minds of men ſo much the more impreſſion, as they were ingrafted in a ſingular modeſty, and a goodneſs ſo natural, that no man could near hand behold it without affection.

Criſpus and his qualities.

O God, what fury is there in diſhoneſt love, and how much did it diſturb the houſe of *Conſtantine*! If Lords and Ladies, who give admittance to affections and thoughts unlawful, did well conſider the acerbities which attend this paſſion, they would rather tear their hearts out with their nails, than pollute them with ſuch ordures. It is not without cauſe, what the wiſe *Ariſtophanes* hath ſaid, that love was baniſhed from Heaven, as a trouble-feaſt and diſturber of the repoſe of Divinities. The truth is, where this paſſion ſetteth foot, it exileth from thence innocency, and tranquility, two the moſt precious pearls of life; and and were there wicked loves in Heaven, there would no longer be felicities. Happy is that life, which hath no eyes for thoſe carnal beauties, and is all eyes to preſerve it ſelf, eſpecially in the beginning, from ſuch ſurprizals.

So *Simon* the Magician ſaid, that the ſoul of *Helena* had put fire, trouble, and jealouſie among the Angels, but that taking from the this object of concupiſcence he had accorded them. *Philaſtrius de hæreſ.*

The miſerable *Fauſta* wife of *Conſtantine*, daughter of *Maximian*, who had received good education in the houſe of her father, and was of a very ſenſual humour, even ſo far as to controle the devotions of her husband, and pick quarrels againſt Religion, which ſhe would never embrace, had in this diſorder vehement diſpoſitions, ſiniſterly to admit the love which the beauty of *Criſpus* might eaſily afford her. This divine feature ſtanding always as an object for the wanton eyes of the Empreſs, enkindled ſo much fire in her veins, that another flame muſt be found to quench it. The children which ſhe had by her huſband were nothing to her, in compariſon of *Criſpus*; *Criſpus* was in her heart. *Criſpus* in her thought. *Criſpus* in her diſcourſe, wherein ſhe yet had ſome temper, fearing to diſcover her paſſion. Yet could ſhe not forbear but ſay, *Criſpus* was the idæa of perfect men, and the incomparable ſon, whoſe worth and virtue would ſurvive with the world. It was much wondered, how a ſtep-mother ſhould entertain ſo much good opinion of the ſon of her husband; yet ſhe having hitherto lived within the limits of honour, it was interpreted, all theſe affections were ſincere and innocent. *Criſpus*, who then thought not upon his own defence, in a combat that was nothing but courteſie, took all theſe favours as witneſſes of a moſt unſpotted amity, reciprocally rendering to her much reſpect, wherewith ſhe ſhewed her ſelf not a little troubled, deſiring he would treat with her in a more free faſhion: for love had already deſpoiled her of majeſty.

Saint *Auguſtine* hath very well ſaid, that he who will puniſh an exorbitant ſpirit, muſt leave it in its own hands, to ſerve both as a ſcaffold and executioner to it ſelf. The unfortunate *Fauſta*, who had already given over-free paſſage to ſin, felt acceſſes of ice and fire, of deſires, of affrightments, of confidence, and remorſe. Her conſcience accuſed her in the bottom of her heart, and ceaſed not to ſhew her the enormity of this fault, when by the help of impudency, ſhe thought to have quenched theſe little ſparkles of goodneſs, which God ſoweth in the moſt forſaken hearts. She knew not how or where to begin this pernicious deſign. *Criſpus* ſeemed to be too chaſte, his Chriſtian religion made him in her opinion too auſtere, his ſpirit was as yet too tender, and not capable of a moſt powerful wickedneſs; and although he ſhould conſent, where may faithfull complices be found, fit occaſions, and liberty, to content an infamous deſire? The pain which ordinarily attendeth crimes, the rigour of a *Conſtantine* jealous of his bed, the infamy, and apprehenſions of puniſhments, coming to fall upon her thoughts, made her well to ſee both the abyſs and horrour: but paſſion tranſported her hood-wincked, beyond all conſiderations, ſo that one day taking her opportunitie, ſhe accoſted the young Prince with words, which ſufficiently teſtified her a loſt woman. But he, who would not at the firſt put her into confuſion, with modeſtie declined what ſhe had ſaid, and interpreted it far from her thought. She, who would no longer appear a *Lucrece*, being much troubled he ſhould underſtand in a chaſt ſenſe, what ſhe had ſpoken to an ill purpoſe, unfolds her ſelf ſo freely, that the wiſe *Criſpus*, no further able to ſuffer this bluſhleſs ſpirit, ſpake a word to her rough and hopeleſs, *That if ſhe perſiſted in this infamous deſire, he would give the Emperour notice*; and thereupon flew from her like a lightening, and withdrew, leaving her in a deſpair and rage, not ſufficiently to be expreſſed. All her love then turned into a diabolical hatred, which ſuggeſted furies and black thoughts, reſolving with her ſelf to uſe him as as the wife of *Potiphar* did *Joſeph*. She ſerved her ſelf with all the arms of grief, which were at that time very natural to her, ceaſing not to weep and ſigh before her husband, as if ſhe had afflicted her ſelf for anothers ſin: yet had ſhe ſo much cunning, that ſhe feigned to hide her tears, and ſmother her ſighs, to render the diſguiſe more dangerous, by a pretext of modeſty.

Love turned into rage.

The Emperour ſeeing her in this plight, asked the cauſe of her ſadneſs. She anſwered, it was fit for his Majeſty not to know it. He the more perſiſted to underſtand what ſhe feigned to conceal, preſſing and interrogating her, to draw her calumny from her, with as much earneſtneſs as one would a truth. In

A wicked calumny.

the

the end ſhe declared with many counterfeit horrours, and words cruelly modeſt, *That his ſon* Criſpus *would have enterprized upon the honour of his bed; but God be thanked, her faith inviolable put her under ſafety, free from ſuch dangers: And that ſhe demanded no other ſatisfaction from this miſerable man, who was fled, but the remorſe of his wicked conſcience.* *Conſtantine* recommending ſilence unto her, entered into a black and deep anger, propoſing unto himſelf, that the retreat of his ſon was a note of his crime; he determined therefore to put him ſpeedily to death, and for this purpoſe, calling one of his ſervants, the moſt truſty and beſt reſolved for executions, having under great oaths and execrations obliged him to ſecreſie, gives him expreſs commandment to meet with his ſon *Criſpus* as ſoon as he could, to treat warily with him, not affrighting, nor giving him the leaſt ſuſpition, and withal to fail not to ſerve him at his firſt repaſt with poiſon well prepared, ſo to ſend him into the other world. This man amazed at ſuch a dreadfull command, asked of the Emperour, *If he had ſo well reſolved on this affair, as to uſe a ſon of ſo great merit in this manner.* *Yea,* ſaith he, *I have thought upon it, and it is neceſſary he die: for I muſt tell you, it not being needfull to inform you further, that beſides the practiſe conceived by him, his life is incompatible with mine.* The other ſuppoſed he had plotted ſome conſpiracy upon the life and ſcepter of his father; behold the cauſe, why he haſtened the blow, and being already very familiar with poor *Criſpus*, he accoſted him with great complements of honour and courteſie, feigning to make him merry, becauſe indeed he then ſaw him in a very ſad humour, upon that which had paſſed between him and *Fauſta*, covering his thoughts as much as he might, to preſerve the honour of his wicked ſtep-mother. Death of *Criſpus.* Hereupon an unhappy banquet was prepared for the innocent, which was the laſt of his life, poiſon being traiterouſly given him, there where he leaſt expected it.

Verily this death, which way ſoever we look, is moſt lamentable. The Tragedies which bemoan it with ſo much ornament, as that of our *Stephanius*, have much ſpirit in them; but taking onely the thing in the ſimple nakedneſs of the fact, it miniſtereth matter of compaſſion to hearts moſt obdurate: A young Prince, at that time the moſt abſolute in the world, beautifull as an *Abſalom*, valiant as an *Alexander*, innocent as a *Joſeph*, at that time taken away, when he was at the gates of the Empire which expected him, and taken away by a death ſo hydeous and treacherous, and by the commandment of his father, who cauſed him to die as one inceſtuous, not admitting him to ſpeak, nor permitting him to juſtifie himſelf, nor affording leiſure to know himſelf, nor one ſmall moment of time to prepare himſelf for death, which is allowed to the moſt criminal. He was ſilently involved in the extremity of unhappineſs, to ſhut up the mouth of innocency, and open that of calumny, to rail againſt his very aſhes.

The generous ſoul, ever prepared for this paſſage by the laws of Chriſtianity, which it had ſo devoutly embraced, iſſued out of his chaſte body, to haſten to the crown of the Elect, leaving incomparable ſorrows behind it. Alas! what doth not a wicked affection, a calumny, a ſuſpition, an unbridled anger, an inconſiderate word? O you Great-ones, will you never learn wiſdom by the evils of others?

The rage of *Fauſta* turned into pitie. As ſoon as this news came to the Court, the wicked *Fauſta* well ſaw it was an effect of her treachery, and lively repreſenting before her own eyes this poor Prince, whom ſhe before had ſo much affected, at that time ſo unworthily maſſacred, in a beauty, in an age, wherein ſuch as die are moſt pitied, and in a goodneſs, which would have given matter of compaſſion to Tigers and Lions; all her paſſion and hatred was turned into an enraged ſorrow, which made her crie out, and lament at the feet of her husband, confeſſing ſhe had ſlain the chaſte *Criſpus*, by her deteſtable calumny, that it was ſhe who had ſollicited him to evil, but had found him a *Joſeph*, endowed with an invincible chaſtity, and had deteſted her ſin, as it well deſerved; whereupon excited with choler, and fearing to be prevented, ſhe had proceeded to this dreadfull accuſation, and therefore was unworthy to live, ſince ſhe had ſlain the moſt innocent Prince of the world, and ſtained his own father with his proper bloud. Calumny diſcovered.

Conſtantine amazed beyond deſcription at ſo prodigious an accident, had neither reply, nor ſenſe of a man, ſo much wonder had rapt him from himſelf: but when he ſaw his holy mother *Helena*, who had ſo tenderly bred up the poor *Criſpus*, bewailing him with unconſolable tears, and begging of the father, at the leaſt the body of her grand-child, to waſh it with the waters of her eyes, and bury it with her hands, ſaying, the wicked beaſt had ſlain her *Joſeph*; he was pierced to the quick with compaſſion, mingled with fury. Then the poor ſiſter of the deceaſed, who ſeemed nought elſe but the ſhaddow of her brother, coming alſo to diſſolve her ſelf wholly into tears, near to her Grand-mother, this ſpectacle the more enkindled the paſſion of the Emperour: And thinking that *Fauſta* well deſerved death, being convinced of ſuch a miſchief by her own confeſſion, he cauſed her to enter into the bath, and ſo in an inſtant to be ſmothered with the vapour, which was a puniſhment wherewith many times they put perſons of quality to death.

Death of *Fauſta.* Behold the iſſue of the hydeous loves of *Fauſta*, to teach all Ladies, that thoſe paſſions, which begin by complacencies, ſoothings, and curioſities, very often end in horrible tragedies. In the mean time the houſe of *Conſtantine* remained long drenched in a dead ſilence, and all was very ſecretly carried, ſo that none knowing what publickly to think of the death of *Criſpus* and *Fauſta*, it gave occaſion to many to affirm they died for ſome conſpiracy.

We cannot here excuſe *Conſtantine* of a violent anger, a precipitation, & a proceeding too bloudy. Howſoever, he cauſed *Criſpus* to die under a falſe belief of impurity, which he thought was to be revenged, and *Fauſta* puniſhed by way of juſtice. Behold why this ſin, though it hath much miſchief in it, yet it hath not the determinate wickedneſs of the ſin of *David* in the death of *Urias*, becauſe the one wrought with a manifeſt knowledge of his crime and the other proceeded therein with much ignorance, and ſenſe of juſtice. Yet *Conſtantine* after theſe exorbitances was touched with great remorſe, which in the end put him actually on the profeſſion of Chriſtianity.

The eighth SECTION.

The calling of Conſtantine *to Chriſtianitie. The progreſs of his Converſion and Baptiſm.*

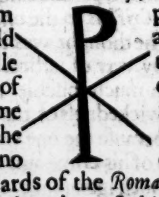
I Have always eſteemed the ſaying of S. *Paulinus*, which we before alledged, very probable, that the faith of S. *Helena* did not onely make *Conſtantine* a Chriſtian, but the firſt of Chriſtian Princes. This good mother without doubt gave him the firſt tincture of Chriſtianity; but being of an ambitious and warlike ſpirit, who went along with the main ſtream of the world, he was not ſo ſoon confirmed in the faith and integrity of religion. Notwithſtanding, he began to have moſt lively apprehenſions for his converſion about the ſeventh year of his Empire, which was the year of the defeat of *Maxentius*; whileſt he had this great Conſtant. 19.

war upon his hands, his temporal necessities opening his eyes, that he might have recourse to spiritual forces. He then endeavoured, as he afterward relateth, to meditate seriously within himself, that there was some Divine Providence from Heaven, which gave concussions to victories and Empires, without which the counsels of men were cloudy, their Armies weak, and labours vain. Afterward remembering what had passed in the Roman Empire, he saw that those Emperours, who had shewed themselves most fervent in the superstition of false gods, and were the greatest persecutours of Christians, had been infamous and unhappy, not beloved of the people, without name, not honoured, issueless, and and for the most part odious and execrable to posterity. He then imagined, that this Religion, which professed so much sanctity, and was grown up in the temples of three hundred years, had something divine in it, and that perhaps it would not be amiss to invoke in this great labyrinth of affairs, the God of his mother.

Beginning of the conversion of the Emperour.

As he then went up and down revolving these discourses in the bottom of his thoughts, casting his eyes up to Heaven, he perceived about the evening, the figure of a great Crois, all composed of most resplendent light, which seemed unto him to bear these Characters, IN HOC VINCE, *Vanquish in this sign.* This was much more important than the bowe in Heaven, which *Augustus Cæsar* saw about the sun, when he entered into *Rome* to take possession of the Empire. Notwithstanding, *Constantine* and the Captains, who observed this sign in Heaven, had some distrust, because of the figure of the Crois, which till then was ever accounted of an ill presage. Now, as the Emperour slept in the night, in great perplexity of cogitations, it seemed that the God of the Christians appeared unto him, with the same sign which he had seen the day before, commanding him expresly to carry it hereafter in his Ensigns.

Following this vision, he caused a Banner to be made, in the manner as *Eusebius* describeth it, who had seen it. It was as a launce all of gold, which had a piece of wood athwart in form of a *Crois*, from whence hung a rich imbroidery, in which was the image of the Emperour, and about it a Crown of gold and pearl, which bare in the middle the two first letters of the name of our Saviour. This was from that time forward his prime Banner, which the *Romans* called the *Labarum*. It was no otherwise different from the standards of the *Roman* Bands, but that it carried the sacred cypher of this venerable Title, which was not understood by all the world, but held by the Pagans as some devise of the fantasie of spirit. The war against *Maxentius* having so prosperously succeeded, as we have said, under this propitious standard, *Constantine* held the Saviour of the world in great veneration, and made the Edicts, which we know, in favor of Christians. Notwithstanding, he for a long time deferred his publick and solemn profession thereof, whether it were that the course of great warlike enterprizes and affairs diverted his mind, or whether he feared to distast the prime men of the Empire by this change. It is likewise thought, that his wife *Fausta*, whom he in the beginning much affected, greatly weakened his love to Christianity; in such sort, that the Christians ceased not to be still ill intreated in this remisness of the Emperour. In the end, after the calamitie of the death of his son and wife, so tragically happened in his own house, he seriously opened his eyes, about the nineteenth year of his Empire, to seek remedy for his evils.



Absolute conversion of the Emperour.

Zosimus, a Pagan, leadeth us as it were not thinking of it, to the knowledge of the time, and manner of his Baptism. For he saith, that *Constantine*, after the death of *Crispus* and *Fausta*, had great remorse of conscience; and that not wholly having abjured Paganism, he sought from South-sayers, and Pagan Philosophers, as others adde, the means to purifie himself from the bloud, which he so unfortunately had shed. It is said that one *Sopater*, the wisest of the *Platonists*, who had sometime lived in his Court, told him these stains of bloud would stick on souls, and never be washed out, and that if they departed this life without punishment, they would re-enter into other bodies to expiate in the end those crimes which they had committed, and that there was no other remedy. The Emperour found this Philosophie very harsh, and his spirit being much tormented with very strange disturbances; behold, saith *Zosimus*, an *Ægyptian* newly come from *Spain* to *Rome*: (note that he meaneth the great Bishop *Hosius*, who was sent at the same time into *Ægypt* by Pope *Sylvester*.) This Ægyptian, saith he, having insinuated himself into the favour of some Ladies of the Court, found by their means access to the Emperour, who failed not to propose unto him the difficulties and troubles of his conscience. This man answered him, that his Majesty should not need to disquiet himself hereupon, and that there was no crime so enormous, which might not be expiated by the remedies which are practised in Christian Religion. To this the Emperour very willingly hearkened, and resolved, all delayes laid apart, to become a Christian.

Discourse of *Sopater*.

See here the beginning of the Baptism of *Constantine*. As for the sequel, it is a question much perplexed: for some would have him to be baptized in the suburbs of *Nicomedia*, upon the point of death, and others at *Rome* by S. *Sylvester*, about the 19th year of his Empire. I say briefly, to decide this difficulty, that it is a most unreasonable belief, to think that *Constantine* the Great, called by the general voice of the holy Fathers, *The holy and Religious Emperour* Constantine, recorded in memorials and publick registers of the Church, which are recited before Altars, as the chief of Orthodox Princes; *Constantine*, whom the *Arians*, yea, the most refractory, which have been after him, never durst declare of their faction, to have been christened at his death, by the hand of an *Arian* Bishop, out of the communion of the Catholick Church. There is not one to be found who favoureth this opinion, but *Eusebius*, who hath been an Ensign-bearer of the *Arians*, and who no more ought to be credited in this article, than a Pagan Historian, it being most unequal to take him for a Judge who had made himself a party in this affair. And if some passages be found somewhat doubtful in the Chronicle of S. *Hierom*, which seem to support this errour, it is easie to consider, that this Doctour, who was a merchant enriched with infinite variety of learning, hath made many pieces, which he rather translated and compiled from others, than composed upon his own invention: and the learned are not ignorant, that his Chronicle is accounted in this kind of books, as a work formed from observations and opinions of *Eusebius*, which should not at all alter the estimation we have of *Constantine*, acknowledged and averred by so many other passages of the same Doctour. And if S. *Ambrose* in the funeral Oration of *Theodosius*, said, that *Constantine* received Baptism being in extremity, we must not therefore infer, that he was baptized by *Arian* in the last instant of his life; other wise he would not call him in the same passage a Monarch of great merit, who left faith as an inheritance for Princes of his posteritie. This extremity then is an extremity either of troublesom affairs, in which *Constantine* saw himself involved, for having so long time deferred his Baptism, or as others say, an extremity of sickness, wherewith he was surprized in the Citie of *Rome*, and cured by Baptism.

His Baptism.

In ultimis constitutus.

The opinion of *Eusebius* being rejected, I ask, whether

ther it be not much more probable, to take that of a Councel entire, and very ancient, held under Pope *Silvester* about the year of our Lord, Three hundred twenty four, which is said expressly to have been assembled at the same time that the Emperour *Constantine* was baptized by *Sylvester* Bishop of *Rome*, than to adhere to inventions of a passionate adversary? As for other circumstances of this Baptism, which are drawn from the acts attributed to S. *Sylvester*, we must affirm, there are divers things very hard to believe, if we proceed according to humane reason: for we cannot so easily imagine what is expressed in those writings, that *Sylvester* was hidden in the caverns of the mountain, which afterward bare his name, flying the persecution of *Constantine*: of which other Authours make no mention, as being contrary to the humour and Edicts of this Prince, who after the victory gained against *Maxentius*, ever favoured Christianitie. Besides it is there said, that *Constantine* demanded, what Gods were S. *Peter* and *Paul*, who had appeared to him in his sleep: Which was not very likely in an Emperour, that so many years before was instructed in the mysteries of Christian Religion. Adde also the leaprousie of *Constantine*, whereof no authour hath spoken before those acts, and wherewith it is held, that *Constantius* the son of this great Emperour was much offended, complaining they attributed to his father counterfeit maladies, to cure him in picture. If we must pursue opinions humanely reasonable, I would say, that *Constantine* could no more be leaprous, than our King *Clodoveus* of most glorious memory; of whom S. *Gregory* of Towers hath said, that on the day of his Baptism he was cured of an old leaprosie, intending by that speech, from sin. It is true that Cardinal *Baronius* doth all which an able man may to clear these difficulties: but there are certain things, which it is more comely to believe piously, than easily to establish by reason. And therefore if the Reader here desire to know my conceit, I hold, it is a timorarious thing to go about to taxand turmoil old beliefs, which though they pass not for articles of faith, are notwithstanding received with edification in common opinions. *Varro* saith, that to desire to be wise contrary to common understanding, is to rank ones self in the number of fools: and the great S. *Hilary* hath said very worthily, that the first verity of wisdom is sometime to believe what one would not, submitting our judgement to men of the best understanding: which if it were well conceived, so many young heads would be ashamed to account themselves able men, especially in matter of faith, thereby inordinately taxing all the monuments of antiquity.

The history of the Baptism of *Constantine* drawn from the acts attributed to S. *Sylvester*, is more easie piously to be believed, than effectually proved.

Gregor. Turon. hist. l. 2. cap. 31.

Prodit novus Constantinus ad lavacrum deleturus lepræ veteris morbum.

Contra multos sapere desipere est.

Sapientiæ prima hæc veritas est, interdum sapere quod necesse est. Hilar. l. 8. de Trinitate.

I say then, for these acts, which are accounted to be S. *Sylvesters*, and namely for those reported by Pope *Adrian*, as it is not my intention to engage my self upon the proof of them by a way of sleight human reasons, so would I not in any sort impugn, but rather believe them, with a religious simplicity, which is the science of Saints, and ever the most assured.

History of Baptism according to the acts of S. *Sylvester.*

These acts tell us, that *Constantine* still deferring his Baptism, and living in much liberty, was stricken with a leaprousie, which was a manifest wound from Heaven, wherewith greatly afflicted, he consulted with Magicians to apply some remedie. They gave him deadly counsel, whereof the Kings of *Ægypt* had heretofore made use in the like maladie, which was to make a bath of humane bloud. This at the beginning seemed to him very strange, but the infirmity which pressed him, had no ears to hear reason: little children were taken of the meanest condition in the Citie, to cut their throats like sheep, and consecrate their bloud to the health of the Emperour. The mothers dissheveled and desperate, ran after their tender infants, even to the gates of the Palace, and howled so dreadfully, that *Constantine* hearing their cries, and withal the cause of their sorrow, commanded the infants to be restored to their mournfull mothers; esteeming it more reasonable to tollerate his evil, than to be cured with so cruel a remedy.

The night following, S. *Peter*, and S. *Paul* appeared to him in a dream, and adviled him to forsake all these Pagan superstitions, to re-edifie the Churches of Christians, and send for Pope *Sylvester*, who was at that time hidden in the grots of Mount *Soracte*, that would discover unto him a fish-pool, which should heal his leaprousie. As soon as he awakened, he recounted his dream to the Lords of his Court, and sent to seek out the Pope, who seeing these Gentlemen come, disposed himself to Martyrdom, thinking they came to lead him forth to slaughter: but understanding from their own mouthes much other news, he set forward towards the Emperour, who most courteously received him: and having made a long discourse of matters which had happened unto him concerning his calling to Christianity, he demandeth of him what Gods were *Peter* and *Paul*, who had appeared unto him in sleep, and made overture of the fish-pool, wherein he should be washed. The Pope answered they were no Gods, but Apostles, and servants of God. Thereupon he required to see their images, which *Sylvester* sent for by a Deacon: and having found them like to the faces he saw in sleep, he cryed out aloud, that he no longer must desire the fish-pool.

Sylvester seeing him resolved to be baptized, commandeth a publick fast, accompanied with ordinary prayers, catechizeth the Emperour, and counselleth him to take seven days of retirement, to prepare himself for Baptism, and which is more, to lay aside for those days the purple and Imperial Diadem, that he might be clothed with the habit of penance; which he couragiously performed. And the day of Baptism being come, as soon as he was washed with these life-giving waters, he was miraculously cured of his leprousie, beholding a light from heaven, and a hand stretched over him. See what is in these ancient monuments, and which Cardinal *Baronius* rendereth probable, with reasons very consonant.

The ninth SECTION.

The acts of Constantine *after his Baptism.*

CONSTANTINE after his Baptism began a quite other course of life: for laying aside all humane respects, which had hitherto tyed him to Gentilism for considerations of his State, he caused a Throne to be prepared in the Palace of *Trajan*, where having sent for the Senate, he declared with the eloquence of a Monarch, the reasons which had moved him to this alteration of Religion, and said:

Notable Oration of *Constantine*, partly drawn out of his acts and Edicts.

SIRS, *I doubt not, but the change of Religion, which I have made, will appear strange to many, who blame all that which they cannot understand, and will understand nothing, but what flatters their presumption. All noveltie is odious to those, who love the old age of errour: Yet I can tell you, this is no new Religion which I have imbraced, but that which was begun in the purified souls of the golden Age, happily finished in our days. The first men of the world had verity in bloom, we now see the fruit, which we may and shall enjoy, if we be not ungratefull to our happiness, and traiterous to our own conscience. Believe me, Sirs, the world is almost grown out of it's non-age, for God hath taken pitie of the ignorance thereof, and made it see, it was not time any longer to place Dragons and Owls upon Altars, nor other Gods, accounted as monsters, if they would return into the life of men. If*

our Anceſtours, blinded by miſhap, have made to be eſteemed for Divinities ſo many criminals, for whom our laws do now ordain puniſhments, we are not bound to participate with the crimes of the one, nor the errours of the other, under pretext of antiquitie. I muſt confeſs, that I from my infancie have had great diſtruſt upon the follies which I ſaw in the ſuperſtition of Gentiles, and that which further confirmed me in this opinion, was, that one day I heard the anſwer of an Oracle, which had long time ſtood mute, and being demanded the cauſe of this ſilence, anſwered, The Juſt hindered it from ſpeaking, and we found thoſe Juſt were the Chriſtians, who then had power to ſtop the mouthes of devils.

Afterward I began to conſider thoſe men, whom I ſaw ſo perſecuted, and that there was not a corner of the earth that was not ruddie with their bloud, yet were they notwithſtanding ſo patient in their perſecutions, that they had prayers on their lips for thoſe, who rent their hearts out of their bodies. This then gave me matter of amazement; but when I came to think on their Church, which flouriſhed among ſo many ſtorms, and encreaſed under the ſwords of perſecution, this ſeemed to me more than humane; yet tranſported with the torrent of common opinions, I ſtill reſiſted the voice of God, which ſpake in my heart, when it opened my eyes, and made me once lively apprehend the dreadfull ends of Emperours, who had perſecuted Chriſtianitie, comparing them to the felicitie of my father Conſtantius, of moſt glorious memorie, who had preſerved his hands innocent even to death, free from any ſtain of Chriſtian bloud. This was ſufficiently potent to move a ſoul, which would eaſily yield to reaſon: but God redoubling his inſpirations, made me one day behold in the Heavens a prodigie, which many ſaw with me, to wit, the figure of the Croſs, compoſed of moſt reſplendent light, which appeared juſt at the time I was to wage battel againſt Maxentius. I call the living God to witneſs, that I therein read diſtinctly theſe words, written as with the rays of the Sun, IN HOC VINCE. And it is a wonder that I deferred ſtill to yield my ſelf up, till ſuch time, that the Saviour of the world advertiſed me in a viſion, to take into my Standards the ſign which I had ſeen in Heaven the day before. I inſtantly obeyed, and have ſeen ſo prodigious effects ſucceed in the defeat of Maxentius, which you have admired, attributing to man that which was a work of the Divinitie.

I thought then to have diſcovered what I was, but conſiderations of ſtate, which had too much force upon my ſoul, ſtayed me, and have made me walk along hitherto, in a life more licentious than I intended. I now proteſt before the face of Heaven and earth, that I am a Chriſtian both in heart and profeſſion; nor ſhall any motives ever alter that, which I have ſo conſtantly reſolved on. Yet for all this I purpoſe not to force any man in his Religion, leaving for this time belief as free as elements: Yet for the charitie I bear towards my good ſubjects, I cannot but wiſh them as much good as my ſelf. Now all my greateſt happineſs, and which I eſteem more than my Purple and Diadem, is to entertain the knowledge of a living God, which hath been revealed to us by his onely Son Jeſus Chriſt, the Doctour and Saviour of the world. His perſon is full of miracles, his life of wiſdom and goodneſs, his doctrine of puritie; and if to conquer our pride, and expiate our demerits, he hath humbled himſelf to the puniſhment of the Croſs, ſo much therefore the more ought it to be honourable, ſince he hath done for us all that, which an incomparable love can do, and endured all that which an invincible patience may ſuffer.

I can do no other but love and ſingularly honour thoſe who are enrolled under his Standard, as my brothers in Religion: and let it not ſeem ſtrange to any, if heretofore ſhewing my ſelf very liberal to beautifie and enrich the Temples of Gentiliſm, I now apply my ſelf to build and adorn the Churches. I will render what I owe to God and my own conſcience, nor ſhall my ſubjects, who are of a Religion different from mine, be any way intereſſed, therein deſiring to preſerve them, as perſons, whom I hope one day to have companions in faith, and cobeirs in glorie, if they adde never ſo little conſent to the lights, wherewith the wiſdom of God Incarnate hath repleniſhed the world. I onely beſeech thee, O great God, on whom all Scepters and Crowns depend, ſince you have united the Eaſt and Weſt under my hands, you would arrange them under the yoak of your Law, which is the knot of Empires, and ſource of felicitie. I offer unto you my perſon, mine Arms, my Scepter, and all mine abilities, humbly begging of you to accept my ſlender ſervice, and to give me the aſſiſting wiſdom of your Thrones, to govern in all honour, all juſtice, all peace, and amitie, the people which you have committed to my charge.

This Oration was heard by all the world, with very great applauſe, in ſuch ſort, that for the ſpace of two hours, the cries of an infinite number were heard, who made many acclamations in favour of Chriſtian Religion. Fourty times was repeated, UNUS DEUS CHRISTIANORUM, There is but one God, which is the God of the Chriſtians: and thirty times was proclaimed, LET THOSE WHO DENY CHRIST, COME TO NOUGHT: and ten times, LET THE TEMPLES BE SHUT UP, LET THE CHURCHES BE OPENED: And fourteen times, THOSE WHO ARE ENEMIES TO JESUS CHRIST, ARE ENEMIES TO THE EMPEROURS: And ten times, THOSE WHO ARE ENEMIES TO JESUS CHRIST, ARE ENEMIES TO THE ROMANS: And fourty times, THERE IS NO OTHER GOD, BUT HE WHO HATH SAVED US. AUGUSTUS CONSTANTINE: And fifty times, HE EVER SHAL VANQUISH WHO ADORETH THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD: And thirty times, LET THE PRIESTS OF IDOLS BE BANISHED OUT OF THE CITIE: And thirteen times, LET THOSE ALSO BE EXILED OUT OF ROME, WHO WIL SACRIFICE TO IDOLS: And fourty times, COMMAND THEY BE PRESENTLY THRUST OUT OF OUR WALS. Admirable change of the world by the Oration and example of the Emperour.

Upon theſe laſt cries, the Emperour roſe up, and making a ſign with his hand, required ſilence, which inſtantly made all this great multitude to hold their peace; and thereupon: No, ſaith he, I intend not any man ſhould be forced in the matter of his Religion; the ſervices of the world are oft-times conſtrained: but thoſe we render to God, ought ever to be voluntarie. We have no greater proof of the Divinitie, than mercie. God ſheweth what he is, in ſo long time, and with ſuch patience, ſuffering the impieties and ingratitudes of men. I would have all the world know, that I intend not to make Chriſtians by neceſſitie, but by diſcretion. As it is a crime to denie true Religion to thoſe who require it, ſo it is an importunitie to ſeek now to impoſe it by force on ſuch as demand it not. They that will not follow my example, ſhall not therefore be ſeparated from my friendſhip. I am the common Father of all in general, and no man ought to be fruſtrated of the preſervation which I owe him.

Theſe words ſtayed the out-cries of thoſe, who already tranſported the affairs into diſorder, by an indiſcreet zeal, and gave good aſſurance to the Pagans, ſo that the Emperour going out of the Palace, they lighted at mid-day many lamps and torches, to conduct him to his houſe, with a thouſand teſtimonies of joy and alacrity.

He at the ſame time cauſed certain laws to be publiſhed, by which he left the Gentiles at liberty in in the exerciſe of their ancient ſuperſtition, on ſuch condition, that they ſhould abſtain to ſpeak in any Edicts and converſions.

any sort against the honour of the Saviour of the world; nor should at all disturb the Christians: adding, that he intended the sons and daughters of the family, yea the very servants, should not be kept by force in the Pagan superstition, but have all liberty to be baptized when they had a will thereunto.

O God, what incomparable charms have the examples of Great-ones in them, to dispose men to virtue! *Nicephorus* saith, that in a very short time there were numbered twelve thousand men, besides women and children baptized at *Rome*. Yet was it observed, there were few Senatours, nor of other politick spirits; so much the wisdom of the flesh is contrary to that of the Cross. Faith is the inheritance of the humble, and all those souls puffed up with presumption of their own ability, stick so fast to the earth, that they loose the sight of Heaven.

Piety of *Constantine.*

The holy Emperour, who was desirous to render himself as profitable by works and examples, as he became comfortable in his discourses, employed himself with an incredible fervour in all that which concern the service of God, and namely in the building of Churches.

Where among other things, he did an act worthy of immortality: for the eighth day after his Baptism, passing to the place which was already dedicated to S. *Peter*, and where he had a purpose to build a fair Church, there in presence of all the world, he pulled off the purple Robe and Diadem, took a spade in hand, and began to dig the earth, to lay the foundation; then throwing the scuttle upon his royal shoulders, he carried twelve burdens of earth in honour of the twelve Apostles.

It was a spectacle full of admiration, and which gave an unspeakable joy to the Pope and Bishops there present. Notwithstanding the spirits of the times said, it was to abase the purple too much, and vilifie the dignity of *Cæsars*: not considering that the Emperour *Vespasian*, from whom *Constantine* was descended, had done the like in honour of Idols, and were withal desirous, that this man should have less zeal for the living God, than others had used in the service of devils.

But the devout *Constantine* danced before the Ark, whilest *Michol* murmured at the window. He had a desire to adorn the place where he was baptized, as the cradle of his Christianity: and made the most admirable Font that was ever beheld, whereof we yet see some signs remaining, which our holy Father Pope *Urban* the Eighth, hath lately adorned, and embellished with notable endowments: For, among other magnificences, he caused it to be all covered both within and without with plates of silver, and commanded to set up in embossed work the statues of our Saviour and S. *John Baptist*, with seven figures of Hearts, which poured out water; all which was also in very fine silver, so that it appeared with a marvellous lustre. He commanded for curiosity, to burn balm in stead of oyl in the lamps there hanging, desirous to apply the use of this precious liquour to the services of the Church, since *Heliogabalus*, the most prodigal of the Emperours, had used it in the lamps of his house.

He was not content to erect two Churches, the one to S. *Peter*, and the other to S. *Paul*, which he enriched with innumerable gifts; but he also changed his proper Palace of *Lateran*, into a Church of our Saviour, which our Kings have afterward done in imitation of him, oftentimes giving their houses to make houses of God. He likewise there established a good quantity of revenues for the poor, which should become Christians, leaving the managing thereof to the discretion of the Pope.

It would be a prodigious thing, yea very troublesom, to reckon up particularly all the presents he gave, and rents he setled in favour of Churches. It sufficeth to tell you that the Pagans became so jealous, that from that time forward, they began to call him the *PUPIL*, saying, that the first ten years of his Empire, he had been a good Emperour; the second ten, a robber, despoiling *Lycinius* and others: But as for the third ten, he had put himself into Tutelage, resigning to the Church the whole manage of his estate. See the ordinary hyperboles of passionate spirits, who behold with an envenomed eye the wealth which is taken from riots and vanities, to be bestowed on the Church. Yet notwithstanding this great Emperour so intermingled magnificence with the husbandry of his revenues, that the people were not neglected, nor did his greatness loose any thing of its lustre.

It is a strange thing, that with all those celestial qualities which God had conferred upon his person, he could never tame the stubborn spirits of the *Roman* Senate; so much infidelity joyned to presumption, admitteth obstacles to the lights of verity. This affront made him undergo another resolution, to build a Citie else-where, which he would equal to the majesty of *Rome*, and fashion to his best liking, as he afterward did, changing the Citie of *Bizantium* into the royal *Constantinople*, an eternal monument of his greatness.

The tenth SECTION.

The endeavour of good works, with the virtues and laws of Constantine.

THis Monarch changed into another man, lived not but by the fire of charity, cleaving to the earth by very slender roots of the necessities of nature: he began seriously to manure the practise of prayer, discoursing familiarly with God, with a tast so sensible, that it surpassed all delights imaginable in nature and wit; a diligence so great, that being in Arms and under Pavilions, he ever had his little oratory of retirement, where like another *Moses* he consulted with the Divinity. He hearkened to discourses of God with incomparable pleasure; and when he spake of the mysteries of our faith, which he as it were perpetually did, it was with so great exercise, that his heart seemed to melt with his words. His zeal so transported him, that of the prime Captain of the world, he became a Doctour and Preacher, to procure the conversion of his subjects. He who so many times had carried in his hand the sword of the Empire, to cut off rebellious powers, bare then in his mouth the sword of the word, to fill the world with wonders. What he spake with his lips, he taught by examples, carrying under the purple a body worn out with abstinence and mortification. His devotion

He so trampled vanity under-foot, to which he formerly had some inclination, that among a great number of Churches and edifices of piety, which he caused to be built, he would not have his name thereon engraven, reputing himself unworthy, that God should accept such offerings at his hands. And as one day a Bishop, a flatterer, and an *Arian*, put himself forward to tell him, that after he had governed the world upon earth, he should do the like in Heaven with the Son of God; he felt himself so confounded with this word, that he who ever treated with Ecclesiasticks with very much reverence could not contain himself, but say: *Bishop, let it not fall out you any more use such words concerning me, for they are unto me most hatefull: you shall do much better and more suitable to your profession, to pray the living God, I may be both in earth and heaven the least of his servants, than to propose to your self Scepters and Empires for me.* Humility.

His patience. His patience was equal to his humility, whereof S. *Chrysostom* hath observed an excellent passage in the oration of Bishop *Eutropius* to the Emperour *Theodosius*, where he saith, that as one day in a popular commotion, they stoned the statues of *Constantine*, there wanted not many about him who endeavoured to enflame him to the revenge of those outrages: to which he smiling answered, they had strucken a man of stone, but the model remained entire. Now being not ignorant, that the vigour of Christianity consisted in works of charity, he applied himself thereunto with so much fervour, that it seemed his hands were that, which the Hebrew text speaketh of in the Canticles, *Hands of the spouse, vessels of gold*, replenished with a sea of bounty.

Before his Baptism, great calamities had reduced miserable fathers to such necessity, that being not able to maintain their children, they sought to be discharged of them by ways most lamentable; of which the good Prince being advertised, he wrote to *Ablavius* his Lieutenant of the whole Politick government of the Empire, to publish a Law through all the Cities of *Italie*, in which was intimated to all necessitous fathers, who were unable for the education of their children, that they should present them at a place appointed, there to receive apparrel and convenient sustentation: adding, he intended that not onely publick moneys should be employed to supply such wants, but that he would despoil himself willingly of that which was proper and peculiar to himself, for their comfort.

If he found any beggars in the streets, he delighted to clothe them, and to behold them in this new plight, making of his Palace a mount *Thabor*, where men were transfigured, changing their miseries into felicities. He most particularly enquired after the shamefac'd poor, who had hertofore been wealthy, & learned from them their fortunes, birth, and want, and as he found their qualities and merits, he gave sometimes lands and entire possessions to those, who were in very pressing necessities. A poor widow, who sighed in a corner of her house, forsaken of all the world was much amazed, that this Monarch of the world, came as an Angel from Heaven, to wipe away her tears, and provide for her poor orphans. A forlorn maid, and even upon the brink of the precipice, by the unhappiness of poverty, found the Emperour had given order for her marriage, and had himself taken the pain to know her future husband, and recommend good husbandrie unto him on his part.

This man was as the Intelligence tyed to the government of the *Primum Mobile*, which is never weary, among so many concussions and motions afforded to total nature. He was a sun, who drew up, and digested all the vapours of the lower world, not intermitting any thing of its course or lights. He was an Ocean, who received drops of water as well as huge rivers: and as there was nothing so high in the world as to be above his greatness, so was there nothing so low, which could withdraw it self from his charitable knowledge.

He ever had his eye open upon the necessities of mankind, and not contenting himself to provide for them by the ordinary wayes of charitie, he thereunto added the hand of justice, making most wholesome laws for the tranquilitie of the whole world. This good Father of the Universe sought out poor banished men, who had been unjustly despoiled by the rigours of injustice, and restored them to their professions. He proposed to himself in his own repose, the affliction of those who had wrongfully been transported into desert Islands, where they still lived, made slaves under the tyranny of men, and in a worse condition than beasts. He thought upon the miseries they endured, who were condemned by unrighteous sentences to labour in mynes. He reflected on the long services of military men, who were absolute in arms, yet oftentimes gained nothing but poverty and ignominy. But above all these considerations, as occasions required, he made most worthy Edicts, for the comfort of so many persons as lived in the acerbities of the world. And for as much as concerned justice, which consisteth in the punishment of crimes and abuses, he was a *Hercules*, who had perpetually his club lifted up to quell monsters. His Edicts.

There was a custome in those times of Duels and gladiatours, which were much more tollerable than now-adays, for then none were employed therein, but slaves, criminals, and men of the sack and halter, who were already condemned to death. And now-adays is found a frantick Nobility, who degrading themselves from the honour of generous spirits, and bearing the sentence of an ignoble action against themselves, make tropheys of that which is put upon Mooriſh slaves for punishment. Yet the great *Constantine* saw this manner of punishing the base and abject creatures of the world was too brutish and butcherly, and that it would do well to change these duels into Gallies, or some such like thing; for he wrote to *Maximus* the Superintendent of justice in these terms: Duels.

"These bloudy spectacles in the civil repose and "domestick peace wherein we live, please me not "at all. Behold the cause why I will wholly take "away these combats of Gladiatours. For if there "be such graceless wretches, who for the punish-"ment of their crimes deserve such a sentence and "such condition, I ordain that you rather cause "them to labour in the mynes, to the end that "without effusion of bloud, they may feel the pain "due to their demerits. Given at *Berytus*, the first "day of *October*, under the Consulship of *Paulinus* "and *Julianus*. L. 1. de gladiat. Cod. Theod.

I leave you to think what this Monarch would have said of duels of this time, where they hasten to pour out willingly upon publick passages that bloud, which ought rather to be shed upon the walls of Infidels, to cement up the glory of the *French*. Apostrophe to King *Lewis* the thirteenth

O *Lewis*, our great Monarch, it seemeth the God of peace hath permitted the heads of this *Hydra* to have hitherto budded forth, that they might be made to fall under the innocency of your hands, divinely destinated to so many good works. You have again very lately renewed your Edicts against this pestilence, assuring unto fathers and mothers the bloud of their children for the service of your Crown, and taking away a stain which stuck so many years upon the brow of your Empire. Heaven and earth have participated in the contentment which hath succeeded from these good ordinances, as they do in the preservation of the lives of your subjects, and tranquility of your whole Realm. Let your Majesty so handle the matter, that this Law may hold with nails of adamant, and not loose a glory, which *Constantine* would have bought at the price of two Empires.

This brave Prince, who ever had been most chast, made also sharp war against the infamous ordures of lust: for he expelled from the Court, as vermine, certain effeminate men, who had made sale of their souls to dishonour, and at other times made a lamentable traffick of their bodies, insinuating themselves by this means, into the Palaces of Great-ones, and sometime into honourable rank. He degraded them all from Nobility, and forbad them to bear even the marks of men of Arms, tying them to services the most contemptible. Besides, he caused to be taken from publick infamies, many poor Christian maids, that had been abandoned to evil by the form of punishment, making expres inhibitions to His chastity.

those

those villains, who live upon others sins, never to undertake the like practises. Briefly, he so abolished the crimes, which had been tolerated under the other Emperours, that S. *Hierom* writing upon *Isaiah*, hath given the title to *Constantine*, that his Empire had vanquished two monsters, the most dreadfull that were ever seen by destroying the infidelity and impurity of the earth.

His prudence. Cod. Theod. L. de pœnit. *Quæ facies, quæ ad similitudinem pulchritudinis cœlestis est figurata, minimè maculetur.* Zozom. l. 1. c. 8.

His prudence descended even to the moderating and changing the punishments of offenders, which had some disproportion; and among other things, he decreed, that characters should no more be imprinted upon the forehead of the miserable, for the respect that is due to the face of man, on the which God hath engraven his image. And moreover, for the honour he bare to the Cross, he forbade it should ever again be defiled with the punishments and executions of malefactours; thinking it unreasonable, that that which was matter of glory to Emperours, should likewise serve as an instrument for the pains of the unhappy. He suffered not any image to be made unto him, either in tables, statues, or coins, whereon the Cross was not ever set; such honour bare he to this venerable sign, which Hereticks have ever rejected, with as much malice as stupidity.

Honour of the Cross.

It were an infinite thing for him that would particularly decipher so many noble actions of our *Constantine*. I content my self to have here set down that in brief, which might have been distended into many chapters, and to make many dishes of it, endeavouring to furnish out more substance for my Reader, than unprofitable amplifications.

The eleventh SECTION.

The Zeal of Constantine *in the proceedings of the Councel of* Nice.

THE Emperour *Constantine* had great cause to say, what he spake in *Eusebius*, That he was as the common Bishop of the Church outwardly; so much vigilance and zeal he exercised, to procure all which concerned the maintenance thereof. Behold an accident happening under his reign, which more troubled Christendom, than ever did the torturing racks, the combs of iron, or boyling cauldrons of *Diocletian*.

Original of the Arians.

Theologie had been for a long time taught in the Citie of *Alexandria*, at which time a Priest named *Arius*, held the regency; who had the reputation to be subtile in seeking out questions, which never had fallen into the thought of man: but otherwise was malicious, and of an evil life. Out alas! that these extravagant curiosities should bring, and daily also introduce prejudice into the Church and repose of the people! It were to be wished that those, who through long idleness, and itch of vanity, amuze themselves to find out novelties in matter of belief, might rather handle the coulter in tillage, or the oar in gallies, than turn over books, and contaminate the honour of Divinity. Satan never found a spirit more fit to perplexe holy letters, and embroil Empires, than this wretched man of whom we speak.

Arius and his qualities.

Saint *Epiphanius*, who might often have seen him, saith, He was of a large body, of a sad countenance, covering under a mask of austerity, hydeous monsters. He had an extream ambition to hold the highest place, and seeing that *Alexander*, a holy man, was preferred before him in the Episcopal Chair of *Alexandria*, he entered into desperate jealousies, searching out all possible means to crie down this Bishop, and raise calumnies against him, to dispossess him of his charge. And the life of this *Alexander* being so unspotted, that no least stain of reproach might be seen therein, he resolved to involve him in some captious disputations, thereby to accuse him to hold opinions not consonant to the doctrine of the Church. It happened that the Bishop in preaching and speaking of the Son of God, put him, as he ought, in equality of power and honour with his Celestial Father, calling him by the Greek word ὁμοούσιον; whereupon this man sought to reprehend him, alledging some passages of scripture maliciously interpreted, of which he made use to establish the unhappy heresie, which denied that the Son was the same essence of God his Father, and took away from *Jesus Christ* the diadem of the Eternal Divinity, by making him a meer creature.

Alexander, who was not a man of mean account, but such an one as to his sanctity of life, added solid doctrine, defended himself courageously against the impostures of this malign spirit, very well justifying his belief touching the Divinity of our Saviour: which having been throughly proved in the Assembly of an hundred Bishops, who were first of all called together for this purpose under *Hosius*, Legat of Pope *Sylvester*, he pronounced the sentence of excommunication against *Arius* and his complices. This wicked man, who burst with anger to see this condemnation passed against him by those whom he reputed to be infinitely under him in ability, put himself into the field with very much ostent; the differences he lately had with these Prelates, making him understand his Divinity, was odious, if he therein used not some colour to disguise the malice thereof. He also practised so many wiles, that he dazeled the eyes even of those, who were men very capable: for after he had deduced his reasons with a great facility of words, and large quantity of specious passages, and that he thereunto added a cold countenance, counterfeiting himself a modest man, persecuted for the truth, he trained spirits not vulgar to the love of his novelties. All the very same proceedings have been seen with the Hereticks of this time, and if so many corrupt souls had not wholly enclined to their own ruin, God gave them sufficient examples in elder evils to avoid the new. We may well say when we behold these schisms and heresies to arise, that there is some comet of the kingdom of darkness, which insensibly throweth plague and poison into hearts. It is a strange thing that a little sparkle let fall in *Alexandria*, caused instantly so many fires, that having invaded *Ægypt*, *Lybia*, *Thebais*, and *Palestine*, they in the end involved almost the whole world. No man at that time cared how to live, but every one was ready to dispute. Bishops bandying against Bishops, drew the people distracted with opinions: The Churches, houses, and Theaters ecchoed in the sharpness of contentious disputations, and the Cities forgetting all other miseries, rent one another for the interpretation of a word. *Arius*, to gain support, instantly seeketh for favour from the Court. And knowing that *Eusebius* Bishop of *Nicomedia* was of great credit, he used all the flatteries, of which this man was capable enough, to gain him to his side. This *Eusebius* was eminently furnished with all those dispositions and industries, which the most subtile Hereticks have at any time exercised to trouble the Church of God. He was verily one of the worst men then in the Empire, since he had sold his soul to ambition, so much the more pernicious as it was covered with a veil of Religion. It is true which the Hebrews say, that *Vineger is an ill son of a good father*, for it is commonly made of the best wine: so there is nothing more sincere than an Ecclesiastick, who liveth in the duty of his profession; but when corruption falleth thereinto, and that he hath once degenerated, there is not a worse sharpness, nor a more

Proceeding of Arians.

a more dangerous malice. Religion ſerved this wicked man as a buskin for all feet, for it had no other bounds, but that of his own intereſts; and he ever, like weather-cocks on the top of ſteeples, turned his face on what ſide ſoever the wind blew.

In the perſecutions of Chriſtendom he made himſelf an Idolater; in the garboyls of *Lycinius* he leaned much to his ſide; and when he ſaw *Conſtantine* abſolute in the Empire, never was man more plyable to flatter him. Doubtleſs he had all the qualities we have ſeen in *Luther*, *Calvin*, and ſo many other new Sects, who have ſtill ſought favour from Great-ones by wyles and moſt perillous charms. So wanted he not excellent parts, and great eminencies; for he had a ſpirit very ſubtile, ſpeech cunning, a face which ſpake before his tongue, and as for his extraction, he ſoared ſo high, as to make himſelf the kinſman of *Cæſars*. The air he deſired to breath was the Court, and his Biſhoprick when he was abſent, ſeemed to him a baniſhment. Behold the cauſe, why he drew near to the center of the Empire as much as he could, in ſuch ſort, that being firſt Biſhop of *Berytus*, he put himſelf forward to the chair of *Nicomedia*, afterward took the heart of the Kingdom, and in the end ſetled himſelf in the Royal *Conſtantinople*.

This alteration of chairs had in this time a very ill ſavour, and this life of Court ſo paſſionately affected by an Eccleſiaſtick not called thereunto, could not in any ſort find approbation among good men. Great perſonages are ſometimes very lawfully in Court, for the ſervice of Kings and publick neceſſities, but they are there as the birds of *Baruch* upon white thorns, as the Gyants of holy *Job*, which mourned under the waters, as thoſe ſweet fountains found in the ſalt Sea. An ambitious man, who heweth down mountains to arrive thither, and liveth not exemplary, deſerveth to be regarded therein as a fiſh out of his element, or the pyde bird whereof *Jeremie* ſpeaketh, whom all the reſt aſſailed with beak and talon.

Baruch 6. 70. Job 26. Jer. 12.2.

Euſebius notwithſtanding little regarded the reputation of a good Prelate, ſo that he might arrive to the height of his enterprizes. To inſinuate himſelf the more into the good liking of the Emperour, he gained *Conſtantia* ſiſter of *Conſtantine*, and widow of *Lycinius*, as *Calvin* did afterward the ſiſter of *Francis* the firſt. The good Lady, who being deſpoiled of Empire by the death of her husband, and had no longer ſo much employment to number the pearls of her Diadem, would needs then intermedle with curious devotion, and diſpute on the myſteries of the holy Trinity. *Conſtantine* after the death of S. *Helena* his mother, held her at his Court with much reſpect, that ſhe might the more eaſily digeſt the acerbities ſhe had conceived in the loſs of her husband, and much eaſier was it to entertain her in the affairs of the Church, than in thoſe of Empires. Beſides, he found it not amiſs that ſhe might buſie her ſelf in the doubtfull queſtions of Biſhops. So purſuing the Genius of her curious ſpirit, ſhe paſſed ſo far, that ſhe became an Arian by the practiſes of this *Euſebius*, who having already gotten credit with her, ſpake to her of *Arius*, as of a worthy man perſecuted by his own ſide, for his great abilities; and explicating to her his doctrine in popular terms, which ſaid there was no apparence how a ſon could be made as old as his father, and that poor *Arius* had been baniſhed from *Alexandria*, for that he would not ſign this propoſition, this drew compaſſion from her.

The ſpirit of *Conſtantia* tainted with this doctrine, began already to caſt an evil odour upon the Emperour her brother; and *Euſebius* coming thereupon to make recital of that which paſſed in *Alexandria* between *Alexander* and *Arius*, ſet ſuch a face upon the whole buſineſs, that he made, as it is ſaid, the Sun with a cole, figuring out the good Prelate *Alexander* as a paſſionate man, who could not endure an excellent ſpirit in his Biſhoprick.

'T is a pitifull thing that great men ſee not the truth, but through the paſſions of thoſe that ſerve them. This poor *Alexander*, who was a holy old man, and grown white in the exerciſes of Religion, was then preſented to the Emperour by the information of *Euſebius*, as a fool, who under a grizled head had extravagancies of youth; in ſuch ſort, that *Conſtantine* vouchſafing to write unto him, taxed him as the authour of this tumult, in that he put a frivolous queſtion into conſultation, and gave occaſion of diſpute, which could never have proceeded but from abundance of idleneſs. And as for *Arius*, he ſaid of him, that he gave too much ſcope to his ſpirit upon a ſubject, which might much better have been concealed. And for the reſt, they ſhould be both reconciled, mutually pardoning each other, and hereafter hindering all manner of diſputations upon the like occaſion.

Conſtantine deceived.

Alexander, who had done nothing but by the Counſel of an hundred Biſhops, ſeeing himſelf treated in a worſe condition than *Arius* was, in the Emperours letters, and conſidering the blaſphemy, which this Heretick had vomited againſt the Divinity of the Word, was reputed as a trifle, thought verily they had endeavoured to envenom the ſpirit of *Conſtantine*, to the prejudice of the truth. For this cauſe he informed the other Biſhops, and namely Pope *Sylveſter*, of the juſtice of his cauſe, anſwering very pertinently to the calumnies objected againſt him. On the other ſide *Euſebius*, who beheld the integrity of this holy Biſhop with an ill eye, and who had very far engaged himſelf to maintain *Arius*, embroiled the affairs at Court, as much as his credit might permit. In the end, the diſputation was ſo enkindled through the Chriſtian world, that needs muſt a general Councel be held to determine it.

Euſebius a true patron of hereticks.

Three hundred and eighteen Biſhops are aſſembled at *Nice*, a Citie of *Bithynia*, by the approbation of Pope *Sylveſter*, at the requeſt of the Emperour *Conſtantine*, who invited the moſt eminent by expreſs letters, and gave very ſingular direction, as wel for their journey as their reception. Never was there ſeen a goodlier company. It was a Crown, not of pearls nor diamonds, but of the rareſt men of the world, who came from all parts like bees, bearing (as ſaith S. *Auguſtine*) honey in their mouths, and wax in their hands. There you might behold *Venetians*, *Arabians*, *Ægyptians*, *Scythians*, *Thracians*, *Africans*, *Perſians*, not ſpeaking of Weſtern Biſhops, who were there already in no ſmall number. It was a moſt magnificent ſpectacle to behold on one ſide venerable old men, white as ſwans, who ſtill bare upon their bodies the ſcars of iron and perſecution, which were invincible teſtimonies of their conſtancy: on the other, men who had the gift of miracles, ſo much as to force the power of death, and tear from him the dead out of their tombs: on the other part, men accompliſhed in Theologie and eloquence, who in opening their mouthes ſeemed to unfold the gate of a Temple, full of wonders and beauties. There was to be found that great S. *James* of *Niſibis*, *Paphnutius*, and *Potamion*. There was *Oſius*, S. *Nicholas* the firſt, *Gregorie* the father of our *Nazianzen*, *Spiridion*, and ſo many other worthymen. The good Pope S. *Sylveſter* could not be preſent therat, by reaſon of the decrepitneſs of his age, but ſent thither three Legats, *Oſius*, *Vitus*, and *Vincentius*. The Emperour received them all moſt lovingly, kiſſing the ſcars of ſome, and admiring the ſanctity of others, never ſatisfying himſelf with the modeſty and good diſcourſe of all, both in particular and general. Among theſe children of God, were likewiſe ſome Satans, adherents to *Arius*, who diſcovered in their eyes and countenances the paſſions of their hearts.

Councel of Nice.

Theſe

These turbulent spirits fearing the aspect of this awfull assembly, softly suggested divers calumnies to surprize the spirit of the Emperour, which very naturally retained much goodness. And for this purpose they presented to him many requests, and many papers charged with complaints and accusations upon pretended domages. Verily these proceedings were sufficient to divert this Prince from the love he bare to our Religion, were it not that through the grace of God, he had already taken very deep root in the faith.

In the end, to do an act worthy of his Majesty, beholding himself to be daily burdened with writings, wherein these passionate Bishops spake of nothing but their own interests, he advised them to set down all their grievances, and all the satisfactions which they pretended to draw from those who had offended them, and present them on a day designed. They failed not to confound him with libels and supplications: but this grave Monarch putting them into his bosom, said openly: *Behold a large proportion of Accusations, all which must be transferred to the judgement of God, who will judge them in the latter day. As for my self, I am a man, nor is it my profession to take notice of such causes, where those that accuse, and such as be accused, are Bishops. Let us, I pray you, for this time, leave these affairs, and treat we the points, for which this Councel is here assembled: onely let every one, following therein the Divine clemencie, pardon all that is past, and make an absolute reconciliation for the time to come.* When he had spoken this, he took all the civil requests presented unto him, and caused them to be cast into the fire; which was much applauded by all those who had their judgements discharged from partialities.

Zozom. l. 1. cap. 16.

In the mean space, the Bishops before they entered into the Councel, took time to examine the propositions that were to be handled, and leisurably to inform themselves of the pretensions of *Arius*, who was there present, and who already felt the vehemency of the vigour of S. *Athanasius*, though he was yet but a Deacon in the Church of *Alexandria*.

The day of the Councel being come, the Bishops assembled in the great Hall of the Palace, where many benches were set, both on the one side and other. Every one taketh his place according to his rank. *Baronius* thinketh the Legats of the Pope were seated on the left hand, as in the most honourable seats; which he very pertinently proveth. In the first place on the right hand, sat the venerable Bishop *Eustatius*, who was to begin the prayer, and carry relations to the Emperour. The Bishops remained silent for a while, expecting his coming; and suddenly he appeared, not accompanied with any Guard or souldiers, but with a small number of friends. *Eusebius*, who was there present, saith in his History, that never was any thing seen more admirable than the person of this Monarch, at the meeting of this Councel. For besides that he was of a most gallant stature, and a singular presence, he was delighted to hold it as it were enchased in rich attire. The purple wherewith he then was clothed, mingling the lustre thereof with the rays of precious stones, which sparkled on his head, made reflections of grace and majesty arise in the eyes of all the beholders. He passed through the middle of the Assembly, and all the Prelates rose up to do him reverence. Then being come unto his place, he stood upright, expecting from the Bishops a sign given him to sit, which being done, and prayer ended, he sat down upon a golden chair very low, which was placed in the middle, to the end he might be encompassed with so great a number of Saints, as a Palm with a row of Cedars. The others also being seated near him, *Eustatius*, selected out to open the Councel, stood up, and made an Oration, whereof we find some pieces in Gregorie a Priest of *Cæsarea*, which import thus much:

Constantius in the assembly of Bishops.

Oration of *Eustatius* at the opening of the Councel.

We have very much obligation, O sacred Majestie, to render immortal thanks to the living God, in that he hath made choice of your person to put the Empire of the world into your hands, and that by your means destroying idolatrie, he hath exalted the glorie of his Altars, and established Christianitie in that tranquilitie which we presently enjoy.

It is an act from the right hand of the Omnipotent, which we durst not hope for in our days, if God had not made you to be born for the good of the universal world. It is a prodigie to have seen you in a short time to calme so many tempests, disperse so many smoaks of sacrifices to devils, extirpate so many horrible superstitions, and enlighten such cloudie darknes with the rays of the knowledge of the true God.

The world, which was before polluted with ordures, is purified, the name of Saviour is known to Nations the most barbarous: The Father is glorified, the Son adored, the Holy Ghost declared; a Trinitie consubstantial, that is to say, one same Divinitie in three Persons, is acknowledged by all the faithfull.

That is it, O sacred Majestie, which supporteth the greatnes of your Empire with those three fingers of power, wherewith it holdeth the mass of the earth, poized as it were to serve as a basis. As your felicitie is inseparably tyed to its honour, so ought you to reverence, defend, and invincibly protect all that, which concerneth the glorie thereof.

Behold a strange accident, and which is to us more sensible than the persecution of Diocletian. *They go about to dis-member the Trinitie, and thrust the knife of division into its throne. One* Arius, *who hath taken his name from furie, a wolf bred among us in a sheeps skin, a Priest of* Alexandria, *an enemie of the doctrine of Apostles and Prophets, hath proclaimed war against the Son of God, endeavouring to deprive him of the essence, honour, and power, which he holdeth equal from all eternitie with his heavenly Father.*

This is it which hath assembled us here to condemn his errour, and most humbly to beseech your Majestie, that when you have heard the opinions of all these great men here present, you will hold a steadie hand upon the preservation of Apostolical doctrine, and command all those to be cut from our body, who will persever in their damnable opinions, to the end we may breath the Christian air in all liberty, which the world beginneth already so sweetly to taste under the happines of your reign.

Then was the time, saith S. *Hierom*, when the first trumpet began to sound against *Arius*. After the good Bishop of *Antioch* had ended, the Emperour beholding all the assembly with a very gracious aspect, spake in Latin, to retain the majesty of the *Roman* Empire, and in a moderate tone, those words which are couched in *Eusebius*, the sense whereof we render:

Oration of *Constantine.*

Venerable Fathers, *I must needs affirm, that I never desired any thing more passionately, than to enjoy your sweet presences; and infinitely am I bound to God, that he hath accomplished my desires, granting me a blessing that I prefer before all the happines in the world, which is, to see you all here assembled, and united in will, for the glory of God, and peace of the Church. I pray you, suffer not the storm to surprize us in the haven, thereby to snatch from us the comfort, which we already have in our hands; and if God hath given us victorie against Tyrants, let us not turn our arms against our selves, to tear out our proper entrails. It is most certain these domestick troubles are much more to be feared than all the hostilities in the world. The sword of persecution can dissever nothing but members, but these divisions tend to the subversion of souls; which maketh them so much the more dangerous beyond common wars, as the spirit is above the body.*

God

God having afforded me so many victories, and so many prosperities, I proposed to my self there remained nothing from me to ask of him, but an humble acknowledgement of his benefits, and leisure to rejoyce with those whom I saw through his favour in repose, sheltered under the good success of mine arms, and the authority of my Laws. It hath been a grief very sensible unto me to understand of those revolutions, which have passed in our Citie of Alexandria, *and which have afterward dispersed themselves through the rest of Christendom. I have done all that possibly I might in the beginning to stop them, but seeing the evil increased with so much danger, I have called you hither to apply the last remedy. I beseech you, O venerable Priests of the living God, to preserve among your selves that concord, which I think I may read in your countenances, and not to suffer your selves to be deprived of the benefit of peace, since the Divine providence hath selected you to establish it upon Altars, by your prayers for all the rest of the world. Cut off speedily the root of evil, and sweetly pacifie these troubles of the Church: you shall do a thing most acceptable to God; and as for my self, who am your fellow servant, I shall hold me obliged as for a singular benefit.*

The Interpreter explicated the Oration of the Emperour in the Greek tongue: Then the propositions of *Arius* were read. At the reading whereof the most part of the Bishops stopped their ears for horrour, as afterward S. *Athanasius* observed. From thence they proceeded to opinions, where the disputation was enkindled on both sides. *Constantine* afforded a singular attention to all that was said, peaceably entertained sentences, encouraged all the world, sweetened acerbities which might slide into the heat of contention, and guided all the affairs to peace. In the end, *Arius* is condemned, and a form of faith conceived for the equality of the Word with the Father, whereat many Arians much amazed, failed not to strike sail, and yield themselves to the plurality of voices, fearing least their contestation might ruin their reputation with the Emperour. It is thought *Eusebius* the Historiographer was of this number; a man of the time, who knew how to comply readily with the humour of those, who had authority and force in their hands. As for the other *Eusebius*, Bishop of *Nicomedia*, who had maintained the faction of *Arius* with much passion, he saw himself shamefully fallen from the opinion of his great credit, and durst not refuse to sign the doctrine of the Councel. Greatly was he streightned in another Session, to pronounce excommunication upon *Arius* his creature, saying he was consenting to the decision of the Councel, under shadow of some perplexed words, which he made use of to cover his opinion. The fathers shutting up their eyes to all human reasons, and fortifying their arms against favour, surprized this *Eusebius*, and *Theognis* Bishop of *Nice*, in the condemnation of *Arius* which they would not sign, declaring them upō this refusal, deprived of their Bishopricks. They interposed the authority of the Emperour, who suspended the execution, on such condition, that they gave satisfaction to the Councel.

Condemnation of *Arius*.

Never were men more humbled, namely *Eusebius*; who thought himself the all-predominant; for he was constrained speedily to retire, and address his request to the Bishops, in terms most suppliant, in which he protested wholly to submit himself to the decrees of the Councel; yet notwithstanding he spared not to embroil matters with an infinity of wiles and malice, which made the Emperour open his eyes to confirm their sentence who had condemned him, and send him into banishment, with subrogation of another in his place, though he afterward by ordinary submission was repealed. At that time happened a marvellous labyrinth of affairs, in which began the combats of great S. *Athanasius*, which are to take up another History besides this, it extending much further beyond the years of *Constantine*. As for the success of *Arius*, after the banishment of ten years, he still intermedling with factions, found means to be heard in another Councel of *Jerusalem*, where feigning a penitence artificially counterfeited, he handled the matter so by the practises of *Eusebius*, who was then in favour, that he was absolved, with commandment given to the good *Alexander*, Bishop of *Constantinople*, to receive him into the communion of the Church.

S. *Athanasius*.

The holy Prelate stoutly refused it, knowing well it was an hypocrisie, which tended to annul the decrees of the Councel of *Nice*, and bring confusion into the Church. But *Eusebius* of *Nicomedia* ceased not to make armed inhibitions, threatening that in case of refusal, he would deprive him of his Bishoprick. He, who cared not so much for the loss of his dignity, as the safety of the Church, forsook all these subtilities of Theologie, and exhorting his people to a fast of seven days, by the counsel of S. *James* of *Nisibis*, who was then present, spared not to macerate his body with austerities, and present to God day and night his humble supplications to divert this scourge. In the end, the affair being very shortly to be determined, he prostrated his face against the earth, before the Altar, and said: *My God, if it be true, that* Arius *ought to morrow to be received into the communion of the faithfull, I beseech you let your poor servant* Alexander *go in peace, and not loose the faithfull people with the wicked. But if you be resolved to preserve your Church, and I may be assured you will do it, look on the threats of* Eusebius, *and deliver not your inheritance to the scorn of the wicked: but rather take* Arius *out of this world, lest we receiving him, may seem to introduce heresie and impiety into your house.*

The next day *Arius* went early in the morning from the Emperours Palace, very well accompanied with *Eusebius*, and walked in pomp through the streets of *Constantinople*. He was a man more subtile than confident, and it is thought the apprehensions he had of the issue of this combat, put terrour in him, and this terrour caused him to step out of the way. Behold the cause, why being by chance in the market-place of *Constantinople*, he retired into a publick place of ease, to satisfie the necessities of nature. *Socrates* holdeth, he cast forth a great quantity of bloud, and thereupon falling into a swoon, not being able to be holpen, he yielded up his wicked soul by a just punishment from Heaven, leaving to posterity a perpetual detestation of his life, with a horrour of the very place of his death.

End of *Arius*.

Eusebius caused the body to be interred, *Alexander* breathed again, and all the Church triumphed upon the admiration of the judgements of God, seeing that he, who had raised so many bloudy tragedies, was dead in his own bloud; and after he had infected the soundest parts of the world with his poison, vomited up his contagious soul in the publick infections, drawing on his criminal head the execration of all Ages.

The twelfth SECTION.

The government of Constantine.

HAving shewed unto you the greatness of *Constantine* in matters of Religion, let us now behold it in his politick government. It is no slight note of the vigour of his spirit, that he enterprized to make another *Rome*, and so prosperously to have perfected this his design.

Constant. 19. Constantinople erected.

There is found among the Gentiles a certain Epigram in the ruines of ancient *Rome*, which said: It stood in need of Gods to make it, but there was but one God necessary to destroy it. What may

we

we say of the courage, prudence, happy success of the Emperour in the establishment of *Constantinople*? We will not make him a God, as the Pagans, but say he was a man singularly assisted by the providence of God, in the greatness of his undertaking.

He perceived in this new change of Religion there were in *Rome* many harsh spirits, and that even among the principal, whom he could not reclaim to Christianity, as his zeal fervently desired. Behold, whether desirous to consecrate to God a place better purified from Idols, where he might be served with more consent and better judgement, or whether he were transported with the desire of honour, and the memory of posterity, he resolved to build a City, which should bear his name, and be as it were the master-piece of a great Monarch.

For this purpose he had some desire to build on the ruins of *Troy* the Great, thinking the fame of the place, renowned for its unhappiness through all the parts of the habitable world, might contribute somewhat to the glory of his name: but he having laid the foundations, God gave him notice in sleep, that this was not the place appointed him, and that he necessarily must change the countrey: whereat being much amazed, yet still persisting in his design, as not throughly satisfied upon the will of God, it is held, the tools and instruments of work-men were insensibly transported over the sea to the other shore, and that an Eagle setling upon the Level of the Master-Architect, took it up, and hastened to bear it directly to *Byzantium*; for that is the City, whither *Constantine*, forsaking the ruins of *Troy*, transferred his great designs. It had hereto fore been a very fair City, but as arms strike at all which is eminent, so had it been infinitely ransacked by many wars happening in the revolution of affairs and Ages. Yet it still supported it self with some manner of reputation, when this great Prince determined to amplify, enrich, and perfect it throughly, there to fix the seat of his Empire. *Zonar. & Glycas.*

It is added, that himself marched round about the wals, holding in his hand a half-pike, designing the circuit of his future *Constantinople*; and as he still went measuring up and down by the aym of his eye, one of his favourites said to him: *Emperour, how long will it be ere you make an end? I will finish*, saith he, *when he stayes that goeth before me*: Which made men think there was some heavenly intelligence, that conducted his enterprize. At the same time he thought he saw in sleep a very ancient Lady, which in an instant was turned into a most beautiful virgin, whom he adorned, and attyred, setting his Diadem on her head. Observe what is said of the beginnings of *Constantinople*: whether such things happened with all these circumstances, or whether we naturally love to tell some strange tales in favour of antiquity; as if these fictions were able to give it the more credit. One thing is most undoubted, which *Zosimus*, although an enemy to *Constantine*, is enforced to admire, that the manage of this great design was so prosperous, that in five or six years a goodly City was seen on foot, which extended about one league in circuit beyond the walls of *Byzantium*.

Constantine, who had a holy desire to equal it to ancient *Rome*, spared nothing of all that, which the invention of men might find out, courage undertake, and power execute. He there built Palaces, Theaters, Amphitheaters, Cirques, Galleries, and other edifices, infinitely admirable, so that S. *Hierom* had reason to say, that *Constantine* to attyre his *Constantinople* despoiled all the other Provinces.

It is a *Maxim* among Great-ones, that to make a huge Dragon, it is fit he first devour many little serpents; and to raise a great City, many much less must be ruined to serve for food unto it. The greatnesses of God are good deeds, those of the world are naturally destructions; for they eat and devour their neighbours, as the tree which we call the *Ivie*, which insensibly draweth the juice of plants growing near unto it. It is not expedient there should be many greatnesses in the world, they would drie rivers up, as did the army of *Xerxes*, and would impoverish each other by their mutual contestations. Yet notwithstanding needs must there be Majesty in the civil world, to the proportion of elementary. And for this cause God made Kings, taking a pattern from himself, & commandeth we honour them as his living images: Kings make the greatnesses of the world, which are the effects of their powers: Needs must there be a *Constantinople* that posterity may see *Constantine* on the back side of the medal, for I think his virtues have represented him on the other side very honourable.

At the least, it is a thing exceeding laudable, and well considered by S. *Augustine*, that in this infinite store of Pagans, which he must yet of necessity tolerate, the Emperour permitted not either Temples of Idols, Sacrifices, or Pagan ceremonies. Well might he be curious to cause from all parts to be brought ancient statues of marble, brass, and other matter, which represented *Jupiter*, *Cybile*, *Mercury*, *Apollo*, *Castor* and *Pollux*, and so many false Divinities, which he set up in Theaters, Amphitheaters, or Races, where the courses of horses were used, and in other publick places. *Eusebius*, followed by *Baronius* holdeth, it was to expose them to the scorn of the people, which is very hard to believe: for I should rather think, that these pieces, being the most exquisit workmanships of the world, and that *Constantine* vehemently desiring the beauty of this City, could not then resolve upon such a Jewish zeal, as to break and deface them; but contented himself with the distribution of them into profane places to give lustre to his enterprizes. Yet must we say, that though we at this present are out of the danger of Idolatry, rich men of this Age have no reason to set up so readily in their Halls and cabinets, *Juno's*, *Venuses*, and *Diana's*, and so many histories of the Metamorphosis, with scandalous nakedness. *Tertullian*, an eager spirit, pursueth all this as a crime, and proveth in the book he composed of Idolatry, that all those who cooperate in such works, do worse, than if they sacrificed to Idols the bloud of beasts. "For they offer (*saith he*) their spirit, their industry, "their travel, and their estate to Sathan; and though "they have no intention of sin, they minister matter "to other of offending God. *Tertul.* l. de Idol. cap. 6.

Behold the cause, why *Constantine*, although he were in an Age wherein Paganism being still in much request, it was very difficult to take away all these figures, notwithstanding he disguised them as much as he could; witness, that a great statue of *Apollo* being brought to *Constantinople*, one of the best pieces that ever had been seen in those elder times, he caused a *Constantine* to be made of this *Apollo*, changing it into his own image, and commanding some parcels of the venerable nails of our Saviour to be enchased over his head. It is in my opinion to this same image that he added a golden globe in the hand thereof, and over it a Cross with this inscription: *Tibi, Christe, Urbem commendo.* Besides, he made three Crosses to be erected, the most magnificent that might then be imagined, & set in the midst of a publick place the statue of the Prophet *Daniel* among the Lions, all covered over with plates of gold, to represent a figure of the Resurrection. And as for his Palace, he caused to be pourtraid at the very entrance thereof the history of the Passion in a most exquisit work, wrought and tissued with pretious stones, very much resembling Mosayk work. All of it being finished, he made the dedication of

the City on the tenth of May, and as it is very probably supposed, the five and twentieth of his Empire, consecrating it to God, in memory of the glorious Virgin *Mary*, and doing great acts of liberty to the people, which he commanded by his Edicts to be continued for perpetuity. *Codin* addeth, that he caused also sumptuous edifices there to be built for the Christians Senatours, which he drew from the City, and made them so like their lodgings they had at *Rome*, that they were so ravished therewith, as it seemed their houses by miracle had been transferred from *Rome* to *Constantinople*. The two chief Churches were those of the Apostles, and of S. *Sophia*, to whom *Constantine* gave beginning, but the greatness of the work is due to the Emperour *Justinian*.

Our great Monarch, who had his eye open over all, forgot not to establish a good Colledge in his City, whereunto he drew the choise of learned men in all professions, dignifying and adorning it with immunities and great priviledges, in such sort, that *Aurelius Victor* called him the nursing-Father of learning; and pursuing this design, he took a particular care to erect a good Library, and above all to furnish it with good store of holy books, well written, the superintendency whereof he gave to *Eusebius* of *Cæsarea*.

Behold the estate of his *Constantinople*, which he by Edict commanded to be called *New Rome*, and *Sozomen* assureth, that in multitude of people, in abundance and riches, it surpassed the ancient: which is not very hard for any to believe, who will consider *Rome* in the absence of Emperours being then but as a Palace disinhabited; yet could not *Baronius* endure S. *Gregory Nazianzens* speech, who said *Constantinople* as much in his time excelled the other Cities, as Heaven surpasseth earth.

This would suffice to shew the politick prudence of great *Constantine*; but it shineth also in other points, of which I think this to be most considerable, that he held for the space of thirty years an Empire so great, in a time wherein the Emperours had ordinarily so short a reign, that they resembled those creatures, which enjoyed but one day of life, in an age, when the people were so apt to revolt, that the sea had not more agitations, than all Kingdoms had vicissitudes; in an establishment of Religon very new, wherein commotions are commonly most dangerous. We may well say this Prince had something in him above all that which is humane, to cement together an Empire of so long continuance, in affairs so discordant.

It is true, that he tolerated the sects of Pagans for meer necessity, otherwise he must have killed the whole world to make a new of it. The wise Prince well saw it was a thing impossible to annihilate superstition in an instant, which had taken such deep root for a thousand years, about which time *Rome* was built; but in this civil peace, which he gave to all the East, he insensibly undermined the foundations of impiety, and verily by little and little it perished in his hands. His spirit sparkling like a fire could not rest, [but seeing the Magistrates of the Empire were moreover busie, yet not discharging the duty of their places, and that by the greatness of their power they made themselves too absolute, he altered the whole government, dividing their charges, and multiplying the offices of the Empire: For which *Zosimus* blameth him, not considering it was the policy of *Augustus Cæsar*, reputed one of the most ablest Princes of the world; and that he, who will consider the state of the Empire established by *Constantine*, shall find so much order in this great diversity, so much wisdom in inventions, so much courage in executions, so much stability in continuance, that he shall have more cause to admire the deep counsels of the Emperour, than find what to blame in his government. The same *Zosimus*, as a Courtier and a Pagan, extreamly displeased with great liberalities which *Constantine* exercised towards the Churches, furiously taxeth him upon the matter of tributes, saying. He invented new, and exacted them with much violence. Tributes.

And yet notwithstanding there are no tributes under *Constantine*, the use whereof is not observed to have been in the Age of the former Emperours. For concerning the impost of a certain sum of gold and silver paid by merchants from four years to four, which the *Grecians* called *Chrysargyros*, although the name were then new, the manner of it could not be so, since the Historiographer *Lampridius*, in the life of *Alexander Severus*, makes mention of the gold of merchants. And as for that which was also imposed upon prostitute women, it was likewise under the reign of the same *Alexander*: So that he who will compare that, which is done before *Constantine*, and that after him in this article, shall there find much moderation in his proceedings. For so far was it from him to surcharge the people, that he gave a relaxation of the fourth part of tributes; which is so much, as if a King after the space of four years passed, should free his people for a year from ordinary subsides, which would be no small liberality. Now concerning the violence whereof this man complaineth, the Edicts of *Constantine* testifie, that he would not have any man to be so much as imprisoned for monies due to his coffers. True it is, he had a list of the names of men of quality in the Empire, with a taxe of their revenews, to enforce them to publick necessities, and by this means discharge the poor. Otherwise it is well known this Prince was so zealous for justice, that he would not suffer even the letters of favour obtained from him, should have any power to the prejudice of ancient laws. And that if any of his favourites had a process, and would beg of him to interpose his authority for him, he would leave him to justice, willing rather to afford him coin out of his coffer, than one sole word of favour, which might dispose the Judges to bend the ballance more to one side than another. He had his eye upon his Officers, and retained them in their duties, discovering and chastising corruptions, and banishing with his whole endeavour all crimes that were against the law of God, and publick tranquility. Cod. *Theod.* l. 2. de exactionibus. Cod. *Theod.* l. 2. tit 2. Victor.

He was much seconded in the administration of affairs by the diligence of *Ablavius*, the greatest favourite of the Prince, and Superintendent of Justice, who was verily a man of Judgement, had he not blemished the gifts of God with unsatiable avarice.

He was surnamed *The Baloon of fortune*, for the many changes which happened in his person. For it is held, that he was of very base extraction, born in *Constantinople*, then called *Byzantium*; and that a Mathematician arrived in this City, upon the instant the mother of *Ablavius* was to be delivered. This man weary of his way, and very hungry, went into an Inne where he cals for dinner: his hostess was very busie to provide it for him, at which time one came to entreat her to assist a neighbour of hers in her childbirth, for she practiced the office of a Midwife. This made her forsake her guest, to help the poor creature, who was said to be in great danger if she gave not remedy. The business being dispatched, she returned to her guest, who was very angry, and murmured with much impatience. She to appease him excused herself upon the necessity of the accident happened: but this notable Astrologer, hearing speech of the birth of a child, forsooke the pot and glass which he dearly loved, and endeavoured to set the Horoscope of this *Ablavius*, newly come into the world. And thereupon said to the hostess. *Go, tell your neighbour, she hath brought forth a son to day, who shall*

shall be all, and have all, but the dignity of an Emperour.

I think with *Eunapius*, that such tales are rather made after events, to give credit to judicial Astrology, than to say they have any foundation upon truth. It is not known by what means he was advanced, but he came into so great an esteem, that he governed the whole Empire under *Constantine*, who freely made use of him, as of a man discreet and vigilant in affairs, though much displeased to see him too eager in his proper interests. And it is said, that walking one day with him, he took a stick in his hand, and drew the length of five or six foot on the earth; then turning towards his creature *Ablavius*, *why so much sweat and travel? In the end of all, neither I nor thou shall have more than this, nay thou dost not know whether thou shalt have it or no.*

He was the cause by his factions, that *Constantine* almost caused one day three innocent Captains to be punished with death, being ill informed, had it not been that S. *Nicholas* then living, appeared in a dream the same night to *Constantine* and *Ablavius*, threatning if they proceeded any further, God would chastise them, which made them stay execution.

Ablavius notwithstanding was so tyed to the earth, that the words and examples of his Master had small power over his soul, in such sort, that he had an unhappy end, ordinary with those who abuse the favours of God.

For after the death of *Constantine*, *Constantius* who succeeded in the Empire of his father, taking this man as it were for a Pedagogue, so much authority had he assumed unto himself, and thinking he could not free himself of his minority but by the death of *Ablavius*, caused him miserably to be butchered, sending two for executours of this commission, men suborned, who saluted him with great submissions, and knees bended to the earth, in manner of Emperour. He, who before had married one of the daughters of the Emperour *Constans*, brother of *Constantius*, thinking they would raise him to the dignity of *Cæsar*, asked where the purple was. They answered they had no commission to give it him, but that those who should present it were at his chamber dore. He commandeth them to be speedily brought in: These were armed men, who approaching near unto him, instead of the purple, inflicted a purple death, transfixing him with their swords, and renting him as a Sacrifice.

If the poor man following his Masters example, had been willing to set limits upon his fortune, and taken shelter at least in the storm, to meditate upon the affairs of his conscience, he would the less have been blamed: but natural desires have this proper, that they are bounded by nature which made them. The fantasies of ambition, which grew from our opinions have no end, no more than opinion subsistence. For what bounds will you give to the falsehood and lying of a miserable vanity, which filleth the spirit with illusion, and the conscience with crimes? When one goeth the right way, he findeth an end: but when he wandereth a-cross the fields, he makes steps without number, errours without measure, and miseries without remedy.

The thirteenth SECTION

The death of Constantine.

IT seemeth great men who have lived so well, should never die, and that it were very fit they still did, what they once have done so happily. But as they entred not into life by any other way than that of birth, as men, so must they issue out from this ordinary residence of mortals, as other men.

Constantine had already reigned thirty and one years, and was in the threescore and third of his age, living otherwise in a prosperous old age, and having a body exceedingly well disposed to the functions of life; for he incessantly travelled in the duty of his charge, without any inconvenience, ordering military matters in his mind, instituting laws, hearing embassages, reading, writing, discoursing, to the admiration of all the world.

This good Prince earnestly desired the conversion of all the great ones of his Court. Behold why, not satisfied with giving them example of a perfect life, he inflamed them to good with powerful words, which were to souls, as thunder-claps to Hinds, not for the delivery of a beast, but the production of salvation.

A little before his death, he pronounced in his Palace to those of his Court a very elegant Oration of the immortality of the soul, of the succes of good and evil, of the providence of God in the recompence of pure souls, of the terrour of his justice upon the incredulous and reprobate. This divine man handled these discourses with so much fervour and devotion, that he seemed to have his ear already in heaven, to understand mysteries, and enjoy an antipast of Paradise.

A while after he felt some little inequality of temperature in his body, which was with him very extraordinary, so sound and well composed he was. Thereupon he was taken with a fever somewhat violent, and causing himself to be carried to the baths, he remained not long there: for little regarding the health of his body in comparison of the contentment of his soul, he was possessed with a great desire to go to *Drepanum* in *Bythinia*, a Citie which he surnamed of his good mother, where was the bodie of S. *Lucian* the Martyr, to which he had a particular devotion.

He being transported into this desired place, felt in his heart an alacrity wholly celestial, and for a long time remained in the Church notwithstanding the indisposition of his body, fervently praying for his own salvation, and the universal repose of his Empire. From thence he went directly to a Palace which he had in the suburbs of *Nichomedia*, where feeling the approaches of death, he disposed himself for his last hour, with the marks of a piety truly Christian. His Princes and Captains who heard him speak of death, being desirous to divert his mind from this thought, said, He was become too necessary for all the world, and that the prayers of all men would prolong his life. But he, *Of what do you speak to me, as if it were not true life, to die to so many dead things, to live with my Saviour? No this beer is not a death, but a passage to immortality. If you love me, hinder not my way; one cannot go too soon to God.* This spoken, he disposed of his last Will with a constant judgement and courageous resolution, declaring in his Testament the estate of affairs he would establish, even in the least particulars, and very well remembring all his good servants, for whom he ordained pensions and rewards for every one according to his merit.

He divided the Empire between his three sons, at that time absent; and having distributed their several shares with great providence, he gave to *Constantius* the Empire of the East, leaving a Will sealed with his own signet in the hands of a certain Priest, whom he appointed to deliver it immediately to his son, which he did: and afterward *Constantius* so much honoured this man, that being inflexible to all other, he onely obeyed him as a God. The dispose of his temporal affairs being setled, he transferred all his thoughts to familiar discourses which he had with God, and yielded up his most happy soul on the Feast of Pentecost, the 22. of May, about mid-day, in the year of our Lord. 337.

The souldiers and officers who waited next his person, not thinking his end so near at hand, upon this news were seized with a grief so outragious, that tearing their cloaths, and prostrating themselves upon the earth, they bewailed their Emperour with complaints, which rather resembled yellings than moderate sorrow, called him, *Their Sovereign Lord, their good Master, & common Father of the world.*

His body was put into a coffin of gold, covered with purple, to carry it to *Constantinople*; where it was many dayes exposed in his Palace attired in Imperial habit, receiving the same duties and reverences, as if he had yet been alive, never was there observed toward any Emperour whatsoever either such great concourse of people, or cordial affection: not so much as little children but were touched with a sensible grief, as if they had lost their father. One might have seen among the people some confounded with sad and heavy sorrow, others to break forth into complaints, the rest to pour themselves out in devotions and prayer. When ancient *Rome* heard the news of his death, she caused the baths and publick Places to be shut up, all mirth and solace to cease, that they might lament the loss of a most honoured father.

The Princes his children speedily arrived at *Constantinople*, caused his obsequies to be performed after the manner of Christians, conducting the body to the Sepulcher with the Clergy, wax lights burning; and prayers of the Church ordained for the souls of the dead. For *Eusebius*, who was there present, maketh express mention of the ceremonies, which new Hereticks, through great impertinency and malignity have endeavoured to deny for the comfort of the dead.

It is a mervellous thing to consider what power virtue hath over the hearts of men, and to behold how many divers sects are different in that, which is matter of belief in Divinity, but all notwithstanding agree in the honour due to honesty. The Pagans would needs canonize *Constantine* in their manner, and made a God of him, representing him in a Chariot, harnessed out with four horses, as flying above the clouds, and a hand stretched from Heaven, which made shew to hold him in this most blessed mansion of immortality. The Greek Church hath honoured his memory, as of a Saint; although *Constantine* had so humble an opinion of himself, that it is very likely he ordained by his Testament, which was afterward seen to be executed in his funerals, that his body should be interred not in the Church of S. *Peter* and S. *Paul*, but before the porch: esteeming himself most happy, if after he had born the prime Diadem of the world, he might serve as a porter to a simple fisherman.

I now aske of you, my Reader, who have considered the beginning, progress, and end of this Monarch, where may you find one more clear in greatness of courage, more generous in his enterprizes, more prudent in his carriage, more fortunate in successes, more constant in his perseverance? Poyze a little, and put in a ballance the glory of his arms, the happiness of his conquests, the wisdom of his laws: what virtue think you had he here occasion to make use of, to set a new face upon a whole world, to oppose Armies with iron, stratagems with prudence, rebellion of untamed spirits with mildness? What arm to resist the torrents of iniquity? What stroke to counterballance the inclinations of wils, and swift motions of an universal world. Verily I must affirm *Augustus Cæsar* was a great Prince, for that he changed the face of the State of a mighty Common-wealth, built up a vast Empire; but not to flatter, nor raise our Princes above their merit with the interest of our own cause, we shall find this man had some thing in him much greater. I admit the other seemeth to you more subtile if you consider him in the maturity of prudence he shewed in his elder days; notwithstanding if you behold him in all the parts of his life, you shall find great vices therein: I lay not onely of impurity, or neglect, but of wickedness and inhumanity: which was the cause that he having one day in a banquet taken the shape of *Apollo*, those about him named him *Apollinem Tortorem*, *Apollo the Hangman*. I go not about at this time to search into the vices either of the one or other. I admit that *Constantine* though descended of the most noble bloud of *Romans*, and as fortunate as ever *Augustus*, was in his beginning somewhat cruel: Yet no man can deny, but that in military virtue, he in all points surpassed *Augustus Cæsar*, who was never put into the rank of the most warlike Princes.

Greatness of *Constantine.*

Let us not here overprize the supereminency the one had above the other in this point: Let us onely compare them in quality of founders of new Estates. The one made a new world civil; and the other a new world Christian. The one to do what he did, found a *Julius Cæsar*, who before-hand cut out his work for him: The other hewed forth a way through rocks, flames, thornes, wholly involved with contrariety. The one arranged men under a civil submission, in recovery of a Monarchy, which is an ordinary thing: The other without arms disarmed them from the affection they bare to their ancient superstition, which every well understanding Judge will esteem a mattter very difficult, because ordinarily men are very obstinate to retain the beliefs which they have held from father to son, through the revolution of many Ages. Finally, *Augustus* said he found a City of stone, speaking of ancient *Rome*, and had made of it a City of marble; but *Constantine* might boast to have raised a *Rome* wholly new in the establishment of his *Constatinople*.

It is affirmed by the Pagans themselves, who never attributed any thing to *Constantine* above his merit, that he was at the least, say they *before his baptism, comparable to all the greatest Princes of the Empire. Eutropius*, a souldier of *Julian* the Apostata, who little loved Christian Princes, is inforced through a truth to confess, that he was (d) *A great man, having qualities and virtues of mind and body most innumerable, and that his fortune being very great he had notwithstanding equalled it by his industry and merit.* Behold a testimony from the mouth of an enemy.

(d) *Vir ingens. Innumeris in se animi corporisque virtutes clarorum fortunam in bello prosperâ fuit. verum ita ut non superaret industriam.*

I would here willingly demand of *Machiavel*, who in the Treatise he composed of a Prince, said: *That he which in all things would hold a strict profession of an honest man, cannot long continue in the company of such others as are of no esteem; and that it is necessary for a Prince who will maintain his own power, to learn how he may sometimes be wicked, and to practise it according to the necessity of affairs*: And in his State-Discourses well discovereth he is of opinion, a Prince should cherish the Religion which most suteth with his designs whatsoever they be.

The Prince cap. 2. and upon the 1. Decad. chap. 12. 13.

Admirable providence of God, above all humane Policy.

I should willingly know of all those that pursue the like Maxims with this corrupt spirit, what they would here answer me, upon the progression of the fortune of *Constantine*. Verily behold here a State-wisedom, whereunto the pen of this Secretary, who pretended ability in some petty humane tracks, cannot arrive. Behold a light, whereat all these eyes are dazeld. Behold an abyss, where all carnal men are lost, if we will well reckon them up, we shall find twelve or thirteen, who in several ways argue upon the Diadem with *Constantine*. By what degrees hath the divine providence conducted him to the Sovereignity of the Empires of the world? Is it by those, which Monsieur *Nicholas Machiavel* hath prepared to lead his Prince in? If one must dispoil himself of innocency to be re-invested with the robe Imperial, why did *Constantine* take the way of Empire by

by that of ſanctitie? If uſe muſt be made of Religion, as of an inſtrument of State, and that taken which hath the moſt credit in the opinion of the people, why went he about to chuſe Chriſtian Religion, at that time when the moſt part of the world, was ingulfed in Gentiliſm? Behold *Maxentius*, who according to the ordinary cuſtom of the people of *Rome*, cauſed the pretended books of *Sybilles* to be turned over, conſulted with Augures, offered ſacrifices: This gave him a reputation of piety with a people as much infidel as him ſelf: Why did not *Conſtantine* purſue the ſame ways: Why did he ſet the ſign of the Croſs on his Standards, eſteemed fatal and of ill preſage in the minds of the moſt part of his army? What favour might he then expect from Chriſtians? Would he draw treaſures from them? They were deſpoiled of all. Pretended he to raiſe huge armies of them for his ſervice? They were ſo cut down, that one onely month ſaw ſeventeen thouſand heads upon the ground. Did he perſwade himſelf there was much ſtrength in their religion? They were all either maſſacred, maimed, or baniſhed. Did he look for counſel? They were men eſteemed void of learning or policy. Did he hope for credit? They were trampled under foot like dirt in the ſtreets.

Why then did a man reputed of ſo excellent judgement, confine his intereſts to theſe miſerable creatures? He ſtood in need for the accõmodation of his affairs of a *Roman* Senate, and it was Pagan. He wanted good Captains, & they were in a manner all Gentiles. He muſt have Forts, and they all held for ancient ſuperſtition. What doth he go about? And yet behold in a time wherein his affairs leaſt ſeemed to require it, he takes the marks of Chriſtianitie, and with them haſteneth to aſſail the Army of *Maxentius*, compoſed of a hundred threeſcore and ten thouſand footmen, and eighteen thouſand horſe, he himſelf according to the relation of thoſe, who lived in the very ſame time, having in this conflict, but very ſmall troops. From whence cometh it, that he in ſo ſhort a time, and with ſo few people, defeated ſuch formidable powers? Not to bely the matter, had theſe men been but earthen ſtatues, they might make reſiſtance. Had they but been an army of ſheep, they might weary the ſouldiers of *Conſtantine* to cut their throats. From whence comes it they were ſo ſoon defeated? From whence comes it that *Maxentius* ſo baſely betook himſelf to the ſtratagem of a bridge, which he prepared for his enemie? From whence comes it that a *Roman* Senate, which had confirmed ſo many Edicts againſt the Croſs, a people bred up in the horrour of the crucified, ſhould readily receive a man, who entred into *Rome* with the Croſs, and the name of the crucified upon his Standard? From whence comes it, that on the triumphall Arch dedicated to him, he would have no mention of *Roman* Gods? At the leaſt, according to the counſel of the Sectaries of the *Florentine* Secretary, he ſhould diſſemble his religion, he ſhould give way to time, he ſhould make himſelf outwardly a *Diocletian*, and inwardly, if needs he would, a *Conſtantine*. Will any one ſay, he was at that time a man victorious, who came to give law, and not receive it? But who ſaw not, that his fortune being as yet in the bud, he was to walk towards Empires as on thorns, fearing above all things to irritate in the change of Religion the principall ſpirits of the Eaſt and Weſt, who were paſſionately affected towards their Sect? I affirm *Maxentius* the Defendor of the Gods, ruinated himſelf by his ill government. *Lycinius* was yet on foot; and verily *Lycinius* an ancient ſouldier, who had waxed old in arms, and had never arrived to the Empire but by his valour, drew in the end all the partie of Gentiliſm, with forces innumerable both by ſea and land, which ſeemed able to ſwallow many worlds. He made uſe of the counſell of Monſieur *Machiavel*, he proteſted he took arms for the defence of the Gods and Altars of ancient Rligion, againſt a man who ſought to introduce a barbarous Sect into the World. Was not this a matter very ſpecious in the times, when the ſuperſtition of Gentiles was exalted by Edicts of Emperours to the higheſt degree of honour? *Lycinius* notwithſtanding is beaten, overthrown, ruined, both by ſea and land, although he were one of the moſt inventive in the ſubtilities of the art millitary, of the moſt reſolute for execution, and the moſt ſtubborn, to make up again a deſperate fortune.

O you Nobilitie, what ſhall we ſay hereupon? Muſt we not confeſs there is one God in heaven, and not any other God, but that of *Conſtantine*, who giveth Kingdoms, eſtabliſheth Scepters, and cementeth Crowns? If all this proceeding had been an extravagancie of paſſion, we might attribute one part of it to the hazard of Wars, the other to the valour of Souldiers, and the laſt, to the heat of the firſt encounters. But to hold an Empire thirtie and one years, with ſo great an equality, ſo accompliſhed a felicitie, ſo ſecure a peace, from the time of his laſt conqueſt, what may one anſwer to this?

From whence is it, that *Conſtantine* having forſaken ancient *Rome*, of purpoſe to build a fair Citie, where God might ſincerely be honoured, and adored, without any commixtion of Gods or Altars of Gentils, which he as yet through neceſſity muſt tolerate at *Rome*, yet nothing was changed in the Weſt? Was there want of men to undertake it? The greateſt of the Senate were in a manner all Pagans. Were there not people enough to make revolts? They were as much inclined thereunto as ever. Were there not ſouldiers to ſupport the enterprizes of thoſe who had a deſire to rebel? There was as many and perhaps more at that time, as at any time before. From whence then proceeded this ſweet tranquilitie, but that the great Angel-Protector of *Conſtantine*, given unto him by the living God, held one foot on the Eaſt, and another on the Weſt, to protect, preſerve, and honour a man, who had defended, maintained and reverenced true Religion.

Oh Nobilitie, let no man go about to confine your hearts to theſe ſlender and wretched policies, which ruine all generoſitie. Whileſt your Anceſtours ſincerely honoured the God of *Conſtantine*, of *Charlemain*, and *S. Lewis*, and whileſt they with all ſinceritie manured the pietie of their predeceſſours, without any mixture of novelties, factions, and ſubtilities, they flew like Eagles to the conqueſt of Provinces, and made their arms reſplendent almoſt in ſo many places, as the ſun enlightneth with his rays. Now they endeavour to perſwade you, that following a pettie ſpirit of wrangling, which ſubmitteth religion to intereſts, you ſhall make up to your ſelves golden fortunes; when indeed experience daily teacheth you, they are but of gilded ice, and are melted under the lightening of Gods juſtice. *Advice to the Nobility.*

Open your eys to that, which I preſent you in this hiſtorie; behold yet, if you pleaſe as you paſs along, the ſequel and proceeding of the ſucceſſours of *Conſtantine*. He left three ſons, the one called by his own name, the other *Conſtantius*, from the name of his Grand-father, and the third *Conſtans*. *Conſtantine* and *Conſtans* lived not long: the whole Empire which was divided between three, was re-united under the power of *Conſtantius*, who verily was an enemie to the ſuperſtitions of Gentiles, for which God gave him in recompence great victories againſt the Tyrant *Magnentius*. *Succeſſours of Conſtantine.*

But this unfortunate Prince, inſtead of following the ſame belief of his father, haſtened to throw himſelf violently into the novelties of the *Arians*; whereof *Ammianus* the Hiſtorian, who was a Pagan ſouldier, very aptly reprehendeth him, ſaying, he had done

himſelf great wrong, for that inſtead of preſerving Chriſtian Religion in its ſimplicity, he had imbroiled and falſified it with noveliſm, uſing more perplexity to ſearch out ſubtilities, than gravitie to pacifie the Church: For he by this means, ſaith he, ſtirred up an infinite number of diſſentions, which he nouriſhed with diſputes and quirks of words; ſo that under his reign you ſhould never ſee Biſhops but riding poſt over the fields to hold Synods, thereby to draw all Chriſtendom to the Emperours party. This was the cauſe that there were almoſt no horſes nor Couriers to be found for the affairs of the Empire, ſo much were they imployed in voyages which were made for theſe goodly Councels.

He hath excellently well expreſſed in few words the nature of *Conſtantius*; for he was perpetually buſied in theſe litigious wranglings of the hereſie of *Arians*, aſſembling Conventicles of his falſe-Biſhops to condemn the Orthodox. From whence it came to paſs, that hated of men, and forſaken by God, he led a life full of jealouſies, ſuſpicions, diſturbances, and which is worſe, defiled with bloud and maſſacres.

In the end, having heard the news that *Julian* the Apoſtata his couſin, whom he had before declared *Cæſar*, was among the *Gauls*, and ſaluted Emperour, and having paſſed through *Italy*, came to preſent himſelf in *Thrace*, he went ſpeedily out to reſiſt him, and fell into ſuch deſperate furies, that on his way he was ſurpriſed with a ſharp feaver, which ſo broiled his body, that they durſt no more touch him than a burning fornace. This malady in a few days bereaved him of ſoul and Empire, leaving the one to the judgment of God, and the other to *Julian*.

Behold what became of this deplorable Prince, in the one and fourtieth year of his age, for having betrayed the Religion of his father: the gravitie and modeſty obſerved in him, which was the cauſe he was never ſeen to ſpit nor wipe his noſe, nor turn his head in publick, nothing availing him to lengthen out his life. *Julian*, Nephew and ſon-in-law of great *Conſtantine*, for he eſpouſed *Helena* ſiſter of *Criſpus*, took inſtantly the government of the whole Empire upon him, and would needs overthrow all that which his uncle had done in matter of Religion.

Julian with the qualities which *Machiavel* giveth a Prince had ill ſucceſs.

Let us conſider a little without paſſion the notable extravagancies of this ſpirit, who contemning the pietie of *Conſtantine*, ſought to eſtabliſh himſelf by all the ways, which the poor policie of earth ſuggeſteth to thoſe who have renounced heaven. To ſpeak to the purpoſe, we muſt affirm, this man had all the qualities which *Monſieur Machiavel* gave to his Prince. If diſſimulation may be uſed for a Kingdom, never was a lamb more mild than this young man at the Court of *Conſtantius*, to take all ſuſpicions from him, which he conceived of his near allies; and although he already entertained moſt miſchievous thoughts in the matter of Chriſtian Religion, he ſo covered them by the publick profeſſion he made of it, that the very *Eunuchs* who had all charge moſt narrowly to prie into his actions upon this point, obſerved nothing therein which tended to alteration in Religion. But far otherwiſe, about the age of ſixteen, he cauſed his hair to be cut, and vowed himſelf to the Church, as a Prince moſt Religious, who thought little on the Empire of the world.

And after, when he was ſent into *France*, although he uſed ſtrange ſuperſtitions and witch-crafts, riſing up in the night to pray to *Mercury*, to whom he dedicated much devotion; yet did he alſo notwithſtanding celebrate the feaſts with Chriſtians: and that which beſides is more conſiderable, when he was proclaimed Emperour, though he had an enraged deſire towards it, and that all this ſolemnitie, was throughly agreed upon by his cunning, yet feigned he to have all the averſions in the world againſt it, and cauſed himſelf to be carried to the throne as one would draw an unruly ſacrifice to the ſlaughter.

What ſpirit was evermore diſſembled than this mans? If, as ſaith the Secretary, a Prince ſhould endeavour to have virtues in apparence which may render him acceptable in publick, though he be not to take much pains to have them in effect, never did any man better put on the mask of much honeſty than this. For in the fortune of Emperour, he would ſeem like the moſt mortified *Stoik* of all that Sect; ſhewing himſelf ſo chaſt, that never might you hear one ſole misbecomming word fall from his lips; ſo ſober, that he gave an example to the moſt auſtere Monks; ſo negligent in the neatneſs of his body, that he much gloried to ſee vermine run up and down on his beard, which he wore very long to play the Philoſopher in all kinds; ſo patient, that he many times endured all ſorts of affronts and ſharp words from mean men, no more moved thereby to anger than a ſtone.

If it muſt needs be, according to the ſaid Maxims, that a Prince to procure eſtimation, ſhould perform great enterprizes, this man was no ſooner ſeated in his Throne, but that he practiſed admirable policies, and haſtened to make war on the *Perſians*, to imitate *Alexander* the Great, to whoſe virtues he aſpired. If needs ſome remarkable act muſt be done in the beginning, he at his entrance profeſſing Paganiſm, repealeth the Biſhops, which *Conſtantius* a Chriſtian Prince had baniſhed. If liberallitie muſt be uſed, this man gave all, and ſaid his treaſures were better among his friends, than with himſelf. If excellent Maſters in every art and ſcience are to be cheriſhed, this man did it with much paſſion.

From whence then proceedeth it, that with all thoſe goodly parts of *Machiavels* Prince, he hath ſo little proſpered, reigning but one year and ſeven months, and dying ſtrucken with a blow from heaven, which the Pagans themſelves confeſs to be ignorant from whence it came; and dying in a frenzy, which cauſed him to fill his hand with his own blood, and cry, *Thou, O Galilean haſt overcome*, and leaving in his death a memory of his name ſo odious to all poſterity.

The poor man forſaking the way already ſo happily beaten by *Conſtantine*, unluckily haſteneth to joyn amity with thoſe wiſe Politicians, who had all *Plato's* Common-wealth, who eſteemed themſelves the moſt accurate in the government of the World, who promiſed him by theſe wiles he practiſed, the abſolute extirpation of Chriſtianity, and to make him the moſt awfull and moſt glorious of all the Emperours of the world. And I beſeech you, what became in the end of all theſe promiſes, but dreams, illuſions, and vapours.

Conſtantius under the holy Philoſophy of the croſs, reigned more than thirty years. *Conſtantine* waged great wars, had great victories, great triumphs, was attended by great Councels, great Cities. *Conſtantine* left a Religion, ſo eſtabliſhed, that the malice of an *Arian* ſon, nor the policy of a new Apoſtata could not extinguiſh it. *Conſtantine* never entred into any battel where he came not off victorious. And *Julian* in the firſt war he undertook upon the beginning of his empire, confounded all his Army, led his Captains to ſlaughter, was himſelf ſlain as a victime. And the ſage Politicians which he ever had in his army, inſtead of Prieſts and Biſhops, drew him to death, to ſerve as a ſpectacle of confuſion for the one, and matter of mirth for the other,

May we not wel ſay, O Nobilitie, that theſe ſpirits who divert your hearts from the chaſt beliefs of your Anceſtors, from the puritie of faith, the candor of a good conſcience, to invenom them with a doctrine

doctrine of impietie, policy, and treachery, under colour of humane wisedom, are the plagues of States, the ruins of houses, and the fatal hands to annihilate greatnes.

I will not infer for a necessary conclusion, that all such as live in the fear of God and in integrity, must ever have pleasing successes according to the world, in the manage of temporal affairs: this is not a thing absolutely promised to us by God. We have not sold him our fidelity and Christianity upon such condition, that he should still afford us the bread of dogs, and favour us with felicities, which he imparteth to *Sarazens* and *Mores*. I know good Christian Princes may be afflicted, sometime for the punishment of certain sins, which they with too much indulgence have permitted; sometime for a trial and spectacle of their virtue; sometime to teach us there is another life for the children of God, since they in this same are ill entreated, sometime for causes which the providence of God involveth as in a cloud, replenished with obscurity and darkness. Yet shall you find in reading histories either divine or humane, that all those who have progressed on with true feeling of God, and with the lightenings of integrity, and touches of a good conscience, which nature provideth for every man, have commonly been the most expected, the best beloved, the most happy, and most permanent.

Aug. lib. 5. de civitate Dei cap. 24.

And to speak with *S. Augustine*, would not they ever be most happy, if they had no other felicity, but to be just in their commands, moderate in their fortunes, humble among services, modest in praises, and faithful servants of God, in Empires? Wherein consisteth the happiness of man, if it be not to fear God, so to fear nothing els? If it be not to love a Kingdom, where we no longer may dread to have companions? If it be not to pardon injuries through clemency, and not revenge crimes, but by justice? If it be not to be chast in the liberty of pleasures? If it be not rather to command over our own passions, than Cities and Provinces?

Behold the principal felicity of great *Constantine*, which you ought, O Noble Men, to take for your model. Do in your own houses what he acted in an Empire: establish there constantly the fear and love of God. Banish vices, as he from his City of *Constantinople* the Temples and Victims of false Gods; that the honour of the Cross may set a seal on all your thoughts, all your counsels, all your enterprizes; that your examples may serve to God as amber, and adamant, to attract so many hearts of straw and iron, as are now in the world, to the love of virtue, that these duels of gladiatours, condemned by *Constantine*, may be the horrour of your thoughts, and detestation, of your hearts; that devotion, chastity, humility, patience, charity, virtues so familiar to this great Monarch, may make an honourable warfare, which shall possess your heart; and that all of them may there reign, each one in particular with as ample Empire, as all of them in general.

THE STATES-MAN.

TO STATES-MEN.

SIRS,

SInce God hath put the government of people, justice, and most important affairs into your hands, he hath likewise raised you upon a high degree of honour, to be looked on in offices, no otherwise than as stars in the firmament.

Your dignities are obligations of conscience, that bend like the chains of MEDÆA, and scortch weak souls in purple and gold: but which on the other part afford to generous spirits a perfect lustre of Divinitie. The more light a bodie enjoyeth, say the learned, so much the more ought it to have of participation and favourable influences, for objects which are in a much

lower degree than it. So likewiſe muſt we neceſſariely ſay, that your qualities, which grant you nearer approaches to the ſource of greatneſs, and embelliſh you with the rays of the majeſtie of a Prince, do moſt particularly oblige you to all the great virtues, which concern the Weal-publick.

It oftentimes happeneth, that thoſe who flie from charges and affairs under pretext of tranquilitie of ſpirit, if they be not well rectified therein, find inſtead of repoſe a ſpecious ſluggiſhneſs; and thoſe, who make profeſſion of arms, if they take not good heed, ſuffering all the innocencie of the Golden Age to languiſh, make themſelves virtues of the iron Age: but your conditions, which have a certain temperance of a life more ſweet, accompanied with laudable employments, open the way to you, which maketh and crowneth merits. Yet is there need of a ſoul very able to preſerve it ſelf ſincerely in charges, among ſo many corruptions, and of a heart perfectly purified, to link it wholly to the intereſts of God, who with three fingers of his power ſupporteth Eſtates and Empires.

That is the cauſe, why I offer this Treatiſe, not ſo much to give Maxims of State, of which there are always enough to be found; as ſometimes to awaken a good conſcience, which is a true ray reflected from the eternall Law, to the end that among ſo many temptations of Honour, and ſuch burdens of affairs, it may not loſe any part of its vigour. If you deign to ſpend ſome hours of your leaſure hereon, it perhaps wil not be unprofitable; for at leaſt that will let you ſee a States-man, as rare as a Phenix, and as pure as an Angel. But if this conſideration furniſh you with any good thoughts for your perfection, I ſhall eſteem my ſelf well reçompenſed for the ſervice, which I in this work have vowed to your eminent qualities:

THE

THE STATES-MAN.

The first SECTION.

The excellencie of Politick Virtue.

I Have ever made account of the division of virtues which the *Platonists* use, when they call the one Purgative, the other Illuminative, the third Civil, and the last Exemplar.

Purgative virtues are those, which give to our souls the first tincture of sanctity. For they take our heart, wholly possessed as it is yet with earthly passions, and discharge it from so many imperfections which ordinarily corrupt nature, to give it a tast of heavenly things. Illuminative afford us day-light, when we have vanquished the agitations of sense, & establish us in the sweetness of some repose, where we begin to behold the entrances, progresses, and issues of the world wherein we are placed, and the course of this great Comedy, called life. The Civil draw us out of our selves, to apply us to our neighbour, and to render every one his due according to his degree, in the good conversion betwixt man and man. Exemplar proceed much further in perfection; for they expose themselves in publick, to serve as models for others, and appear in charges and dignities, in the government of Kingdoms, Provinces, Cities, and Communalties. This is it which I call here the virtue of a States-man, taking the word generally, not only for those who are engaged in the manage of Monarchies, Sovereignties, and Re-publicks; but also for such as exercise justice, and other principal charges of civil life. We must affirm this politick virtue which maketh true States-men, is a rare piece; and as it were the cream and most purified part of wisdom, seeing that not contenting it self with a lazy knowledge of virtue, it laboureth to build, adorn, and establish the civil world by the maintenance of justice, without which in the ampleſt Kingdoms are the greatest thefts.

Excellentibus ingeniis citius defuerit ars, quâ civem regant, quàm quâ hostem superent. Tit. Liv. lib. 2.

If the world be a harp, as saith the eloquent *Sinesius*, justice windeth up the strings, stirreth the fingers, toucheth the instrument, giveth life to the airs, and maketh all the excellent harmonies. If the world be a Musick-book, framed of days and nights, as of white and black notes, justice directeth, and composeth. If it be a ring, justice is the diamond. If it be an eye, justice is the soul. If it be a Temple, justice is the Altar. All yieldeth to this virtue, and as it is enchaced in all laudable actions, so all laudable actions are incorporated in justice. It is an engine much more powerful in effect than was that of *Archimedes* in idæa; for it doth that in Kingdoms, which this man could never so much as imagine in his mind, though ambitious enough in inventions. It maketh, I say, Heaven to descend on earth, and earth to mount up to Heaven: Heaven to descend, in introducing a life wholly celestial in the uncivil conversation of men; earth to mount up, in drawing it from dreggs and corruption of a covetous and bloudy life, to enlighten it with rays of a prudent knowledge, to embelish it with virtues, diversifie it with beauties, and settle it in the center of repose.

D. Tho. 22. q 58. *Justicia legalis, præclarior omnibus moralibus quia bonum commune præeminet bono singulari.* Tertull. 2. adversus Marcion. *Bonitas Dei operata est mundum, justitia modulata est.*

God maketh so much account of an honest man, recommended to the government of others, that having chosen *Noah* to command over onely seaven souls, shut up in the Ark as in a moving prison, he calleth him his *Heart*: for to say truly, we must have the heart of God, to bring forth counsels sufficiently able to save men, and to be in the same instant the mouth of God, to pronounce the Oracles of truth. God asketh *Job*, who is the man on earth that shall make the musick of Heaven? To which I would willingly answer: It is a good Justicier. For in what consisteth this harmony of Heaven? We are not in my opinion to imagine it according to the dotages of some Philosophers, who of it have made unto themselves a celestial musick composed of voyces and sounds formed by the mutual encounter of those admirable Globes. The harmony of Heaven is nought else, but the good order of the sun, the moon, stars, day, and night, and seasons, which daily progress along with a regular pace, and measured motion, not erring in the least point.

Genes. 8. v. 27. according to the Hebrew text.

Job. 8. 33. *Ordinem Cœli.*

This order, which is so excellent and divine in Heaven, is introduced upon earth by the means of justice, which guideth and governeth all the actions of men within the circuits and limits of duty, so sagely and divinely, that he who would observe so many singular laws which books recommend unto us, should quickly make earth become a little Heaven. For the same reason *Origen* interpreting this passage of *Isay*, where God saith, *Heaven is his Throne*, sheweth, that the Paradise and Heaven of God upon earth is justice; from whence it cometh to pass, that such as use it, as they ought, are wholly celestial in science, life, and conversation. Was it not this consideration which drew the *Babylonians* to build the Palace, where judgements were given, in the forme of Heaven; for the very stone-work was of Saphirs, which are of celestial colour, and in the seelings, clouds were counterfeited, and in those clouds certain birds, reputed as messengers of justice, as if they had been delegated to see the deportments of men in discharge of their offices, and to advise them, that giving judgement on earth, they must ever have an eie and an ear in Heaven.

Isay. 66. *Cœlum mihi sedes est. Efficiuntur sedes Dei, facti prius conversatione & peritia cœlestes.* Orig. *Philostr.* l. 1. c. 18.

I also discover this by another observation of Scripture; for it teacheth me, that the brave Princess *Debora* surnamed the *Bee*, judged the people, and held her Assizes under a Palm: or as it is probable, after the reason both of the one and other were heard, she took a leaf of this tree, and gave it to him who had the right. And from this practise is derived the custom to plant Palms at the gates of great Advocates and Justiciers, which was likewise observed in ancient *Rome*.

Jud. 4. 5. *Exornétque tuum plurima palma forum.* Martial.

Now why think you would God have the first ses-

sions

sions of justice to be held under Palms, but to signifie that which *Philo* speaketh of, that as the Palm beareth his heart and strength in the top, so good judges direct their whole understanding and affections to heaven, living perpetually as in the presence of the Divinitie, or else, that as the virtues of the Palm are innumerable, so the excellencies of justice are infinite?

Adde also hereunto a passage in a Caldaick Commentary upon *Ecclesiastes*, which telleth how *Solomon*, that great King, under whose principality peace and justice mutually embraced as sisters, to shew what account he made of those who well managed matters of right, caused a most sumptuous Palace to be erected for them of most exquisite workmanship, called the *House of Judgement*, and through excess of favour, ordained they should partake of the wine of offerings, which was presented on the Altars of the living God, and which came from a vine planted
Exod. 32. and manured by the hand of *Solomon* himself. Is it not to place justice in heaven, to admit it to the communication of the honours and offerings of God? So the people of *Israel* supposing one day that *Moses* was lost, instantly asked of *Aaron* Gods to govern them, as thinking there must be some divinitie to supply the loss of this great States-man. Why then do you wonder if S. *Augustine* in the book he composed of Order, praiseth the practise of *Pythagorus*, who never taught politick science to his disciples, till they had passed through many long trials, esteeming the other arts were apt to debausch the mind, but that this applied lively colours, and as it is said, varnished and perfected up the table.

It is not very hard at this time to conclude, what the excellency of a brave States-man is, but the discovery of him is very rare. And I will tell you, that considering well the tables which *Delbenius* hath made upon *Aristotle* his Phylosophy, and comparing them with other exquisite pieces, I have seen two Cities very different, both which bare the title of Policy: but the one in effect was false Policy, and the other the City of Verity. I will present them unto you plainly and sincerely, according to the like design of S. *Augustine* in his City of God, and according to the Idæa's of ancient Sages, not glancing at our times, which I will neither praise nor condemn, my nature and profession having disposed me to much ignorance of worldly affairs.

The second SECTION.

The table of Babylon *drawn from sundry conceptions of the most singular wits of Antiquity*

WE then have beheld the City of wicked Policy in those ancient paintings, to be built upon ruines, in a land of quick-silver, wholly cemented with bloud, Earth-quakes are there very frequent, and I know not what kind of outragious winds blow so dangerously, as if they would tear all in pieces.

The waters were there infected, the air killed those which breathed in it, the viands produced death under a false apparence of life. The inhabitants saw nothing but wolves and foxes by their sides, ravens and owls on their houses, comets over their heads, serpents and scorpions at their feet, which were there seen as abundantly strewed, as
Plutarch. de curiosit. ἀνοφράστοπόλω. flowers in the ennamell of the spring. The gates resembled those fatall portalls, whereof histories make mention, that were never opened, but to pass away carrion and ordure: and withall this the Citizens were so powerfully charmed, that they esteemed themselves most happie, supposing to sleep on thorns was to live among violets and roses.

It is verily a wonder that without there were some shadowes of pietie, but within not so much as a Temple. For in truth the Burgesses of this Citie never looked up to heaven but to blaspheme it, and all of them greedily sought for earth covered with a vail of sky-colour.

I saw no other Gods there, but Honour, Gain, and Pleasure, to which souls and bodies were sacrificed in much greater number than *Solomon* slaughtered oxen in the solemnitie of his most magnificent Sacrifices. I saw huge caves, where there were all sorts of beasts, and likewise many monsters, that much resembled the *Harpyes*, *Gorgons*, and chymæra's of antiquitie.

I perceived also some solitarie dens, where I was certified great sacriledges were committed, of power to make darkness, which served them for a cover, to blush for shame, being unable to deceive the eys of God.

The men which walked in the streets appeared like Centaures, and were clothed with an habit spotted over like the skin of a Panther. The Chirurgians who dissected some of them newly dead, gave assurance they had found two hearts in them. Howsoever it is certain they shewed, as it is said, marvellous cunning in their words, and had no other pastime all the day, but to lay snares, not sparing their greatest friends: for indeed they were extreamly treacherous and cruell in all which concerned their own interests.

As I more attentively considered their orders and distinctions, I saw there were three labyrinths, very different. In the first, which was at the very entrance, stood the least wicked, who were not as yet practised in black mischiefs, contenting themselves to exercise some slight tricks of wit; for they in good earnest deceived one another, and took much pleasure in mutuall cousenage, and called this kind of sport legier-demain. I saw there many creatures that served their masters not forgetting their own affairs, and who mowed the meadow, whilest it was plenty. I saw Merchants some of which foisted in false wares, others disguised them, others overprized them, others sware without end, and some likewise swallowed up perjuries as sweetly as the most delicate viand. I saw Artificers who used many deceits in their manufactures, and better understood the trade of lying, than any other. I also saw some who sold wind, silence, and time, and had excellent inventions to get money. Some by certain influences drew it out, as doth lightening, not touching the purse. Others had inventions of quintessences: Others traffiqued about stars, and sold good fortune in little boxes of smoak: Others had shops of the secrets of Arts, & made themselves able to give beauty, youth, health & immortalitie, to those that would buy them. Others made dice and mathematicall cards: Others lead Bears; others extracted infamous coin from the planet of *Venus*; others in the qualitie of mercenaries made Odes and love sonnets for the *Pandora's* of the time; and which was most ridiculous, certain young wits among all these were seen, who laboured to patch up together rimes or prose very little to the purpose, to whom Gold and incense was given, with which they were so puffed up, that they esteemed the most solid wisdom of the world to be but meer ignorance in comparison of their works. One cannot tell all the tricks of this imposture, and how many sleights the spirit, watchfull for it's own interests, found to come to the end of its intentions. Conscience checked some; but they answered, one could not live in the world without these tricks, and that they were as necessary as to breath.

In

Cyprian epist. ad Donatum. Inter leges ipsa delinquitur, inter jura peccatur.

In the second labyrinth I saw the corruptions of justice described by *S. Cyprian* in the Epistle he addresseth to his friend *Donatus*, when he speaketh of *Rome* the Idolatress. All was replenished (saith this Prelate) with goodly Precepts, excellent laws, and sage ordinances: but in the midst of so many lights, God and men were offended with so much impudence, as if these laws were made to no other end, but to be transgressed. Never is innocencie so ill intreated, as in the place where profession is made to defend it. The serpents of the desert have less gall and spleen than those Pleaders, whom I saw turmojled with a spirit of giddiness, and dissevered with the sword of division. Their clamours were so loud that they made the whole house of justice to eccho again, as are the waves heard to rore on the shore of the *Ægean* sea. I saw gibbets, wheels, and boyling cauldrons prepared for some miserable criminals, because they were yet, as it is said, but little theeves; but were they much greater, their crimes had rather been crowned than chastised.

Fures privatorum furtorum in compedibus publici in arro vitam agunt Cato.

From thence I viewed fields weeping, filled with standing waters, which were said to be gathered together from the tears of Widdows, Orphans, and an infinite number of other persons, who live under great oppression. I saw some who were in the water up to the neck, and some who lifted up an arm withall their strength to offer up some papers, wherein were the laws of *Charlemain* and *Lewis* the twelfth which expresly command the causes of the poor may be handled before any other business: but it was replied, such ordinances were quite out of use. These miserable creatures solicited their Attorneys, and they betraied them; complained to their advocates and they perplexed them; implored the assistance of Judges, and they sold them, notwithstanding were esteemed honest men, and still enemies to these corruptions.

I saw two great Registers, whereof the one was called the Cabale of favour; and the other the Cabale of monie where it is said there were mischiefs as black as the spirits of the abyss, but they must not be divulged. There was also a very great quantitie of Pleaders, who sought to stretch out suits, as Shoomakers a piece of leather with their teeth, and mutter out propositions of errours, reviews, incompetencies, rejections, oppositions, and compulsorie causes, with so many other hideous words, that I asked whether these men spake the language of the *Canadas* or *Chinois*

Old Pettifoggers appeared, all over worm-eaten with mischiefs, who could scarce breath from their lips, yet had strong apprehension of death, through fear to leave the exercise of suits. The like was found in souls already half damned, who were very solicitous in manner of treachery; one bare false witness, another invented a contract, another forged a Will, another supposed a crime, another had a shop of all sorts of slanders and diabolicall falsifications; the audacious sale of a word prostituted to sin, flew between Heaven and earth about twilight with the wings of an owl; and to consummate the sublimitie of mischief, right yielded to iniquitie. It was to do wrong to the wicked, not to imitate those. Crimes, said they were alteady sufficiently authorised by the great multitude of complices.

Rispelliones.

In the third Labyrinth, I saw men who had little else of man in them but shape and skin. They were neat to an enchanted river, which must be passed and repassed over seven times, as it is said, to become absolute in craft. There were likewise others seen already transformed into unknown monsters, and others who had no more but the little finger or tip of the nose of men. I saw some who were like little Apes, which pushed and scratched one another, and brake through the throng, with all their force to climb up to the top of a tree, which was said to be the tree of Honour.

Lylius Giraldus in pictura favoris.

At the entrance there was I know not what kind of fantalin of Divinity, called *Worldly favour*. It seemed in apparence to have a body and consistence, but was in effect a true spectre of smoak, cloathed with a mantle tissued with clouds and wind. There stood about it Phylosophers, who would undertake to derive the Genealogie, and set the Horoscope of it. One said she was the daughter of beautie, the other of hazard, the other of babble; that fortune was her nursing-mother, and that if she had her exaltation in the sign of the *Ram*, she should find her declination in the *Ballance*. Howsoever, she then appeared very sprightfull and spruce. Flatterie failed not to court her, throwing roses and flower-de-luces upon her. But at the same time envy slily stealing into the throng, gnawed the border of her garment. Riches, disdain, presumption and boldness did nothing but cry round about her. Make place, make place, and to raise her the higher, they sought to lay the great God of *Justinian* under her feet. She was so disdainfull of knowledges, she had formerly acquired, that nothing was so cold as her discourse, and if she had eys, they were for no use but to behold her own interests. When I saw she paced along in a way all shining with ice, and that she danced on a rope, I lost sight of her, not troubling my self any further to follow this spirit: but I understood that all those who promised themselves the seven wonders of the world, had been paid in coin of leaves.

There likewise I viewed men whom you would have taken for geese, so simple of countenance were they, but they swam in *Pactolus*, having but one foot onely of a goose, for the other hidden under feathers was the tallon of a *Harpy*, which did onely attend to catch golden fish. I saw also some plunged in a huge heap of pistolets, so that neither heads nor bodies appeared, but onely one tip of a toe made like the paw of a Griphon, as a notable painter not long since delineated covetuousness. Going somewhat further I discovered the Den of *Bacchus*, where I saw fifes, timbrels, ivy, and goat-skinns, huge smoke of roasts, feasts, and men buried in wine and good cheer. Beyond it they passed to the grots of Lust, where crimes were done, which would make the most innocent pens guiltie in writing them; for as there must be an extream impudence to commit them, so ought much shamefastness be used to conceal them. Nothing so much astonished me, as to see Ecclesiasticks without religion, Ladies without shame, young maids tainted, who knew so much of that whereof they should be ignorant, that the most prostituted could teach them nothing.

Aquila Anserina. Stapl.

Afterward the sport turning into bloud, I saw strange treacheries, horrible circumventions, execrable treasons, which spake of nothing but of tying halters and mingling poisons, I also saw some who made it their practise to kill men openly, and said there was no safetie for them in innocency, but much rather in the enormities of sacriledges.

I thought I had seen all, when I afterwards perceived a chamber hideously black, said to be the study of *Lucifer*, and that the brave spirits of this time studied there, under the regency of *Herod*, *Tiberius*, and *Pilate*, to find out the way how to believe in God no longer, and to know all the refined policy of former ages.

I should be tedious and troublesome to decipher all the particulars of this prodigious Citie. The painting hath told much of it, but the greatest unhappiness which I saw there, is, that it is more true than I could wish. For not to touch upon the honour of so many good men, which are yet both in the body of justice, and in all other companies, I must tell you

you that among the ſons of *Seth* there are many Children of *Cain*, which make up this *Babylon*.

The third SECTION.

The deſtruction of Babylon, *and the government of the Divine Providence over the Eſtates of the World.*

I Courteouſly beſeech you, O ingenious Politician, to run your eyes over theſe lines which I have traced, to ſtay a little your haſt, and to conſider with me the knot of all this policy, the ſource, progreſſe, iſſue, and remedy of all theſe diſorders, perhaps you may find more reaſon in my diſcourſes than your paſſion can expect. Conſult awhile with your heart, ſound your ſoul, go to the bottom of your conſcience. I fear there may be ſome pits of the abyſs, and graſhoppers of the Apocalyps, which are thoſe black vapours, that have hitherto eclipſed all the lights of your underſtanding. I will not conceal from you that there are three ſorts of ſouls, one virginal, another already changed and ſomewhat corrupted, the reſt ſhameleſs, ſuch as thoſe which are called in Scripture vaſt and giant-like-ſouls. I do not think to find by your proceedings, that you have a virgin-ſoul, nor will I likewiſe perſwade my ſelf, you have the ſoul of a giant, which expecteth no other remedy but thunder: I ſhould rather believe you have a ſtomack depraved by ſome wicked principles, whereinto either the unhappineſs of your education, the preſumption of your ability, or tickling-hope of good ſucceſs in worldly affairs hath thrown you. Wil you that I touch with a finger the beginning of your diſorder? You have been too much flattered upon the excellency of your wit, which is not, to ſpeak truly, one of the ſhalloweſt of the time: but there is much wanting of the ſingularity you imagine. You have inſenſibly retired your ſelf from that great judgement which *S. Denys* calleth the *eternal hearth* of all the moſt purified lights, and moſt chaſt affections, and by withdrawing your ſelf have taken a great quantity of falſe lights into your corrupt underſtanding, and much coldneſs into your heart, which have brought upon you a remiſneſs in good manners, and a notable diſorder in all the parts of your ſoul. You have ſeen heaven, and all the hopes of the other life, as Mathematicians make us to behold in a dark chamber, whatſoever paſſeth abroad, through a little cranny, in ſuch manner, that all things we ſee appear like ſhadows and landskips turned topſy-turvy.

Eccleſ. 23. in the Greek verſ. 5. γιγαντιάσις ψυχῆ.

Dioniſ. c. 1. de divinis nominibus.

Behold what happeneth after you have ſtopped up all the windows and acceſſes of heavenly light; you have made a little hole for the moon, and all the bleſſings of the other life have ſeemed very ſlender to your diſtruſtful ſpirit: you have put on a reſolution to make a fortune at what price ſoever, and to build on earth like *Cain*, after you have almoſt renounced the hopes of heaven. In doing this you have played the unruly Aſs, thinking to eſcape from the bands of the dependance you have on God: you have made your ſelf your bleſſing, your end your (*a*) God. Thereupon you have thought of the means you are to hold to arrive at this ſcope, already framed in your imagination. It ſeemeth to you all things ſucceeded according to your wit, travel, and induſtry uſed therein, with ſome ſmall help of fortune, God no whit at all intermedling with affairs here below. You have drawn abſurd conſequencies of the proſperity of ſome ſubtile ſpirits, not looking into the bottom of the buſineſs. The ſucceſs of your affairs, which ſeemed to you moſt proſperous, notwithſtanding your crimes and unlawfull proceedings, have emboldened you; miſchievous ſpirits, which dayly converſe with you, have confirmed you. In the end, behold your ſelf reduced as it were to this point, as to ſuppoſe you are to hold on a courſe in all affairs and governments of the world, which may be craftie, captious, worldly, and independent of divine laws, if not for ſome popular apparence.

(*a*) *Aug.* l. 3. de libero arbit. c. 24. *Cui bonum non eſt Deus, ſibi ipſi vult eſſe bonum ſuum ſicut ſibi eſt Deus.*

If this be ſo, I demand of you, why then in the judgement of that great Politician *Thucidides*, and all other well underſtanding men, is it obſerved that theſe curious wits, deſpoiled of the fear of God, have alwayes been moſt turbulent and unhappy in the manage both of their own affairs and the publick alſo: as on the contrary, thoſe who had not ſo much knowledge and invention, but purſued the general inſtinct of God, have held their eſtates better governed in ſimplicitie, more proſperous in the ignorance of evil, and much more firm in the laſting of their felicity? Never was there a more refined wit than *Achitophel* of whom the Scripture ſaid, men conſulted with him as with a God: yet never was there any more unhappy in his practiſe. For having diſpoſed of the affairs of the Kingdom, and thoſe of his own houſe, there remaining none to be provided for but his own perſon, he took a halter and ſtrangled himſelf, becauſe they approved not one of his counſels.

Vide *Lipſium* in notis ad 3. lib. politic. c. 4. p. 125.

Conſilium Achitophel quaſi ſiquis conſulerit Deum. 2. Reg. 2.

When we behold in Hiſtories a large liſt of theſe moſt curious Politicians, who have had ſo ill ſucceſs either in their own perſons, or in their poſterity, as I preſently will produce very many, we muſt undoubtedly ſay, this kind of way is ever dangerous in its enterpriſes, but not infallible in the ſucceſſes thereof. If you become as wicked as a little *Poliphemus*, it would be very hard to deny a firſt cauſe of all the creatures which are in the world, of it ſelf abſolute, independent, and eternal. For were the world full of wheels and revolutions, even from earth to heaven, ſtill muſt we neceſſarily come to the laſt wheel, to the laſt revolution, which is to give motion to all the other, and to take it of no other, and that is God. Were you as bruitiſh as a *Leſtrigon*, you could not deny an eternal Verity. For in what time will you ſay there hath not been a verity? Should you aſſign the ſpace of ten millions of years, and all that may be imagined beyond it, you would ever find this Verity: and ſhould you ſay, it was not then, and that in ſaying ſo you were ſincere, which cannot be; yet would you ſpeak a truth even in denying a truth, ſo much is her eſſence neceſſary: and this eternal Verity which ſerves as a baſis for all other verities, is that which we call God. Were you as unnatural as a monſter, you knew not how to deny there were a ſovereign Being in the world, which holdeth the firſt degree of all excellencies in ſuch ſort, that we cannot imagine any thing more excellent; and that is God.

Ratio D. *Anſelmi* dialog. de veritate c. 1.

Beſides, it is neceſſary to infer what *S. Thomas* hath moſt divinely ſayd, that all things which are by borrowing and participation, have relation of neceſſity to that, which is by eſſence and nature. So the ſtars, the pretious ſtones have relation to the ſun; and things hot to the fire as the ſcope of their excellency. Now it is certain that men, Cities, and Kingdoms, have but a borrowed being, becauſe they are not made by themſelves, and therefore it is neceſſary to affirm there is an intellectual power in a ſupreme degree, whereunto all theſe intelligences, even of men which conſtituted theſe States and Republickes, do relate; and this relation is nothing elſe but providence.

D. *Thom.* opuſcul. 2. cap. 21. *Quæ ſunt per participationem reducuntur in id quod eſt per eſſentiam.*

Verily if you ſhould behold on a Theather about ten thouſand white beards, that were come thither to decide

decide a matter by a common conſent, would you take your ſelf to be wiſe to enter into Councel not called, and to reject the opinions of all thoſe, who have delivered their ſentences, publiſhing an opinion abſolutely new, and directly contrary to ſo many good judgements?

And I ask of you, that were now ſo many excellent Magiſtrates raiſed again, as have governed all ſorts of Kingdoms and Common-wealths in the Ages paſt, ſhould we not ſee more than a million of men moſt accompliſhed in knowledge, virtue, and experience, who had mannaged the world in the fear, and under the laws of this Divine Providence? It would then be a notable ſpectacle, to ſee you enter into the Hall of ſuch a Councel with a downy chin, to give all this aſſembly the lie, and ſay, There is nothing but humane policie, diſſimulation, and the tricks of flattery to be valued in affairs, without the expectation of any thing from God, would you not be ridiculous? Yet this is it which you do, ſo much hath ſin ſtupified you. If you have the leaſt ſpark of the underſtanding of a man, when you foſter ſuch thoughts in your minds, do you think it were fit to prefer ſome mouldy reaſons of a carnal ſpirit, and the capriches of your ſenſual imaginations before the voice of nature, and the ſtates of the whole world, aſſembled together to condemn your bruitiſhneſs? If there be no Providence to chaſtiſe the perverſe, and recompence the juſt, conclude, we muſt live in the world like a ſparrow-hawk, or Pike, called the *Tyrant of the water*, and to have no other meaſure of virtue, but your talon and throat. Is it not to open the gate to all injuſtices, perjuries, treacheries, and all poſſible abominations? For what monſter will not that ſoul be capable of, which conceiveth nothing of God? I have ſome reaſon, ſay you, and for this cauſe you are of opinion, this belief ſhould be entertained to amuze the people.

In ſaying this, you diſcover a great weakneſs of judgement; for it muſt be concluded, according to your propoſition, that all what ever was in the world, either of juſtice, temperance, modeſty, courteſie, patience, honeſty, peace and tranquility, were derived from an imaginary belief, touching Providence, from an errour, a folly, an illuſion: which is as abſurd, as to ſay grapes grow upon thiſtles, & roſes ſpring from the ice of winter. And tell me not, I pray, that a falſe belief ſeeks to procure good effects, as it appeareth in the virtues of Pagans. For I hold, that what good the Pagans have done, they have not acted it with relation to the adulteries of *Jupiter*, nor the murders of bloudy *Mars*: but in honour of a Divinity, which they thought avenged iniquity, and rewarded virtue. In this general belief, which was the true root of their moral virtues, there happened no abuſe, although they in particular were deceived in their judgement.

Your goodly objections of aw proceed from an infamous *Diagoras*, or *Plinie*, who thought to have found a great ſecret in ſaying, The belief of a Divine Providence was a jolly invention, becauſe it kept the world in aw. Deſerved he not well to be curſed as a Traytour to all mankind? Deſerved not he well to be broiled alive in the throat of hell, as indeed he waslooſing, his life in the flames of *Veſuvius*, ſince he vaunteth himſelf to have diſcovered a ſecret, which would be able, were it true, to let looſe the bridle to all profanations and bruitiſhneſs of a life the moſt ſavage that might be imagined? Ever would it be more to the purpoſe to tolerate an evil well conferred, than to introduce a good ill digeſted, ſay the wiſe: and what crime is it then to invent falſe ſecrets, the ignorance whereof is ſo wholeſom, and the verity whereof would be ſo prodigiouſly hurtfull? Why do you not rather take into your conſideration the ſage diſcourſe of the Philoſopher *Simplitius*, who ſaid: *When I imagine a God unto my ſelf, I figure a great Maſter, whom I know of neceſſitie to be endowed with a moſt ſtable ſcience, and a moſt excellent will. And for this cauſe I conclude, he cannot be ignorant of the things he hath produced, ſeeing this ignorance falleth not even upon beaſts moſt ſtupid; and I ſay, that he knowing them, governeth them without pain, Omnipotent though he be: there being no greatneſs nor multitude of burdens, which can weaken the forces and vigour of this infinite Spirit. As there is not any thing too great for his capacity, ſo is there nothing too little for his bounty. Nothing eſcapeth his Paternal Providence, nor doth he think it a matter unworthy of his care to govern a butter-flie, ſince he eſteemed it a thing conſonant to his bounty, to create a butter-flie. Now for us to think that he knowing, able, and willing to govern the world, is diverted from it through pleaſures and contentments he taketh for his own delights, is a moſt groſs imagination; for why ſhould we attribute to God apprehenſions and aſſertions, which we would be aſhamed to give to men, if they made not profeſſion to be of the number of the altogether idle?*

Behold how this ſingular wit diſcourſeth and verily it is to be wholly ignorant of God, to have any conceit of him leſs than infinite. Independent Sovereigntie cannot admit a companion; and the inexhauſtible force of a Creatour, who made all, ſufficeth to govern all. An Angel coſt him no more in the making than a ſilk-worm, and a ſilk-worm coſt him no leſs to produce it than an Angel. Why do you not judge that which is to be made, by it which is already made? When you entered into the world, the Divine Providence, as a harbinger, prepared your lodging for you, it was not in your power to make your ſelf then either rich or poor, Maſter or ſervant, King or ſubject; your affairs were diſpatched, and your counſel not asked. God alſo in ſilence draweth out the web of your life; if you deſire to be happy, you have nothing to do, but to contribute your free-will to his work. But if you have ſet up your reſt to become a Politician, contrary to the decrees of Providence, and to bend the byaſs to your pretended intereſts, is it not to do the ſame thing, which a frog ſhould, if ſhe ſought to ſwim againſt the current of *Rhodanus* or *Danubius*? Would not it be as ridiculous, as if a flie ſhould ſeek to ſoar up to heaven, and fix her little feet, to ſtay the courſe of the *Primum Mobile*? You ſay, I preſs you, and if you can proſper well in the affairs of the world by theſe ways of piety and honeſty, which are ever annexed to a firm belief of a divine Providence, you would rather take this ſame than any other. To it I anſwer that which *Laertius* ſpeaketh of the Philoſopher *Byon*, who having before been an atheiſt, & afterward by chance diſpoſing himſelf to invoke the falſe gods, became moſt ſuperſtitious in their ſervice, under hope of ſome temporal commodities, which he thought to gain. *O great fool* (ſaith this Authour) *who could not propoſe gods to himſelf, unleſs he made them mercenary, and would needs have the belief of a Divinitie depend on the ſucceſſes of his perſon and houſe.* God (ſaith S. *Auguſtine*) engageth not his promiſe to make us happy according to the world, ſo ſoon as we become honeſt men. If you ſay unto him: *O God, where is your juſtice, to ſuffer the wicked ſo to flouriſh, & good men to be afflicted?* He will anſwer, *Where is your faith? where is that promiſe I have made you? Have you made your ſelf a Chriſtian to be happy in the world?* This were to make a virtue beggerly, wanton, and intereſſed, which muſt ever be payed with proſperities: we may well ſay, it reſigned it ſelf to God for good morſels, and not for honeſty. It is much to be feared, leſt the pleaſures of the preſent, may make it looſe the taſt of the recompence promiſed in Heaven, as it is ſaid the dogs, which hunted among the flowers of Mount *Gibel*, loſt heretofore the tracks of the hare.

Againſt the ancient ſaying touched by Tertullian: *Non licet Deos noſſe gratis.* Diogen. Laer. lib. 4.

Aug. Enar. 2. in Pſal. 25. *Dic tibi Deo; Hæc eſt juſtitia tua ut mali floreant, boni laborent: & Deus tibi reſpondet, Hæc eſt fides tua: Hoccine tibi promiſi, & ad hoc Chriſtianus factus es, ut in ſeculo floreres?*

Irridendum, ægre curam rerum humanarum quicquid eſt ſummum, ſed credi, & uſu vitæ eſt. Plin. l. 2. c. 7.

O proditorem generis humani. Vives 1. de verit. fidei lib. 9.

If following good Policie, we should be unhappy towards the world, we might ever comfort the captivity of our body by the liberty of our mind, and guild our chains of glory with our virtues. We should enter into the community of great spirits, who have done all good, to endure all evil; we should much more rejoyce to be in the bottom of the prison with S. *Paul*, than in the heaven on earth, which *Cosroes* the *Persian* King caused to be built. But God is not so harsh to a good conscience, that he desireth to hold it still in the incommodities of present life: but much otherwise, if you will well discourse, there will be found an infinite number of good Princes, excellent Magistrates, and all sorts of persons qualified, who pursuing the way of honesty, have been most prosperous in the mannage of affairs. And if you consider your Politicians, who make profession to refine all the world, either you have seen but the first station of their plaistered felicity, or have ever found great labyrinths, horrible confusions, fortunes little lasting, dejection in their posterity, hatred, and the execration of Ages.

I think, I have fully illustrated these truths in the histories which I have written of *Herod*, *Theodosius*, *Maximus*, *Eugenius*, *Constantine*, *Diocletian*, *Constans*, *Julian*, and divers others.

And if you yet desire to behold with a ready eye, how there is no policie powerfull against God, and how he surprizeth the most subtile, making snares of their greatest cunning to captive them; behold *Joseph*, sold by his wicked brothers, for fear he should be honoured, and yet see him honoured because he was sold. Behold *Haman*, who practised the ruin of the *Hebrews*, to raise himself; and see him raised on a gibbet of fifty cubits high, to humble him. Behold *Jonas*, who would also be a Politician contrary to the counsels of his Master; yet tempests pursued him, the lot served him for an arrest, the sea for a Mistress of constancy, the belly of a Whale, which should be his sepulcher, for a Palace. He came to the haven by ship-wrack, much more safe in the entrails of a fish, than in a ship. Behold *Pharaoh*, who becomes crafty, and thinketh by ruinating the *Israelites*, his Scepter is throughly established: God surprizeth him in subtility, and makes him know the oppression of this poor people, is the instrument of his ruin. A little child, which lieth floating on the waters of *Nilus*, in a cradle of bulrushes, as a worm hidden in straw, and whose afflicted mother measureth his tomb with her eyes in every billow of this faithless element, is delivered from peril by the very bloud of *Pharaoh*, to turn the Diadem of *Pharaoh* into dust, and bury him all enflamed in a gulf of the Red-sea. Behold *Jeroboam*, who revolting against his Prince, raised a State by ambition, and a Religion out of fantasie, having seen the Altars crack with the horrour of his crime, yet his heart still remaining more obdurate than stone, in the end he is so chastised by the hand of God, that there was not left so much as one handfull of dust of his house upon the face of the earth. Behold *Absalom*, who thought the means to mount up to a Throne, was to make a foot-stool by force of Arms of the crowned head of his father: yet see him entangled in a tree, transfixed with three spears, and thrown into a deep pit, which left nothing of him alive, but the memory of his misery. Behold *Saul*, who makes shew punctually to obey the law of God under the direction of *Samuel*, he afterwards learns to become cunning, plotting designs, and seeking in all points his own petty interests: but in the end *David*, whose life he judged incompatible with his own estate, dismounted him, using no other Policie, but by making himself an honest man.

Domus Jeroboam eversa est, & deleta de superficie terræ. 3 Reg. 15.

Behold the Monarchies of the world, so much disputed on, behold Scepters hanging on a silken thread, the Empires, and lives of *Otho*, *Vitellius*, *Galba*, *Piso*, *Balbinus*, *Florianus*, *Basilius*, *Silvanus*, *Tacitus*, *Quintilius*, *Maximus*, *Michael Colophates*. Behold the fall of *Parmenio* under *Alexander*, *Sejanus* under *Tyberius*, *Cleander* under *Commodus*, *Ablavius* under *Constantine*, *Eutropius* under *Arcadius*, *Vigilius* under *Frederick*, *Brocas* under *Philip*, *Cabreca* under *Peter*, and so many of the like kind.

Either you shall make your self wholly insensible, or must affirm, that to raise a State, and build a fortune, you are to proceed securely therein, with a very great tie upon the maxims of faith, religion, and honesty, unless you will expect in the course of an uncertain life a most certain ruin. And yet you still doubt to enter into the Citie of good Policie. Oh, had you once tasted those delights, you would become wholly enamoured of them, but I see it is fit I make a piece of painting for you, to oppose that wicked Policie.

The fourth SECTION.

The Table of the Citie of God, otherwise called, The Citie of honest men; drawn out of many excellent conceits of ancient Authours, and things practised in some former Common-wealths.

I Will tell you than, that I have seen in the idæa of *Plato* this Divine *Agathopolis*, and that my mind is still much pleased with the remembrance of this spectacle. Expect not I should describe unto you the Countrey nor Citie with curiositie of language, for I leave that to Poets and Oratours, who have more leisure than I. Onely I intreat you to believe, that all which delicate pens of antiquitie have written of *Elisian* fields, and the fortunate Islands, are in it to be found, with many advantages, which we may much better conceive than expresse. The Heavens are there smiling, the air wholsom, the waters good, the seasons temperate, the winds calm, the ground fertile, the abode delightfull, the hills and valleys watered with goodly fountains, shadowed with many trees, covered with vines, enamelled with flowers, tapistred with meadows, bristled with ears of corn; on what side soever you turn, it seemeth the Providence of God hath taken much pleasure to embellish this territory with his own hands.

I will not speak to you at all of the walls, Towwers, Bulwarks, Bastions, Theaters, Amphitheaters, Colosseses, Edifices, and other the like; for herein this fortunate Citie hath not grounded its greatness, although there were to be seen buildings, as admirable, as if the Angels of Heaven were come down on earth, to undertake the direction thereof. I took it for a good presage, when I saw at the enterance of the Citie a great number of minds, modest, stout, and resolved, who went to the fountains to draw water, and bare the pitcher on their shoulders, as that ancient *Rebecca*, of whom it is spoken in Scripture, labouring like bees in a bright summers day. I saw over the gate of the Citie a great statue of the Sun in the sign of *Libra*, which made me suppose, that all was mannaged within it, as are the days and the nights in the Equinoctial. I was not deceived in the judgement I made upon it, for there were not so much as clocks out of order, in such sort, that they struck all together, and mutually met at every hour of the day.

It was a contentment to me to walk on a pavement, even and smooth, and to behold streets very fair, where there was neither stench, dirt, chan-

nels,

riels, coach-man, caroch, nor lash of whips, smoak of roasts, criers, much tattle, running up and down, sinks, perfumes of Carpet-knights, waggish tricks of lacheys, nor sleights of cut-purses proud gates of Redomonts, nor leaders of Bears, nor Mountebanks, nor petty faggers, quarrelers, drunkards, ale-houses, nor any of those which draw tribute from humane flesh. The whole world there was busied, and there was not an idle boy: onely you might see children very yong, who played at a most innocent game, and bare in their childish faces the goodness of fathers and mothers, imprinted with an excellent character.

I learned the principal scope of their great felicity, was a most genuine simplicity, which reigned amongst all the inhabitants; not that they were stupid, or witless; for accosting them, I soon perceived they had spirits clear-sighted and well purified; but all their study was to make a harmony between their heart and tongue, and to proceed in all things they undertook with marvellous freedom: they were infinitely amazed when it was told them, there were in other Countreys counterfeit men, who spake contrary to their knowledge, and thinking one thing in their hearts, affirmed the contrary with their tongues. They thought it impossible, and used comparisons of their clocks, where the wheel and the hand went ever a like pace. And when I insisted, and grounded my self upon experience of what I had seen and heard, they concluded it may well then be said, those men there are *spiritual Centaurs*, composed of two natures.

And it being told them, there were Ladies and Gentlewomen in other Provinces, which wore sumptuous apparel, plaited, bumbasted, slashed, loaden with precious stones and chains, which had the spoils of the dead upon their heads, draw-bridges tyed to their feet, and that they bestowed a quarter of their lives in combing, and plaistering their faces: the women of this Countrey had much compassion hereof, and spake with tears in their eyes: *Alas poor creatures! we may well say they have committed enormous sins, to carry themselves thus.* And when it was answered, the greatest ambition which these Ladies had in the world, was to use this custom, they made many signs of the Cross, asking whether they were innocents, they would not absolutely say, fools?

Hereunto was added a tale, that in the year of an universal peace, there was a Ladie, who travelling with her husband into some other Province, had learned a certain manner how to beautifie her face, which she very curiously made use of; the rest perceiving it, caused her to play at King and Queen, which was a pastime, where the Ladie, who became Empress by the custom of the game, commanded the rest what she thought good, and all yielded obedience to her. The Empress chosen, imposed upon all her train to wash their faces, which this counterfeit woman being inforced to do, as the water dissolved the painting, and that she appeared as she was, the confusion of her forehead was so excessive, that she as it were died with grief, not daring afterward to undertake the like. Their attire port, gate, countenance, words, houses, moveables, tables, recreations, were carried with simplicity, yet accompanied with majesty, civility, decorum, and seasoned with as true pleasures, as humane life may afford.

I saw many old men of an hundred years and upward, who were yet very fresh, whereat I was much amazed, and one of them looking on me: "Why "(saith he) do you wonder? We live here on inno-"cent meats, whereby it cometh to pass, that we do "not so much as know the names of diseases, of which "(it is said) you have huge registers, which are the "purchasers of your intemperance. We have here no "desire to drie up our entrails, and shorten our days; "we are all great in the obedience we tender to the "law: all rich in the contentment of our desires; and "all pleased with the happiness one of another. We "have no passion to wear our hearts, nor cares to pre-"judice our lives, nor avarice to burn us up alive in "our houses, nor ambition to make us wings fastened "on with wax, to fly up to the clouds, and make "both land and sea famous by our falls. We have an "excellent law, which is, never to proceed against the "law of nature; and to tell you the truth, the ignо-"rance of sins, wherein we live, serves us better than "all the precepts of virtue do others.

"There is no war among us but against vices, which "we rather desire to vanquish, than all sorts of mon-"sters. We know not what plagues mean, because "we neither infect the air nor land with blasphemies "or bloud. The seasons of the year have with us the "same equality which our spirits enjoy, and the sun "smileth on us in all his mansions, as we endeavour "to have a charity perpetually smiling, and the bow-"els of compassion towards our like. When we "would behold goodly Theaters, we reduce into our "memory the vanities of men, to bewail them so "much as they are frivolous. We see this great spe-"ctacle of the world, which it is very hard to imitate, "and to fault it, is a crime.

"The greatest eloquence among us, is truth, and "the first science we teach our children, is that which "instructeth them not to tell a lie. Above all, we "endeavour piously to honour and serve God, uni-"ting us to his Spirit, and submitting our ways to "the main stream of his Providence.

I stood very attentive to hear this old man speak: for I was in a good place; yet not contenting my self simply with what he had said, I needs would see their Churches, their devotions, their laws, and their justice, their commerce, and their Policie. I saw the places dedicated to the service of God, were exceedingly well governed, observed, and frequented, and that their devotion was not a slight fore of apish tricks, nor affected countenances, but a solid belief of the Divinity with most pure affections. They had no great store of bells, nor took any pride to ring them, nor to publish festivals with much noise, nor to set up Fairs at the enterance into Churches, nor to sell jewels, nor wear rich apparel, nor to glory in their kitchins. Their great solemnities were better known by silence and devotion, than by any other exteriour ostent. It was a blessing, to behold that heresie had altered nothing, either in their doctrine or manners; for they had ever declared themselves enemies of all innovation: and as it is said that fishes are silent, and draw near to the source of waters, so they banishing from their Citie all those contentious disputations, let their mouthes to the fountains of verity.

Thither came at the time whilest I was there, an able man, who thought to preach Controversies to them, and difficult distinctions of School-divinity; but the better sort of *French-men* demanded whether he preached in *Hebrew* or no. They could not endure any one should perplex their consciences, by vehemently raising up an infinite number of too subtile arguments, and many times unhonest; so much they feared to bring any mixture upon their innocency, finding more assistance in the lights of good nature, than the subtilities of men.

I considered how at their going from Church, they went to visit goodly great Hospitals, which were excellently well founded, and administered for the help of the poor, as well forreigners as domesticks: and I saw the most curious Ladies went confidently into them with chatitle in their hands, humbling themselves to the services of the most indigent. This made me so enamoured of their government, that I judged it the quintessence of the same Theologie.

And verily, when I sought to inform my self of

their laws, I found they had as few, as their soundest men had medicines. They were all grounded on the doctrine of the Saviour of the world, namely on that word, which forbiddeth us to do that to others, which we would not to be done to our selves. Their state was Monarchal under the government of a good King, whom they honoured as a visible Divinity. This King had a Councel composed of the prime men of the world, who lived like Angels, and spake as Oracles; so much reverence they bare them, that when they appeared in the streets, they were seen to pass along with a certain silence mingled with veneration, as if they had been animated Reliques.

I likewise saw old Captains grown white in forreign wars, under the shadow of Palm-trees, and a flourishing warlike troup, readily disposed to do bravely upon occasion. The obedience was there so great, that if a souldier had his arm ready up to strike, upon the first sound of retreat, he would withhold the blow. All rewards were for virtues, and Fortune much complained, that she in this Countrey had neither Altar nor credit. Very rarely should you see a man advanced, but by long and faithfull trials of his merit: so that honours were there fastened, as it is said, with lyme and cement, because they sought for nothing more honourable from great actions, than the contentment to have done them.

All was there so peaceable, that it seemed this whole Citie was the nest of Halcyons, which calmeth the brow of Heaven, and appeaseth tempests. The Citizens entertained one another, as the fingers on the hand, every one taking part of the good of his fellow: and it was a matter as rare to see a quarrel, as a monster brought from the utmost limits of *Africk*.

Needs must I confess I took a singular content, when one day passing through a street, I heard two old men, who discoursed in their language of forreign Countreys, and the one said to his companion, that duels and quarrels were used there: the other would not believe him at all, thinking that two men who bare one and the same figure, could not contend one with another: but he persisted, and said he knew it to be true, and that the source of all their debates, was to say: It is mine, It is not: It is so, Yea, No. This narration so enkindled them, that they resolved to imitate those of whom they spake, and to have at least once in their lives a quarrel. But what endeavour soever they used, they would never confidently say, Yea, No. For as soon as one had pronounced, Yea, and began to make shew of contestation, the other said, Take it, I yield it. I leave you to think, whether any thing might be seen more pure than these souls.

This narration is found in the lives of the holy Anchorets.

In their commerces they so much feared to wrong their neighbours, that you would have said, they studied to deceive themselves, for fear to get from another; and if any one had gained ought by some mis-reckoning, he was half dead, and rose oftentimes at midnight to hasten to make restitution, it being otherwise impossible for him to enjoy any repose.

I saw their Palace, which was a very beautifull piece, but the manner of suits and processes were there very rare; yet had I notwithstanding a vehement desire to hear them plead, at which time it was told me, that the next day a notable cause was to come to a hearing.

I failed not to be present thereat, and saw two men of the same condition, like those of whom S. *Chrysostom* wrote the history, who pleaded for a treasure. The matter was, the one had sold his land, and the other had bought it. The seller quickly laid hold of his money, and the buyer being entered into possession, had begun to till the field, to have corn from thence: but not thinking thereof, he found gold in it; for coming to plow the land, he made discovery of a great treasure. But he, as much astonished as if he had found some venemous creature, or some mischievous piece of witch-craft, went directly to the seller to advertise him of what had passed, and wished him to take his gold again: but the other being unwilling to understand him in that kind, caused him to be called before the Judges. This was a business then handled with so much concourse of people, that never have I seen a cause so notorious. I had much ado to understand any thing of it, but certain broken words. The plaintive spake, *How? Must men be used thus? You have sold me a field, and not given me notice there was a treasure hidden in it, why have you deceived me, why have you used such foul play with me?* The defendant lifted up his hands to Heaven, and said: *I swear and protest unto you by the faith of an honest man, that I did not thus purposely. I sold you my land in all simplicity, not having the least suspition that there was any treasure. Well Sir, if you sold it with a sincere intention* (saith the other to him) *God pardon you, but I pray you come and take away your treasure.* He again: *Why should I take it? It belongs to you.* The other: *To me? What injustice is this! I bought land, and not gold. You purchased the land,* answered the defendant, *and all the appurtenances, it is reason that you possess all.* The poor plaintif replied, sighing: *Would you use me in this fashion, and charge me with such unhappiness? Rather take your land again. I will not,* said his adversary: *it belongeth to you. Good God deliver me from such an unfortunate chance, I will have care how I engage my self in the like.* In the end, the treasure was adjudged to him that bought the land, whereat he was much troubled, so that his friends had business enough to comfort him.

Chrysostom. ad Popul. Antio.

Oh Age! Oh goodness! Oh golden poverty! How much art thou now estranged from our manners! I saw not there the Tornielle nor criminal process; for crimes were banished from thence, both by great severity of laws, and the excellent disposition of the people.

Every one was made to render an account very exactly of the means he had to live on. And there was a certain girdle, as that of which *Nicholas Damascene* speaketh in his Policie, wherewith the just wideness of the waist was measured; and if any one were grown too gross, he had much ado to escape, unless he brought good witness that this happened not to him through idleness or excess of diet.

If a detractour were found, all his teeth were knocked out one after another: If a thief, melted gold was poured down his throat: If an homicide, he was put to be fed on by vulturs in an iron cage: If a blasphemer, his lips were seared with a hot iron, and his mouth sowed up: If a drunkard, he was put into a sack, and thrown into the water: If one unchaste, he was burnt with a soft fire, such horrour had they of vice.

Great volumes would be necessary to recount all the wonders of this celestial *Agathopolis*, which require some other scope than that which I have undertaken. I will content my self to tell you for conclusion, that I saw in the middest of the Citie a great Pyramis of white marble, on which was set the statue of Justice, clothed with a robe all embroidered with stars, holding in one hand a book of laws, and in the other an ear of corn; about her were also pourtrayed in embossed work, truth, wisdom, and the arts; and somewhat lower were beheld the statues of all the great States-men, with certain excellent precepts of Policie, engraven in brass; some copies whereof I have drawn out, which I, my Politician, desire to impart unto you.

The

The fifth Section.

Sage Precepts drawn out of the Monuments of the divine Agathopolis.

HE is the greateſt States-man, who to himſelf ſeemeth the leaſt. Imagine not your greatneſs conſiſteth wholly to ſet up the Common-wealth of *Plato* and *Xenophon* in your own imagination, nor to lay together a huge heap of precepts, nor to know Cabales or myſteries, nor to make profeſſion of great ſubtilities and ſtratagems: we have ſeen by the experience of all Ages, that in affairs there is a certain ſtroke of the Divine Providence, which dazeleth all the wiſe, diſarmeth the ſtrong, and blindeth all the moſt politick, with their own proper lights.

Ordinarily the moſt unhappy in States have been thoſe, who have made the greateſt ſhew of knowledge, to deceive under humane Policie. That is it which ruined *Jeroboam*, which undid *Saul*, which overthrew the Common-wealth of the *Athenians*, and which made *Machiavel* with his great liſt of precepts to be diſaſterous in all his undertakings. Theſe kind of ſubtile men better underſtand the myſterie of diſputation, than how to live, to diſcourſe than to counſel, and to ſpeak, than to do. They all have as it were three things much oppoſite to good counſels.

The firſt is, that they are variable, fickle, and uncapable of repoſe; which is the cauſe, that as the Sun ſometimes draweth up a great quantitie of vapours which he cannot diſſipate, ſo they likewiſe, by this vivacitie perpetually active, do amaſs together a great heap of affairs, which their judgement can never diſſolve. The ſecond is, that they ſwim in an infinite confuſion of reaſons and inventions, reſembling oftentimes bodies charged with too great abundance of bloud; who through a notable exceſs find death in the treaſure of life. The third is, that ſeeking to withdraw themſelves from common underſtanding, they figure to themſelves ſubtilities, and chymæraes, which are as the Towers of the *Lamiæ* (as *Tertullian* ſpeaks) on which no man hath thought, or ever will; which is the cauſe that their ſpirit floating in this great tyde of thoughts, ſeldom meeteth with the diſpatch of an affair.

Adde likewiſe to this, that God is pleaſed to ſtupifie all theſe great profeſſours of knowledge, and make them drink in the cup of errour, in ſuch ſort, that we coming to diſcourſe concerning their judgement, find they have committed many faults in the government of Common-wealths, which the ſimpleſt peaſants would not have done in the direction of their own houſes.

This hath been well obſerved by the Prophet *Iſaiah*, when he ſaid of the Councellours of *Pharaoh*: *The Princes of* Tanais *are become fools, the Princes of* Memphis *are withered away, they have deceived* Ægypt *with all the ſtrength and beautie of her people: God hath ſent amongſt them a ſpirit of giddineſs, and made them reel up and down in all their actions like drunken men.* The holy *Job* hath ſaid the ſame in theſe terms: *God ſuffereth theſe wiſe Councellours to fall into the hazards of ſenſeleſs men. God maketh the Judges ſtupid, taketh away the ſword and belt from Kings, to engirt their reins with a cord: God maketh the Prieſts to appear infamous, ſupplanteth the principal of the people, changeth the lips of truth-ſpeakers, taketh away the doctrine of old men, and poureth out contempt upon Princes.*

Iſaiah 19.

Job 12.

Behold the menaces which the Sovereign Maſter pronounceth againſt thoſe who wander from the true way; and therefore, my Politician, without perplexing your ſpirit with an infinity of precepts, which have been touched by a great diverſitie of pens, I affirm, that all which you may here expect, conſiſteth in four things, which are as four elements of your perfection, to wit, *Conſcience*, *Capacitie*, *Diſcretion*, and *Courage*.

The firſt and moſt neceſſary inſtruments of all arts, and namely of this profeſſion, is *Conſcience*; which verily is the moſt ancient Governeſs of the ſoul, and the moſt holy Miſtreſs of life.

It is that, which will inſtantly diſpoſe you to the end, whereunto you are to pretend in the exerciſe of an office. It is that which will tell you, that having given your ſelf to the publick, you are taken away from your ſelf: that you muſt not enter into this Sanctuary of juſtice with a beggarly, baſe, or mercenary intention, but to aim ſincerely at God, and the good of the Common-wealth. It is that, which will diſcover unto you thoſe three wicked gulfs of ambition, avarice, and impuritie, which have ſwollowed all ſpirits diſ-united from God. It is that which will teach you, that what is done in Heaven, is proportionably acted in a Mathematical circle; and that which is done in the great Regiment of Angels, ought to be done in the great government of men. It is that, which will firmly ſupport you on the baſis of the Eternal Providence. It is that, which will render you next unto God, by often thinking on God, and will make you ſpeak what you think, and do what you ſpeak.

It is that, which will inſtruct you, that the ſpirit of man is like a Sun-dyal, which is of no uſe but when the Sun reflecteth on it; and that you likewiſe expect not your underſtanding may have any true light and direction for the government of people, if not enlightened with a ray of God.

Beſides, it will give you means to enter into a holy liſt of piety and juſtice, which are the two fundamental pillars of all great eſtates. Piety will aſſign you two ſorts of devotion, the one common, the other ſingular.

The common will cauſe you pioufly to honour and ſerve God, you firſt having moſt pure and chaſte beliefs in that which concerneth true faith, without any mixture of curioſities and ſtrange opinions: for it is a very great ſecret in matter of religion, not to believe of God but what he is; and that man ever knows him ſufficiently, who is holily ignorant of him, eſteeming him infinitly to tranſcend his knowledges. Secondly, it will apply you to divine Worſhip and publick ceremonies, in a manner free, cordial, and Religious, for the ſatisfaction of your interiour, and the example of the publick.

Inſuſpicabilis ſecreti reverendæque majeſtatis cognitio eſt, Deum non noſſe, niſi Deum. S. Zeno ſerm. de Nativit.

Singular devotion will move you to conſider, how being a publick perſon, and charged with affairs which expect the motion of the Divine Providence, you have a great dependance on Heaven, and that it therefore will ſhew you according to the proportion of your time and leiſure, ſome hour of retirement to negotiate particularly with God, in imitation of *Moſes*, that great States-man, who had ſo familiar a recourſe to the Tabernacle. For if that be true which S. *Gregorie Nazianzen* ſaith, that we ought to have God in mind, as often as we breath, it is ſo much the more ſuitable to States-men, as they have moſt need to ſuck in this life-giving ſpirit, as from the fountain of the Word, by the means of prayer.

Saint *John Damaſcene* in a Dialogue he made againſt the *Manichees*, holdeth this opinion, That the greateſt Angels are as clocks, which come in the end to languiſh and faint, if God do not continually draw them upward by the breath of his ſpirit: ſo muſt we ſay, that the goodlieſt Spirits, and ſtrongeſt Intelligences leſſen and wax old every moment, if they reſume not vigour in the intellectual ſource, by the virtue of devotion.

When you shall be instructed in these principles, this wise Mistress, whom I call your conscience, will make you find in a right course the perfection of justice, which consisteth in four principal things.

The first is, neither to act, nor shew to your subjects the least suspition of evil or sin. For you must begin your government by your own example; and since your spirit is the first wheel whereunto all the other are fastened, it is necessary to give it a good motion. It is held, when the Sun stood still in the time of *Josuah*, the Moon and all the Stars made the like pause. Governours and Masters have this proper to themselves, that in all they do, they pour forth their spirits into such of their subjects, who are for the most part neither good nor bad, but by the relation they have to the life of those, on whom their fortunes depend.

Peccare & non cohibere peccantes, juxta æstima. Dositheus l. Italicorum.

The second is, not to suffer an evil, since, as said *Agapetus* to the Emperour *Justinian*, to commit and permit crimes, when one hath full power to hinder them, is as it were one and the same thing. There are no flatteries so charming, nor importunities so forcible, which should ever make a well composed spirit to bend to the permission of a sin, which he knoweth to be against the honour of God, and the tranquilitie of his conscience. *Fabricianus* a *Roman* Captain, in ruining a Fortress of the *Samnites*, kept their *Venus*, which he sent to *Rome* for the beauty of the workmanship, and it is thought the aspect of this statue was the first occasion of making his wife an adulteress, and caused him afterward to serve as a victim to the loves of this unchaste woman by horrible massacre. It happeneth oftentimes, that Masters of families, who seem very innocent in their persons, retain scandals in their houses, through a certain pusillanimity and dissimulation, which draw upon them the chastisements of God, and disasters very extraordinary. The Scripture saith, the High Priest *Eli* was the lamp of God, before he was extinguished by a wicked toleration of the excesses of his children, which rent his house, and buried him in publick ruins. Take good heed there be not some houshold servant raised by your indulgence, who rendereth your favours odious, and liberalities criminal, by abuse of the power which you have put into his hands. *Alkabicius* the Astrologer observeth, there are stars of their own nature benign, and which would ever behold us favourably, were it not the neighbour-hood of some others malign altered their sweet inclinations. And there are many Masters and Mistresses to be found in the world, endued with a humour exceedingly good, if the near approaches which bad servants make to their persons did not destroy this temper. That man is truly stout and happy, who findeth or maketh men of honour well disposed, faithfully affected, industrious, vigilant, laborious, indefatigable, sober in speech, prompt in execution, patient and able in their charges; for good souldiers make glorious Captains, and good Officers great States-men.

1 Reg. 33. juxta 70. ὁ ἀρχιερεὺς θεοῦ.

Qualities of an Officer.

The third condition of the zeal of justice is, that you never be pleased an ill act be done under the shadow that you were not of counsel thereunto, or that it never came to your knowledge. You may very well rejoyce, not to have at all contributed to evil, yea not to the birth of evil; for this were otherwise to betray your conscience, which ought to have the same capacity to abhor all vices, and embrace all virtues, as faith inclineth to believe all veritjes revealed unto it. I leave you to think, what conscience *Sextus Pompeius* of elder time had, to whom, as he entertained *Augustus* and *Mark Anthonie* in his ship, and being in the heat of his feast, a servant came to tell him, if so he pleased, he quickly would put these two Princes into his power, thereby to make him Monarch of the world: He a little while thinking on this matter, said to him who brought the news, Thou shouldst have done it, and never told me of it. This well shewed he bare some respect to fidelity, but was very far from that perfection which hateth evil, yea, even that which is out of the compass of ones own knowledge.

The fourth is, that you must correct disorders, as much as you possibly may, declaring you have a natural horrour against all sins, which resist laws both divine and humane, and that the love of honestly hath made you to pass it as it were into your nature. I do not see where the virtue of a great States-man may shew it self with more lustre, than in the exercise of justice. S. *Gregorie* the Great saith, A mixture of oyl and wine must be made to heal the wounds of men in such sort, that mindes may not be ulcered with too much severity, nor grow remiss by an excess of indulgence. The rod must be used to touch, and the staff to support; love should not soften, nor rigour transport matters into despair. *Moses*, the first States-man, burned inwardly with the fire of charity, and was outwardly wholly enkindled with the flames of the zeal of justice. As a loving father he offered his soul to God, even to the wish to be blotted out of the book of life to save his people: as a Judge he took the sword, and bathed it in the bloud of Idolaters. He was in all kinds both a couragious Embassadour, and an admirable mediatour, pleading before God the cause of his people with prayers, and before his people the cause of God with the sword.

Greg. in Job. 29. *Justitiâ firmatur solium.* Prov. 16.

It is to do all, to execute good justice; God hath set you on high for no other cause, but to behold vices beneath: if you exalt them, they will trample you under foot, you shall perpetually drink the greatest part of the poison you mingled for others; and when you shall break down the hedge, the snake (as the Scripture threateneth) will sting you the first. When a good conscience hath accommodated you with this condition, so that you have no other intention but to advance goodness in your own person, and in those who belong to you, you are not a little advanced in the perfections of a great States-man: yet it is fit, Conscience, Science, and Capacity be had for the discharge of great employments, and especially by him, who makes profession to govern men sometimes as untractable as Hydra's of many heads.

Everti in terrum inde magis vitia despice. Calisd.

Eccles. 10.8

Campanus Bishop of *Terni*, of whom we have some Works in the *Bibliotheca Patrum*, in the book which he composed of magistracy, requireth four conditions in him: A wit vigorous, a carriage neither dejected nor unpleasing, a prudence full of maturity, when there is occasion to consult upon an affair, and a promptness to take time in the instant, to execute that which hath once been well resolved on.

Campanus Interamnensis Episcop.

He saith a vigorous wit, for it is very fit the soul should be full of lights and flames which is to serve others for a guide; and as there is no wit so great which hath not many defects, so it is very necessary it be polished by good letters, which unite and incorporate in one sole man the faculties of many others, and by the conference of the wise, which taketh away all that which excellent natures do as yet retain of terrestrial, to make them appear in their best lustre.

A man, saith this Authour, *who thinketh to know all, and do all, without having any need of the counsel of others, is necessarily of two things the one, either a God amongst mortals, or a beast among men.* The Scripture speaking of the great sea of brass, which *Solomon* made in the Temple, saith in the book of *Paralipomenon*, that it contained three thousand measures, and the third book of *Kings* affords it but two thousand. This seemeth to involve some contradiction, which

2 Paral. 4.5.

3 Reg. 7.16.

Tostatus

Tostatus cleareth in saying, this great vessel in truth amounted to three thousand measures, but that there was never poured out any more thereof than two thousand. So is it with the wits of men how capable soever; we are not to cloy them with charges and affairs so far as to exhaust them, but to divide burdens in proportion, since there is none but God alone of ability for all. The presumption of those who will undertake above their forces, so to leave nothing for others to do, much more hurteth than would stupidity.

Nigrum sanguinis regnantem discernit, & præstat humano generi, nè de optimo Principi possit errari. Calliod. Var. l. 1. Ep. 2.

He addeth, to wit, the shape of body, which is not a little recommendable in the stature, figure, port, gate, age, countenance, speech, and even in the very habit. All this when it is eminent, surprizeth minds, and striketh its stroak to give estimation to a man before we enter into his interiour: but if the house answer not to the frontispiece, what may we else say, but that nature hath built up a goodly mansion to lodge therein a handsom beast?

What he hath said in the third and fourth place of prudence natural and acquired, which some have to deliberate and well resolve on an affair, accompanied with a stout resolution and a very strict execution, is verily most necessary in a great States-man.

There are ordinarily two great rocks in this sea of affairs, which have in them oppositions very contrary in negotiation of things important. The one is irresolution, and the other obstinacy in opinion. Irresolution ever holds men suspended in the air, and tormenteth subjects who expect their dispatches and directions from the counsel of those who deliberate. Obstinacy through a false presumption of ability, will never forgo what hath been once proposed, and resembleth a rude Portress, which driveth all good advise from the house. One would not believe the hurt this last plague draweth upon all good counsels, and how hard it is to be cured. Verily it is a prodigie, that God, who discovereth from the superiour vaults of Heaven to the bottom of the abyss, the least atoms of the world, and who is so clear-sighted, that hell hath not darkness thick enough to hide it self before him; notwithstanding all-wise as he is, to dissolve our pride, he feigneth some repentance in his actions; but we, whose thoughts are timorous, fore-sighters uncertain, actions confused, oftentimes have so much arrogance, as to be desirous to make good our faults, for fear to confess our errours.

Jer. 26. 13.

Diminutio majestatis fecisse mutanda. Seneca.

A maxim of Politicians maintaineth, it is to diminish authority, to do that which must be undone; for ever it is better to stifle a monster in his birth which one hath begot, than shortly after to foment and nourish it with humane bloud. *Ahasuerus* revoking the cruel Edict, which he made concerning the massacre of the *Hebrews*, yieldeth a pertinent reason thereof, saying, This diversities of decrees proceeded not from the levity of his spirit, but from the alterations of times, which make way for affairs that are treated.

Esther. 16.

As for execution which followeth deliberation, it is verily the hardest piece: for there are many to be found, who deliberate, as the rat in the fable, to hang a little bell about the cats neck, to fortifie their Common-wealth against surprizes. Counsel is received by all with applause; but when they come to execution, every one turns his back. It is not to be imagined, how much a man who executeth affairs prudently resolved on, either of himself, or by such as are very trusty, hath eminence above others in matter of government. King *Antigonus* said, his warfare was rather a warfare of times and occasions, than arms: and *Polybius* writeth, that the least things which are done in war are those which are handled with sword and violence; but the most eminent are executed by the knowledge, how duly to manage an occasion.

Polyb. l. 10. c. 9.

Behold in a nearer degree the qualities which form the capacity of a States-man, not enlarging my self to speak here of others, especially of those that are put into the number of blessings, which the common sort attribute to fortune.

But a man may have all possible inclinations, and might notwithstanding be ever like those musicians, who performed all their musick inwardly, no man hearing any of it outwardly, if he produced not himself in direction, which is the application of all the gifts of grace and nature, that a man can have for the practise and course of affairs.

Nil vile, nil cupidum Judices decet. Claras suæ maculas reddunt, si illis, ad quos multi respiciunt, aliquid reprehensum fordescat. Calliodorus.

This direction will teach you a marvellous secret, which is to proportion your self to time, place, persons, affairs treated, and to measure your self in such manner, that your actions may be profitable for all the world. It will bring you forth from behind the curtain, and advance you on the Theater, to see and to be seen reciprocally by all those who have eyes. There it is, where you are not to present any thing that is sordid, dejected, proud, furious, light, fearfull, nor passionate: for great fortunes have this property, to extrude all the blemishes of the heart into the forehead; and although much art may be used to hide ones self, they make a man appear naked, who never is well clothed with habiliments of fortune, if he have not true ornaments of virtue.

What think you, if men be now adays so curious as to vaunt to see spots in the Sun, where will they not find fault, especially if they have a subject given them? Great excuses serve for no other purpose, but to cover vice, which truth discovereth, and fame publisheth, with as many trumpets as men have mouthes.

This sage advise will tell you, that it is not necessary you, shewing your self in publick, must therefore make all your defects appear, and what ever you bear upon your heart, as if you had a breast of christal, but also that the way will to cover your passions, is to have none. I say not, you ought to be without resentments and inclinations, for as those places, where there is neither sound nor motion, favour ill, so souls thus deafened are not always the most purified: but I propounce, you must so repress all motions which combat against reason, that they sparkle not in publick, both to your own disadvantage, and the ill example of those who behold you.

Philosophers have noted, that thunders which flie about break of day are the most dangerous, and you shall observe if a man in the first rays of his dignity early discover covetousness, love, hatred, revenge, avarice, and other passions, which much hasten to the prejudice of the publick, and that the voice of the people be raised up, as the roaring of thunder, he looseth as much reputation, as if he were already corrupted in mind.

Discretion will also shew you the way how to manage your dignity in a manner neither too harsh arrogant, nor haughty; but sweet, affable, and communicative: and with it to retain an honest and temperate gravity, thereby to villifie the character which God hath imprinted on those, whom he calleth to charges and commands.

It was a pleasant mockery to behold those Kings of *Egypt* appear daily in new habits, with the figures of beasts, birds and fishes, to put terrour upon the people, and give subject to Poets to make fables of *Proteus*. This affected gravity, is not in the manners of Great men, who naturally love nothing of singularity above others, but the eminence of their excellent qualities. Our spirits are not so base and childish, as to be satisfied with semblances: they desire some thing more solid; and he is ever best esteemed among the wise, who is more

respected for the interiour than the outward seeming.

Discretion will discover unto you the conditions, manners, inclinations, abilities, and wants of those whom you are to govern, and with a finger shew you the bent, which way you must encline, to lay hold of men. It is at this day no small matter, to mannage humours, which are as different as they are incompatible. The problem of the wolf, the goat, and the colewort, is daily renewed. If a ferri-man find himself much troubled to pass these three things severally from one side of the river to the other, that the wolf may do no hurt to the goat, nor the goat to the colewort in his absence; what prudence think you must a States-man have, to accord so many dogs and hares, hawks and doves? Saint *Gregorie* saith, Paradise hath nothing in it but blessed souls, and hell is filled with miserable: but the world wherein we live, containeth merchants very different. You shall behold under your government a great number of simple, innocent, poor, and afflicted creatures. Think God hath principally created you for them, open your heart with an amorous compassion, extend to them the bowels of your charity, stretch out affectionately to them your helpfull hands, take their requests, lend ear to their cries, cause their affairs to be speedily dispatched, not drawing them along in delays which may devour them, strengthen your arm against those that oppress them, redeem the prey out of the Lions throat, and the Harpies talons.

A notable practise given by King *Theodorick* to Cassiodorus.

Proprio censu negletto sine invidiâ lucri mprum divitias vetuisti: Et unde vix soles reportari patientiæ silentium, voces miliaverunt tibi laudantium.

For this it is, that Kings, Princes, States, and Officers are made. To actions of this kind is it, that God promiseth all the blessings of Heaven and admirations of earth. For this sort of processes are crowns of glory prepared. By this means a man diveth into the bottom of the heart and good opinion of people. This is the cause, that one hath so many souls and lives at command, as there are men, who the more sweetly breath air by the liberality wherewith they are obliged. The greatness of man before God, is not to replenish earth with armies, and make rivers of bloud, and to raise up mountains of dead bodies, but to do justice to a poor orphan, to wipe away the tears of a forlorn widow, to steep in oyl (as the Scripture speaketh) the yoke of people which live on gall and worm-wood. For, not touching here any thing in particular, we know, that in all Realms of Christendom there are very many persons, who sigh under necessities almost intolerable to the most savage, and who daily charge eares with complaints, and Altars with vows for their deliverance.

Now that we have a King so well disposed to justice, and near his person so sage a Councel, a Parliament so zealous for the publick good, so many honourable men, endowed with so sincere intentions, when may we reasonably expect the comfort of people, if not at this hour, when miseries are eminent, clamours piercing, and dispositions very good? Alas, if there be any thing in the world, wherein a great States-man may be seen to oblige the present, and replenish the future times with admiration of his vertues, it is in procuring the advancement of so holy an affair, for which Heaven is in expectation, and the hands of so many thousands of people are daily lifted upon Altars.

Such and so many Officers, for not having had any other aim in charges, but the accommodation of their own affairs, have passed away like phantasms, leaving nothing here behind them but ordure, nor bearing ought with them into the other world but crimes. They have found, that *the souls of the wounded have cried to Heaven against them, and that God hath not let it pass without revenge*, as speaketh holy *Job* in the four and twentieth Chapter, where he at large explicateth both the calamity of the poor, and the chastisement of the rich who persecute them. But all those who have constantly addicted themselves to the maintenance of justice, and the consolation of afflicted persons, besides the Crowns which they enjoy in Heaven, live gloriously in the memory of men. Their mouthes, which are opened for justice, after they are shut up as Temples, are truly worthy to have lillies and roses strewed on the marble which incloseth them, and that their posterity may also reap the good odour of the virtues of their noble ancestours, which hath made it march with up-rear'd head before the face of the people.

Anima vulneratorum clamavit, & Deus in ul am abire non patitur.

Regnavit fecultat tunc fi ditior, cùm remittit, & acquirit nobiles thesauros famæ, negletâ vilitate pecuniæ. Cassiod. l. 1. Epist. 16.

You on the other part shall behold travels and laudable actions, which good judgement will invite you to recompence; wherein you must shew your self generous and liberal. For, although virtue be always well enough payed with its own merit, yet must we affirm it to be one of the greatest disorders which may happen in a State, when in sowing benefits, nought else is reaped but ingratitude, and that to be capable of rewards, one must become remarkeable in crimes.

On the other side, there will be many defects presented, that must be corrected, which are either of persons very well conditioned, fallen into some slight offence by surprize; and such as these ought to be handled with much sweetness and clemency; or they are covert vices of some wicked consciences, which you neither ought, nor may as yet manifest; and here much industry and wisdom must be used to dislodge sin, and draw the winding serpent out of his den, as by the hand of the wise woman spoken of in Scripture: or they are publick sins, of men resolved, who sin without hope of amendment to the infection of a Common-wealth; and here is it, you are to strengthen your self with all your power, to take away the evil and evil men.

These are the precepts which S. *Bonaventure* giveth in his Treatise of the Wings of the Seraphin.

This discretion whereof I speak, will shew you the manner of proceeding in affairs; for it much importeth to lay hold of them by a certain handle which rendereth them much more easie. We see by experience, that those who make them spectacles of chrystal cut into diamond points, for one pistolet on a table, think they see a huge treasure, in such sort their eyes are filled with illusions, and yet their hand if they know not the secret, will be much troubled to find out the piece of gold they seek for.

This daily happeneth in the course of the world; affairs have an infinity of faces, which present themselves to our thoughts even then, when they are most subtile; but they are hollow imaginations, and he is really an able man, who knoweth how to lay his finger upon the point of a business, and grasp it, as it is said, at the right end.

You expect not here I should speak to you of the mannage of revenues, artillerie, arms, sea-affairs, fortifications, petitions, and decrees, they being matters much alienated from my profession, from whence I can derive no glory but by the confession of mine own ignorance. Every one must look into the substance, extent, and the quality of affairs he treateth, must learn what is profitable to be known for the discharge of his place, inform himself of that which he cannot of himself fore-know, willingly hearken to advices, examine and weigh them with maturity. Avoid above all, six obstacles of good affairs, which are, Disorder, Confusion, Passion, Sollicitude, Irresolution, Precipitation; to do all things warily, and peaceably, so that no anxiety be shewed, like unto *Sejanus*, a man who had more spirit than conscience, and of whom it is said, that in the middest of his greatest employments, he seemed ever idle.

Alia ejus similima. Velleius.

There

There are ſome who give out many precepts upon every office, and do as if one ſhould make a large diſcourſe to a man by teaching him to go. Experience, which is a wiſe Miſtreſs, ſo ſoon as ſhe encountereth with a man endowed with ſome capacity, ſheweth him much more than books.

Finally, your laſt liverie is *Courage*, which is exceedingly neceſſary for men of your profeſſion. *Caliſtenes* a diſciple of *Ariſtotle* obſerveth, that the earthquake of the Iſle of *Delos*, was an unlucky preſage to the Cities of *Buris* and *Helice*, which were ſwallowed up in a gulf. So when the bodies of States-men, which are as this Iſland of the Sun, tremble and bow to favour, what may we expect but an abſolute deſolation of Provinces? It is neceſſary to have a great courage to ſtrengthen the arm againſt ſo great authority of iniquities and violences of men of quality, who will confound elements, and mix ſtars with the duſt of the earth, to come to the end of their exorbitant pretenſions.

A great courage, ſay I, to reſiſt the ſecret allurements, which occur on the part of allies and friends, eſpecially of powerfull women, to whom nature hath afforded ſuch dangerous attractives, that it is many times much eaſier to defend ones ſelf from the horns of bulls, the tuſks of bores, and the throat of Lions, than from the cunning practiſes of ſuch creatures.

A great courage in the manage of affairs, and words, that are to be uſed with certain perſons, who are quickly angry and heated in their harneſs: what a brave virtue is it to endure and temper them with a mildneſs of ſpirit, peaceable, and charitable; as it is ſaid, that with a honey-comb fountains of troubled water are cleanſed and purified. An Ancient ſaid, that he who can well ſuffer an injury is worthy of an Empire; his onely ſilence will diſarm a paſſionate man, and throw proſtrate at his feet the ſame, who ſeemed to roar over his head.

Avicen. de diluviis.

See *La journée*

A great courage alſo to tolerate the ingratefull, who often caſt ſtones againſt thoſe, who gave them honey; like unto thoſe *Atlantes*, who ſhot arrows againſt the Sun.

A great courage likewiſe in the bad ſucceſs of affairs, which cannot always proſper according to the meaſure of our travel and good deſires. And to tell you it in a word, a very able courage, when a man is ready to ſuffer the loſs of office, diſgrace, baniſhment, poverty, impriſonment, and permit rather to have the heart turned out of your belly, than any good reſolution to be pulled from you, which may be conceived for the Weal-publick.

If you deſire to arrive at theſe precious endowments, let the Scripture be ever repreſented before your eyes, as the pillar of clouds and flames, which conducted the army of the living God. There it is, where you ſhall learn maxims of State, ſcored out with moſt vigorous reflections of the wiſdom of God, and where you ſhall trample under foot with a generous contempt ſo many illuſions, which wretched ſouls ſeek for in the mouth of *Pythoniſſes* and Sorcerers. Read the books of Wiſdom, the Prophets, the book of holy *Job*, and the divine Pſalms of the King, choſen out according to Gods own heart. Conſider the ſtream of ſo many Hiſtories written in this theater of wonders, which are characters of fire, wherewith the Divine Providence is pleaſed to be figured to mortal eyes, that we may learn the puniſhment of crimes, and the crowns of virtues.

Repreſent unto your ſelves often in your idæaes, thoſe great States-men, who have flouriſhed in the courſe of all Ages, and derive light and fire from their examples, to illuminate and inflame you in the ſelf ſame liſt. Behold him who had been refined above all others in the ſchool of God, I mean *Moſes*. Who hath there been more humble in refuſing charges, more obedient in accepting them, more faithfull in exerciſing them, more induſtrious in executing the commandements of God, more vigilant in government of the people, more ſevere in the correction of vices, more patient in ſufferance of the infirmities of ſubjects, and more zealous in the cordial love he bare to the whole world?

Moſes Dei de proximo arbiter. Tertul. de Monogamia. *Auguſt.* l. 22. contr. Fauſt. cap. 69.

With theſe gifts he became the God of Monarchs, he ruined the ſtate of his enemies, he unlooſed the chains of an infinite number of ſlaves, he opened ſeas, he manured wilderneſſes, he marched in the front of ſix hundred thouſand men at arms, he lived laborious amongſt ſhepheards, chaſte in the Courts of Kings, temperate in government, a companion of Angels in his retirement, and as it were a cabinet-friend of God, having continually Heaven for object, and all greatneſs in contempt. He had blotted out all that which was man in him, by the purity of a converſation wholly celeſtial. The fleſh was in him under ſuch ſubjection, and the ſpirit in ſuch Empire, that he merited the name of God, in the reſemblance of whom he was transformed by the ſuperabundance of his virtues.

Omnem iſtam ſecundum corpus habitationem, cæleſtis puritate converſationis obduxerat, mentem regens, carnem ſubjiciens, nomine Dei vocatus eſt, ad cujus ſimilitudinem ſe perfectæ virtutis libertate formaverit. Ambroſ. l. 2. de Cain & Abel.

Behold that great diſciple of *Moſes*, *Joſuah*: what piety in the ſervice of the Omnipotent, what ſweetneſs in government, what greatneſs of ſpirit in noble enterprizes, what patience in difficulties, what prudence in direction, what diſpatch in expeditions? It is no wonder if at the ſight of theſe eminent qualities, walls and Cities fell, Giants waxed pale, rivers retired back, the ſun ſtood ſtill, and one and thirty Kings underwent the yoke.

Behold *Samuel*, the Father, Maſter, and Judge of two Kings, the Doctour of Prophets, the Sanctuary of the poor, the pillar of the Church. Is it not a magnificent ſpectacle to ſee him go out of charge after ſo long a government, and ſo great a diverſitie of affairs, with a heart ſo untainted, and hands undefiled, as if he had perpetually converſed with Angels? Is it not a moſt heroical action which he did in the firſt of *Kings*, when after the election of *Saul*, having voluntarily reſigned his dignity, he ſhewed himſelf with up-rear'd head in the midſt of the people, and gave liberty to all the world, from the leaſt to the greateſt, to complain and make information againſt him before the King newly choſen? If it may be found, that in his magiſtracy, he ever did the leaſt wrong to any man, he is there ready to afford all ſatisfaction that may be thought fit. But as he had lived moſt innocently, at this word was liſted up a loud crie, proceeding from a general conſent of the people, which highly proclaimed the integritie of his juſtice. Is not this a praiſe of more value, than millions of gold and Empires.

1 Reg. 22. *Loquimini de me coram Domino, & coram Chriſto ejus.*

But above all, reflect often on the Wiſdom of God Incarnate, *Jeſus Chriſt*, the Saviour of the world, as the prime model of all States-men, which the Prophet *Iſaiah* hath exactly repreſented in the eleventh Chapter of his Propheſie, where he figureth the Redeemer unto us in quality of a Judge, to ſerve for an inſtruction and an example to all poſterity. Firſt, for as much as concerneth his perfections, he gave him ſeven ſorts of ſpirits very conſonant to a true Politician, to wit, the ſpirit of *Wiſdom* and *Underſtanding*, the ſpirit of *Counſel* and *Strength*, the ſpirit of *Science*, of *Piety*, and the *Fear of God*, wherewith he was wholly repleniſhed. Then deſcribing his manner of proceeding, he ſaith: He ſhall not judge according to humane apparences, by the inconſiderate views of carnal eyes, and the relation of a raſh tongue; but he ſhall do juſtice to the poor, and fortifie himſelf with all kind of vigour, for the defence of ſo many gentle ſouls, as are oppreſſed in the world.

To this purpoſe he ſhall ſtrike the earth with the words

words of his mouth, using his tongue as a rod of correction, and shall overthrow the wicked with the breath of his lips.

Justice shall be so familiar to him, that he shall make use of it, as of a girdle of honour, or a rich bawdrick, which brave Capeins wear. The effects of his government shall be so eminent, that the wolf under his reign shall be seen to cohabit with the lamb, the leopard with the goat, the calf with the lion, and little children to play with basilisks and aspicks: willing in these allegories to signifie, that he shall mollifie the most savage humours by his laws, to reduce them to the temper of reason.

Behold somewhat near, how this divine Writer describeth the Policie of the King of Monarchs.

All those who have insisted in his steps, have been glorious in the memory of men; and he that would number up through all Ages so many great States-men, should make a large Volume.

I will not at this time produce *Melon Injuriosus*, *Carmerus*, *Robert*, *Ausbert* surnamed the *Man of God*, *Oenus*, *Godegrandus*, *Ledwardus*, *Eginardus*, *Raoul*, *Fulbertus*, *Hildwinus*, Monsieur *Stephen* of *France*, *Guarinus*, *William of Mountaigue*, *Henrie Arnaudus of Corgues*, *Rochfort*, and the most famous *Thomas More*; not speaking of so many other lights of Ages, which have illustrated us much nearer, where we may find a large list of uncorrupted men.

Many have so worthily filled the chairs of justice, that they have deserved to pass forward to Altars, there to possess the prime places of Prelacies.

I satisfie my self to draw out of *Marcianus*, *Cassiodorus*, *Baronius*, and ancient Manuscripts, the life of *Boetius*, where you may observe the body of History sufficiently replenished with matters very considerable.

BOETIUS.

The first Section.

His great Nobilitie.

BEhold here how I make a great States-man to walk along in his rank, the honour of the gown, and the singular ornament of the purple garment; who hath had the priviledge to revive learning in his life, and at his death to bury all the *Roman* greatness in his tomb.

It is the most Illustrious *Boetius*, whom I have selected almost in the first Ages of Christianitie, as the most accomplished personage, that hath flourished in the quality of a man of the long robe throughout Christendom. For if you consider his extraction, it was the noblest of his time; if you regard his means, he was of the most honestly rich; if you reflect on his wit, he dazeled the eyes of the most learned; if you behold his innocency, his life was as a pearl without blemish; if you weigh his dignity, he had been three times Consul of *Rome*; if you enquire

after

after his negotiations and government, you shall find he lived in the greatest revolutions of the *Roman* Empire, when affairs were most thorny. If you will observe his constancy, you shall see a pillar of diamond not to be shaken with all the counterbuffs of iniquity: and if a brave death may set a seal upon a good life, you will be enforced to admire him, beholding him to die on a scaffold, for the defence of piety and justice, which are the two poles that support all the great Policie of this Universe.

The unhappiness is, there hath not been some Authour found in that iron Age, to have written the acts of this great man in a stile suitable to his merit; we should have discovered marvellous treasures: but since I must make my way through so great a scarcity of Writers, who have handled this subject, I will endeavour to render it as little irksom in stile, as it is profitable in matter.

As for the first quality I have observed in him, which is his great Nobility, it is certain he summed up a thousand years, since his Ancestours began to be resplendent with singular lustre in the Citie of *Rome*, which is no small space, to say, that ten Ages which waste rocks, and wear elements, had not altered the honour of this great Family.

He was descended from the house of those great *Manlii*, whose hearts extended as far as the *Roman* Empire. The most celebrated amongst them, named *Marcus Manlius*, defended the Capitol against the *Gauls* in the extream necessity of the *Romans*, and redeemed as it were from the abyss the Citie, which God had chosen to command over so many nations. He was a man truly valorous, who wanted nothing but to have been born in an ample Kingdom, and not in a Republick jealous of the greatness of its subjects: For, he having too much courted the People to the prejudice of Magistrates, was accused to have sought a change of government, and was precipitated from the Capitol which he had defended; to the end the theater of his glory might be turned into the scaffold of his punishment.

Never could any thing be seen more deplorable than this brave Captain, when pleading his cause, where he was upon question of his last unhappiness, having produced about four hundred Citizens, delivered from great necessities by his means, then thirtie spoils of noble enemies, whom he had slain with his own hand, then ten Crowns, then fourty other prizes of valour; as he beheld the incensed Judges much enclining to his ruin, he shewed his naked breast, as yet covered over with honourable scars received in so many great battels for his Countrey; and then turning his eyes & his up-reard hands to heaven towards the Capitol, he prayed the Gods to give the People of *Rome* the same understanding for the preservation of his person, that they had afforded him for the safety of the Weal-publick, in the defence of the Citie of *Rome*.

This spectacle was so ravishing, that it was impossible to condemn him in sight of this noble fortress, which subsisted not but by his valour: but his enemies causing him to be carried into another place, exercised a heavy judgement, and an act odious to posterity, which was attended by great sterilities and pestilences, attributed to the death of this noble personage. The other *Manlius* very eminent, was he, who slew in single combat the Captain of the *Gauls*, in sight of both the Armies. For this man advancing himself on a bridge, assailed, and defended by both parts, challenged aloud the most valorous among the *Romans* to combat man to man; which being understood, *Manlius* slowly came forth with the leave of his Dictatour, and having well observed his adversary, who immeasurably braved it, he struck him so nimbly, that he fell down stark dead in the list: then taking his chain off all bloudy, he hung it about his own neck, from whence he was surnamed *Torquatus*; which title did afterward likewise remain unto his whole posterity.

The third of this race much renowned in histories by an act, one of the severest ever exercised, was that *Torquatus*, who caused his sons head to be cut off, for having charged and vanquished his enemy without leave. The young man tickled with the honour of his Ancestours, seeing a fair occasion to fight, took the opportunity. And not expecting the permission of his father, overthrew the enemies of the *Roman* people, in killing with his own hands a man of note, in single combat. whereupon full of joy, he returneth with the applause of the souldiers, and hasteneth to seek out his father, who commanded the Army, bearing in his hands the spoils of his enemies, and saying aloud: *Father, behold the cause, why I may be esteemed your son.* But the father turning his eyes away, caused the trumpet to be sounded, to gather all the souldiers together, and in the middest of a great Assembly, as General he pronounced sentence against his son, and said unto him: SON, *Since without any respect, either of the dignitie of a Consul wherewith the Common-wealth hath honoured me, or the majestie of the title of a father, which nature hath afforded me above you, you have fought contrary to my Edict, dissolving the sacred knot of military discipline, which hath hitherto maintained the greatness of the* Roman *State: I well see you have reduced affairs to such necessitie, that either I must forget the Common-wealth, or my self and mine. But God forbid the publick suffer for our faults, and that we must expiate the temeritie of one young man, by the disasters of so many innocent persons. Here an act of State must be performed, which is for the present somewhat odious, but shall be profitable for you & through all posteritie. My son, I have sense of nature, as a father, and as a Captain I resent also the flashes of this youthfull virtue, which is so charming in its illusion: but since I must either by your impunitie annul, or by your bloud seal the commandment of the Consuls; you being of my bloud, I cannot think you so degenerate, as to deny to re-establish by your punishment the Laws of arms, which you by your errour have destroyed.*

Thereupon he commanded the executioner to bind him, and lead him to the place of punishment, to be beheaded, wherewith the Assembly was so astonished, as if all the Captains had their heads under the same sword. For every one was drenched in a deep silence, until the bloud of this young Prince was seen to gush forth; for then the souldiers spared neither sorrow nor execrations, taking the body by main force to cover it with its spoils, and enterre it with all honour.

I had a desire to touch this particularly, thereby to teach the Reader, that the great constancy which *Boetius* witnessed in the whole course of his life, and especially at his death, was in him hereditary.

It were a long piece of work for him, who would prosecute all the acts of the Ancestours of *Boetius*, since by the report of Saint *Hierom*, this family hath been so illustrious, that scarcely can one man be found therein, which hath not enjoyed or deserved the Consulship.

Wherefore I may well say, it was a very particular Providence of God, upon this admirable man, which being pleased to raise him to the condition of a great States-man, hath caused him to be nobly born. For although it cannot be denied, but that many descended from very mean extraction, have sometimes exceedingly well improved in the manage of States, yet must we affirm, they have stood in much need of time, diligence, and eminent virtues to give a counterpoize to this defect of bloud. Ordinarily those who arise from these degrees, being derived from base birth, are many times envied, and little respected,

spected, whereby finding themselves offended, they often take harsh ways, to become powerfull in the minds of subjects by strong hand: whereas such as are of race noble and illustrious, cannot have so few other parts, but that they may easily enter into hearts, as into a house which the virtue of Ancestours hath beforehand wholly purchased for them. And though this seem expedient in all places, yet is it much more necessary in a State, where is a great number of noble men and generous spirits, and where every one thinks himself sufficient enough to perform that which another doth.

Presumption equalleth them all in ability, at the least according to their imaginations, were it not that the uncontrolable supereminencie of houses makes them yield to reason. And although base nobility be very shamefull, yet is it much more tolerable than a servile spirit, which hath power in its hands without any moderation.

There are four things, saith the Wise-man, which cause earth-quakes here below, *A servant imperious, a rich fool, a woman scornfull when she is married, and a maid-servant become the heir of her Mistress*: that is, saith he, the fourth thing which the world cannot endure. Education maketh manners, and every one is readily that which he hath learned in youth, were it not, that through a great strength of courage ill inclinations are resisted.

Prover. 30.

Boetius, who in his excellent Nobility was endowed with so sweet a temper of spirit, seemed to be created of God to govern men. On the other part his family, which was rich and powerfull, gave also much increase to his command, as that which alienated him from the corruptions, that easily fasten on a necessitous fortune. A man who feareth poverty, is ever to be feared, and a rich innocent cannot meet with any thing more dangerous than a hungry judge.

Saint *Thomas* hath said very well, that a poverty virtuous and free from covetousnes, is an admirable quality for a States-man: but where shall we now adays find such a poverty, in a time, when riot is so exorbitant, that the greatest houses are therewith impeached? The innocent riches of our great Consul fell out to be much to the purpose, so that they might be employed for aid of the poor, in a time which happened in one of the sicklest Ages of the world, ruined by so many incursions of Barbarians, not naming the other scourges, which then fought against the sins of men.

Lib. 4. cap. 15. de regim. Princip.

Adde hereunto, that there is much malice in the manners of men, not found in books, and that their actions being very innocent, when they come to measure others by their own level, they find themselves deceived. Besides, the sedentary and retired life spent in the entertainment of their books, rendereth them very timorous, and softeneth their brow, which should always be as it were of brass, to endure the shock of strong impudencies, which may insinuate themselves into the corruptions of the times.

This may be confirmed by the example of *Theodates* King of the *Goths*, who with all the Philosophy of *Plato*, wherein he was exceedingly studious, very ill mannaged his affairs.

As also by *Michael* the Emperour, surnamed of the Grecians, *Parapanicius*, as who would say, The Schollar: for he perpetually had table-books and pens in his hand, to compose Orations, Verses, and Histories, resigning the whole government of his affairs to an Eunuch, named *Nicephorus*, who through his insatiable avarice drew much hatred upon the head of this Emperour.

I verily affirm, if you take learning in these excesses, one may very well say, that it would not onely become unprofitable, but also dangerous to principality. It is not my intention to prove learned men are capable of the mannage of great affairs for the onely consideration of the advantage they have in letters, for then Governours of Provinces were to be taken out of the Regencies of schools; but I say, that sciences well mannaged, adde a marvellous lustre to one in government. For first, they vindicate him from stupidity and a savage life, which maketh a man without sight or knowledge of virtue, to be in a State, as was *Poliphemus*, made blind by *Ulysses*, in his den. Besides, they cleanse, refine, and store the soul, made to know great and divine lights. Afterwards, they open the understanding by the reading of so many excellent books, and even unloose the tongue, which is an instrument very necessary to mannage hearts. Finally, they make a man more mild, civil, and courteous, and I could say also more awfull and worthy of credit.

For if some unhappy Princes were produced, who being unfurnished of other talents, have made ill use of letters, by abusing them through want of judgement, as one may all the best things in the world; this nothing at all in substance lessenetli the truth of our proposition, since we may oppose against them a large list of Law-makers, Princes, and Governours, who have exceedingly well made use of the knowledge of learning. For if we make account of the policie of God, which is ever the most assured, know we not, that he having chosen *Moses* to constitute him the Governour of so great a State, was willing he might have a good tast of all the sciences then in request among the *Ægyptians*? And *Philo* saith, that he there learned Arithmetick, Geometrie, Musick, and all the greatest secrets of their Philosophie, contained in their Hieroglyphicks. Know we not that *Solomon* had a heart as large as the sea, wherein God lodged so many knowledges of things both divine and humane, that he penetrated whatsoever the understanding of man, enlightened with rays from God, might comprehend?

Are we so little versed in History, that we cannot reckon up the names of all the greatest Princes, who have been very learned, as *Alexander*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Augustus*, *Adrian*, *Antoninus*, *Constantine*, *Theodosius*, *Gratian*, *Charlemaigne*, *Alphonsus*, yea, even *Solyman* the great Turk? What a cloud of witnesses should we have, did we now collect all the names and histories of learned States-men? For if letters give ornament to such as are wholly eminent in military profession, by a much stronger reason we are to think they are able to advance the lustre of an excellent Go-

The second Section.

The eminent wisdom and learning of Boetius.

EXperience, the wisest Mistress of the world, hath sometimes caused the saying of *Plato* to be questioned, who thought Common-wealths happy when they fell into the hands of Philosophers, or of men who sought to become Philosophers. For in effect it is observed, that those so knowing men meet not always with the bent of common understanding, having their spirits more estranged from civil life. They please themselves with great Ideaes, as if they conversed in the Common-wealth of *Plato* with demy-gods, not at all yielding to infirmities of nature. And although they use some endeavour to render themselves conversable, yet doth the sweetnes of repose inebriate and withdraw them from affairs: but if they force themselves to attend them, noise amazeth them, diversitie of humours not always suitable to their understanding distasteth them, labour somewhat painfull overwhelmeth them, and the heap of so many incident occasions confoundeth them.

Governour, vowed to the Robe, and to a life peaceable, as *Seneca* and *Cicero*.

I have been the more willing purpoſely to uſe this Preface, to the end that coming preſently to ſpeak of the great learning of our *Boetius*, it might not diminiſh the credit we ought to have of his abilitie in ſtate-affairs. It is ſometimes ſo dangerous to be learned among groſs ſpirits, that the tenth Age, which was very dull, made as it were the good Pope *Silveſter* the II. paſs for a Magician, becauſe he underſtood Geometrie. And it is not above four-ſcore years ago, that to know Greek and Negromancie, were as it were one and the ſame thing in the opinion of the ignorant.

Vide *Bor.* Ann. 990.

He that proceedeth by ſuch bruitiſh ways, would take *Boetius* for a Devil, ſuch knowledge had he: for it muſt be confeſſed, that in the revolution of ſo many ages, there hath not been many ſeen who arrived to ſuch a degree of ſcience. As our ſpirits are limited, ſo every one freely taketh his ſhare, according as his inclination leadeth him, his aim moveth him, his underſtanding tranſporteth him, his labour ſupporteth him: and he that cannot prevail in one ſcience, applieth himſelf to another, ſince the diverſitie of arts is ſo great, that it is able to ſatisfie the moſt curious, allure the moſt nice, and encourage the weakeſt. But as for our *Boetius*, he entred into the ſecrets of all ſciences, and as there was nothing too holy for his great virtue, ſo might not any thing be found ſo elate, as to exempt it ſelf from the vivacitie of his ſpirit.

Julius Scaliger hath very well given teſtimonie of him according to his merit, when he ſaid, the wit, learning, induſtry, and wiſdom of *Severinus Boetius*, challenged all the Authors of the world as well *Græcians* as *Latines*, not excepting any. He addeth, that all which he compoſed in Poeſie was divine, and that nothing might be found either more elegant or grave; in ſuch manner, that the abundance of ſupereminent conceits choaked not the grace, nor curioſitie, took any thing from the proprietie thereof.

Scalig. in *Hypercritico.*

And whereas he writeth, that his proſe ſeemed not equal to the verſe, but retained ſomewhat of the barbariſm of that Age, I aſſure my ſelf *Scaliger* may have taken ſome works falſly attributed to *Boetius*, as there are in the great Maſs compiled under his name, which have likewiſe deceived *Cardinal Baronius*, who imputeth the book of the *Diſcipline of Schollars* to him, which is one of the moſt filly pieces that could come from a man alienated from common ſenſe.

Among other things this Author ſaith, that he hath been in the Citie of *Julius Cæſar*, called *Paris* to take the air, and that he there hath ſeen many bad ſchollers, diſcourſing of Nations, and giving a face to the Univerſitie, as it had in later times; which will ſeem ridiculous to every one who ſhall conſider the life of *Boetius*, and the times wherein he flouriſhed. It is no wonder, if thoſe who have admitted ſuch works for pieces of *Boetius*, not through want of judgement, which hath been in theſe two perſonages, whom I mention very great, but for fault of giving time to examine them, they there have found matters, which with them have leſſened the opinion of ſuch an Author.

But this is very certain, that all which is extant of this brave Writer, hath in it vigour, grace, puritie, ſpirit, and excellent good conſequence: as appeareth in the books of Conſolation. As for the reſt he hath not ſo confined himſelf in this great eloquence, but that he entereth into the moſt profound queſtions of Philoſophie and Theologie: and ſhould he have no other honour, but to make *Ariſtotle* firſt ſpeak Latine, who was unknown in the Weſt, I ſhould make much more account of him, than if he had raiſed *Orpheus* up again with his Harp. The great knowledge he had of Geography, Arithmetick, Muſick, and all which concern the Mathematicks, was the cauſe, when any one ſtood in need of ſome piece of wit, they went preſently to *Boetius*, as the onely man of the Empire, who was eſteemed a true Library, animated with the ſpirit of all Arts. It is a pleaſant thing to read what the King *Theodorick* wrote to him in requiring a dial of him, to preſent it to the King of *Burgundy*. Behold the words of his great Secretarie *Caſſiodorus*.

It is not reaſonable to contemn the requeſts which Kings our neighbours with all confidence make unto us, and eſpecially when they require ſome ſlight things, which they account in the number of great treaſures. It happeneth oftentimes that the dalliances and conceits of wit obtain that by ſweetneſs, which arms cannot gain by force. If we needs muſt play, let us ſo uſe the matter our ſports may be made for the good of the publick, and let us ſearch for things ſerious even in pleaſures. The K. of Burgundie *intreateth of me with much inſtance two dyals, the one circumvolved with water, the other with the ſun, and he prayeth me to ſend skilful maſters to ſhew him this invention. Let us afford entertainment to this Nation, to the end they may hold thoſe things for miracles, which we here daily uſe for recreation. I underſtand the report which their Embaſſadours have made of theſe & the like workmanſhips, which hath much amazed them, as a thing very extraordinarie. Now I know you are ſo accompliſhed in all ſorts of ſciences, that you have taſted in the fountain of all the induſtries, what others ſeek to practiſe by rote. For you, for this purpoſe remained in the Univerſitie of* Athens, *and have ſo fairly allied together the* Romane *robe with the* Grecian *mantle, that their doctrine by your means is become wholly Latine. You are ignorant of nothing that is in the ſpeculative, nothing which is in the practick; and all that, which the* Athenians *would attribute to themſelves of ſingularitie, you have tranſported into our City of* Rome. *Your tranſlations have made* Ptolomy *the Aſtrologian*, Nichomachus *the Arithmetician*, Euclid *the Geometrician*, Plato *the divine*, Ariſtotle *the Logician*, Archimedes *the Mathematician to ſpeak Latine. All ſciences diſperſed among ſo many men, and ſo many wits, through all ages, are in you altogether united: you have interpreted them all with ſuch perſpicuitie of diſcourſe, retaining the proprietie of language, that ſhould theſe Authours return to life again they would prefer your tranſlation before their own originals.*

Afterward he enlargeth himſelf upon the praiſe of the Mathematicks, then returning to his diall, he ſaith, it is an admirable thing to ſee, that a little immoveable ſteel every day performeth as much way as the ſun, and that if the ſtars had underſtanding, they would envy dials, and return back again, for fear to be ſurprized by this prettie ſport of men, the hours would be aſhamed, that being the daughters of the day and night, they were painted with ſhadows. In the end, having given full ſcope to his wit, he concludes and ſaith: I pray you ſend us two dials ſo ſoon as you can, to the end you may be known by the figures of your ſpirit, in a Country, where no man ſhall ſee the print of your foot-ſteps. I would have them underſtand that our Senatours here are as learned as Doctours, that they may admire your inventions, and eſteem them as dreams, ſo that being awakened, they may confeſs they have nothing comparable to us.

Fugam ſolis æquiparat, quod motum ſemper ignorat. Invidèrent talibus, ſi aſtra ſentirent. Ubi eſt illud bovarum de lumine venientium ſingulare miraculum, ſi hæc & umbra demonſtrat Caſſiodorus l. variar. Epiſt. 45.

Caſſiodorus amaſſed together all the ſtrength of his wit, when he was to diſpatch letters to *Boetius* in the behalf of his King. Witneſs whereof yet is that other excellent Epiſtle of Muſick, where we learn that our great K. *Clodoveus*, having demanded a ſingular Player on the Lute of *Theodorick*, who then raigned in *Italy*, addreſs was preſently made to *Boetius* to chuſe him, with a magnificent letter,

Caſſiodorus variarum 16. Epiſt. 40.

which ſtill retaineth a notable teſtimony of his ability. *Angelus Politianus*, who had throughly read him, holdeth opinion, that there is nothing to be found more ſharp than He in *Logick*, more ſubtile in the *Mathematicks*, more rich in *Philoſophy*, nor more ſublime in *Theology*, adding the judgement of *Albertus Magnus*, and of S. *Thomas*, who have commented upon his works, and aſſuring us that his ſentences were all as it were without appeal. *Laurentius Valla* calleth him the laſt of the learned, thereby willing to ſay, that all the glory of the excellent wits of antiquity, was buried with him.

But why go we about to ſearch out the teſtimonies of Authours, ſince we have ſtill ſome of his true works in our hands, which are the mirrours, wherein the wit of *Boetius* makes it ſelf to be ſeen with more advantage to all poſterity? It may be ſaid, he had too much Philoſophy for a States-man, but the bird is not burdened with her feathers, no more than the tree with his leaves and flowers. What wrong hath he done to the City of *Rome*, if when he ſaw himſelf to be taken from the Commonwealth, and in tearms where he could not aſſiſt it with his counſels, he honoured it with the riches of his wit, charming the ſharpneſs of troubles with the ſweetneſs of his retirement, and giving an account to poſterity of the time which he husbanded for it?

The third Section.

His enterance into the government of the State.

I Will willingly leave all digeſtion to come to my project, and ſeeing the life of *Boetius* furniſheth us, not with many ſlight matters, wherewith ordinarily volumes are ſtuffed, when men deſire to diſtend them beyond their merit, I reſt on negotiations of government, which ſhew a man as well as doth the needle the hours upon a true clock.

Boetius happened in a time, which gave him an admirable liſt to combat in, with firm footing againſt vices the moſt applauded, and to place his virtues in the bright ſplendour of light, not holding them ſtill impriſoned within the precincts of a library.

Behold here a ſtrong adverſary, that fortune put upon him, which exerciſed his conſtancy in rough affairs, and cauſed him in the end to paſs by the dint of ſword, ending a brave life by a Tragedie very bloudy, no whit abating his noble courage.

This is a hiſtory which verily hath given occaſion of much horrour to ſpirits the moſt ſtrong, and execration to mouthes the moſt innocent, to deteſt the tyranny of a barbarous ſword, purpled with the bloud of an honourable old man, by whoſe mouth all learning, and the beſt maximsof State did ſpeak. It is neceſſary, my Reader, well to deduce this narration, you firſt underſtand the humour, qualities, fortune, beginning, progreſs, and the end alſo of this Perſecutour.

You muſt therefore underſtand, that the City of *Rome*, which counteth its age, and continued before the *Cæſars* ſeaven hundred years, and after *Auguſtus*, who was the firſt Emperour, about five hundred twenty three, and generally from the foundation thereof, one thouſand two hundred twenty nine, was at that time involved in very great perplexities, the Emperours living then the age of flowers, and driving one another, as waves to be broken againſt the rocks.

One *Nepos* elected to the Empire, choſe for his Conſtable a man called *Oreſtes*, who ſought to take the Purple from his Maſter, to give it to his ſon, and verily he cauſed him aloud to be ſaluted *Cæſar*, and ſet the Diadem on his head, ſurnamming him *Auguſtus*, though afterward for contempt, the name of *Auguſtulus* was given unto him.

It is a fatal blow from the providence of God, that the Empire of the Weſt, which begun by an *Auguſtus*, muſt receive end by an *Auguſtulus*: as that of the Eaſt, having commenced under *Conſtantine the Great*, concluded afterward in the perſon of *Conſtantinus Dragoſus*, vanquiſhed by *Mahomet*.

Nepos ſeeing himſelf betrayed by him in whom he moſt confided, ſent for *Odoacer* King of the *Heruli* to his aid, who like the wolf in the fable reconciled the dogs that wortied one another, by eating them. For he defeated theſe two conteſting Princes; and ſeeing himſelf march in the fair fields of *Italy* with ſwords in hand, attended by ſtrong Legions, the great weakneſs of the Empire, ſo many times overwhelmed by civil wars, being unable to oppoſe his deſigns, he being entreated to help a friend, payeth himſelf by his own hands, and makes himſelf Maſter of his poſſeſſions: Experience ever teaching us, that forrain charities, have fingers ſome-what crooked to lay hold on that, which they make ſhew to ſuccour.

The Emperour *Zeno*, who reigned in *Conſtantinople*, underſtanding all this goodly buſineſs, diſpatcheth *Theodorick* into the Weſt, to make head againſt this uſurper: whether he had a purpoſe to throw the apple of diſcord between thoſe two ſtrangers, who in too near a degree cloſely courted his eſtate, to make them devour one another, or whether that he cordially loved this man, and that to oblige him, not hurting himſelf, he freely gave him a matter deſperate, he armed, and ſupported him with gold and ſtrength, to raiſe him to that throne, not having at that time any will thereunto.

This *Theodorick* was baſtard-ſon of *Theodomire* King of the *Goths*, born of a concubine called *Aureliana*. His father who ſought for land, which is very eaſily found out for a tomb, had much afflicted the *Eaſtern* Empire, oft-times making inrodes even to the gates of *Conſtantinople*; whereat *Leo* the Emperour, who then reigned being ſomewhat amazed, endeavoured to gain him by ſome honeſt compoſition, which was done: and the more firmly to bind this accord, *Theodomire* ſent his little ſon *Theodorick*, who was not above eight or nine years of age, in hoſtage to *Conſtantinople*. The Emperour beholding him to be of a good diſpoſition and a brave courage, very heartily loved him; and afterward *Zeno*, who ſucceeded both to the Empire and affections of *Leo* his father-in-law, much eſteemed this young man, who arrived to maturity of age ſerved him moſt couragiouſly in brave expeditions of war againſt the *Gepides* and *Bulgarians*, ſworn enemies of the Empire.

This occaſion whereof we ſpeak being offered, *Theodorick* flyeth like a Merlin to his prey, and leaving the Court of *Conſtantinople* came into *Italy*, attended by gallant troups, to decide the matter of Empire and life with *Odoacer*. He being full of fire, handled his adverſary very roughly, and defeated him in three battails, making him forſake the field, and inforcing him to immure himſelf in *Ravenna*, where he beſieged him, for the ſpace of three years, reſolved either to looſe his head in *Italy*, or encircle it with a Crown at *Rome*.

The father *Theodomire* being already deceaſed, his mother the fair *Aureliana*, who had reigned in affections, entertained an inſatiable deſire to command over the moſt important part of the world, and being then in the field, ſhe ſpared not to excite the ſouldiers, and advance a ſpur of fire very far into the heart of her ſon: whereupon it is recounted that

Odoacer

Odoacer, after ſo long a ſiege, being reduced to an extream ſcarcity of victuals, and ſeeing he could not any longer ſubſiſt, reſolved to ſeek in the hazard of arms, the remedy which he could not find in his languiſhment. He eſpied a time, when the aſſailants tired out with ſo long a reſiſtance, ſeemed now to relent, ſo that by the benefit of a fair night he made a ſally with his whole army, compoſed of people hungry as wolfs, and reſolved to conquer or die in this laſt battel. Their ſally was ſo furious and unexpected, that *Theodorick*, who was otherwiſe a great Captain, ſeeing the aſtoniſhment and diſorder of his ſouldiers, betook himſelf timely to flight, when this *Aureliana* his mother, moved with an ardent ambition, which gave her courage above her ſex, came before him, and taking him by the hand had confidence to ſay: *My Son whither go you? You muſt of two things do one, either fight, or return into the womb of your mother. You have, as far as I can perceive, the enemy at your back, and fear on your forehead: turn your head againſt the one, and you ſhall chaſe away the other: If you perſiſt in this flight, I will rather make a wall of my body to ſtay you, than render my ſelf a confederate of ſuch an obloquie.*

It is a ſtrange thing, that the words of a woman were ſtronger than the ſound of trumpets, arms, flight, and the black apprehenſions of death. This young Prince, changing his fear into a generous ſhame, ſpeedily rallyeth the troups that were beſt reſolved, and haſteneth to fall upon his enemy, with ſuch violence, that his ſouldiers ſeemed ſo many flying Dragons, who handled their matter ſo well, that the valiant *Odoacer*, notwithſtanding his beſt endeavour, was conſtrained to retire into *Ravenna*.

Some time after, ſeeing his enemy was invincible, he cauſed him to be ſought unto for peace, on ſuch condition, that they ſhould between them, divide the Kingdom of *Italy*, to which *Theodorick*, whether that he was wearied out with ſo long a war, or that he hoped the more eaſily to joyn the skin of the fox to that of the Lion, willingly conſented to this counterfeit peace. The agreement ſigned, he entered into *Ravenna*, and theſe Princes, who were both very brave ſouldiers, embraced before the face of two armies, mutually preventing each other with all manner of courteſie.

But oh good God! what cement was ever found able enough to entertain ambition and amity in one conſtant ſtate? and what world hath at any time been wide enough to lodge too ambitious men without a quarrel? Their converſation too frequent, firſt ſowed contempts and inſolencies among ſouldiers of different Nations, afterward jealouſie crept into the hearts of the Captains, and diſtruſt into the ſouls of the Sovereigns, who beheld and obſerved one another, as expecting who ſhould firſt begin.

Theodorick, whether he ſought for ſome pretext, which ever is ſoon enough found out to colour the greateſt miſchiefs, or whether he underſtood of a deſign intended on the part of his enemy, imagined the earth was not large enough to give elbow-room to his ambition, whileſt *Odoacer* ſhared the Throne with him; that there was but one ſun neceſſary in heaven, and one King in a Countrey; that he could not endure a Crown made creſcent-wiſe, but that it was very fit he ſhould furniſh out the roundneſs of its circle; and for the reſt that man would ſooneſt be King, who firſt prevented his adverſary.

Hereupon he reſolved on a horrible aſſaſſinate: for feigning all friendſhip and affection, he invited *Odoacer* to a magnificent feaſt which he had prepared for him to be the laſt of his life. It is a great matter, that there muſt be a bait always to ſurprize men and birds, and that the greateſt diſaſters ordinarily happen in the ſports and banquets, when ſenſuality predominateth, and reaſon is eclypſed. This miſerable King of the *Heruli*, made it well appear by his over-much confidence, that he had not ſo much miſchief in him, as was afterward imputed to his aſhes; for he very joyfully went to this banquet, accompanied with his ſon and all the principal of his Kingdom, and walked along with great alacrity, having no other intention but to make war againſt diſhes, and nothing leſs than at that time to entertain purpoſes of bloud and murder. The reſolution notwithſtanding is taken to make them all paſs by the dint of ſwords, in a place the moſt delightful, where pleaſures ſeem to make men as it were newly born. They entered into a great hall moſt magnificently furniſhed, and ſat down at the table; there was no ſpeech in the beginning, but of mirth, the ſpirit diſbanded thinketh on nothing but objects of pleaſure, when inſtantly the ſignal was given, and the *Goths* threw ſwords purpoſely out to offend the moſt ſober patience of the *Heruli*. They anſwered again what choller and wine ſuggeſted: *Theodorick* ſtood up, and taking his ſword ſlew *Odoacer* with his own hand; the reſt fell upon his ſon, and the Princes of the Kingdom. Never was there ſeen banquet of *Centaures* and *Lapithes* more unfortunately expreſſed. Tables and men were overwhelmed, wine ran mixt with bloud, the dreadful cries of the dying made thoſe tremble who were far enough out of danger, and gave matter of pity even to hang-men; yet for all this not a man was ſpared; the bodies mangled and bloudy were caſt one upon another, and the poor ſouls iſſued forth in the midſt of maſſacres and ſurfets to yeild an account in the Court-hall of Heaven.

Procopius ſaith that *Theodorick* took pretext, and treacherouſly ſlew him at a banquet.

Sigonius. l. 5. Occidentali de Imperio in fine.

So an ancient manuſcript obſerveth it, found in a Library at *Rome*.

What horrours of the abyſs and furies of Divels ſee you here? I would know, whether there be any beaſt in the world that had heaped together in one ſole body, the enraged hunger of wolves, the ſubtility of foxes, the ſtrength of Lions, the cruelty of Tygers and Panthers, the poiſon of Baſilisks, whether it may be more dangerous to man, than himſelf, when he is poſſeſſed with a miſchievous ambition.

Oh how happy would the lives of men be, were they not infected with theſe venemous paſſions, which transform reaſonable nature into more hideous monſters, than thoſe which Poets have ſet over the gates of hell. We ſhall ſee in the ſequel of this hiſtory, how wickedneſs never eſcapeth the eye of God, and that if he come with feet of lead to chaſtiſe it, he notwithſtanding hath an arm of iron, to cut up treacheries by the root.

This murder divulged, the *Heruli* took arms to revenge their Prince, but the Centinels diſpoſed in many places of the City, hewed thoſe in pieces who ſhewed themſelves moſt forward.

Theodorick made a declaration very ample, wherein he expreſſed, that that which cauſed him to reſolve on ſuch an action, was nothing but the ſecurity of his perſon, againſt which *Odoacer* had a moſt evident deſign, which would inſtantly have appeared in the deprivation of his life and eſtate, had he not with all diligence prevented his enemy. That he did, what the law of nature ordained in ſo manifeſt a danger, but that he will hence forward witneſs all manner of clemency to ſuch as would throw themſeves into his arms, indifferently ſtretched out to accept the obedience of all the world.

The great diſtaſt of war every one had at that time, the little hope the moſt mutinous conceived to revenge their quarrel, and the authority of *Zeno* the Eaſtern Emperour, who ceaſed not to ſupport *Theodorick*, cauſed a great ſilence in arms, and afforded full liberty to this ambitious King of the *Goths*, to become Maſter of *Italy*.

As for the reſt, he ſeeing *Rome* was then as it were

like a great oake overthrown, where every one hasteneth on all sides to get the spoil, and that the *French*, *Visigoths*, and *Burgundians* might aspire, as he, to the conquest of *Italy*; he made alliances with all those Princes, and especially with *Clodoveus*, who at that time reigned, whose sister he took in marriage. Besides, the Emperour *Zeno*, that had ever upheld him, happening to die, as *Anastatius* his successour made shew to cause an alteration in affairs, and would render himself absolute in the West, this man knew so well how to play his part, that he diverted his ambitions another way.

There is also a letter to be found in *Cassiodorus*, which he wrote to this *Anastasius*, deputing a solemn Embassage to him for the obtaining of peace, where among other things he saith: *That it is good reason they should seek for peace, who have no cause to make war, and that the man wadeth far into wrong, who giveth no testimony of any disposition to receive conditions suteable to justice. As for himself, he acknowledged the Emperour, as the prime dignity raised above all other Kingdoms, and to be the support of the whole world, and that one of the greatest favours from God, which he hath at any time received, was to have learned in the Court of* Constantinople, *how he ought to govern the* Romans. *That he knows the authority of the Emperour is the onely model of all the policy in the world, and that so much as God hath exalted him above other Princes, so much would he humble himself under this Monarch, from whom he requireth most glorious amitie, that he may hereafter apply himself to all that which may appertaine to his honour and service.*.

The Emperour *Anastasius*, who according to the humours of his turbulent spirit cut himself work enough out in the East, not going to seek for it in the West, seeing that he set himself into the conditions of a suppliant, when his fortune might already put into his mouth words armed for command, suffered him to gnaw his bone in secure peace. The *Romans* considering, that besides force of arms he had the consent of two Emperours of the East, willingly received him, under hope they had to see some tranquility succeed after so many storms, which had afflicted their State.

Behold how from a Knight of fortune he arrived to the dignity of an Emperour: he being notwithstanding resolved never to take upon him the Title of Emperour, but contenting himself with the name of King, thereby to decline the jealousie of those, who were very capable of it. He that would consider the qualities of his person, which contributed to enthrone him in a place so eminent, shall find, that besides military virtue, he had other parts very worthy to govern, were it not that his spirit was drenched both in humane policy and long prosperities, which served as disloyal nurses to sin.

It seemeth that *Sidonius Appollinaris* had studied him, and summed him up even to the haires of his head, when in the second Epistle of his first book he so curiously describeth him, and saith among other things: He had a body exceedingly well proportioned, the top of his head well circled, his eyebrows thick, his hair long, his nose hooked, his lips soft, his teeth of ivory, his complexion white mingled with vermilion, which quickly blushed, more through shamefastnes than choller, his body very comely, his arms strong, his hands slender, his breast full, his leg plump, his feet small to support a great body.

He addeth, that concerning his manners, he ordinarily prayed before break of day in the presence of his Bishops, who were *Arians*, without noise or attendance, and that afterward he applied himself to affairs, and gave audience to Embassages and petitions, where he heard much and spake little, ever shewing himself very intentive in resolutions, and most prompt in the expedition of that which he had resolved on. From thence he went to survey his Arsenal, his Magazins, his stables, and his Treasures; or he went on hunting, being naturally so dexterous in shooting, that infallibly he would not miss the mark. After exercises he took his repast; where he loved to be entertained with serious things, and as for that which concerned his table, there might be seen (saith he) *The nativeness of* Grecians, *the plenty of* French, *the promptness of* Italians, *and a discipline truly Royal*. If after dinner he played at dice, his custom was to be silent when he won, to laugh when he lost, and never to be angry, but rather to take occasion to speak some good words, and ever handled dice as manly as arms.

For the rest, he was so good a gamester, that not disquieting himself at all, he rejoyced to see his subjects in humour against him, and so despoiled himself in game of affected gravity, that he seemed to have no other fear, but to be feared. It did him good then to be asked some favour, and such a one oftentimes lost in game with him, who won his suit.

About three of the clock the burden of affairs of the Kingdom had their turn, wherein he rendered himself very serious till the time of supper.

Ennodius in his Panegyrick saith, that he honoured the Royal purple with the rays of his countenance, and that there was not in the world a habit so beautiful, which he made not more lustrous by wearing it on his body: that his eyes had the serenity of the spring, and that his hands were worthy to give death to rebels, and matter of vows to his subjects: That all which Diadems perform in the person of other Emperours, nature had done in him; and that nothing in him was wanting but an heir: for the truth is, he dyed, not leaving any son to succeed him.

Reader, I have been willing to present unto you succinctly the great revolution of the Empire into which our *Boetius* fell; and the qualities of his Persecutour, who degenerated afterward into so much barbarism. But let us now behold, what he did by the counsel of our great *Boetius* in the manage of his Kingdom; to the end you may have so much the more horrour of wicked ingratitude, who slew this holy man, that was as the Intelligence and Angel Guardian of his State.

The fourth Section.

The enterance of Theodorick *into* Rome *and his happy government by the counsel of* Boetius.

Theodorick having pacified the City of *Ravenna*, and made himself Master of the most important places of his Kingdom, went to *Rome* with the most flourishing troops of *Italy*, where he was received in the manner of ancient triumphs; which exceedingly pleased the people, who at that time resembled the earth, which ariseth from the snows of winter, as from a tomb, to becom young again with the sweet breath of the spring.

So many years were slipt away wherein they had not seen any thing but divisions, troubles, famine, and bloud; when this Prince came to appear upon the triumphant Chariot, with his golden arms, which gave him a mervellous majesty, besides the graces he had from nature, they thought they beheld a star newly descended from heaven, and followed him with infinite acclamations in witness of affection.

He being alighted at the Palace, *Boetius*, who was the principal man of the world in nobility, wit, and

and learning: was chosen out from all the Seate to make him an Oration: In which, being then in full vigour of eloquence, he most divinely acquitted himself. It is a great loss, that posterity hath not preserved so brave a monument of this rare spirit, to enchase it now presently in this work. From thence the King passed to the Circus, which was a large place appointed for Jousts and Tournaments, and staying himself at a place called the Palm of gold, he caused his throne to be magnificently seated in a place very high raised, and round about him benches for the Senatours, who appeared all of them cloathed with robes of their order.

There he made an Oration full of sweetness in presence of all the people, whereby he declared he had a purpose to revive the ancient magnificence of *Rome*, and vehemently to doune to conform himself to the fashions of those Emperours, who had been the most zealous for the Weal-publick: which made the whole world conceive most excellent hopes of his government.

All the City was then in pomp, like to a noble Lady, who having laid aside sorrow, suddenly appeareth in the bravery of a bright habit. Never day seemed to shine more resplendently to an afflicted people.

It was in the same time that S. *Fulgentius* coming from *Affrick* to *Rome*, after he had visited the Churches of the Martyrs, passed along by the Circus at the instant, when all these gallant ceremonies were performed, where he was so ravished, beholding the majesty of the Emperour, the glory of his Senate, the lustre of his nobility, the magnificence of the place, and the throng of innumerable people, that he cried out: *Oh how beautiful is* Jerusalem *the celestial, since* Rome *the terrestrial at this day appeareth with such splendour! Good God! if you allow so much honour on earth, to those who follow vanity, what glory will you give in heaven to your Saints, who shall behold verity?*

Quam speciosa debet esse Hierusalem illa cœlestis, si sic fulget Roma terrestris! Et si in hoc seculo datur tanti honoris dignitas diligentibus vanitatem, qualis honor & gloria tribuatur Sanctis contemplantibus veritatem?

The ceremony being ended, the King entertained all the Senate in a feast worthy of his greatness, and distributed liberalities to the people, which seemed to renew the face of ancient *Rome*. He disposed himself, presently to visit all the places of the City, to know the condition of his Senatours, to inform himself of the humour of the people, to observe the state of affairs, and to constitute the government.

It is most certain, he was indowed with a natural wit good enough, but he had withall so little experience in civil affairs, that he had much ado to sign ordinary dispatches.

Anonymus Author in ejus vitâ.

Behold the cause why a nameless Authour, who wrot his life in a very low stile, witnesseth, that he usually signing with four letters, caused them to be cut in copper, and clapping them on the paper fetched the draught of his pen round about to serve as a model, to the end that by this means he might give somewhat the better form to his writing. This want of experience caused him to tye himself constantly to two great States-men, whereof the first was our *Boetius*, whom he made Master of Offices, and Superintendent of his house, in such sort, that all passed by his counsel: the other was *Cassiodorus*, of whom he made use, as of a most able and faithful Secretary, to dictate all the letters and proceeding of the Kingdom.

Idem author testatur.

Boetius, whom he in the beginning loved as the apple of his eye, and honoured as his father, gave him the forms and maxims of all that excellent policy, which we behold so resplendent in his government. I will here couch some of them, that Politicians may see the happiness, which commonly waiteth on States guided by the ways of conscience.

The first maxim was, that King *Theodorick*, being an *Arian*, should not onely abstaine from persecuting and afflicting the Catholick Church in any kind whatsoever, either of himself or by any of his, but on the contrary should cherish, honour, protect and maintain it with all the extent of his authority, because the experience of Ages had made it appear, that those who were interessed in the perplexities of Religions contrary to the Catholick, had prospered very ill: and that not going any further, the deportments of the Emperour *Anastasius*, who then reigned in *Constantinople*, made it manifest enough, since he had involved himself in the hatred of the Clergy and people, to support with passion certaine novelties: and how on the contrary, ordinary practise had discovered that all Monarchs, who had entertained good correspondence and reciprock with Ecclesiasticks, were evermore honoured in their government, and much happier in the successe of their affairs.

Theodorus Anagnostes Οἱ τῆς Θεοῦ ἐκκλησίας, ὡς ἔστι συνθήκας ἀβλαβῶς ἐφύλαξεν εὐτυχέστατα ἐβασίλευσεν ἀγαθῶν.

Theodorick so well observed this maxim, that to witnes the zeal he bare to our Religion, he chused the head of one of his officers to be cut off, who having been bred in the Catholick Church, became an *Arian*, thinking by this means to be advanced into the good favour of his Master. But this brave King, *My friend*, saith he, *since thou hast been disloyal to God, I can never think thou wilt be faithful to thy Prince. Thou shalt wash away the stain of thy treachery with thy blood, to teach posterity, that they must not mingle the interests of God, with the profane pretenses of thy fortunes.*

He shewed himself very zealous to preserve peace in the Church in a most dangerous schism raised in his time. For Pope *Anastasius* being deceased, and they proceeding lawfully to the election of *Symmachus*, there was a *Senatour* of an unquiet spirit, who desirous to make a Pope at the devotion of the Emperour of *Constantinople*, so to countenance his Extravagancies, banded Altar against Altar: and caused an Antipope to be chosen, named *Laurentius*, which rent both Senate and Clergy into great partialities. But *Theodorick* very speedily quenched the fire, and being well informed of the business, seeing *Symmachus* was first elected, and supported by the soundest part, he maintained him with a strong hand against all the enterprises of adversaries, who durst not in the end resist his authority.

Besides, having published an Edict against the favourers of the *Heruli*, who perplexed the Province of *Genoa* and *Milan* whither they were retired; that fell out to be the cause of very many miseries and tears among the poor people, who having no support so helpful unto them as the Bishops, threw themselves into the arms of *Epiphanes* and *Laurentius*, both great Saints and great Prelates, the one of *Pauia*, the other of *Milan*. *Epiphanes* undertook to speak and said to the King:

Sir, Should I here reckon up all the favours which you have received from God, I might make you appear more sparing in your desires, than he hath been in his liberalities; since you have asked nothing of heaven which hath not ever surmounted your vows and hopes. But not to speak at this time of so many prodigies, is it not a very great wonder to see you do justice in the throne of your enemy, and to behold us pleading the cause of your servants, with such a confidence, in a place, which the terrour of arms had heretofore rendered so dreadful?

Sir, it is the Saviour of the world, who hath given into your hand this people, which hath charged us with their requests. Take good heed, how you offend him by ill using the gift he hath afforded you. Know how an invisible power hath led you by the hand into so many encounters and battels, that the air, rain, and seasons have favoured your standards, as if they had been to you engaged. Now is the time you must acknowledge so many benefits by your piety, not despising the tears of the afflicted, which are the sacrifices of suppliants. The

examples of your Predeceſſours, who have been caſt out of the throne for their iniquity, ſhew, you cannot eſtabliſh it but in your virtues.

Upon this conſideration, your Countrey proſtrate at your feet, moſt humbly beggeth, you would be pleaſed to ſweeten the rigour of your laws, not onely by doing good to the innocent, but by pardoning the culpable. For very little would our clemency be, if we did onely abſtain to ſtrike thoſe who have given offence to none, not conſidering mercy is not made for any but the miſerable. In revenging your injuries you ſhall do like men of the earth, and by pardoning, ſhare in glory with that great Monarch of heaven, who daily maketh his ſun to ſhine on criminal heads, as well as the moſt innocent.

The King made a moſt courteous anſwer, ſaying: There was no reaſon that earthly powers ſhould reſiſt the prayers of Biſhops, who made heaven propitious: and that he remitted to all in general the puniſhments of death ordained by laws: but in ſo much that the ulcer muſt be purged, leaſt by ſhewing himſelf too indulgent to vices, he might make them paſs into example for poſterity, the conſideration of his ſtate required the Authours of ſedition ſhould be removed, to the end their preſence might not foment the evil.

Vitia tranſmittit ad poſteros qui præſentibus culpis ignoſcit.

The reply was found very reaſonable, and letters of grace inſtantly diſpatched by *Urbicus*, who was one of the chiefeſt officers in the Court for expeditions.

He ſatisfied not himſelf with this favour: but calling the good Biſhop into his cabinet, having highly commended him, ſent him among the *Gauls* to redeem the *Italian* priſoners there, by reaſon the *Burgundians* in certain incurſions had taken away very many: and others over-whelmed with the miſeries, which proceed from civil wars, were voluntarily ſtept aſide. The King gave commiſſion to the Biſhops to rally them to their troups, liberally defraying the charges that were neceſſary.

Caſſiodor. l. 2. c. 2. 29. There is alſo found one amongſt his letters addreſſed to Count *Adela*, wherein he witneſſeth, that though he had a great deſire to preſerve his people in full peace and repoſe, becauſe the glory of a Prince conſiſteth in the tranquility of his ſubjects; yet that he principally intended the Churches ſhould enjoy this favour, ſince in obliging them, the mercies and bleſſings of God were drawn on his kingdom: and purſuing this courſe, he commanded Duke *Ida* to cauſe all the Eccleſiaſtical poſſeſſions to be reſtored, which ſome had uſurped in *Languedoc*, after the death of *Alarick*. Obſerve the good foundations of piety which he laid by the counſel of *Boetius*.

The ſecond Maxim was, to bend all his endeavours, and imploy his beſt thoughts for the comfort of the people, becauſe there is not any way more powerful to gain the hearts of all the world, than by ſweetening the ſharpneſs of the times preſent, or the burdens of the paſſed. We have ſeen (ſaid he) by experience, that thoſe who are deſirous to poſſeſs gold without the love of the people, have been very unſafe; that Kings differ not from other men, but in being powerful to do good, and that the common ſort meaſure their greatneſs onely by their bounty: that is it, which heretofore made the Gods of Gentiles, and which maintaineth Monarchies on the firm rock of conſtancy.

Caſſiodor l. 4. ep. 36. *Theodorick* imbraced this care moſt particularly, for he punctually enquired after the loſſes of his poor ſubjects, and if he found any moleſted by the paſſage of ſome troups, or other like, he releaſed them of taxes and ordinary ſubſidies, as it may yet be ſeen in his letters, and namely in one which he wrot to Preſident *Fauſtus*, wherein he commanded him to hold his hand in this buſineſs, *Becauſe* (ſaith he) *a body over-burdened ſinketh to the ground, and that it were better to deſpiſe a ſlight gain, than to deprive himſelf of pretious things received from the love of ſubjects. The river which glideth along* (ſaid he) *though it do no other ſpoil, ſtill worketh out its channel; ſo companies of ſouldiers, which paſs through towns and villages, though military diſcipline be there obſerved, fail not to bring thither with them much damage, and therefore it was his pleaſure, the places ſhould be recompenced which had been overcharged.*

Lib. 3. Epiſt. 8.

For the ſame reaſon, he appointed fifteen hundred crowns of alms to be delivered to the venerable Biſhop S *Severinus*, to diſtribute them among the peaſants, which he knew had been vexed with the harbouring of certain warlick companies. Verily, as it is no ſmal temerity in particular men, who have neither any charge nor knowledge of affairs, to argue great men upon tributes, and the husbanding of their treaſures; ſo would it be a neglect to conceal from them upon occaſions the moderation they ought to uſe herein, ſince it is ſo exactly recommended by the law of God, and publiſhed in all hiſtories.

If a ſtranger raiſed from the bottom of barbariſm, ſhewed himſelf ſo Religious in matters of ſubſidies towards men, whom his arms had newly made tributary, Princes and Lords of Chriſtendom have good cauſe to conſider what they ow to a people, which is given them as to Fathers and Protectours of the publick. There is no doubt, but the exorbitancies committed in ſuch like affairs, are moſt important charges of conſcience, which much clog a ſoul in the agonies of death, and in the dreadful judgement of Almighty God.

There is alſo to be ſeen an Edict of the ſame Prince, where having underſtood that in the payment of taxes, the rich made the heavieſt part of the burden to fall upon the ſhoulders of the meaner, and that the undertakers of this buſineſs ill behaved themſelves therein; he deteſteth all theſe abuſes, as injuries done to his own perſon, and gave full liberty to thoſe who had been wronged to complain to him, that ſuch order might be taken, as he ſhould judge reaſonable. This manner of proceeding made him ſo beloved, that other Princes having paſſed away like dreams of one night, he reigned thirty years in a moſt ſupereminent degree of reſpect, which thoſe, even of the religion contrary to his own, bare him.

The third Maxim given him by *Boetius* was to make himſelf moſt exact in the exerciſe of juſtice, becauſe it is the baſis of thrones, and the ſpirit which animateth all government: and he ſo deeply impreſſed this in his heart, that the deſire he had to render every one what was his, was changed in him to a moſt ardent thirſt, and a continual hunger. He ſelected out the moſt untainted and uncorrupted Governours he could find, and ſpake theſe words unto them, related by *Caſſiodorus*:

Uſe the matters ſo, that Judges of Provinces may be very careful in the obſervation of laws; that Tribunals ſpare not to thunder out ſentences againſt ill manners; that theeves may fear the gates of your Palaces; that the adulterer may tremble before a chaſt Officer; that the forger may feel horrour at the voice of a Herauld, and that all crimes may be baniſhed from our territory: That no man oppreſs the poor; that perſecutours be apprehended and purſued as diſturbers of publick repoſe. You ſhall make a general peace when you have beaten down the authours of miſchiefs which are committed. Let Captains contain their ſouldiers in all manner of diſcipline, in ſuch ſort that the labourer, the merchant, the ſailer, and the artificer, may underſtand armis are not made, but for their defence. I will not likewiſe that my neareſt allies be pardoned in any caſe of juſtice; ſince I have taken the Common-wealth into my charge. I have deſpoiled my ſelf of my proper intereſts. I wiſh well to mine, but in the generality.

Caſſiodor. var. l. 22. Mihi propria cura diſplicuit, poſtquam generalem cœpi cogitare cuſtodiam.

Opto meis bene ſed quod poſſit eſſe commune.

Purſuing the maxims I will recount an admirable paſſage,

passage, which he used among others, to make his justice remarkable. A *Roman* Lady left widow by the death of her husband, had lost a son born of this marriage, who was secretly stolen from her, and in servitude bred up in another Province. This child grown up a young man, received notice from a good hand, that he was of free extraction, and son of a Ladie, whose name was given him, her aboad, and all circumstances, which caused him to undertake a voyage to *Rome* with intention to make himself known unto her. He came directly to his mother, who was much perplexed with certain love-affairs, having betrothed her self to a man, who often promised her marriage, yet never accomplished it. This lover then absent, and detained by urgent affairs very far from *Rome*, the Ladie had the space of about thirtie days free, wherein she kept this young man in her house, acknowledging him, and particularly avowing him for her son, throughly convinced by evident tokens, so that then her charitie was so great towards him, that she ceased not to weep for joy, in the recovery of her lois.

Manuscriptum P. Sirmundi. *Joannes Magnus, & Laurentius Venetus.*

The thirtie days expired, the Lover returned, and seeing this guest newly come to her house, demandeth of the Lady what man he was, and from whence he came. She freely answered, he was her son. He, whether moved by jealousie, thinking this might be but a colour, or that preceding the marriage of the widow, he would not have a charge of children, plainly told her, if she sent not away this found child from her lodging, never should she have any share in his affection. The unhappy creature surprized with love, to serve his passion, renounceth her own entrals, and readily banisheth from her house this son, over whom she had so many tears. The young man seeing himself as between the hammer and the anvil, in so great a necessitie of his affairs, hasteneth to require justice of the King, who most willingly heard him, and commanded the Lady should be brought before him to be confronted by him. She stoutly denied all the pretensions of this young man, saying; *He was an impostor and ungrateful, who not contenting himself to have received the charities of a poor creature in her house, needs would challenge the inheritance of children.* The son on the other side wept bitterly, and gave assurance, she had acknowledged him for her own, very lively representing all the proofs which passion and interest put into his mouth.

The King sounded all passages to enter into the heart of the Lady, and asked her whether she were not resolved to marry again. She answered, *if she met with a man suitable to her, she would do what God should inspire her.* The King replied? *Behold him here, since you have lodged this guest thirtie days in your house, and have acknowledged him so freely, what is the cause why you may not marry him?* The Lady answered: *He had not any means, which ever is necessary for houshold expence. And to what may your state truly amount,* saith the King? The Lady replied. *She was very well worth a thousand crowns, which was a great riches in that time. Well* (saith *Theodorick*) *I will give as much to this young man for his marriage, on this condition that you shall marry him.* She much amazed, began to wax pale, blush, tremble, and to shew all the countenances of a perplexed woman, who sought to excuse her self, but faltered in her speech. The King yet to affright her more, swore deeply she should marry him presently, or tell lawfull causes of impediment. The poor woman condemned by the voice of nature which cried in her heart, and having horrour of the crime proposed unto her, cast her self at the feet of the King, with much profusion of tears, confessing her loves dissimulation, and mishap. Then this great Prince taking the word from her: *Are not you a miserable woman* (saith he) *to renounce your own bloud for a villain who hath deceived you, get you to your house, forsake these fond affections, and live in the conditions of a good widow, taking unto you such support from your son as he by nature ought to afford you.* I leave to relate a singular example, upon the same subject, which I drew from the Chronicles of *Alexandria*, and cited in the third book and one and twentieth Section of my first Tome.

The fourth Maxim, which *Theodorick* received from our Oracle, was to place deserving men in offices, and to ground his State upon rewards and punishments, which the ancient *Democritus* said, were the Divinities of Common-wealths.

The King laied this counsell up in his heart, and presently made *Boetius* Superintendent of Offices and dignities, to the end his judgement might be as the character of the excellent qualities of such as should have principal Commissions. There was no speech at all either of favour, flesh, bloud, or nation; all rewards were for men of judgement and virtue: when any one was designed for some office, long and serious inquiry was made of his condition, which being throughly known, the King gave approbation of him, by writing to the Senate, or forgot not to put into account all his services and laudable actions, to the end the sinceritie of his proceedings might be known, & that he might cast a double lustre upon him, who received so great a benefit from his hands.

We may behold the practise hereof in many letters, which are to be found upon this subject, and namely upon the advancement of *Cassiodorus* to the dignitie of a *Patrician*; where the King writing unto him letters full of respect, makes a narration of his life and functions, wherein he had very well served his Majesty, and then said unto him: *Enjoy now the recompence of your travel, and doubly take the interests which you have contemned for the publick, for there are no riches more glorious, than to see your virtues crowned both by the testimonie of the Prince, and by the praises which proceed from the mouth of all the world. It is a great happiness to oblige a King to confess, that a subject hath that already by his merit, which he grants him by his liberallitie.* Epist. 3. lib. 4.

This gave so great encouragement to the nobilitie, to dispose themselves to honour, by the degrees of honesty, that in few years the Court was replenished with persons qualified with parts of science, and conscience, which are the two sources of good affairs.

The fifth Maxim was, the good husbanding of treasures which are not onely the sinews, but the soul, bloud, and life of the people.

It must be confessed, that the States of the world, are subject to great maladies: one while there is a drowsiness in affairs, that is the lethargy: sometimes a humour peccant and maligne, composed of passions and errors which besiege the understanding, that is the epilepsie: sometimes obstacles, which hinder the light of good counsel, and they are cataracts, which grow upon the eys: sometimes obdurations against good advise, that is hardness in the ears: sometimes a malicious silence of truth, that is the squinancy: sometimes oppressions, that is shortness of breath: sometimes want of courage, and those are the evils of the heart: sometimes there is raised an exorbitant avarice, that is the bulimy or dog-hunger: sometimes coldness and remisness to unlock coffers for necessary uses, that is the gout in the hand: sometimes negligences opportunely to take occasions, and that is the gout in the feet: sometimes fiery ambitions and enraged avarice, and they are feavers: sometimes you may observe malignities and intestine wars, which may be called the stone, and nephretick pains, sometimes bloudy agonies termed dissenteries: sometimes great corruptions of manners, that is the cachochimy: sometimes sudden disturbances, they are Erysepelies: sometimes stenches of hidden crimes, and that is an infection of

the noſe, which the *Græcians* call Lozena: ſometimes there are diſcovered ſpots of impietie, that is the Leproſie: ſometimes an impotency in all the members, that is the Palſie; ſometimes a faintneſs over all the vital parts, that is the Ptiſick.

Never ſhould he have done, who would keep an account of all the maladies, which are ever dangerous in their ſources, and mortal in their iſſues: but this Ptiſick which drieth up the body, and maketh of a living man a kind of ſpectre or Anatomy, is one of the leaſt accidents and this happeneth to a State through the ill manage of Treaſures, contrarie to the loyaltie due to the ſacred perſons of Kings. That is it, which maketh ſouldiers to mutinie, which offendeth the great, and giveth matter of indignation to the moſt reaſonable, and of murmur to all the world: whiles the one account in ſubſtance the gold and ſilver which they have purloined, and the other reckon in idæa that which is ſpent, entertaining their thoughts with the deſire of a thing afar off, as if one would warm himſelf with the memory of fire.

This is it which bringeth contempt of a Common-wealth abroad, weakneſs at home, and miſerie on all ſides: which maketh the people hungry, and a Prince neceſſitous in his own houſe. The effects of this diſeaſe are better known than the remedies thereof practiſed: for there are ordinarily in all States many Reformers, who have verily notable deſigns upon Treaſures; but there is the like uſe made of them, as of tooth-picks before dinner.

Money is of the ſect of inviſibles, no man knows what becomes of it in ſo many hands; thoſe who abuſe it have ſo many kinds of jugling-tricks, which dazel eyes, whileſt they fill their purſes. It is a goodly plant, as that wich is called the Affodil or Scepter-royal, which breeds bad little worms, that gnaw all the ſubſtance thereof, and hide themſelves under the leaves, till ſuch time that getting wings, they becom butterflies all ſpeckled over with flowers, and brave it over men in the air, whom they durſt not behold upon the earth.

Theophraſt. de plantis. Ζῶν πλῆρες κ) ἄθλιον ὑπόδικ.

The States of Great-ones is alſo an admirable tree, but it oftentimes covereth under it's fair verdure, colour, and beautie, men which gnaw like worms, and who frame themſelves wings all enameled with glorie at the charge of the publick, to take their flight over the heads of ſo many mortals, whom they look upon with a ſcornfull eye, as if they had no further memory of the earth which bare them.

A Prince cannot more oblige his State, than to have an eye open to all theſe diſorders, and to make his money diſtil like bloud through all the veins of the bodie, reſerving ever good Treaſures to render himſelf helpful to his ſubjects, terrible to his enemies, honourable to his allies, and neceſſary to all the world.

Theodorick became ſo well verſed in this Maxim, that he let not as it were a day paſs, wherein he caſt not his eyes upon the Treaſure of his Exchecquer, and that he took not the pains himſelf to ſum up his revenews and expences, to conform his undertakings to his coin. He was moſt exact to draw into his coffers all innocent gains, and honeſt emoluments as much as he could, preſerving them very charitably for the neceſſities of the Realm. We may ſee this in many of his letters, and eſpecially in that which he wrote to *Saturnius* and *Verbuſius*, where he recommendeth unto them to have a great care of that, which is the beſt part of his Treaſures; and that as he deſireth not to burden his people, ſo would he not have lawfull moneys to be loſt. He giveth a reaſon hereof which is very notable: *I have reaſon to avoid povertie* (ſaith he) *becauſe it is the mother of exceſs, and that there is nothing more pernicious than to be poor in Empire. The inquiry which I make after my rights, is the profeſſion of my innocencie, & that as I would not avarice & extorſions ſhould reign in my Palace, ſo will I from thence baniſh neceſſity.*

Caſſiod. l. 1. Ep. 19. *Indigentiâ juſtè fugimus quæ ſuadet exceſſus, dum pernicioſa res eſt in imperante tenuitas.*

The ſixth Maxim was that, which the ſeventie Sages gave among many other to King *Ptolomy*, when he asked of them the means how to govern well. It was their counſell to have, even in time of peace, warlike troups well entertained and guided, to add Majeſty to his State, and terrour to his enemies. That is it, which *Auguſtus Cæſar* did, to conſtitute his Empire, when he appointed certain revenues, which he would not have imployed on any other thing but the entertainment of ſouldiers. That is it, which the Common-wealth did before him, ever holding in neceſſary places ſouldiers well diſciplined. That is it, which by the report of *Valerius Maximus* gave Cities, Provinces, and Kingdoms to the people of *Rome*. And *Theodorick*, well acquitted himſelf upon this counſel when he ſaid: *War was never better made, than in time of Peace.* Ex ep. 24. l. 5. *Res prælierum benè diſponitur, quoties in pace tractatur.*

The ſeventh was well to fortifie the Frontiers, whereof he was very careſull, as he witneſſeth in an Epiſtle, which he wrote to the *Goths* and the *Romans* inhabiting at *Tortona*, giving them commandment to ſtrengthen this place, and not to expect the incurſions of the enemy at unawares. *For* (ſaith he) *all ſudden things are inconſiderate, and it is too late to build up a fort, when one is already in danger.* To that he added alſo the forces on the Sea, which are very neceſſary to unite the places of his Territorie, to diſſolve the deſigns of his enemies, and to make himſelf great and awfull; for the experience of the *Athenian* wars with the *Spartans* ſufficiently diſcovereth in the hiſtory of *Thucydides*, that they ever have moſt advantage who command the ſea-coaſt. One may ſee by the letters that King *Theodorick* wrote to his Lievtenant *Abundantius*, with what vehemency he ſought to make himſelf able in this point, giving out ſtrait Commiſſions to build and rigge out great ſtore of ſhips wherein he thrived ſo well, that he vaunted the *Græcians* and *Africans*, had nothing to condemn in him. *Caſſiod.* l. 1. ep. 17. Lib. 5. ep. 16.

The eighth recommended unto him, notwithſtanding his great forces, to entertain peace and good intelligence with his neighbours, to the end, that being leſs buſied in forraign wars, he might have full leiſure to manure his Kingdom with good government, which he did, as we may behold by his Epiſtles, entertaining thoſe Princes with teſtimonies of affection, congratulation in their proſperities, conſolations in their adverſities, embaſſages and preſents, which were more wittie than coſtly. His letter to our *Clodovæus* well ſheweth, that he highly valued above all the alliance of *France*, when he proteſteth the ſafetie of the Kingdom is his own proper glorie, and that he ſhareth in all the proſperities which happen to this great King. Epiſt. 41. l. 2

The ninth counſelled him to love letters, cheriſh learned men, who are the Trumpets of the glorie of Princes, and make them lead a pleaſing and happy life in the eſtimation of poſteritie: and conſequently to cheriſh arts, invite brave Maſters, maintain Merchants, diſcourſe even with labourers with much ſweetneſs, by the example of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, which he ſo exactly did, that he rendered himſelf very amiable to all the world, in ſuch manner humbling himſelf to the meaneſt, that he diſdained not to be among Peaſants to talk with them in their trades, and for their honour, till the earth with his own hands.

The tenth was to take away the riot of particulars, and ſhew himſelf magnificent in publick matters, as in buildings, theaters, neceſſities, and recreations of the people, ſtill undertaking ſomething great for the Majeſty of the Kingdom, and commoditie of the Common-wealth. Towards which he

he was transported with much fervour and reason, raising many goodly fabricks, and repairing the honour of places of consideration, even to the equalling of ancient *Rome*. For he saith in an Epistle which he wrote to one *Agapetus*, Governour of the Citie, that he would not subscribe in ornaments to the ancients, since he paralelleth them in the happiness of his Age. As in effect, whilest he observed these excellent maxims, his Kingdom was indeed a Realm of justice, peace, and plentie, beheld by all as the miracle of the world.

The fifth SECTION.

The honours of Boetius, *and alteration of* Theodorick.

Boetius was honoured with so great respect for the many excellent qualities resplendent in his person, that from the foundation of *Rome* scarcely might a man be found of the long robe mounted to such an eminency of honour, by the degree of civil prudence, learning, and virtue.

It is a very notable thing, that not onely the King made him three times Consul, but needs he would through abundance of his love, that his sons, who were yet very young, should be advanced to the Consulship. A matter not ordinarie, but titular and of favour, and very rarely given, but to those who were singularly to be gratified.

Himself confesseth, that if joy were to be derived from frail honours of the world, he had cause enough to rejoice on that day, when he saw his two sons carried in Pomp through the Citie, in a triumphant Chariot, accompanied with the whole Senate, and attended by an infinite concourse of people, who ceased not to congratulate the father and the children, as the of-spring of a race, born for the good of the Common-wealth.

The same day he made in full Senate an oration of thanks-giving to *Theodorick*, for the large liberalities extended towards his house, which was delivered with such a grace, that in conclusion they presented him a Crown, as to the King of eloquence. He likewise gave notable largesses to all the people, and appeared in the great Court of the Circus, sitting in the middest of his two Consuls in presence of the whole Citie, having his heart repleni shed with content, and tears of joy in his eys for the affections which the people witnessed.

To crown all those blessings of fortune, he had married a wife, held one of the most accomplished Ladies under heaven. For, which is very rare, she injoyed a great spirit, a singular modesty, and an excellent chastitie, of whom *Boetius* sufficiently to praise her, said in one word: *She was the image of her father* Symmachus, who had given her to him in a most chast and happie marriage.

Now this *Symmachus*, called the pearl and precious ornament of the whole world was a Senatour, who seemed to be composed of nothing but wisdom and virtue, for which cause he then lived in much reputation: and all this family of *Boetius* was in such sort esteemed, that *Ennodius* writeth it was *a vein of purple*, signifing thereby it contained therein all great dignities, no otherwise than as veins inclose the bloud. He notwithstanding addeth, those purples increased by the lustre of *Boetius*, who possessed them: and after when *Rome* became the prize of those who subdued it, it being no longer lawfull for Consuls to reap Palms in the fields of battels, he equalled the ancient triumphs by the greatness of his judgement.

Ennodius in epist. ad *Boetium* l. 8. epist. 1. *Venę purpurarum. Purpuræ possessoris luce crescentes.*

Gerebert, an Authour who wrote of those times, calleth this *Boetius* the father and light of his Countrie, who managing the reins of the Empire in the qualitie of a Consul, spared not to diffuse by the force of his abilitie in good letters, all the lustre they had, equalling them with the wits of *Greece*.

Tu Pater, & Patriæ lumen Severine Boeti,
Consulis officio, rerum dispone habenas,
Infundis lumen studijs, & cedere nescis
Græcorum *ingenijs.*

Gerebertus l. 2. Epigr. Pithæ.

Boetius, thou father, and Countreys-light,
Dispos'st Consuls office, common right,
Giv'st studies radiant lustre, and no whit,
In any thing submit'st to *Grecian* wit.

Verily, we may see by that which followeth in this historie, the little assurance may be had either in men or favours. If men be vessels who do nothing all their life time but play with the winds, favours are waves of glass, which fail not to shiver themselves against the rocks. We would think the moon much greater than all the stars, were it not that the shadow of the earth, which we make use of to measure it, causeth the contrarie to appear: and we might have some opinion, these great dignities of the world, had much eminencie above all that which is here below, were it not, that they dayly fall into shadows and fantasms of nothing, which well approve, we have much illusion in our eys, since these greatnesses have taken such estimation in our hearts.

Jealousie a bad daughter born of a good house, which is that of love and honour, divideth beds and Empires, and hath ever eys so bleared, that it cannot endure a ray of the virtue or prosperitie of another. And for that cause the lustre which proceeded from the house of *Boetius*, in such manner, as day progresseth fro the gates of the East, failed not at all to give suspicions to King *Theodorick*; who seeing himself a stranger, and ignorant among *Romans*, and men of so great counsel, being not able to derive any other recommendation to himself, but what the sword gave him, envied so many heavenly riches as were contributed to the happiness of his Empire.

The change, which then succeeded at *Constantinople* greatly fortified his distrusts: for it is written that *Anastasius* an Emperour, who had done nothing in the throne but create schisms, beholding the Laurels of *Cæsar* wholly withered on his head, had some distast both of life, which he had passionately loved, and of the scepter possessed with so much ambition. It is certain, that being one day in the Circus, as he espied a furious sedition whispered against him, he voluntarily laid down his Crown, and let the people know by his Heraulds he was willing to be rid of the Empire, which for some time appeased the most passionate: notwithstanding, being greatly hated, and foreseeing he could not make much longer aboad in the world, he began to reflect on his Successours, desiring to transfer to the Throne one of his three Nephews, whom he had bred up, having no male issue to succeed him. There was difficultie in the choice, and he having a soul very superstitious, put that to lot, which he could not resolve by reason: for he caused three beds to be prepared in the royal chamber, and made his Crown to be hanged within the Tester of one of these beds, called the Realm, being resolved to give it to him who by lot should place himself under it. This done, he sent for his Nephews, and after he had magnificently entertained them, commanded them to repose themselves, each one chusing one of the beds prepared for them. The eldest accommodated himself according to his fancie, and hit upon nothing: the second did the same. He then expected the youngest should go directly to the crowned bed, but he prayed the Emperour he might be permitted to lie with one of his brothers

Zacharias Rhetor, x M. S. Sirmundi.

and

and by this means not any of the three took the way of the Empire, which was so easie to be had, that it was not above a pace distant. *Anastasius*, much amazed, well saw God would transfer the Diadem from his race; and it is also added, that he likewise knew by revelation, that it was *Justine* who should succeed, for he having determined to kill him, with *Justinian*, heard a voice which spake in his heart and said: *He should take good heed to touch those two personages, because they should do, each one in their turn, good services to God.*

Afterward as this *Justine* being ever near the person of the Emperour, one day by chance set his foot on the train of his robe, the Emperour looking back, *Thou boldest me* (said he) *by the gown, and shalt follow me; but stay a while, your time is not yet come*: which much amazed all there present, who thought him to speak like a man distracted, not conceiving what he would say.

In a few days this *Anastasius*, who so much feared thunder, that he fled into a Cave so soon as at any time he heard the least notice thereof, was slain by a thunder-stroke upon the very stairs of the place which he had chosen for a sanctuarie. *Justine* derived from base birth, and mounted through all the degrees of War to the dignitie of the Captain of the Guard, was chosen Emperour; of whom, he being a valiant man and well beloved, *Theodorick* began to cõceive a great jealousie, still fearing he might take out of his hands the Empire he had usurped.

The beginning of the storm was, that *Justine* an Emperour most Catholick, treated the *Arians* of *Constantinople*, who had been tolerated under *Anastasius*, with the severitie ordained by laws; despoiling them of Churches, which they had boldly usurped. They failed not to address their complaints, and offer up their grievances to the ears of *Theodorick*: who interpreting the disgrace of his sect to the contempt of his person, entered into violences more fit for a Barbarian than a King, who had been trained up to civilitie by such good counsels, for he threatened to turn all *Rome* into fire and bloud, if the Emperour *Justine* did him not right, and for this purpose he sent Pope *John*, commanding him to go speedily to *Constantinople* to cause the Churches to be rendered to the *Arians*, supposing his dignitie would procure him full power with the Emperour. The Pope answered, he had made very ill choice of him, for such an Embassage, that the rank he held in the Church permitted him not to be a provider of Churches for the *Arians*, and that if he had any bad design upon his person, he was ready to stretch out his neck for the defence of the Church, there being no need for him to pass the seas for this, and undertake the voyage.

This made him enter into much greater extravagancie, threatening the Citie with a deluge of bloud if it were not remedied: Behold the cause, why the Pope was intreated to go to *Constantinople*, and to find some way how to sweeten affairs, yet to let nothing pass to the prejudice of his conscience. He yielded to the tears of the people and undertook the voyage of *Constantinople*, accompanied with some of the principal Senatours, where the Emperour *Justine* received him with much submission and unspeakable magnificence.

Theodorick expecting the issue of this great Embassage, which was not so soon ended, entered further and further into a vast labyrinth of suspicions and jealousies, beginning to distrust *Roman* Senatours, and to monopolize all affairs with his *Goths*, which was the beginning of his ruine. He at that time did four things which infinitely grieved all good men.

The first was, he advanced two, who appeared like two comets over the heads of mortals: The one was called *Congiastus*, and the other *Trigilla*, both men of rapine and concussions, who by their evil deportment did much disgrace the authoritie of their Prince.

The second was, that he who heretofore used great moderation in matter of subsidies, bare himself therein most inordinately, by the perswasion of those two Goths, who were prodigiously covetous, and insatiable in their avarice.

The third was, that in a grert scarcitie of victuals, he caused all the corn to be taken out of the fields near *Rome*, enforcing every one by an expres Edict, to sell that little which he had upon a very low price for the Kings own granaries, and the entertainment of souldiers; which gave occasion of many tears, the poor entering into despair, if the force of this Edict should be of long continuance.

In the end, for a fourth violence, he fell upon the most eminent Senatours, dispoiling them of their goods, and threatening them banishment and death, under suspitions of treasons.

Boetius endeavoured to cure *Theodorick* by all the sweetest ways: but seeing his spirit was become very dark, and much altered in all that which might be said reasonable, not to loose honour and good conscience in the general ship-wrack he foresaw, he began to roar like a Lion against the corruptions of this mercenary Court.

He stoutly set upon these two powerful favourites, and resisted them in the greatest vigour of their credit, with such liberty and constancy, that it well from that time forward appeared this man had his soul in his hand, being ever ready to resign it for the defence of justice. *Trigilla*, who was the Superintendent of the whole government of the Empire and the instrument of King *Theodorick*, would fain seem an able man, and to give colour of wisdom and reason to actions disproportionable, namely in that Edict published concerning the great heaps of corn, amassed together in the magazine of the Prince, in the sharp wants and indigencies of the people. *Boetius* loudly blamed this manner of proceeding, and ceased not to declare the miseries of Provinces in words very effectual, demanding audience of the King, for the good of his State.

Theodorick, whether he had not as yet altogether renounced the reputation of a righteous Prince, or that he thought his great favourite *Trigilla* was grounded upon most pertinent reasons, and strong encounters of affairs, which made him stir up these novelties, would needs in his cabinet hear a conference between *Boetius* & *Trigilla* concerning the Decrees; where *Boetius* defended the cause of the poor, with such weight of reasons, prudence, and courage, that he hindered the battery of *Trigilla*, and prevailed so far with the Prince, that he procured him to revoke his Edicts: whereupon these two favourites with all the faction which followed them, finding themselves immeasurably offended, began more and more to cast into the soul of *Theodorick*, already much changed, infinite distrust against *Boetius*, and the whole Senate. And then *Paulinus* and *Albinus*, two personages the best qualified in *Rome*, who had run through all the most honourable charges of the Common-wealth, were very ill intreated by suggestions and suspicions, which these men had raised against them. *Boetius*, seeing the affairs reduced to such a pass, where dissimulation could not repair them, spake in the end to *Theodorick*, in full Senate with all the libertie which his conscience dictated unto him, saying:

SIR, I am not ignorant that we are in a time, wherein it is as it were much easier to flie, than to speak of the State of this Empire without offence to any, and that all discourse, which at this present may be framed, will ever be suspected by those, who have made even our thoughts criminal to your Majestie.

Yet

Yet must I needs say, it is a matter very hard to be silent in so great revolutions of affairs, since nature hath not created us like crocodiles, who are said to have eys to weep & not a tongue to complain. I perceive we loose as it were all that which we have of Romane *in us, and that in this universal disaster, where all the world should strengthen their arms against violence, men are contented to do, as in a thunder, every one prays the thunder-bolt may not fall upon his own house, and very little regards the danger of his neighbour: So likewise we see many Senatours, whose dignitie ought to put into their mouthes good and forcible words, for the defence of justice, satisfying themselves to avoid the blow, and expecting safetie in common ruines.*

As for my self I freely protest, that being born of bloud, which never learned to flatter any man, and seeing my self in a rank where my silence may prove injurious to the publick, since I cannot uphold libertie already too much leaning to its ruin, I will at least support the image of it, and in so general a servitude, speak something, wherein I will either discharge my conscience for the present, or comfort my ashes for the time to come.

Alas Sir, when I behold you sitting upon the Throne of glory, whereunto the hand of God seemeth to have raised you by miracle, fortified you by discretion, and blessed you with so many prosperities, I cannot chuse but remember with the most tender resentments of my heart, the calms of the first years, when you took into your hand the stern of this large Empire. Who ever saw divers mettals so happily commixed, as we then beheld different Nations united in one entire body, under your authoritie? What consent in affections? What correspondence in all orders? What vigour in laws? What obedience in subjects? What agreement in the Senate? What applause among the people? What policie in Cities? What good fortune in arms? What blessing in all the success of your affairs.

Seemed it not, that God had affixed to your standards and Edicts some secret virtue, which made the one triumph in war, and the other become prosperous in peace, with so much terrour and reputation, that even things opposite of their own nature, knit themselves firmly together for your benefit?

O Sir, what is become of that golden face of your government? Who hath metamorphosed it into this leaden visage? Perhaps you thought it was a part of the greatness of your Majesty to hold a Senate under, to whom all the good Emperours have so much ascribed, that they esteem them as necessary for their greatness, as leaves about the rose to set out his beautie.

Justin. Genev. hist. li. 6.

I could tell you Sir, how much these counsels are pernicious, were it not that the experience of the years of your reign hath taught you more, than all the malignitie of men can deface. If you will be pleased to call as yet to counsel your wit and understanding, which God hath replenished with so many fair and noble lights, believe me you shall find this people is as the hearb Basil, which rendereth a good savour, as it is said, when gently handled, and createth scorpions when rudely chafed. Hold us in the estimation and condition, wherein you hitherto have reteined us, and you shall see nothing more tractable than the Roman *people: but if you proceed with those violences, by which some daily pervert your good nature, it is to be feared, least this severitie produce not rather poison, even for those who hope out of it to derive sweetness.*

Our enemies cease not to exasperate you, upon want of respect due to your Majesty, and yet God knows we have so regarded royall authoritie, that seeing it in most unjust hands, where it lost its lustre, we suffered it not to loose the fruit of our obedience.

Allow Sir, the liberty, which ever hath been the most pretious inheritance of this Empire, you have placed men over our heads, who to become great and unwilling to seem any thing less than what they are, seek to smother in our miseries, the baseness of their own birth, and believe the means to justifie their own carriage, is to take away eies from those, who have them, and to render tongues mute, least they may learn a truth. Now adays to be born rich is to become a prey, and to arrive at government with some supereminences of wit, is to raise enemies; all great actions are suspected; and it seemeth that to find safety, we must seek it either in ignorance or idleness.

We have so learned to obey, that we would not hitherto so much as enter into consideration of the distribution you made of your favors, leaving them more free unto you than are in the sun his rays, and contenting us to honour the character of your Majesty as well on rocks, as marbles and silver. But now when we see the pretious interests of the Kingdom, in hands less pure than we wish, what els can we do in so publick a clamour, but here most humbly remonstrate, that which the subtile dissemble, the miserable suffer, the good deplore, and even the very stones relate.

Where is the time, Sir, when we heard those noble words to proceed from your mouth, That the flock may be sheared, not flayed; that a body overcharged sunk to the ground; that there was no tribute comparable to the precious commodities, derived from the love of subjects? *And now all the Cities and Countries, bewail the rigorous concussions they feel, to satisfie with their sweat and bloud, the avarice of some particulars, who are notwithstanding, as greedy as fire, and more unsatiable than the abyss.*

I exasperate not here our miseries, by an amplification of words: I have, Sir, made you to see, when you pleased to bear me in your cabinet, the tears of Provinces, which softened your heart to compassion, and opened your hands to liberalitie, so that if your good affections be not altered by some, you are capable enough to discharge heaven of all promises, which it hath made unto us by the happiness of your Empire.

Unseal those eies which you so oft have opened for the comfort of your poor subjects, & in what part soever you turn them, you shall behold nought but miseries. Is it not a strange thing, that slaves being sometimes sold to courteous Masters, sweeten the sharpness of their condition by some gentle usage, and that there should be none, but the people of Rome, *who yearly buy out their bondage? none but the people of* Rome, *who were made uccountable for the goods pulled from them, and tributarie for the shipwrack of their povertie?*

From thence the way is taken to the oppression of Magistrates, and some are perswaded, that throughly to mow the meadow, you must humble the heads of plants most eminent, Paulinus *is despoiled,* Albinus *is gultie of treason, they be culpable enough since they are rich & powerful. It is said, there can be no safetie found, but in their disgrace. And who seeth not, that these proceedings tend to the ruine of that most noble body, which almost thirty years maintained your royal Crown?*

Out alas, Sir, if we exclaim against witches who poison fountains, how can we be silent, seeing endeavour is used to invenom the soul of the Prince, who is the source of all counsels, to the end we may hereafter find poison, where we hoped for remedie?

Sir, onely behold and imitate your self; re-assume that spirit which made you reign in our hearts, as well as in our Provinces: distinguish flatterers from true friends; hearken to those, whose loyaltie you have known in the success of so many prosperities.

Remember your self, that you were made to reign over man, not as a man, but as the law: to bear your subjects in your bosom, and not trample them under foot; to teach by example and not constrain by force, to be a father of Citizens, and not a Master of slaves.

Remember your self, Kings are given by heaven for the use of people, and that they ought not to have so much regard to the extent of their power, as not to consider the measure of their obligations. Handle the matter so, that the greatness of your Majestie may appear in its good-

goodneſs, and that this word which you heretofore had in your mouth, may ſtick eternally in your heart, when you ſaid: A good Prince ought not to fear any thing ſo much, as to be too much feared.

This Oration greatly enkindled minds, and King *Theodorick* was ſo much amazed at this libertie, that he ſeemed not wel ſetled in his countenance, he onely ſaid in few words, he would give all ſatisfaction to the Senate, when time had cleared this buſineſs, whereof he would inform himſelf, that it might be treated at the next Seſſion.

Trigilla, *Congiaſtus*, and *Cyprianus* the principal of the faction of the *Gothes*, ſeeing themſelves touched to the quick, reſolved the time was now come, wherein either they muſt be loſt, or *Boetius* undone; ſo that after this aſſembly, they ceaſed not to beſiege the ſoul of the King, who was become jealous, melancholy, and timorous, with a thouſand objects of diſtruſt upon the practices of *Boetius*, aſſuring him the conſpiracie was wholly contrived and plotted at *Conſtantinople* by Pope *John* and his Complices, at *Rome* by *Boetius*, *Paulinus* and *Albinus*, who had marvellous correſpondencies. Not content with this, they gained ſome mercenarie people, they practiſed with falſe witneſſes, they counterfeited letters, forged and ſealed in the name of *Boetius*, and ſaid all that which their paſſion ſuggeſted.

This is it which gave the moſt dangerous aſſault upon the mind of the Prince, for he having read their papers, and heard ſome depoſitions, which they gave him notice of, would have no further information to be reſolved, but ſpeedily aſſembling the Senate, entred with his papers in hand, ſhewing in his countenance the trouble of his thoughts, and ſpake in theſe terms:

This laſt Oration, which Boetius *made in this place, was the Trumpet of a conſpiracie plotted againſt my State. I wonder not a whit that he made it his task to diſgrace our government with ſo great ornament of eloquence, to tranſport your minds into rebellion: but I marvel much how he would promiſe himſelf to draw to his partie, complices from a bodie ſo innocent as yours. All my officers diſpleaſe him, as an enemie of the good offices are done me; and all the favours which I allot to the merit of mine, are ſo many crimes in mine own perſon with this man, who draweth poiſon from all that which ſerveth others for nouriſhment. He, whom the Prince raiſeth, ſerves as an object for his envy, and it hath ever been an injurie to appoint him a companion in his honours. He deploreth the miſeries of the publick, as if he were father thereof; and it ſeemeth to him all is loſt, which juſtice putteth into any other hands than his own.*

Had the Gepides *and* Bulgarians *forraged over all* Italy, *he could not frame any other complaints, than he doth of the State of our Kingdom; where thanks be to God, there is nothing ſo grievous, but it may ſeem a ſilver Age, if we compare it to the Empire of thoſe who have gone before us. Beſides, our good ſubjects eſteem not themſelves ſo unhappie under me, but that they think my preſervation is the ſource of their felicities. But needs muſt he have pretext of pietie to colour his deſign and to take upon him a title of protectour of the people, to make himſelf uſurper of mine Empire. Verily would ambition be ſatisfied, I have performed for this man all that, which may be done to ſuch as are the moſt greedie of honour, raiſing him to all eminent charges, and given even to his children almoſt in their infancie, dignities, which have been reputed in this Common-wealth, as prodigies. But in doing this, I ſought bottom in an abyſs, where it was not to be found.*

I have ſuffered all theſe extravagancies ſo long as I could poſſible, ever thinking to complain of him was to draw convulſions upon mine own proper entrails: But ſince forgetting all reſpect of dutie, he cannot be unmindfull of his own nature, which is to do evil to thoſe who wiſh him well, I demand of you in the qualitie of a King, that juſtice which you would afford to the meaneſt of my Kingdom.

I have not his eloquence to ampliſie Impoſtures, but I enjoy ſome ſtrength of underſtanding to judge of a truth. Behold here, moſt loyal ſubjects, thoſe who will depoſe the conſpiracie he hath plotted againſt my State. Behold here letters ſigned with his own hand, which were diſpatched to the Emperour Juſtine, *to call him to my ruin. You may judge hereupon, and ordain what ſhall be reaſonable, it being not my intention to pretend here any other ſatisfaction, than what the laws afford me.*

As ſoon as he had ſpoken this, he cauſed his witneſſes to come in, who were one *Baſilicus*, *Opilion*, *Gaudentius*, men of loſt conſcience and reputation. *Theodorick* notwithſtanding cauſed them to be openly heard, and without exception, againſt the innocent. Then he began to produce that goodly letter, addreſſed to the Emperour of the Eaſt, which was wholly counterfeited by the damnable impoſtures of one named *Cyprian*.

The poor *Boetius* found himſelf at the inſtant like the juſt *Naboth* in the midſt of theſe perverſe creatures, and what induſtrie ſoever he uſed for the declaration of his innocency, it was oppreſſed by a powerfull faction, which tranſported minds either through corruption or weakneſs, to the ruine of virtue.

The King preſſed the Senatours to deliver their opinion thereupon: they, who were deſirous not to appear ſuſpected, confidently caſt the ſtone againſt the accuſed, and thought his condemnation would be their freedom; others, who were enemies, bare themſelves in it with much animoſitie; there remained ſome few feeble ſouls who followed the courſe of violence: ſo that baniſhment was decreed againſt *Boetius*, according to the intention of *Theodorick*.

Verily, if there be any thing worthy of commiſeration in the world, it is to behold offenders ſit as Judges upon the bloud of an innocent, and to conſider that afflicting a man with all extremitie, they alſo deprive him of the pretious jewel of reputation, which maketh us live in the eſtimation of honeſt men, a pleaſing and ſpiritual life, as do many great-ones in the memorie of all ages.

The wiſe *Boetius* after he had waſted himſelf with love and travel for his Countrie, is taken out of the boſom thereof, as a man treacherous, and put into the hands of the Guard to lead him to *Pavia*, the place of his impriſonment.

He was not ſuffered to ſpeak with his father-in-law *Symmachus*, for all thoſe who were honoured with his friendſhip are ſequeſtred; ſcarcely had he the means to give the laſt adieu to his wife *Ruſticiana*, who ſeeing her husband ſuddenly fallen from ſo eminent a dignitie into ſuch diſaſter, could not contain from ſaying unto him with ſcalding tears:

Syr, is this then it, which your innocencie hath deſerved? If the King be reſolved to put you to death, why ſuffereth he ſtill a piece of your ſelf to live, which hath ever been ſo dear unto you? I have courage enough to follow you either in exile, impriſonment, or death. But *Boetius* replied again in few words, that he might not any further increaſe her grief: *Madam, the hour is not yet come, trouble not your ſelf to ſee me ſuffer for juſtice. It is a title of honour which God hath reſerved for his children. The education which you have derived from your good father, and the inſtructions you have received from me, give me occaſion to hope you will bear this accident with a Chriſtian reſolution. My daughter, it is not fit that our tears, which fall from ſo much a higher place as we have been bred in greatneſs, may ſhew any dejection in the eſtimation of men. Support your ſelf a little under your burthen, and open your heart to the conſolations of heaven, ſince thoſe of earth are mingled with ſo much acerbities.* Then turning to his children

children all dissolved into tears: *My children*, saith he, *God hereafter will become your father. Make provision of great virtues, which have ever been the inheritance of our house, for all other blessings are but dust and wind. This is the lesson which God giveth you in the change of my fortune. Comfort your good mother by the dutie of faithfull obedience, and live in hope: Perhaps you shall see me again, if it please God, sooner than you imagine.*

These words were arrows that pierced these faithfull hearts, with most just resentments of nature, which could not quickly end, notwithstanding all the lenitives that might be applied.

The sixth SECTION.

The imprisonment of Boetius.

THe great changes of fortune, which suddenly happen, have this property in them, that they strike our souls as waves not foreseen, and give us the blow before we have leisure to understand our selves. The poor *Boetius* seeing himself between four walls, sequestered from the Citie, which had served as a theater of glory for all his house, taken away from the love of his own, bereft of his library, and all the most precious accommodations of life, shut up as a victim destined for a bloudy sacrifice, found himself in the beginning surprized with an over-whelming sadness, as he hath left expressed in writing. He bewailed with broken sighs his innocency unworthily handled; he traced in his thoughts the marks of his former fortune; he cast his eyes upon his forsaken family, which seemed to him in the Lions throat; he called into memory the unworthiness of his accusers who had been heard against him, the ingratitude of the Senate that had condemned him for being faithfull unto them, the cruelty with which this sentence was executed, the wrack of his means, the loss of his reputation, and all the black horrours which a man declared criminal of treason, figureth to himself.

Eheu! cur duris miseros à te, Et flentes oculos claudere sæva negas? Lib. 1. Metr. 1.

In this abyss of disturbances, he was displeased as it were with death, which layeth hold on so many young men that desire nothing but to live, and deigned not so much as to shut up his eyes, which he perpetually moistened with his tears. Hereupon we may see, that the most couragious spirits, in these accidents so strange and unexpected, ever pay some tribute to the natural passions of men. But likewise on the other side, we shall observe the power which a well rectified judgement hath over it self, when we behold it to dissipate all the troubles and agitations of the heart by the vivacity of reason, and use of precepts of wisdom, which he most exactly practised in this his captivity.

We have also the book of his Consolation, composed in this prison: which is verily in the judgement of learned men, one of the most excellent pieces of work that may be framed on this subject; where he introduceth Philosophie, who visiting and awakening him from this dead sleep of sadness.

What Boetius (saith she) *are you be then, whom I have fed with my milk, whom I have cherished with so good nutriments, and bred up until you arrived to the strength of mans estate? Verily I have given you arms, which would strengthen you against all the strokes of fortune, were it not that you have forsaken them. Know you me no longer? From whence proceedeth this silence? Tell me, is it out of shame or stupidity? I had rather it were derived from a just bashfulness, but as far as I can perceive you are become wholly senseless. Will you say nothing to me? Ah poor man, he is not absolutely lost, but so near as I can guess, he hath a Lethargie, a common disease with those, who suffer themselves to be transported with illusions of the mind. He hath forgot himself, but he will recover, when he shall know me. Let us onely wipe his eyes surcharged with terrestrial humours, and covered with a thick cloud of the world.*

This done, *Boetius* came to himself, and framed an admirable Dialogue with this Queen of spirits, to which I remit the Reader, contenting my self to observe here the principal arguments, which served him for his Consolation, to the end we may learn with him in our afflictions, to fix our resolution on the will of God, and suck honey from the rock, as the Scripture speaketh.

The first reason proposed to him by this Wisdom descended from Heaven, was to ask of him, what opinion he had of the Providence of God, and whether he thought the world moved by chance, or were governed by reason? *God forbid* (saith *Boetius*) *that I ever come to this degree of folly, as to think that all here below is casually done. I know God ruleth in the world, as in an house built by his own hands, and that nothing happeneth in the affairs of men, but either by his command or permission.* Thereupon Philosophie *crieth out: Just God! it is verily marvellous, that a man who hath such an understanding of the Divine Providence can be sick of the disease, wherewith I see you surprized. My friend, you entered into the world, as into a list or circle, whereof this Providence hath made the circuit with his own hands. It is fit you patiently suffer all that which happeneth to you, within these limits, as an ordinance of God, to which you have submitted your self. It is he who governeth our lives, our conditions, our fortunes. If you be resolved to give law to the policie of the Omnipotent, from whom you ever ought to receive it, what else will you gain, but to make your self mutinous, and to render your condition more troublesom by your impatience?*

Lib. 1. prof. 6. *Maximus fomes salutis, vera de mundi gubernatione sententia.*

Lib. 1. prof. 1. & alibi.

I pray you think with your self, if you were embarqued in a vessel, you must go according to the impulsion of winds, and not the motion of your affections. If you till and sow, you shall have fruitful and barren years, according to the diversitie of seasons; and you would have a fortune ever equal and perpetually stable? you would hold back by force of arms its chariot incessantly circumvolving? Are not you very simple not to know, that if she were not inconstant, she could no longer be fortune?

Go not about here to question with me upon the afflictions of good men, and the prosperities of evil. What injurie doth God to an innocent, if he allot him the share of all those great souls, whom he will not entertain in the pleasures of an idle life, but in the exercise of virtue? Know you not there are fishes that die in standing waters, and are delighted in the bubling of sluces? Great spirits go all that way, they no more loose themselves in tribulation, than the sun in his eclipse, which onely serveth to make him more resplendent.

And what advantage, think you, do the wicked derive from the benefits of this life? Is there any thing more miserable than to be transformed into a beast, by the enormitie of vices, and to adde impunitie to so many crimes? You say, they do whatsoever they list; and I say they are thereby so much the more miserable: for if it be an unhappiness to desire an evil, it is a double miserie to have the power to execute it.

Si miserum est voluisse prava, potuisse miserrimum est. Lib. 4. Prosa. 4.

If all offenders were punished according to their demerit, they should have some benefit which they have not, to wit, the punishment of their misdeeds, which being a work of justice cannot but be good; they should have some bridle to stay their exorbitancy, some apprehension of the judgements of God; which being stoln from them by long prosperities, what else remaineth for them but to pass to the extremitie of punishments, by the extremitie of crimes? For my part, if I should throughly punish a depraved man, I would ordain for him neither wheels, flames, nor tortures, but I would burst him with honours, gold, silver, and riches; and when he were full up

Lib. 3. Met. 8. *Quid dignum stolidis mentibus imprecer? &c.*

to the throat, I would draw aside the curtain, to let him see virtue and Paradise, of which he had betrayed the one and lost the other, by the disaster of his carriage.

The second question which *Philosophie* asked him, was, if he knew well who himself was? And *Boetius*, answering, He was a man of honour, reviving the memory of the great riches and dignities he had enjoyed heretofore. *Verily* (saith she to him) *I well see there is much forgetfulness of your condition, and niceness in your complaints. If God had put gold as well as blood into your veins, and given you leave to be born full stuffed with precious stones, or laden with honours and dignities from your mothers womb, you had some cause to deplore that the inheritances of your birth were taken from you: but who are you, or from whence come you? I could tell you how many years it is since you were born a little infant, all naked, creeping on the earth, and having a mouth open to cries and hunger, which had not so much as one little hair on the bodie to cover it; and now you take upon you the spirit of a Monarch, and think you have nothing, if you possess not all? Verily are you not one of the most miserable, if you do not know how to take contentment in that which is left you, and not still to tie your self to sorrows for that which you have lost? You have a father-in-law* Symmachus, *one of the most excellent men in the world, you have a wife, the pearl of her sex, you have children of great hope. How many things would you buy at the price of your life, if you had lost them? and yet you think you are miserable when you possess them, and when they are employed with all their endeavour for your deliverance.*

Vide Bern. Lib. 2. de Consideratione cap. 89.

Your vessel doth yet lie at anchor, and is not altogether broken: I see comfort in something for the present, and hope for the future; and happen whatsoever will, I will save you by swimming. But needs must I freely confess, that I find a little niceness in this your act, when you deplore with so much bitterness and affliction the petty wants of your condition. Tell me, I pray you, is there any man in the world, who possesseth a felicitie so full and free, as not to dispute with his fortunes, to make his estate more happie? The condition of worldly goods, findeth every where thorns; prosperities never come all together, and although they arrived in heaps, they ever would have a slippery place.

Lib. 2. Prosa. 4.

One is accommodated with honest means, but is of base extraction, which maketh him to blush in good company. Another is very Noble, but is so poor in his estate, that it were much fitter for him to be unknown. Another is born of good rank, and hath no want of riches, but he bewaileth that part which he hath lost, consecrating himself to retirement with wilfull tears. Another hath met with a good marriage, but his barrenness maketh him amass riches for a stranger. Another hath children, to have cause of great miseries: and to speak in a word, you shall find very few, who well agree with their condition. Through all there are evils, which give happiness to those who are ignorant of them, and horrour to such as have tried them.

Adde also a reason, that these men, very fortunate, are extreamly sensible upon the touch, and as there needs not any thing but a pegge to stay a piece of artillerie upon the way, so the least accident hindereth the glory of their greatness. How many think you are there, who would teach Heaven with a finger, if they had but onely the surplusage of your fortune? This place, which you call your banishment, is the countrey of so many honest men as inhabit it, and if you reason well, you shall find, that there is as it were nothing miserable, if not made so by opinion.

Finally I ask you, whether ever you have had any thing in the world more precious than your self? If you answer truly, you will protest unto me, assuredly no: and yet notwithstanding, behold you, thanks be to God, if you will, to have so much and more for your self, than ever you had, and that neither prison nor fetters may prejudice the libertie of your spirit.

The third reason, which is very much at large deduced in this divine Work, is drawn from the vanitie of all temporal goods, where wisdom proveth by very good reasons, That if the sorrows we have for the world, might be measured at the rate of the things which contristate us, as there is nothing great in this vale of tears, so should there not be any thing capable of much disquiet. Mourn we for mettals, which are the nests of rust, and the tinder of concupiscence? for attires, which are the nourishment of mothes? for bodies, which are the food of worms? for houses, which are the bones of the earth, piled one upon another with cement and morter? for precious stones, which are the excrements of an enraged sea, borrowing their worth from our illusion? for honours, which are golden masks and weather-cocks of inconstancie?

What a folly is it to hold retirement for a punishment, which so many brave spirits have taken for a Paradise, and to think our selves sharply punished, when we no longer behold behind us great trains of servitours, who burden us with their crimes, and make us become answerable for their souls.

What an errour is it to desire to hold riches locked up, which never are what they ought to be, but when they are distributed? For they resemble a dung-hill, which stinketh when it is together heaped, and fatteneth the fields, when it is spread abroad. We move Heaven and earth to flie from povertie, and find it in our riches; for great fortunes are now adays so hungrie, and have so much ado to maintain themselves, that although the needie are ever the most poor, yet is there nothing more beggerly than the rich, who have a thousand dependances, and a thousand necessities, whereunto their felicitie is fastened, as with a chain.

What a charm is it to think then to be happie, when you mannage the affairs of Great-ones; where never is any thing done to please them, if you make not your self a slave to all their passions, where favours are granted of feathers, and disgraces inflicted of lead? Where your sleep, your life, and your faith is sold for a pleasing fantasm, which lasteth no longer than the dream of one night?

Deserveth not a man to be strucken down as an enemie of reason, when unloosened from this slaverie, he withereth, languisheth, and sighs for his fetters, ready prest a thousand times to kiss the hands of him, who again would enchain him.

Prosc. 1. 2. *O gloria gloria, millibus hominum mortalium nihil aliud nisi aurium inflatio magna.*

What a mockerie is it to affect greatness among men? as if a rat would make himself a lord among mice, and to feed himself with glorie, which is nothing but a swelling of the ear. Oh Boetius, Seneca *desired under* Nero, *and* Papinian *under* Antoninus, *the solitude which thou now enjoyest; but whilst they endeavoured to break their bands, & leaned to a ruinous wall, the mass of their greatness transported and buried them. Behold thy self retired from affairs, into a chamber of* Pavia: *behold thy self in repose, and among books, the first entertainment of thy young days; why dost thou not now presently make a virtue of the happiness, which the providence of God offereth thee?*

Dum ruiturus moles ipsa trahit.

For a third point, he considered the fruits that might be derived from tribulation, when it is well mannaged. *Prosperitie* (saith this wisdom unto him) *is windie, open, slipperie, and inconsiderate. Adversitie quite otherwise, is sober, reserved, prudent, and circumspect; the one under apparences of felicities, bringeth unto us an infinitie of lies; the other, is ever grave and sincere; the one deceiveth us, the other instructeth us; the one blindeth us, the other enlighteneth us; the one polluteth us, the other purifieth us; the one charmeth us, and tieth up our understanding, the other enfranchizeth us; the one separateth us from our sovereign good, and maketh us fall into a thousand sorts of vanities, the other draweth us back, as with a hook,*

to

to the consideration of eternitie; the one createth for us many flatteries, the other discovereth unto us many true friends. Let us suffer a little, Boetius, *and if this seem troublesom, think, that as thy prosperities have passed away, so shall thy adversities. The last day of thy life, which cannot be far off, will ever be the last of thy ill fortunes, if thou leave not it, it will forsake thee: it is an ordinance of God, that favours and disgraces cannot be of long continuance, and that for mortals there is no evil immortal.*

Finally, for the last reason, the holy man, who had composed so learned books of the mysteries of our faith, forsaking all the comforts of humane things, drenched himself very far into the consideration of blessings in the other life, of eternity, and the excellency of God. He considered it, as an infinite sea of essence, bounty, beatitude, which encloseth in it self all being, all good, all veritie. He saw the whole Universe in this immensity of God, as a spunge would be in the midst of the ocean, an atom in the air and a little globe of glass, enchased in the first Heaven. He saw in his bosom all glory, all dignities, all riches, all treasures, all pleasures, all consolations, all delights, all joys, and all beatitudes; he walked at ease in those fourteen abysses of greatness, which are in God, to wit, *infinitie, immensitie, immutabilitie, eternitie, omnipotencie, wisdom, perfection, sanctitie, benignitie, power, providence, mercie, justice, and the end whereunto all things tend.*

This is inserted in my Journee.

From thence he beheld the Word Incarnate, the true King of the afflicted, and all the Saints laden with crosses and persecutions, thinking himself very happy to mingle his tears with the bloud of so many brave courages, who had gained Heaven with violence.

This consolation overflowing his heart, drowned all his acerbities, and infinitely sweetened the sharpness of his captivity.

Behold the fruits, which the wise *Boetius* gathered in his prison; well shewing, that virtue is an hostess tractable in every lodging, and who looseth no part of her liberty in chains. It onely appertaineth to huge mountains, to bear snow and verdure at one and the same time; and to great souls to retain a holy vigour in the strength of afflictions.

The seventh Section.

The death of Boetius.

IT is a loss, that the Authours which have written of this death, have cut off so short the last act of a life so eminent. There is not any thing, saith one, so curious in a statue, nor so hard to polish, as the nails; and nothing which more clearly maketh the perfection of a man accomplished in virtues to be seen, as a good death. I will here speak that, which I have drawn from the most probable authours, touching the death of *Boetius*.

It is certain he was very long in this prison, since he complaineth in the Preface of a book, which he composed during the time of his captivity, that his spirit was in declination, his body being worn with the torments he endured by the rigour of a King of the *Goths*. Death in the end came to unloose his fetters, by an act very barbarous, exercised by *Theodorick* on this admirable man.

He, seeing Pope *John* had done nothing in his favour at *Constantinople*, but in stead of causing the Temples of the *Arians* to be restored, had purified and changed them into Catholick Churches, he entered into a fury more exorbitant than ever, and kept this good Pope in prison at *Ravenna*, until he was wasted with diseases, yielding up his most blessed soul in fetters, to hasten to enjoy the liberty of the elect.

Cyprian and *Basilius*, accusers of *Boetius*, failed not to kindle the fire with all their power, to ruin him whom they already had wounded. There was sent unto him a Commissary, who was Governour of *Pavia*, to interrogate him upon matters, wherewith he had been charged. The King promising him by this instrument a reasonable usage, if he would confess all the process of this imaginary conspiracy. *Boetius* having heard what his commission imported, replieth:

Tell the King your Master, that my conscience and age have reduced me to those terms, wherein neither menaces nor allurements can work any thing upon me to the prejudice of reason. To require the proceeding of my conspiracie, is to demand a chymera, which hath never been nor ever shall. Is the distrust of his witnesses so great, that needs he must exact from my mouth the articles of my condemnation? Verily he hath as much cause to doubt my accusers, as I matter of glorie to be accused by mouthes so impure, that they would as it were justifie the greatest delinquents by their depositions. One Basilius *chased from the Court, and charged with debt, hath been bought to sell my bloud, and having lost credit in all things, finds more than enough for my ruin.* Opilion *and* Gaudentius *condemned to banishment, for an infinite number of wicked promises, they being fled to Altars, the King redoubleth an Edict, by which he ordained, if they instantly went not out of* Ravenna, *they should be branded in the forehead with an hot iron. What may be added to such an infamie? Yet notwithstanding the same day they were received and heard again st me. Arrows are made of all wood to transfix me, and the most criminal are freed in my accusation. Some being not ashamed to employ against the life of a Senatour those, who would scarcely have been set to confront very slaves.*

This makes me say my condemnation is premeditated, and my death already vowed, and that this search is made for petty formalities, to disguise an injustice.

King Theodorick *playeth too much the Politician, for a man, who hath full liberty to do ill. What need is there to use so many tricks? Tell him boldly from me, that I submit to his condemnation. I was willing to save the Senate, though little gratefull for the sinceritie of my affections: I wished the repose of the Catholick Church: I have sought the liberty of the* Roman *people: Here is all that I can say. As I am not in condition to tell a lie; so am I not on terms to conceal a truth. Had I known the means to reduce the Empire into better order, he should never have understood it. Finally, if he be resolved to put me to death thereupon, let him hasten his blow. It is long since I have had death in desire, and life in patience.*

The Commissary much amazed at this constancy, made his relation to the King in very sharp words, which put oyl afresh into the flame, to thrust affairs into extremities. The poor *Rusticiana*, wife of *Boetius*, knowing the point whereunto the safety of her husband was reduced, made use of all the attractives she could, to mitigate the fury of the Prince: and observing *Amalazunta*, the daughter of *Theodorick*, to be an honourable Ladie, and endowed with a singular bounty, she recommended her petitions and tears to her. This Ladie gave her access to the King, to whom she with her children presented her self in a most deplorable State, able to soften obdurate rocks.

Alas, Sir, said she, *if you once more deign to behold from the throne of your glorie the dust of the earth, cast your eyes upon a poor afflicted creature, which is but the shadow of what she hath been. I no longer am* Rusticiana, *who saw palms and honours grow in her house, as flowers in medows: Disaster having taken him from*

me, by whom I subsisted, hath left me nothing but the image of my former fortune, the sorrows of the passed, the grief of the present, and horrour of the time to come.

I would swear upon Altars, that my husband hath never failed in the dutie which he oweth to your Majestie; but calumnie hath depainted his innocency unto you with a coal, to inflame you with choler against a man, who ever held your interests as dear unto him as his own. I know what he hath so many times said to me thereof, and how he hath bred his children, whom your Majestie now beholdeth at your feet. If we no longer shall take benefit of justice, Sir, I implore your mercie. Look on a woman, worthie of compassion, tossed in the storm, and who beholdeth in the haven the Olives of peace, which you always have desired to equal with your laurels. Suffer me, I may embrace them: The world already hath cause enough to dread your power; give us cause to love it proportionably to your bountie. Alas, Sir, on whom will you bestow it? Fire, which consumeth all, burneth not ashes, and behold us here covered with ashes before your eyes: what more desire you of us? A miserable creature is a sacred thing; the God of the afflicted taketh it into his protection, and will no more have it touched than his Altars. If my unhappiness have set me in that rank, and my sex made me a just object of your pitie, Sir, render that to me, which I in this world do hold most precious; and think, not we ever will retain any resentment of what is past, when we shall see our selves re-established in our former fortune. It is in you to command, and for us to obey your ordinances, and even to kiss the thunder-bolt that striketh us.

It is to much purpose to present musick to the ears of Tygers, it hath no other effect but to enrage them the more. The cruel Tyrant presently commanded the Ladie to withdraw; adding he would do her justice. And they ceasing not still to multiply suspitions with him upon this pretended conspiracy, as if *Boetius* had now been presently with sword in hand with the Emperour *Justine* at the gates of *Rome* or *Ravenna*, he fell into such fear, gall, and choller, that without any other formal proceeding of justice, he dispatched the afore-mentioned Commissary with a Tribune, to put him to death, whose life was so precious to the *Roman* Empire.

Boetius, who had a long time been prepared both by prayers and the Sacraments of the Church, for this last hour, knowing the cause wherefore they came, beheld them with a confident countenance, and said: *Perform your Commission boldly: It is long since I knew, that death alone must open the gates of this prison for me.* And having spoken this, he contained himself some while in a deep silence, recommending to God this last act of his life, and consigning to him his soul, which during this imprisonment he had so often whitened with his tears, and purified as in a precious limbeck of eternal charities, wherein all great souls are deified.

This done, he went forward with a settled pace to the place of execution, which the King would have very secret, not to excite the people; where seeing himself, *Behold here* (saith he) *the Theater which I have long desired. I protest before the face of the living God, and his holy Saints, that I have ever had most sincere intentions for the good of the State, nor am I culpable of any of these crimes objected against me. If my innocencie be now oppresst, there shall come a better posteritie, which shall draw aside the curtain, and entertain the rays of truth.*

O Rome, *O* Rome, *would to God thou mightest be purified by my bloud, and I to be the last victim sacrificed for publick safetie! I will not now accuse him who condemned me, desiring God rather may open his eyes to see the justice of my cause, and the plots practised upon his own soul. Behold the recompence I gain, for becoming hoarie in his service; but God is the faithful witnesse of all my actions, and in his bosom is it now, where I lay down my life, my bodie, my soul, and all my interests.*

There was but one poor gentle-man waiter, that accompanied him in this passage: who, as he poured out tears near unto him, *Boetius* earnestly beholding him, said: *Where is your resolution, leave these tears for the miserable, and tell my father-in-law, my wife, and children, that I have done nothing here unworthie of their honour, and that they act nothing unworthie of me, by bewailing me with plaints, which would be little honourable for the condition of my death, but that they rather take this accident as a gift from Heaven. They well know I have ever told them, it is not here, where we should expect repose, but in the place, where I hope to prepare them a room.* These words spoken, they proceeded to execution by the barbarous commandment given by *Theodorick*.

I have read in a very ancient manuscript, from whence I have drawn some particulars couched therein, that a cruel torture was inflicted on this holy man, long time streyning a coard about his forehead, in such sort, that his eyes started out of his head, and that in the end they knocked him down with a leaver: which I cannot think to be probable, seeing all other constantly affirm his head was cut off by the hand of a hangman: and *Martianus*, who most eloquently wrote his life, addeth, that by miracle he some space of time held his head in his own hands, like another S. *Denys*, until he gave up the ghost, before the Altar of a Chappel very near to the place of his execution.

His bodie was interred in the Church of Saint *Augustine*, to whom he had a particular devotion, and his name put among the Martyrs, as *Baronius* observeth, because he died partly for the defence of the Catholick Church against the *Arians*. The place of his imprisonment hath been preserved as a great monument of piety, his tomb honoured with verses, such as that time could afford, where among other things this title is given him:

BOETIUS IN COELO MAGNUS, ET OMNI PERSPECTUS MUNDO.

The King stayed not a whit after this to put *Symmachus* his father-in-law to death, and to confiscate all the goods both of the one and other, which was a very lamentable thing; yet notwithstanding the courragious *Rusticiana* bare the death of her father and husband with so great constancy, that she deserved to draw all succeeding Ages into admiration; for she spake most freely to the King, reproching him with his disloyalty, and honoured these two eminent souls as Saints, much offended with her self, if at any time nature won tears from her eyes, as judging them too base to be sacrificed to so flourishing a memory.

The vengeance of God slackened not long to fall upon the guiltie head of *Theodorick*: for few days after this act, as he continually lived in the representations of his crime, his imagination was so troubled, that being at the table, when they came to serve up the great head of a fish, he figured to himself it was the head of *Symmachus*, the last of all butchered, and although much endeavour was used to remove this fantasie from him, it was impossible to give remedy, but he rose from the table like a man affrighted, crying out murder, and felt instantly such a quaking over all his body, and besides such convulsions in all his members, that he must needs presently be cartied to his bed; where he was visited by his Phisitian, to whom he complained with much horrour, that he had shed bloud which would perpetually bleed against him. The feaver and frenzie carried him hence into the other world, where he had a marvellous account to make; of whom we know no more particulars: yet Saint *Gregorie* witnesseth

Procop. lib. 4.

Greg. l. 4. & 30 neſſeth that he learned from the mouth of a man worthy of credit, that the ſame day he died at *Rome*, certain honourable perſons being at *Lipari*, a little Iſland of *Sicilie*, in the Cell of an Hermit, who lived in the reputation of great ſanctitie, he ſaid unto them: *Know ye, that King* Theodorick *is no more?* They replying, *Nay not ſo, we left him alive, and in health. Notwithſtanding* (ſaith he) *I can well aſſure you he died to day in* Rome, *and which is more, is judged, condemned, and thrown into the ſtore-houſes of ſubterranean fire, which we here call the Cauldron of* Vulcan. And it was a ſtrange thing, that they being returned to *Rome*, underſtood the death of this wretched King, to have been at that very time, told by the Hermit; which was held for a moſt manifeſt judgement of God, and made all thoſe to tremble, who heard the relation thereof.

Olla Vulcani.

Athalaricus his grand-child by his daughter, although an infant, ſucceeded to his eſtates, under the regency of his mother *Amalazunta*, who reſtored all the goods had been confiſcated to the widow, that lived afterward, until *Juſtinian* got the Empire from the *Goths*, by the means of *Belliſarius*: at which time ſhe made all the images and ſtatues of *Theodorick* to be broken, cauſing alſo another proceſs to be framed againſt him after his death.

Alas, great God, who governeſt the ſtate of this Univerſe, and makeſt the pillars of Heaven to ſhake under thy foot-ſteps! what is man who will practiſe wiles in a matter of policie, contrary to thy eternal Maxims? How hath this wretch ended, looſing ſoul, Empire, and ſalvation, to purſue a phantaſm? He roared like thunder in the clouds, on the theater of humane things, and then paſt away, leaving nothing behind but ſtorms, dirt, and mortet: at which time thy good ſervant *Boetius*, walking in the ways which thou preſcribedſt him, is mounted to the glory of the elect, leaving here behind him the precious memory of his name to all poſterity.

THE LADIE.

TO LADIES.

LADIES,

I Should do an injury to ſanctity, even in the HOLY COURT, if having undertaken to ſpeak of piety of Great-ones in theſe Treatiſes, I ſhould paſs Ladies under ſilence, who in all times have contributed to the glory of Chriſtianity ſo much force beyond their ſex, as virtues above nature. God hath employed them in the great affairs of all Ages, ſince the Word, which from all eternity acknowledged but one Father in Heaven, hath been pleaſed to acknowledge in later times, one mother upon earth: and that he who is able to cloath the meadows with the enamel of flowers, and Heaven with the beauty of lights, took fleſh and bloud of a Virgin, to make himſelf a garment, and frame to himſelf a body. And as the chaſte womb of a woman ſerved him for a lodging at his firſt enterance into the world: ſo when he would iſſue out amongſt ſo many horrours, puniſhments, and images of death, when ſtones were rent aſunder for grief under his feet, and Heaven diſtended it ſelf with ſorrow over his head, women

were also found near to the Cross, as witnesses of his last words, and survivers of his bloud.

Here, O Ladies, are eternal alliances, which you have contracted with devotion; and he who would bereave you the sweetness of its repose, should banish you from your own houses. So many men as stir up quarrels, seem now adays to have no other profession, but to kill and die upon credit. Those, who are conversant with books, waste themselves in the pleasing tortures of the mind. Others, who are involved in the turmoils of publick affairs, oftentimes gain nought else but smoak and noise. But when I behold you under the title of the Devout Sex, which is given you by the Church, I find your blessing is in the dew of Heaven, and that you resemble Bees, which are born in honey, or rather those birds of the fortunate Islands, nourished with perfumes.

Believe me, those of your sex who have not true piety, had they a world of greatness and beauties, and were it that all the riches of this world had rendered it self tributary to their intemperance, would be no more esteemed before God, than the flower of grass, or scum of earth. But such as take the way of holy and solid virtues, enter into a life wholly Angelical, which forgetting sex and natural imperfections, furnisheth it self with the most perfect idæaes of the Divinity.

Behold hereof a model, which I present unto you in this Treatise, where, after I have observed, rather by speculation than practice, some blemishes, which might varnish the lustre of so many celestial beauties, I reduce the piety of Ladies into such bright splendour of day-light, that it were to have no eyes, not to admire the merit thereof.

I have been willing to make this service suitable to my habit, and not unworthy of your considerations, thereunto invited by Ladies, who have happily allied virtue to the most eminent qualities of the Kingdom, and who might serve me for a model, were they in a much better Age than my self. If God, who hath inspired me with these contemplations, grant your performance, I shall have the Crown of my vows, and you, that of your perfections.

THE

THE LADIE.

The first SECTION.

That the HOLY COURT *cannot subsist without the virtue of Ladies, and of their Piety in the advancement of Christianitie.*

BEhold where I propose to shut up this Work of the HOLY COURT, which I have brought thus far with labour enough. And since God after those great Works of the Creation, reposed so soon as he had made woman, he thereby shews me an example to give some rest to my pen, when I shall have represented unto you the perfections of a Lady, such as I would wish her, to serve as an ornament for Christianity, and a model of virtue.

Yet Reader, I must needs tell you, I feared this haven, whereunto I saw my self arrive of necessity, as well for that I learned of the great Martyr S. *Justin*, that a singular discretion must be had to treat with women, and that he doth very much, who can love their virtues without danger: besides, being naturally disposed to brevity, I somewhat doubted lest they might insensibly communicate by my discourse some touches of those great delays, which they use in attiring themselves; and verily I see there are many things may be said both of the one side and other: But as it is an act somewhat uncivil to run inconsiderately into invectives against the sex, so it is an unworthy servitude of mind to be too obsequious to them, and render vices incorrigible, by a false presumption of virtues.

Justin. ad Zenam. Serenũ. Τὸ δὲ περὶ γυναικῶν μὴ σφόδρα μὴ ἐπὶ πολὺ πραγματεύεσθαι.

I am much bound to my profession, that it sequestereth me from these two rocks, where so many vessels suffer shipwrack. If I must blame you, I will do as he who slew the serpent, not touching the body of his son twined up in his folds; I will strike vice without slandering the sex, and if they must be praised, I look on them as the ideaes of *Plato*, which have nothing in them common with matter.

Alcon of Creet.

I begin to verifie my first proposition, and say, the good life of women is a piece so necessary for Christianity, that it cannot be cut off without introducing a notable disorder: and this I say, because there are many uncollected spirits in the world, who make it their glory to act all against the hair, to oppose the most sound opinions, to give the lie to nature, and do that in the world, which *Momus* did in fables. Sometimes they set themselves to censure the State, and find somewhat to say of military matters, treasures, laws, and offices: sometimes they frame Common-wealths of *Plato* in their emptie brains, and constitute new forms of government, which never will have being but in their chymæraes. When they have touched upon the Purple and Diadem, they busie themselves to controle God upon the master-pieces of nature, and among other things, that he hath done ill to create a woman.

Si mundus absque mulieribus esset, conversatio nostra non esset absque Diis.

Cato the Censor said in his time, *That if the world were without women, the conversation of men would not be exempt from the company of Gods.* And a Doctor of the Jews yielding a reason why the Eternal Word had so long time deferred its Incarnation, said nothing else, but that the world was then replenished with bad women, and that four thousand years were not able to furnish out one good one, to serve as an instrument suitable to the greatness of this Mysterie. Another having lived free from the bands of marriage, caused to be set on his tomb: *Vixit sine impedimento, He lived without hinderance*, which was a phrase very obscure to express what he would say: Notwithstanding it was found this hinderance, whereof he spake, was a woman. This may well happen through the vice and misery wherein the state of this present life hath confined us: but to speak generally, we must affirm, had it been the best way to frame the world without a woman, God had done it, never expecting the advise of these brave *Cato's*; and whosoever endeavoureth to condemn marriage, as a thing not approved by God, sheweth, that he is either out of his wits, or a publick enemy to mankind.

Brisson for.

S. *Zeno* homil. de continent. *Aut hostis publicus, aut insanus.*

The great S. *Peter*, in whose heart God locked up the Maxims of the best policie of the world, was of another opinion, when he judged the good and laudable conversation of women, rendered it self so necessary for Christianity, that it was a singular mean to gain those to God, who would not submit themselves to the Gospel. Whereupon he affordeth an incomparable honour to the virtue of holy women, disposing it in some sort into a much higher degree of force and utility, than the preaching of the word of God: and in effect it seemeth this glorious Apostle, by a spirit of prophesie, foresaw an admirable thing, which afterward appeared in the revolution of many Ages, which is, that God hath made such use of the piety of Ladies for the advancement of Christianity, that in all the most flourishing Kingdoms of Christendom, there are observed still some Queens or Princesses, who have the very first of all advanced the Standard of the Cross upon the ruins of Infidelity. *Helena* planted true Religion in the *Roman* Empire, *Caesarea* in *Persia*, *Theodelinda* in *Italie*, *Clotilda* in *France*, *Indegundis* in *Spain*, *Margerite* in *England*, *Gyselli's* in *Hungarie*, *Dambruca* in *Poland*, *Olga* in *Russia*, *Ethelberga* in *Germanie*, not speaking of an infinite number of others, who have happily maintained and encreased that, which was couragiously established.

1 Pet. 3. *Ut qui non credunt Verbo, per conversationem mulierum sine verbo lucrifiant.*

Reason also favoureth my proposition; for we must necessarily confess, there is nothing so powerfull to perswade what ever it be, as complacence and flattery; since it was the smoothest attractive, which the evil spirit made use of in the terrestrial Paradise to overthrow the first man, setting before him the alluring pleasures of an *Eve*, very newly issued out of the hands of God.

Now every one knows nature hath imparted to

woman a very good portion of these innocent charms: and if many by these privileges are also powerfull in actions so wicked, why should not so many virtuous souls generously employed in the service of the great God, bear as much sway, since he accustometh to communicate a grace wholly new to the good qualities, that are aimed to his honour?

I conjure all Women and Ladies, who shall read this Treatise, to take from hence a generous spirit, and never permit vice and curiosity may derive tribute from such ornaments, as God hath conferred on them, it being unfit to stuff *Babylon* with the gold and marbles of *Sion*.

The second SECTION.

That women are capable of good lights and solid instruments.

SInce I see my self obliged by my design to make a brief model of principal perfections, which may be desired for the compliſhment of an excellent Ladie, and that this discourse cannot be throughly perfected without observing vicious qualities, which are blemishes opposite to the virtues we endeavour to establish; I will make use of the clew of some notable invention in so great a labyrinth of thoughts, the better to facilitate the way.

I remember to have heretofore read a very rare manuscript of *Theodosius* of *Malta*, a Greek Authour, touching the nuptials of *Theophilus* Emperour of *Constantinople*, and his wife *Theodora*, which will furnish us with a singular enterance into that, which we now seek for; so that we adde the embelishment of so many Oracles of wisdom to the foundations, which this Historian hath layed.

Anno 830. *Zonoras* saith, that she was onely step-mother, and relateth it somewhat otherwise, but let us follow our Authour.

He recounteth, that this *Theophilus* being on the point to dispose himself for marriage, the Empress his mother, named *Euphrosina*, who passionately desired the contentment of her son in an affair of so great importance, dispatched her Embassadours through all the Provinces of the Empire, to draw together the most accomplished maidens which might be found in the whole circuit of his Kingdom. And for that purpose she shut up within the walls of *Constantinople*, the rarest beauties of the whole world, assembling a great number of Virgins into a chamber of his Palace, called for curiositie, *The Pearl*. The day being come, wherein the Emperour was to make choice of her to whom he would give his heart, with the Crown of the Empire, the Empress his mother spake to him in these terms:

MY LORD AND SON, *Needs must I confeſs, that since the day nature bound me so streightly to your person, next after God, I neither have love, fear, care, hope, nor contentment, but for you. The day yieldeth up all my thoughts to you, and the night, which seemeth made to arrest the agitations of our spirit, never razeth the rememberance of you from my heart: I acknowledge my self doubly obliged to procure with all my endeavours what ere concerneth your good, because I am your mother, and that I see you charged with an Empire, which is no small burden to them who have the discretion to understand what they undertake.*

It seems to me since the death of the Emperour your father, my most honoured Lord, I have so many times newly been delivered of you, as I have seen thorny affairs in the mannage of your State. And at this time, when I behold you upon terms to take a wife, and that I know by experience to meet with one who is accomplished with all perfections necessary for your State, is no less rare than the acquisition of a large Empire, the care I have ever used in all concerns your glory and contentment, is therefore now more sensible with me, than at any other time heretofore.

It is true, O most dear Son, that the praise-worthy inclinations which I have observed in your Majestie, give me as much hope as may reasonably be conceived in the course of humane things: yet notwithstanding the accidents we see to happen so contrary to their proceedings, do also entertain my mind in some uncertaintie.

That you may take some resolution upon this matter, behold in the Pearl *of* Constantinople, *I have made choice of the most exquisite maidens of your Empire, to the end your Majestie may elect her, whom you shall judge most worthie of your chaste affections. I beseech God, who is Authour of Marriage, to direct your spirit in this choice, and dispose it to that which shall be to his greater glorie, wherein you shall ever find your contentments.*

When she had spoken this, she drew out of a box a golden apple, enameled with precious stones, which she had purposely caused to be made, that it might be presented to her, who should be chosen out for the bed of her son, and putting it into the Emperours hand:

Behold (saith he) *the golden apple, which I leave to your discretion, to give it to the most absolute. You have the Commission of* Paris *in your hands, but you shall do well to dispose of it more discreetly than he.*

The Emperour, after he had most affectionately given thanks to his mother for so many excellent proofs of her affection, asked of her by what note might one know a wife truly virtuous, and so accomplished as she wished.

Euphrosina replied: *It is no sleight demand, O Emperour, nor can that so readily be resolved, yet by your good favour, I will roughly delineate this discourse with so much sincerity, as not to attribute any thing to my sex, to the prejudice of truth.*

There are three sorts of men, who cannot speak well of us: whereof the first are certain scoffers, who to put themselves into an humour, and to give scope to their wits, have no discourse more familiar in their mouthes, than the condemnation of women: and God forbid, these should be any other than Poets or Philosophers; for they frame discourses of our nature, and extravagances to no purpose.

I revenge my self commonly upon these kind of men by silence: for it is to cast water on coals, to hear them without reply, and to punish their tattle by contempt.

Others are men wounded in sport, and who have not well digested some disgraces they have received from women, to whom either vice, folly, or malice hath engaged them more than was expedient for their quiet. These are, as if a dog hurt with a stone, should run up and down to bite all the stones he finds in his way, yea, those which are laid by work-men in the buildings of Churches and houses. They fall upon all women for having been deceived, as they say, by a woman, and cease not to scratch the wound, to renew the smart of it. But who sees not it is a meer passion, to blame the general for the deserts of particulars?

In the third rank, are certain melancholly furious creatures, or such as have something worse in them than furie, who have not so much proclaimed war against our sex, as denounced it against total nature, which covereth us with its arms in this point, and confirmeth us in our right by their silence.

Some of these, who are strong in passion, and discover their revenge with pretext of learning, would perswade us, that the meaneſt spirit of all the men in the world, is more eminent than that of the most capable woman.

Verily, I will not raise my sex above the merit thereof, thinking we shall ever be high enough, if we abide in the rank which God hath given us.

But whether we consider reason, or whether we regard experience, they very pertinently make void this chy-

meras

mera of conceit, which hath taken birth from self-love and folly, as from its two most suitable elements.

Tertul. l. de anima. *Anima non habent sexum.*

I would willingly demand of these discoursers, whether they hold souls to have a sex? Never will they avow this opinion, unless they mean to renounce faith and reason. And if our souls be indifferently treated by God, why do they thereupon go about to forge distinctions, which have not any subsistence, but in their depraved imaginations.

If some say this diversitie proceedeth from the bodies, who knoweth not, that the disposition of Organs, from which it is thought the goodness of wit proceedeth, is as advantagious in women as men? See we not even at this day in all sorts of conditions men sometimes so abject in wit and capacitie, that if one degree should be taken from them, it seems they would have but sufficient to become beasts? And have we not seen in all times women intelligent and capable, some whereof have made themselves appear as miracles in arts, and others shewed, that if they were ignorant, we could attribute it to no cause, but to the modestie of their condition.

I should be too copious if I now went about to enlarge my self upon the goodly Works of Sophia, Erinna, Sosipatris, Cleobulina, Theomistoclea, Telesilla, Zenobia, *and* Eudoxia. *Those who condemn in us the want of wit, oftentimes wish we had less, and would settle a good part of their contentment in our stupiditie.*

We hold for an undoubted truth, that God having created us with this equalitie of souls, we have as much right in knowledges necessarie for us in matter of grace, virtue, and glorie, as men can have. One thing I may well say, that the complexion of feminine bodies, may distil into our souls inconstancies, infirmities, and passions, which perhaps would take an irregular flight, were they not repressed by pietie and reason.

For my part, I think Simonides *hath not very ill expressed the ten Orders, which he hath made of the humours of women, and this will much help you in the choice you are to make, if your Majestie will take so much pain as to be informed thereof.*

In saying this, she caused her Virgins to draw near; and as heretofore those of *Sparta* shewed drunken men to their children, to make them to abhor drunkenness, so framed she a description of the bad natures of women, to procure a detestation thereof, and exalt the merit of the virtuous, by the counterpoize of their contrary.

The third SECTION.

The ten Orders of women, and the vitious qualities which Ladies ought especially to avoid.

BEhold Maidens (*saith she*) and advise in good time to lay hold on the tenth rank: for there are nine neither pleasing nor laudable.

Sus toto in volutabro. Pet. 2. 22.

In the first sphere are those, which are of the nature of a hog, creatures unworthy to be named, who soil the honour of their sex, by the disorder of their carriage: for leaving all that which is either honest or generous in our manners, they let themselves loose to all kind of infamous pleasures, of gluttony and lust, which ruineth them in conscience, fortune, and reputation. They are whoups, proud birds, which have nothing but crest, and naturally delight in ordure: they are bats, which cannot endure one little ray of light, but seek to hide themselves under the mantle of night: they are horse-leeches, which draw bloud from the veins of a house and state, where they exercise their power. They are *Syrens* of the earth, which cause ship-wracks without water. They are *Lamiæ*, who have hosteries of Cut-throats, that kill men under pretext of good usage. They are harpies, who surprize even from Altars, and in the end become envenomed dypsades, which enforce an enraged thirst upon those whom they have once bitten. He that speaks this vice of a woman, hath as it were nothing to say of all the evils in the world. And when impudence hath given them a brow of flint and steel to sin, the bankrupting, which is made upon honour, is attended by that, which is committed on virtues and Altars, and there is not any vice in the world, which will not seek to possess it self of the throne, from whence shamefastnes is banished. I beseech you I may speak no more of these scandals of nature, lest I may poison my tongue by the recital of their deportment.

Vide *Petrum Damianum* in Gomorrheanis.

In the second rank are those, who have the skin of the fox, and the snares of the hunter, to surprize the simple. I speak not at all of certain creatures, who use pleasing and innocent subtilities, as were those of *Rebecca* and *Rachel*, which rather relished of prudence than craft: but I discourse of some women, cunning, inconstant, ingenious, and practick. We see by experience, that creatures the less strong, have the more sleights, as if nature were willing to recompence the defect of one part, by the excess of another? So it often happeneth that we our selves being destitute of forces, which is more proper for men, have recourse to an infinite number of deceits: wherein we think to have some advantage, and by the cunning of our wits, which are nimble enough, and by the superabundance of leisure we enjoy in a sedentary life, and by the fervour of our passions, which being almost never in the mean, do stir up our understanding, to make it produce an infinity of designs. There are women able to give a lesson to the greatest Lawyers in matter of process; so well are they versed therein: they know all the terms of litigious pleadings better than ever did *Labeon* or *Tribonius*, and they so cunningly make use thereof, that they tyre the strongest patiences by the tricks and flexibilities which they invent. There are some, who have a sent so penetrating, that they smell from far all which is done in a Citie, and discover the most secret things to find in some sort their own interests. Others perpetually bear a snare on their tongues, such words have they of double meanings; they know how to measure their dalliances to their own profit; to counterfeit friendship where there is not any; to hide hatred under flattery; to put Rivals into passion and quarrels; to make them fight and play the Fencers at their pleasure, and afterwards to pull some feather from those that are beaten. We do not so much advance our affairs as we would wish by these tricks; for that maketh us odious, and taketh the credit from us, which we should rather derive from the goodness of our manners. And besides, as there is no policie which hath not in the end its countermyne, whilest passion holdeth us in breath to deceive others, oftentimes we suffer our selves to be surprized by a certain levity, of easily believing all those which flatter us. Fair maids believe me, as there is nothing more lovely than goodness, so is there not any thing more stable than an honest simplicity. We are not born to be *Circes* and *Medæa's*, not to open a shop of all subtilities; let us be contented that Poets have made a monster of a creature of our sex, which commonly spake in very ambiguous terms, and they named it *Phinx*; let us speak truths to make fables false, and beware of the art which they profess.

Eccles. 9. *Laqueus venatorum.*

In the third rank go along certain natures endowed with dog-like qualities, most insupportable, as are so many women troublesom, importunate, and slanderous, who do nothing perpetually but bay, bawl, or bite. To live with such a creature in a house, is to have a rotten roof, which letteth rain and tempests drop in winter upon the head of the hoste. There are men who become familiar with Lions, Bears and Dragons, but where shall you find one, who hath made tractable such like humours? The habitations of deserts are delights in comparison of such company. A film in the eye, the gout in the foot, the stone in the reins, the hissing

Mulier stulta & clamosa, nihil omnino sciens. Eccles. 9. *Tecta perstillantia in die frigoris.* Prov. 27.

sing of aspicks, thunder, lightening, rasors, hooks of iron, make less noise, and do less hurt, than these poisoned tongues, which penetrate even into the entrails.

A husband which meeteth with so ill a chance, daily acteth that part in his house, which did heretofore *Prometheus* on the mountain of *Caucasus*, when a vultur rent him alive, and gnawed his heart, which was onely fruitfull for his punishment. The wife that meets with a bad husband should not much complain, but yet she findeth that being in subjection, she is not so far distant from the degree, wherein nature hath placed her: but on the contrary side, to see a man ill handled by the impudent exclamations of an imperious woman, is a kind of monster in nature, which moveth pitie in some, and astonishment in others. All husbands have not the resolution of the Philosopher *Socrates*, who held opinion we must endure women, as the dung of pigeons, which pay our patience with their fruitfulness. For verily being crowned with a bucket of water, by his Mistress *Xantippe*, after a great noise of bitter words, he replied, Such was the nature of the world, because after the thunder-clap followed rain. Our age is not so fruitfull in such insensibilities: but in like occasions the husband and wife coming to contend with words, a wind is raised at the door & and window, which bringeth a storm into the house.

Ulysses Aldobrandinus. In all times our tongues have been censured, as tempests opposite to publick repose: some have compared them to those bells of the forrest of *Dodona*, which made a prodigious jangling: others have said, there needeth not above three of them to make up a Fare; and others have added, It was ill done to say there were words, which came from our mouthes, but rather waves and froath of the sea. I cannot but think these Censors speak out of excess; but let us prove thē lyars by our discretion, and perswade our selves, that discourses of a woman which have been purified by silence and consideration, have a marvellous virtue.

Mulier verbales unde. Fulgentius.

Mulier fatua. Prov. 1. In the fourth order are women of the earth, who are of a nature gross, stupid, and dull, that live in the world as superfluous creatures, and know as it were neither good nor ill: the care of their house very little toucheth them; the least business is of power much to perplex their minds; their kindred and allies find little friendship with them, since they themselves have oftentimes the heart of an Ostrich towards their own children, whom they regard as if they were strangers. In the end, they have much ado to endure themselves, so unprofitable they are, and malignant towards civil life: which happeneth to them through depraved habits, and inordinate idleness, whereinto they have suffered themselves to slide from their tender years, or by some other corruptions of a melancholy spirit, which they foment to the prejudice of their repose.

These kind of natures are good neither in the countrey, citie, house-keeping nor in religion. For we find that in all things we must use endeavour, and that we came into the world, as into a galley, where, if one cannot manage either the stern or oar, he must at the least make a shew to stir his arms, and imitate the Philosopher *Diogenes*, who roled his tub up and down, wherein it was said he inhabited, to busie himself. For my part, I like well those people who banished all idle gods out of their walls, and retained such as enjoyned travel. For, to live and take pains, is but one and the same thing, and that, which the nourishment we take operateth for the preservation of life, labour doth the like for accommodation thereof.

Augustin. l. 6. de Civit. Dei. Philo de sacrif. Abel & Cain.

Non est ira super iram mulieris. Eccles. 15. In the fifth station you have women of the sea, who much deceive the world by their fair semblances: for they at first appear quiet and peaceable, as a sea in the greatest calm, having no want of grace or beauty, which promiseth much good to those who know them not; but one would not believe how they shift away upon the least wind of contradiction which is raised; how they are puffed up, and become unquiet with anger, love, avarice, jealousie, and other passions very active. Such an one seeth the flower of the thorn, who knoweth not the pricking thereof, and such an one beholdeth with admiration those excellent beauties, who cannot believe how many pricks and stings they cover under these imaginary sweetnesses. You shall therein ordinarily observe very great levity and impatience, which maketh them hourly to change their resolution, in such sort, that they think nothing so miserable, as to remain still in one and the same condition. I have seen young widows, who had washed the bodies of their husbands with their tears, wiped them away with their hairs, and as it were worn it by force of kisses, and who not content with these ardent affections, discharging the surplusage of their passion upon their own proper bodies, tore their hair, pulled their cheeks, & were rather covered with dust than apparel. They died every hour, saying, they could not live one sole moment without their best-beloved, and filled the air and earth with their complaints; which was the cause why such as came to the funerals, knew not whether they should bewail the dead, or the dying. Notwithstanding, presently after these goodly counterfeitings, they began again to reform their hair, and change the dust of the pavement into the powder of *Cypress*: to put painting upon their tears; to adorn with a carcanet of pearl the neck, which they seemed to destine to a halter; to seek for Oracles from their looking-glass, and to do all things, as if death and love conspired to make their feast in one and the same Inn. I have observed others, who being yet under the yoak, were the best servants in the world: but as soon as they saw themselves at liberty, there were no worse mistresses than they. There are noted to be in the heart of a woman the passions of a tyrant, and should they continually have wheels and gibbets at their command, the world would become a place of torture and execution. Never have I seen passions more hard to vanquish: for in the end the sea, which threateneth the world to make but one element, suffereth it self to be distinguished into ditches by little grains of sand, which stayed it with the commission they received thereupon from God: but when a woman letteth the reins of her passion go, there is not as it were neither law divine or humane, which can recal her spirit to reason. Fair maids, take ever from the modesty of your hearts, the laws which may be given you by justice.

S. Zeno Hom. de continent.

Custodi te à muliere mala. Prov. 6. In the sixth degree are the natures of the Ape, who have a certain malice spightfull and affected; and such spirits may be found of this kind who day and night dream on nothing but mischief. They are filled with false opinions, sinister judgements, disdains, smothered choller, discontents, acerbities, in such sort, that the ray of the prosperity of a neighbour reflecting on their eyes, makes them sigh and groan. And as those Apes which sculck in the shop of a Trades-man, mar his tools, disturb his works, scatter his labours, and turn all topsie-turvie: So these malicious creatures spie occasions to trouble a good affair, to dissolve a purpose well intended, to overthrow a counsel maturely diliberated, to cause a retardation on the most just desires, and frustrate the most harmless delights. How many times do we behold the sun to rise chearful and resplendent in a bright morning, and every one is abashed to see a mist arise, which in this serenity doth that which blemishes on a fair body? It is said, it sometimes proceedeth from a sorceress, which darkeneth that glorious eye of the day with her charms: And how often have you observed prosperities more radiant than the clearest sumners day, which have been cloyed with duskie vapours by the secret practises of a woman, who biteth the bridle in some nook of a chamber? Fair maids, malice is an *ill* trade: It ever drinketh down at least the moity of the poison which it mingled for others.

In

Mulierum genus avaritiam.

In the ſeventh Region there are ſome kind of owls, or wild-cats, certain creatures, enemies of day, of all converſation, all civility, and all decorum: who having received from God many honeſt enablements to adorn life, and to do good to perſons neceſſitous, ſo lock up their entrails, that you may ſooner extract honey and manna from flints, than get a good turn out of their hands. How is it poſſible they ſhould be courteous, to oblige their likes, ſince they are many times cruel to themſelves, defrauding themſelves of the neceſſities of life, which are as it were as common as elements, to ſatisfie a wicked paſſion of avarice that gnaweth them with a kind of fury? For they endure in abundance part of that, which the damned ſuffer in flames perpetually, and fearing leſt the earth may fail them, they bewail what is paſt, they complain of the preſent, they apprehend the future, they love life, onely to hold money in priſon; and fear not death, but for the expence muſt be made at their funerals.

Fountain of Garamant, *Holmicus. S. Bonaventura in dicta.*

Let us take heed we reſemble not thoſe fountains, which are ſo cold in the day, that they cannot be drunk, and ſo hot in the night, that none dare come near them. Let us do good both in life and death with the goods which God hath given us. If men be ungrateful, he will ſuffer us to reap reward even from his hands. A covetous ſoul, which in the proſperity of its affairs, and ſuperabundance of riches, heareth not the clamours of the needy, is as the hen, which is ſaid to be deaf in ſummer; is like a bottle full of ſilver which affordeth nothing till it be broken; is a mil-wheel which much laboureth, and gaineth nothing; a hog, which never doth good, but at his death. It hath always folly for guid, ſervitude for dowry, and miſery for recompence.

Inveni amarem morte mulierem. Eccleſ. 7.

In the eighth are thoſe, which are ſaid to be compoſed of a certain mixture of powders very different, which cauſeth them to be of humours light, giddy, fantaſtical, in ſuch manner, that they daily make an infinite number of metamorphoſes, and one knoweth not in what mould they muſt be caſt, to put them into a ſtate of conſiſtence. You may there obſerve a ſpirit, which is perpetually upon change, which ceaſeth not to jump from deſire to deſire, like a bird from branch to branch. A ſpirit, which will and will not, which ſaith and unſaith, doth and undoeth, and which continually hindereth it ſelf in its thoughts. All that which you think to be very firmly ſettled with ſuch kind of perſons, is tied with a ſliding knot, and there needeth but the turn of a hand to overthrow what is thought to be beſt eſtabliſhed. One thing they retain very conſtantly in ſuch an ebbe and flood of inconſtancies, which is obſtinately to fix themſelves upon their own opinions, and no more to give way to reaſon, than rocks to waves. It is verily one of the greateſt vices which may be in a woman, as being the ſeminary of all diſorders that grow in houſes. I have ever learned from Antiquity, that the nobleſt Spirits are thoſe, which give good counſels, and that ſuch as willingly hearken unto them, come neareſt & joyn with them in a laudable degree of goodneſs. But ſuch as neither can give good adviſe, nor receive it from others, are the very worſt natures of the world. Preſerve your ſelves, Maidens, from this imperfection, which is the blemiſh of a noble courage, the worm of concord, the poiſon of life, the inſeparable companion of folly. Make it not your trophey to be refractory againſt the adviſes and remonſtrances of thoſe, to whom nature, juſtice, and reaſon hath ſubjected us: otherwiſe you would travel much, and get nothing in recompence, but the perfection of a mule.

Mulier compta. Eccleſ. 9.

I ſet in the ninth place maids, who are of the nature of thoſe proud kind of creatures, as of peacocks, or little dogs, which are glutted with curioſities, whileſt ſo many poor people die for hunger in the ſtreets. This order is now adays much ſpread over the world, for it is filled with nice women, who ſeem to be born for nought elſe, but to make it appear how high the deſires of exorbitant nature may mount, when a great fortune ſupporteth them. Many little fisking ghoſſips are ſeen, who are made up like puppits, ſo curiouſly bred, that they ſeem to be fed with potable gold between cotten and ſilk. Thoſe are the divinities of fathers and mothers, who raiſe rain and fair weather in their houſes, at the onely aſpect of their countenances. The joy and ſadneſs of the whole family waiteth on the condition of their humours; they muſt no more be offended than thoſe ſtars, which are thought to ſend tempeſts upon ſuch as have not ſaluted them. What may one hope from a ſoul altogether drenched in theſe delicacies? Follies attend the increaſe of age, and multiply by infinit degrees. Reaſon is trampled under foot, and paſſion armed with a great power makes it ſelf to be carried on the ſhoulders of men. Deſires are without meaſure, wills without bridle, paſſion without moderation, and ſenſuality without reſiſtance; bravery, tattle, impertinent babble, toyiſhneſs, love, afford no paſſage to truth, and if there be any devotion, it is altogether ſilken; ſo coy and curious it is in the choice of perſons. Sacraments are good, if they be not tied to hands, where vanity ſeeketh its intereſts; yea, pride is planted upon the hair-cloth of penance; and if God would chaſtiſe ſuch creatures to their liking, he muſt tie up his rods with ſilk, or elſe they never would receive correction.

When they leave their parents to be delivered to husbands, they go to change power, and not nature. A husband is ever uncivil, according to their ſaying, if they have not permiſſion to do any thing. And as it is ſaid the moon never agreeth in qualities with the ſun, but when ſhe hath eclypſed him; ſo they find not any concord in marriage, but in the diminution of his authority, whom God hath given them to be their head. They carry along with their portion all the vices of their childhood, which oftentimes accompany them even to the grave. They have no eyes to ſee adverſity, no nor ears to hear it; the miſeries of the poor touch them ſo little, as if they were made of marble, and the care of their family ſhall never interrupt their pleaſures. What a life is it to behold a woman, who although ſhe riſe in a time when the ſun is near noontide, notwithſtanding, as if ſhe feared the vapours of the ſerain, ſhe is armed before ſhe come out of her bed, with a reſtorative from the kitchin, to keep her colour the more freſh. *Ptolom. Almag. 2.*

From that time ſhe cauſeth her ſelf to be attired, and clothed like an Idol, by three or four ſervants, who have more ado to preſerve her beauty, than ever had the Veſtals of *Rome* to maintain the ſacred fire. One preſenteth her with red, another with white, one holds a looking-glaſs, and another dares not tell her that the time of Maſs is already paſt, whileſt my Lady taketh her head-dreſſings: yet muſt the Canons of the Church be broken as eaſily as a glaſs, to obey the humours of a woman, and to celebrate then, when it is to be doubted whether the ſun begin not to bend already to his ſetting. Maſs is paſt over with making ſowr faces, and looking ſcornfull with a good grace, with ſome ſlight ceremonies of devotion, which go no further than the outward parts. There it is, where reſolutions are made of entertainments of time, to be choſen for the reſt of the day. Then follow the viſits of child-bed women, gaddings, and coachings, dancings and bankets, where the prattle is ſo loud, that a few women could ſuffice to make the noiſe of a mil. They much love to hear diſcourſe upon all kind of affairs. They that have not their ſpirits ſo ſubtile, entertain themſelves upon trifles and ſlight complements, which they have ſtudied for the ſpace of ten years. Others, who can ſhew they have read a great quantity of love-pamphlets, or ſuch like, would ſeem of ability, ſo far as to give law to Poets and writers, who have not this kind of reliſh, love not to pleaſe any thing ſo much,

much, as their own sensuality; and in these loose companies take fire and wind on all sides, to the great prejudice of their reputation.

I leave it, my Daughters, to the repose of your recollected cogitations, to think what Epitaph may be bestowed upon gentlewomen that lead such a life, but that they have employed themselves in the customary actions of a beast, nay, which a beast daily performs better than they; with this disparitie, that they have been more inventive to season their sin.

Behold what honest women commonly most condemn in the carriage of the vitious and imperfect, which I have abbreviated in few words; being unwilling to enlarge any further upon the other imperfections, whereof I have no experience, having ordinarily so much entertainment with my books and employments, that I have no leisure to study on the manners of this sex.

The fourth Section.

The tenth Order of Women, full of Wisdom, and Virtue.

THe young Emperour took great pleasure to hear the Empress his mother speak so freely concerning the nature of women; and he prayed her to perform her promise touching the characters, which might serve him in the choice he meant to make; whereupon she replied:

"The last and most excellent Order of women is that, which heretofore was called the order of Bees; women truly divine, who seem to have been made upon Celestial globes by the hands of Angels, so sweet is their nature, their virtue so rare, and price so unvaluable. They are in houses as the sun in his Orb, (a) and he that would equal their worth, should he draw out all mettals and precious stones which the earth hideth in its veins, would rather find insufficiency in his purpose, than want of merit in his object.

(a) *Sicut sol oriens in mundo, in altissimis Dei.* Eccles. 26.

Bees (as said an (b) Ancient) having nothing mortal in them but death: they perform actions worthy of immortality. Bees are labourers from the day of their birth; and it seemeth these are framed for the practice of virtues from their cradle. Bees have their little wings, these meditation and action. Those have a sting, these a point of vigour, which is the instrument of all perfections. Those live under a King, and these consecrate themselves to the obedience of Laws both divine and humane. Those are great enemies of ordure, and these live in the delights of chastity. Those travel incessantly, and lose not a day unless heaven enforce it (c); these are perpetually in the exercise of good works, and loose no time but to give it unto God. Those never stay upon withered flowers; and these set not their hearts upon any fading things which are under the Moon. Those have their hives rubbed with bitter herbs, to defend them from venemous creatures; and these use mortification of flesh against the poison of pleasures. Those make themselves counterpoises with certain little stones to flie the better; and these make a counter-ballance with humility to soar the higher. Those make honey which serves for nourishment and medicine; these have ever charity in their hands to cure the wounds and acerbities of the life of the poor, succouring their want by their liberalities. Those make the Altars to shine by the help of wax, which they produce; these adorn and enrich all the Church with the travel of their hands or wealth of their Cabinets. What would you to be more noble, or divine? Why then are you amazed, if the Scripture (d) hath said, That houses and riches came from parents, but a wife and a virtuous wife from the hand of God?

(b) *Nihil habet mortale, nisi quod moritur apis nullus nisi artifex nascitur.* Quintil.

(c) *Nullus cum per cælum licuit, otio periit dies.* Plin. l. 1.

(d) Prov. 19. *Domus, & divitiæ dantur à parentibus, à Domino autem propriè uxor prudens.*

The fifth Section.

A brief Table of the excellent qualities of a Ladie; and first of true Devotion.

THe Gentle-women that stood round about the Empress, expressed much earnestness to know in few words the excellent qualities of a woman truly virtuous; and *Euphrosina*, not to frustrate their desire, proceeded in these terms:

"A Ladie well accomplished, is like a star with five rays, which are the five virtues, of Devotion, Modestie, Chastitie, Discretion, and Charitie (a). Devotion formeth the interiour, Modestie makes it appear in the exteriour with a requisite comelines, Chastitie perfecteth both the one and the other, Discretion applieth it to the direction of others, and Charitie crowneth all her actions.

(a) These are the qualities which the Scripture giveth her in divers places.

(b) A woman without Devotion, were she composed as a *Pandora*, and had she all the beauties which the heart can desire, and the imaginations feign; is a Bee without a sting, which will make neither honey nor wax; is a savage beast that nature hath lodged in a painted house; is a case covered with precious stones, to preserve a dung-hill; is a *Michol*, who appeared outwardly with a Crown, and lived inwardly a slave to her passions; is a piece of flesh already half rotten, having not so much as one grain of salt in it. Corruption will creep into her life, disorder into her manners, infamie into her reputation, and despair into her salvation. Devotion is a virtue hereditary to our sex; it is the first portion which God hath granted us; it is the title which the Church hath given us; it is the most eminent mark of our Nobility. If we loose this ornament, I cannot see why we should pretend to live, having renounced the honour of Christianity.

(b) The first title of a woman, which S. *Paul* observeth in the Epistle to *Titus* c. 2. when he calleth her by a Greek word ἱερεπεῖς, as one would say, suitable to holy things.

But to tell you my opinion, Devotion being no other thing but a prompt and vigorous affection, which disposeth us to all that which concerneth the service of God, it seemeth to me, that many among us have great illusions in this point, and oftentimes court a fantasie, thinking to entertain a truth.

There are of those, who by over-much embracing Altars have overthrown them, (c) and broken the Idol of *Dagon*, to set their own judgement up in the place thereof.

(c) *Altaria dum venerantur, everterunt.* S. *Zeno* hom. de patientia.

I have seen very many, who have a slight devotion of apish tricks, which onely consisteth in a certain light and childish imitation of countenances and gestures, having not any solidity in the interiour. For my part, I imagine when I think upon such apparences of piety without effect, that if apes had a little studied our countenances, they would much exceed us in this point: For they are great and mischievous imitatours of all they see; witness those, who washed their eyes in a bason full of glew, having observed a huntsman, who washed his with fair water; and he who being desirous to bathe a little infant in imitation of its nurse, hastened to plunge it in a boyling cauldron. How many do we daily see in the seemings of affected piety, who so well act all countenances, as if with such merchandize Paradise were to be purchased? And in the mean space they are altogether devoid of true virtues; so that he who could penetrate into their hearts, should find they were like to those pearls, which in stead of a solid body, have nothing but the husk.

Strabo lib. 1. Ælian. de animal. l. 7.

Some take devotion as a slight pastime; others as a light complement; others bend that way for complacence to the humours of another; others for glory: and although they have consciences as rude as those of the Countrey, they would willingly draw Seraphins out of Heaven to govern them, to the end that although they cannot have devotion, they may at the least

leaſt gain the reputation to ſeek after the perfectest: others are thereto tranſported for ſome ſlender cloak of liberty, and certain accommodations of their own proper intereſt.

I do not ſay, but that there are a great number who have intentions moſt pure, and proceed very piouſly, but we muſt affirm, that the defects whereof we ſpeak, may craftily ſlide into the infirmity of our ſex.

For, what may we ſay of a creature to whom ten years of devotion, twelve hundred communions, and a thouſand exhortations have not yet taken off one hair of vanity? What may we think of her, who eateth the immortal Lamb twice or thrice a week, and daily on all occaſions becometh a Lioneſs in her houſe? What may we judge of her, who ſo many times layeth the holy Euchariſt on her tongue, as a ſeal of the Spouſe, not being able to bridle or reſtrain it ſo far, as to forbear ſo many indiſcreet and evil words? what may one preſume of her, who makes a ſcruple to drink cool in ſommer, and to behold a flower with delight, yet feeleth no remorſe of conſcience, to have ſpoken more ſlanders in one dinner, than ſhe hath eaten morſels? Verily we betray devotion, which is of it ſelf fair and glorious, when we uſe it in ſuch ſort, and we give matter to exorbitant ſouls how to juſtifie their ſins by our deportments, to which they ever have but too much inclination, and, think that in depainting us with a coal, they make themſelves as white as ſnow. There are others, who deſire devotions extatike and raviſhing, diſguiſed in ſtrange words, in faſhions never heard of, in ceremonies not accuſtomed. All that which is juſt, prudent, and moderate, taſteth too much of common; other paths muſt be found to Paradiſe; new habits muſt be cut out for God under the mould of their fancy, to make him known. I am not ignorant, that there are in Religious Orders ſouls purified from the dregs of the world, which have apprehenſions of God moſt elate; nor would I for any thing condemn ſuch bleſſings. But when in ordinary life they ſpeak to me of faſhions ſo extraordinary, I ever go along with a leaden pace, ſo much do I feare, leſt for a ſtrong piety, I find a body of ſmoke. I add alſo others, who make to themſelves a devotion hydeous, penſive, & melancholy, which amazeth thoſe who behold it with the onely ſight thereof; they voluntarily reſigning themſelves to, as it were, perpetual tortures of the mind. This virtue hath but too much ſlander in the world; we have nothing elſe to do, but to hide its beauty, and to give it a maſk of terrour, to affright thoſe, who have buſineſs enough to free themſelves from their ſenſuality. I eſteem the devotion moſt proper for our ſex, is that which hath leaſt of affectation, & moſt of effect. Every one will be able to direct the prayers ſhe ought to make, Confeſſions, Communions, according to her own capacity, profeſſion, and leiſure; uſing therein the counſel of ſome that govern her conſcience, but let her aſſure her ſelf, ſhe ſhall never taſt devotion at the fountain head, but in the practiſe of virtues, and the conſtancie of good reſolutions.

It is the virtue, which S. *Peter* the Apoſtle required of our ſex, when he adviſed us to hold the inward man in the incorruptibility of a ſpirit peaceable and modeſt. This is ſeen in the carriage, geſtures, and countenances; but eſpecially in ſpeech, and habits. We cannot believe how wiſe we are in ſimplicity, and how powerfull in mildneſs. *In incorruptibilitate quieti & modeſti ſpiritus.* 1 Pet. 3, 4.

It is the ſtrongeſt armour we have from nature. When we mannage a ſpirit, and govern an affair by theſe ſweet and peaceable waies, we aſtoniſh the moſt confident, we diſarm the ſtouteſt, and triumph over conquerours, We have nothing to do but to hold our peace, and our ſilence ſpeaketh by us. But when diveſting us of this ſpirit of ſweetneſs, modeſty, and docibility, we put on a faſhion haughty, ſcornfull, & turbulent, we are onely able in loud noiſes, which render us contemptible to thoſe who are more powerfull than we, troubleſome to our equals, intolerable to our inferiours, and hateſull to all the world. With this mild temper of ſpirit, *Heſter* changed King *Aha ſuerus* into a lamb; with the ſame, *Abigail*, was much ſtronger than the arms of *David*; and *Jeſabel* with her natural cruelty having ſlain Innocents, ruined Cities, diſturbed States, was thrown out of a high window on the pavement, to be trampled all bloudy under the feet of horſes.

But as concerning Modeſty, which regardeth the comlineſs of body & attire, it is a ſtrange thing, how many complaints are made againſt us upon this point. We have already ſerved for the ſpace of ſo many Ages as a common place to Preachers, matter of cenſure, for Edicts, a fable for Cities, and laughter to our ſelves. In the mean time this love of bravery is ſo throughly engrafted in our ſpirits, that we will not deſpoil us of it, but with our skin. It is an original ſin, which all women carry with them from their mothers womb, for which there is no Baptiſm to be found, & he that ſhould go about to waſh us from this ſtain, we would have an action againſt him. Yea, were this onely uſual among great Ladies, for whom earth, rivers, and ſeas, ſeem to produce wherewith to ſatisfie their curioſity, it would appear leſs ſtrange. but all women are born with this paſſion, & they ſo heartily hug it, that there will be almoſt no diſtinction made in orders, ſince there is ſo much confuſion in habits.

Citizens wives will become Queens, & if we hereafter would be taken for Queens, we muſt become Citizens wives. Perhaps thoſe who cenſure us in this point, require too much of us, and ſome are therein tranſported with ſo much zeal, that if we would believe them, we ſhould make all the *Maries* of Egypt to be at Court. Thoſe who intend to treat with us in this manner, by falling upon our hair and attires, touch not our hearts; for could any one truely perſwade us to virtue, we ſhould cover our ſelves with a ſack, ſo that it might advance the glory of God, and the profit of our neighbour: yet do I think we have ſome right to comlineſs, and propriety in our garments, ever abiding within the limits of the moſt regular, in ſuch ſort, that the wiſe may not blame our ſuperfluities, nor thoſe who are more favourable accuſe our defects.

But to ſpeak ſincerely, there is a kind of frenzy in our proceeding. He who ſhould ſee the ſtuffs taken up ſomtimes at the Mercers to cloth a little body, whereof the worms will quickly make a dung-hill, would ſay they had undertaken to cover ſome huge Whale: and he who ſhould reckon up all the furnitures of a Ladie, as they lie on a table having never ſeen any woman, would think it were a Mercery to furniſh a little Citie: we reſemble thoſe birds, which have no body, and are as it were nought elſe but feathers; we uſe therein ſo many faſhions, diſguizes, and invention, that we tire our ſpirits; ſo much ſtudie and affection, that many of us make ſo much

The ſixth SECTION.

Modeſtie.

AFter the interiour is directed by the motions of piety, followeth the virtue of Modeſtie, which proclaimeth us exteriourly. It is the needle of the dyal, which ſheweth how our ſouls circumvolveth times, and the hours of the day: it, which witneſſeth the power we have over our paſſions; it, which formeth us after the model of great ſouls; it which cauſeth us to appear in converſation, in a manner not onely regular, but ſweet, honeſt, and examplar.

busines about a ruff, as if we had a Common-wealth of *Athens* to manage.

And that which is most horrible, is, these vanities are drawn from the bloud of the poor; and in the same proportion as they are extracted, they so impoverish, as I fear posterity may have more cause to curse our dissolutions, than cherish them. Nay, worse is done, when they so vehemently affect to begin the adultery of their bodies by that of the face, that it is insensibly eaten into with painting and poyson, as if they would derive beauty from corruption. Then certain fashions of apparel are found out, which seem to be made rather to sell bodies, than to cover them. I do not know what may be reserved for the eyes of a chast husband, when through all markets the secret parts of his wives body are exposed as open, as if they were ready to be delivered over to the best bidders. I cannot tell what husbands can be pleased with the publication of this nakedness, if not certain *Platonists*, who would approve the law this Philosopher made, as it is said, of community of beds, than the doctrine of idæaes, which would be viands too empty to satiate the hunger of concupiscence. Verily, if we yet retain a vien of the perfect Christianity which swaied in the golden age, we ought to stifle by a generous consent, all these abuses, and make of the spoils of superfluity a Sacrifice of mercy, giving in part for the relief of the poor, that, which hitherto we have dedicated to the fantasies of our spirits. Since we are born with some supereminencies of body, and are the goodliest creatures of the world, why should we go about to beg glory from poisons of the earth, from worms, and spoils of the dead? If opinion have put us unto it, it is now long since withered by the confusion of so many hands, who incessantly gathered it. The glory of the greatest Ladies shall not hereafter survive, but in great modesty.

The seventh SECTION.

Chastitie.

It is the qualitie S. *Paul* calleth sanctificatione. 1 Tim. 2. *Saluabitur per filiorum generationem, si permanserit in fide, & dilectione, & sanctificatione, cum sobrietate.*

THis is the shortest way we have to the preservation of Chastity, an incomparable virtue, and the richest jewel of our sex. It ought to be as natural to us, as flight to birds, swimming to fishes, beauty in flowers, and rays in the sun. You need not ask, what may become of a maid or wife, who is prodigal of a good, which should be as firmly united to her body, as her hearts: She is capable of all sorts of crimes, and were there question to open all the gates of hell, incontinency alone would put the keys into her hands. There is no beast in the world that is not better than a prostitute, who by the dishonour of her bed hath charged her soul with sins, her body with intemperance, her renown with reproaches, and her memory with execration. We ought so to instruct our daughters in the virtue of purity, that they may not know the least shadow of sins which are committed in the world. I approve not those little *Dynaes*, who will see and smell out so many customes of Countries, and entertainments; for they too soon learn that, which they too late will forget, and take so much fire in at the ears and eyes, that water enough will not be found to extinguish it. I do not wish a maid, though very young, should be delighted in the company of children which are not of her own sex. I likewise fear those of her sex, who are too curious, their company is sometimes so much the more dangerous than that of men, as we least take heed of a domestick enemy. That Chastity is ever the most stable, which knoweth not so much as what voluptuousnes may pretend unto. I will think crows might become nightingales, when any one should make me believe, that a creature of our sex, which is delighted to hear or utter scoffs, & speeches of double sense, which cover ordure under golden words, either is chast, or can any long time continue as she is.

Hierom. ad Lætam. Securitas est continentiæ nescire quod quæras.

Let us guard the eyes, mouth, and ears of those young maidens, as Temples dedicated to Honour, and let us do nothing in their presence, which they cannot imitate without sin: let us teach them not to addict themselves, either to pleasures of the mouth, or sleight desires, to take and freely possess any petty favours. A creature which much coveteth to have that which her condition cannot afford, hath many enemies in her heart, which will deliver her body over to dishonour, and her soul to confusion. Let us cut off as much as we may so many wanton songs, idle books, infamous pictures, gossipings, dancings, and banquets: never is a beast taken but with some bait, nor chastity lost, but that such attractives serve as fore-runners.

There are not so many lost spirits to be found among women well bred, who in sin pretended nothing but sin: but the love of divers Ladies proceedeth rather from vanities of the mind, than weakness of the body. They desire to be in some esteem and admiration of those, who can neither esteem nor admire them, but in the pretensions of their own interests: they take delight to be commended for their beauties, which never any man so profusely applaudeth, as not to hope to be paid for his praises. They are subject to much credulity, whether it be through some easiness of nature too weak, or by overmuch presumption and self-love, in such sort, that they quickly esteem themselves fair, and worthy to be beloved by those who feign affection, not seeing that fishes are taken with nets, and women with the credulity of their light belief. They undertake designs to make servants, who are not of the order of Arch-angels, to serve them as *Raphael* did *Tobie*, not pretending power over their hearts and honours. They are infinitly delighted to see a man prostrate at their feet, especially when he hath some qualities, which put him into the estimation of the world. It is a glory among the quainteſt to have gained slaves, who love their chains, and who will no longer live nor die but for them. This is the cause they counterfeit themselves to be little Idols, and take many sacrifices of smoak; and although they at that time have not any intention to offend God, notwithstanding they suffer themselves to dissolve among so many offers of services, complement, and protestations; and in the end feel it is a very hard matter to defend ones self from an enemy, who onely assaulteth us with gold and incense. Drops of rain are composed of nothing but water, and do by their continual fall penetrate stones: so, much sweetness of words, submissions, and observances redoubled one upon another, are able to make a rock rent in sunder: how can they but transport a woman, who issuing from a bone, faileth not to retain all the softness of flesh.

Love sometimes hath wings to fall upon its prey with a full souce, and sometimes it goeth along with a crooked pace. That which it cannot obtain by a prompt heat, it expecteth from a constant importunity. From thence ensue private conversation, and disorders, which make tales in cities, stage-plaies, & bloudy tragedies, which being begun behind a curtain, are many times ended at the gallows. I do not find a better remedy to stop the beginnings of lust, than to behold the end thereof. A Lady who solicited in matter of dishonour, in the first baits shall draw the curtain, and behold a huge gulf of scandals, injuries, rages, and despairs, will as willingly descend into Hell alive, as consent to this bruitish passion. She will seasonably proceed to remedies, and unfold her heart in the secret of Confession, will discover the deceipt of it, and by this means avoid an infinity of disasters. Thrice, yea four-fold happy is she, who will take these words as an Oracle, and enchace them in her heart to remember them eternally.

The

The eight SECTION.

Discretion in the mannage of affairs.

A title which the Wiseman expresseth by the word, *Sensata*, *Eccles.* 7. And S. *Paul* useth the word ὑφηνίς, *Tit.* 2. much recōmending to women, the care of houshold affairs.

WHen we have begun to polish our selves by these virtues, Discretion will regularly apply us to conversation and affairs, every one according to her qualities.

A woman is a poor thing, which hath no imployment nor discretion; as there are many to be found, who having lived to the age of ninety years have not learned any thing, but to dress and undress themselves. Why should we have a reasonable soul, were it not to enrich it with knowledges, which are necessary to us, both for our selves, & the government of those which fall into our hands? As we profess not to be wise, so we have not made a vow of stupidity. We should love as our eye-sight the reading of good books, which teach us how to become better, for they are wise companions, and honest entertainments, from whence we never behold jealousies nor scandals to arise. It is not a very barren delight to behold women, who as soon as they have made a silly complement, have nothing else to say, unless they talk of their ruffs, or some such kind of trifles? At the least, I wish those, who never have been willing to learn to speak, would one day practise to hold their peace: But they deafen the world with their prattle, and daily deliver an Iliad of speeches, wherein there is not so much as one good word. Tell me not these maids so knowing are more subject to caution: I would not have them, I say unto you, all learned, as the *Sybils* and *Muses*, but who will envy them an honest science of things, which serve for the direction of manners? There is none but spiders, and such little creatures, that turn flowers into poison. We ought not to fear that a maid, to whom good foundations of humility and devotion are given, will abuse this celestial manna, which is found in sage Writers.

I have learned from one full of wisdom and experience, that for one young virgin instructed in learning, which hath failed in her honour, twenty other have been found of the ignorant, who have so much the more grosly erred, as they had the less knowledge of their fault. I intend not by this counsel proposed, which is to perfect them by reading, that therefore we give liberty to the curiosity of reading of all sorts of books, and namely those which treat of loves, though in a very gentile manner; for they have a little sting in them, soft as silk, which insensibly enters into the heart; and when they describe this passion unto you with so many exquisite terms and honest inventions, they create so beautifull loves, that in seeking to imitate them, we produce such as are deformed. If we must become learned, we ought to do it in that manner as the Saints, *Tecla*, *Catharina*, *Eudoxia*, *Marcella*, *Paula*, *Fabiola*, *Eustochium*, who with the spoils of *Egypt*, furnished the Cross and Altars of our Saviour: Nor would I advise a virgin to go and hide her self in a granary or cave, to devour books: It is fit she season her reading with works proper to her profession. Let us never suffer her to be idle, but so soon as age rendereth her capable, let us give her some little direction and exercise in the house. For why should we be ashamed to work with the needle, since *Augustus Cæsar*, the founder of Empires, reputed such kind of imploiments not unworthy of his daughters; and that the *Romans* many years preserved, as a relick, the distaff of Queen *Tanaquilla*, much more charily than the lance or sword of *Romulus*, thinking it was more necessary to give women examples of industry, than furnish men with ideaes of war? One would not believe, how much the earnestness some have upon a good piece of work, diverteth all other passions, which may embroil the spirit; but whosoever will make trial, shall find that innocencie is never better lodged than at the sign of labour. I leave you to think, when a maid hath endeavoured to learn from her tender years, matters fit for housewivery, even to the kitchin, what a goodly light is in that house, whether it proceed from a father, or from a husband, for the direction of the family, the government of men, and maid-servants, the example of youth, and the comfort of the family. She maketh her self necessary in the best affairs, there is much repose in her prudence, her health is accounted important, her life precious, her death deplorable, and her memory replenished with honour. The wisest of men *Solomon*, hath given no other marks to know a virtuous woman, than the Oeconomy she holdeth in the government of her family. *She hath considered* (saith he) *the paths of her house, and hath not eaten her bread in idleness; she hath taken pains in linnen and wollen. She is become as a ship laden with victuals and riches. She riseth before day to provide fitting food for her familie. She hath made purchase of farms, and entertained traffick. She hath put her hand to work, then opened it to the necessity of the poor. All her servants are in good order; her husband, and children cannot sufficientlie praise her for her great wisdom. She is a lamp which will never be extinguished in the darkness of night.* Behold somewhat near the terms which he useth to reckon up the perfections of a wife, ending with wisdom, and fear of God, which is the first and last ornament. Prov. 31.

The ninth SECTION

Conjugal Love.

IN the end; as love is a generous passion which by its good government crowneth all virtues, I would advise a married Ladie, for the accomplishment of her perfection, to bear a most cordial charity towards her husband. This is no hard matter when there is good fortune and correspondence in marriages: for complacence ever maketh wings for love, and it is held a happiness to love that, which pleaseth our passion. But it is a most pitifull thing, when parents blinded with avarice, and charmed with the sweetness of pretended interests, renew the example of cruel *Mezentius*, who tyed the living to the dead, and endeavoured to match a poor young maid, who surviving in favours & blessings from heaven, with a husband putrified in vices, ordures, and diseases of body. Then is a time when much virtue is to be shown, in putting on a resolution to love a monster, from their most tender years to their tomb. What should we do therein? The law of nature gives us free permission to desire good husbands, but the laws of marriage exhort us to bear the as much as we may, howsoever they prove. If we love for our selves, this is impossible; but if for God, we therein shall find duty and facility. A woman cannot seek out a shorter way to the perfection of her sex, than by wedding the humours of her husband, so that they be not opposite to the commandments of God: she who well obeyeth, commandeth well; and when we once have surprised the heart of a man, there is not any thing resisteth our wills.

It is the Epithete which S. *Paul* giveth to virtuous women, calling them φιλάνδρους, Tit. 2.

Union is a marvellous cement, which so straightly knitteth obedience and power together, that it is a very hard matter to distinguish him who obeyeth, from him that commandeth. We have in all ages excelled in this conjugal piety, & there are hereof so many rare examples to be found, that pens are troubled to express, as well as ears to believe them. Tender & delicate young maidens have been seē, who inconsiderately married to husbands, worn out with maladies, perceiving frō the first night of her nuptials, unguents, ulcers,

Vives relateth this in the second book of a *Christian Woman*, of one named *Clare*.

ulcers, and evil savours; and finding a counterfeit health in bodies, more fit for a tomb than a marriage bed, yet have not abandoned them, but loved, honoured, and served them, watching sometimes fourtie days, and fourtie nights about their beds, never disarraying themselves. Some one man hath been found among others, whose indisposition drawing along with it seven years together the stench of wounds that were incurable, the horrible infirmitie of members which appeared wholly disfigured, did weaken all the forces of those who were willing to assist him, overthrew the patience of the most faithfull, wasted the charitie of the most zealous, yea even such as do all for money abhorred to come near him. And then to see a young maiden of sixteen years of age, weak of complexion, handsom of bodie and endowed with a beautie which the most flourishing husbands would have coveted, to tie her self to this dead body, to stir it, touch it, cleanse it, to give it broths, to blow the powder of herbs into the nostrils of it, which distilled an humour insupportable to all the world, to cut his beard, and hair, when no man would undertake this adventure; is it not a miracle of our sex worthy of the admiration of men, the applause of histories and love of all posteritie?

See *Lipsius* in his Politicks.

What shall I say of one *Eponina*, who having espoused a husband much clogged with troublesom affairs & crimes, yea even of treason, was 9 years shut up with him in the vault of a sepulchre; and afterwards seeing him to be discovered, and condemned to death by the Emperour *Vespatian*, would needs accompany him to execution, & die with him, saying she alreadie was prepared for a tomb, and that she could better tolerate it dead than alive? What should I speak of a *Persian* Queen, named *Cabadis*, who seeing her husband detained in prison, came to visit him, not suffering her self to be known; and giving him her garments of a wife, to put on those of a husband, afforded him opportunitie to escape, paying afterward with her noble bloud the errour of her pietie?

Are not these prowesses worthy to be written in letters of gold and azure, to be exposed to the view of all Ages? A thousand-fold happy they, whose concord hath bound love up with chains of adamant, separation never finding place in the knot of marriage, which God hath been pleased to tie with his own hands. Let us for this cause preserve us from jealousie, which useth to grow from the most beautifull loves, as those worms, which are said to issue from the fairest flowers. It is a most unhappy passion, formed by fantasie, attired by suspitions, darkened by discontents, fed with bad humours by curiositie, entertained with imposture by slander, which gnaweth asunder all that which there is of virtue in chast affections, troubleth the repose of beds, embroyleth the affairs of households, reateth alliances, produceth monsters, soweth fury and rage, and having tormented all the world, devoureth it self. If our husbands fall into this miserie, let us pitie them as franticks, and take away from them all manner of occasions which may stir up their imaginations, and if the like maladie surprize us, let us not resemble those women, who have travelled in the dead time of night through huge forrests full of horrour, that they might hasten to watch their husbands, accompanied onely with their passions, whereof some fell between the teeth of wild beasts, which to them were more pleasing than the executioner they retained in their own proper entrails.

We ostentimes in this point more bewail our own interests, than the offence done to God; and it is no strange thing, that she who loveth ill should be deprived of what she affecteth. When there is sin in it, let us deplore it, let us endeavour to remedie it by prayers, by discretion, by patience, by all the most holy industries we may use therein. We shall find our selves strong in silence and hope; and not in ceaseless complaints, which have no other effect, but to fret wounds, and renew disasters.

The tenth Section.

The care of children.

TO hide nothing from you, women, who are called to the Sacrament of Marriage, ought to be very perfect; because they have as it were in their mannage the most precious interest of posteritie, they being chosen out to bring forth and educate Children, which are to be members of the body of State.

It hath often been questioned from whence proceeded the good and evil nature of men; and I find that many have attributed it to the divers aspects of Planets, as by a fatal necessity: But to say truly, this Astrologie of fools, and webs of spiders, are as it were but one thing, both being fit to catch flies, and not deceive understanding men. I hold opinion, good mothers make the good nature of children; and it hath ever been observed, that great personages who have flourished in some eminencie of virtues, have taken from thence as it were generally the first impressions of sanctitie.

If chast daughters chance to be born of incontinent mothers, it is almost as rare as to see nettles bear gilliflowers. Let us preserve our bodies as temples, to bring forth more virtues than flesh for the publik, and when God affordeth us issue, let it be one of our chiefest cares to train it up in his service. My heart bleedeth when I consider how now adaies many children of quality are bred, which are stifled with servile indulgences under the shadow of dandling them. God sends them as creatures, with which he intendeth to support the world govern Common-wealths, people heaven, and adorn even the conversation of Angels: but to see how they are used, it seemeth that pieces of flesh are ingendered, which are onely to be licked as bears, to give them true perfections. They are loaden with fat and the kitchin, they are entertained in the full fruition of all the desires of their hearts; they are observed like little Kings, who are not as yet many times above five years of age and already exercise a Monarchy in the houses of their parents. Jesus Christ banished Idolatrie from the world with so much sweat and bloud, and it is again daily renewed, when children are set up as certain little Idols, to whom all hearts, respects, hopes, fears, and homages are sacrificed. I beseech you, let us not cause them to learn that which we should make them forget; let us not accustom them to mimick affectation of words, to pomp of habits, to liberty, to pleasures. Let us attire them for the service of God, and exercises suitable to their sex and condition; and above all, let us take heed they be not poysoned by the ear, in the frequent conversation of such bad company, who seem to be born for nought else, but to infect purity.

The eleventh Section.

The conclusion of the discourse.

THe Emperess held ears and hearts suspended with this her discourse, when seeing the hour approch, wherein choice should be made of a wife for the Emperour her son: *Behold the time* (saith she) *my Lord and son, when your Majestie must consign the golden Apple into the hands of her, whom you shall judge to have the best portion of those excellent qualities, which I have recited.* And saying that, she caused a goodly room to be opened, whereupon one side

side were seen pictures of Ladies, who flourished in the more elder Ages in sanctitie, in spirit, in courage, and in all virtues mentioned by us, which composed a triumphant Court. There was *Sarah*, *Rachel*, *Lea*, *Deborah*, *Abigail*, *Susanna*, *Esther*, *Judith*, *Mariamne*, S. *Agnes*, S. *Cecilie*, S. *Helena*, S. *Monica*, S. *Felicitas*, the ten *Sybils*, *Zenobia*, *Amalazunta*, *Placidia*, *Pulcheria*, *Eudoxia*, *Theodora*, *Marcella*, *Paula*, *Eustochium*, *Victorina*, *Clotilda*, *Radegundis*, and very many other, not comprizing those who have flourished within these eight hundred years: which much amazed me, and made me say, that such as affirmed women of honour were so rare to be found, would perhaps have some trouble to find leaves on trees, and water in the river. All these pourtraits appeared with lights of glory in a most pleasing manner, having enchasements all enriched with pretious stones. *Behold*, saith Euphrosina, *O virgins, how precious is the memorie of holy Ladies.* Then turning her self to the other side, she shewed with her finger the figures of such as had forsaken honour and virtue, which were pale, pensive, cloudie, and encompassed with flames, as if they came out of hell. There was *Semiramis*, *Phedra*, *Thisbe*, *Phillis*, *Hellen* of *Greece*, *Clitemnestra*, *Cleopatra*, *Agrippina*, *Julia*, *Messalina*, *Calirrhoe*, *Thais*, *Phryne*, *Rhodope*, *Flora*; and in perspective so great a quantitie, that it seemed to equal the sands of the sea, not accounting those therein, who afterward had a share in their miserie.

The Emperour having observed them, entered into the room called the *Pearl*, where he saw so many pearls selected from all the provinces of his Empire. There was nothing to be seen but stars, lightening, and rays, so much these beauties on every side mingling their lights afforded lustre, which gave him much difficultie how to resolve. There was among others one named *Iceta*, a maid of much knowledge, to whom the Emperour *Theophilus* spake a Greek verse, to which she replied with an admirable promptness; notwithstanding he relished not this spirit, finding it too curious for his humour: but after information taken from his eyes, his eats, and the mouthes of those who bred these creatures, he gave the golden apple to one named *Theodora*, a Paphlagonian by Nation, whom I notwithstanding cannot think to come near her, whom I here represent for a model.

CLOTILDA.

The first SECTION.

Her Birth and Education.

Ex *Greg.* Turonensi, Ammonio, Hincmaro, Philippo Bergomensi, Baronio, &c.

THE number of Ladies eminent in sanctitie is so great, that it rebateth the point of wit to think thereon, and the virtues are so resplendent, that in the commixtion of their lights they dazle all eyes, in such manner, that it is a hard matter to speak of it, unless we put some limits upon the discourses of so many singular subjects, who set none on their merits. And that is the cause, why out of a great number of Princesses, some of those whose names I have produced, I here undertake one, raised upon the most perfect idea's; which is

the first Christian Queen of *France*, I mean the most glorious *Clotilda*, wife of our great *Clodoveus*, who verily is much bound to Heaven to have been chosen out for the advancement of the affairs of Christianitie in this flourishing Monarchy, with prowesses and successes incomparable; so likewise are we tied to her in an immortal obligation, to have cast the first seeds of piety into the Court of our Kings, that it might with the more authoritie, enter into the souls of all their subjects.

The good Princess like to a pearl which cometh from the salt sea, beheld her self involved almost from her birth in great acerbities and horrible confusions, from whence she arose with so much lustre, as she made of adversities the steps to the temple of glory. She was daughter of *Chilperick*, who contending for the scepter against *Gombaut* his elder brother, King of *Burgundy*, with more temeritie than reason, sunk down to the ground, and was forsaken by the people, whom he had excited against this his brother, who verily was a bad King. But God who giveth Sovereigns leave to reign, favouring a just cause even in the person of an evill man, gave victorie to the elder. He most truly made use of his fortunes for having surprized his younger brother at the siege of a City, he caused him to loose his head on a scaffold; and not content with this murther, extended his vengeance against the wife of the deceased by an act most unworthy. For causing a stone to be tied to her neck, she was thrown into the river; and it was a great chance he had not inflicted the like upon two other virgins, the lamentable remainders of this unfortunate marriage. But beholding them as yet so young and innocent, he thought their life could not be prejudicial to his estate, and their death might be ignominious to his reputation. Behold the reason why he contented himself to shut the one of them up in a Monastery, and retained the other, which was our *Clotilda*, with himself, that she might be bred in his Court.

The holy maid entereth into the Palace of her Uncle, as a sheep into a Lions den, having no reason to repose much assurance in a man, who still had the bloud of her father and mother in his hands. Notwithstanding, great is the power of virtue, when it is enchaced in beautie. For this cruel *Basilisk*, who had an eye of bloud and poyson, no sooner considered the praise-worthy parts of this Princess, but that feeling himself dazeled with her aspect, and his heart softened with the innocency of this poor orphan, he instantly took compassion upon her, who never inclined to it before.

He began to behold her with a pleasing countenance, to endear her, to wish and promise her much good. But the good creature, who could not think after so strange an affliction she was any more to pretend to greatness, and pleasures of the world, threw her self between the arms of the Cross, that there she might find those of God: and though in publick she stifeled the resentments of her sorrow with a discreet patience, not resisting the storm, nor striking her head against the rocks; yet in the secrecy of her retirement she daily dissolved her self into tears, and found no comfort but in the wounds of the worlds Saviour.

"My God (*said she to him*) I adore your holy "providence, which drencheth me with gall and "wormwood, in an age wherein maidens of my "qualitie accustom not to walk but on roses; perhaps "you know my pride hath need of such a counter-"poise, and you in all equitie have done that which "your wisdom thought good. Behold I have my eyes "still all moistened with the bloud of my father, and "the bodie of my poor mother, which being covered "with so many waves, cannot have over it one silly "tear from the eyes of her daughter, which fail not "every night to pour forth streaming rivers. My "God, *Your name be blessed eternally*: I require "nought else of you, but the participation of your "sufferings. It is no reason I here should live with-"out some light hurt, seeing you wounded on all sides "for my example. Some have been pleased to wish "me I should receive and take contentments in the "hope of a better fortune; where would they have "me gather those pleasures? I am yet upon the weep-"ing shores of the river of *Babylon*. I fix all my con-"solations and songs at the feet of your Cross; promi-"sing to desire nothing more in the world, but the "performance of your holy will.

There is I know not what kind of charm in holy sadness, which cannot be sufficiently expressed, but such it is, that a soul contristated for God, when it is fallen into abysses, wherein all the world reputes it lost, findeth in the bottom of its heart lights and sweetnesses so great, that there is not any comfort in the world to be compared with them.

Clotilda was already come to these terms: and if for obedience she had not learned to leave God for God, she had been softened with those tears by suffering her self voluntarily to slide into a lazy sorrow: but considering that whilest she was in the house of this uncle, an *Arian* heretick, she was bound by God to instruct with her example all those who were to be spectatours of her actions, she set her hand courageously to the work, and shewed her self so able of judgement in her carriage, and so regular in all her deportments, that her life became a picture of virtue, which spake to all the world. Although she were derived from the bloud of Kings, she shewed to have no other nobility, but that which springs from worthy Actions. As her face was free from adulterate beauty, so her soul was exempt from those affected authorities and disdains which ordinarily grow with great fortunes. Her aspects were simple and dove-like, her words discreet, her actions sober, her gestures measured, her carriage honest, her access affable, her conversation full of sweetness and profit. She was a virgin in mind and body, living in marvellous purity of affections, and amities, which she fomented by the virtue of humility, which the Ancients esteemed to be as the wall of the garden of charity: God oftentimes suffering impurity of body to chastise the rebellion of the soul. She was so humble of heart, that she accounted her self as the meanest servant of the house, not scorning at all to apply her self to inferiour offices; which she notwithstanding performed with so much majesty, that even in spinning with a distaff she seemed a Queen.

She was marvellously wise in her counsels, prompt and agil in execution, moderate in all good successes, constant in bad, ever equal to her self. She spake little, never slandered, envied none, did good to all the world, not pretending her own interests, expecting from God alone the character of her merit, and the recompence of her charities. She had no worldly thing in her person, and as little regarded her attyres, as the dust of the earth. She knew almost but one street in the City where she dwelt, which was the same that lead to the Church. Sports and feasts were punishments to her, and she was seldom found in the company of men, unless it were some beggers, whose misery she assisted, Her whole heart went towards God, her feet to the Church, her hands to alms, her eys to reading books of devotion, her arms to exercises and works of her sex; all her body to sacrifices and victims of her soul.

Observe, you young maids, who read these pages, of what wood God useth to frame Saints, and that never any happeneth to produce the miracles which *Clotilda* did in the conversion of a Kingdom, not acting wonders of virtue in the interiour of the soul.

The

The King her uncle was ſo raviſhed with theſe pretious parts, that the exceſs of his admiration turned into a furious jealouſy; for beholding this ſpirit more maſculine than he could have wiſhed, and fearing leaſt ſhe might be poſſeſſed by ſome other beſides himſelf, he had no purpoſe to marry her, but kept her ſo ſtraightly, that one would have ſaid to have ſeen him, he was the dragon in fables, that ever ſtood centinel near the golden apple.

But, oh ſilly humane prudence, which ſtill rowing againſt the current of the providence of God, findeſt as many precipices in paſſion as thou openeſt ſnares for innoceny! This man notwithſtanding all his endeavours, which went the contrary way, bred up in his houſe a maid, whom God had already deſtined to chaſtiſe his cruelty, and make, he unwitting thereof, his Scepter tributary to a valorous husband, who was to marry *Clotilda*, and joyn the Kingdom of virtues to the force of his arms.

The ſecond SECTION.

Clodovæus *requireth* Clotilda *in marriage.*

Clodovæus King of *France*, a man born to make it appear what valour may produce when it is ſupported by piety, dayly advanced his conqueſts among the *Gauls*, yet ſtill in ſo many victories remained a ſlave to Idolatry. God was willing to win him to himſelf by the ways of chaſt love, and by the means of a wife, which ſhould ſanctifie his perſon and houſe.

The fame of the beauty and virtues of *Clotilda*, which ſpread through neighbour Kingdoms with ſo ſweet an odour, failed not to approach him at that time, when he was upon terms to take a wife in lawful marriage. Love, which many times ſurprizeth as well by the ear, as the eye, ſo enkindled him at the report made by his Embaſſadours of the perfections of this divine maid, that he no longer retained either heart or thought, but for her. He affected what he never ſaw, with a love mixed with reverence, felt a more noble flame than he was wont, which ſcorched him with a generous paſſion, and excited him to require this Princeſs, as the type of his felicities. The difficulties propoſed upon the effecting of this marriage, augmented deſire in him. For he was of a vigorous ſpirit, who meaſured all by the greatneſs of his own courage, and reſolved to break through obſtacles, to crown his purpoſes. He addreſſed himſelf to his great favourite *Arelianus*, and having opened unto him the project of this marriage, would needs inſtantly diſpatch him upon a ſolemn Embaſſage to conſer with the maid, and treat with the King her uncle. This man who underſtood the ſuſpicions and apprehenſions of *Gombaut*, made it appear unto him, that the conqueſt of the golden fleece, and the marriage of *Clotilda* were almoſt one and the ſame thing; and that no acceſs could be had to this maid, without firſt ſpeaking to this bull, who threw flames and fire through his throat. *Clodovæus* conjureth him to uſe all poſſible induſtries to ſatisfie his paſſion, aſſuring him he could not oblige him in any matter, whereof he would be more ſenſible. *Aurelianus* obeyeth, and taking a ring from the Kings finger, with certain other Jewels to preſent the Lady, haſtened towards *Burgundy*.

I cannot here conceal, that which *Baronius*, the Father of Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory was unwilling to omit, ſeeing it is witneſſed by good Authours, and hath nothing incredible therein, but onely with ſuch, who think it is a note of wiſdom to ſeem very incredulous.

We know by what hath been ſpoken before, that *Clotilda* ſeldom appeared in publick, if it were not at Church, and caſt her eyes on very few, but the poor. God made uſe of this diſpoſition for her good: for *Aurelianus* having learned this Lady dayly converſed willingly with needy perſons, and that it was neceſſary to ſeem of this quality to ſpeak unto her without ſuſpicion, took the habit of a beggar, and as the ſervant of *Abraham*, ſent by the firſt Father of believers, treated the loves of *Iſaac* in requiring water of *Rebecca*, who was to be his future ſpouſe; ſo this man managing the commiſſion of marriage, for the prime King of the faithful, reſolved to beg alms of *Clotilda*, to find means of acceſs to her; and for this cauſe he ſtood at the gate of a Church among a great rabble of beggers, expecting till Maſs were done, that he might ſee the Princeſs come forth. She failed not to perform acts of charity to all the poor according to her cuſtom, and perceiving this man who ſeemed of a generous aſpect in theſe miſerable rags, felt her heart ſeized with extraordinary piety, beholding one of ſo good carriage reduced to ſuch miſery; and without any further enquiry ſhe gave him a piece of gold. *Aurelianus* ſeeing this royal hand ſo charitably ſtretched out to ſuccour a counterfeit want, whether he were tranſported with joy, or whether he were deſirous to make himſelf obſerved by ſome act, he lifted up the ſleeves of the Princeſs, which according to the faſhion of robes than uſually worn, covered all even to her hands, and having bared her right hand, kiſſed it with much reverence. *Clotilda* bluſhed heartily thereat yet paſſed on further not ſhewing any reſentment, nor blaming the begger as ſome Authours adde. Well ſaith ſhe in ſecret to an old Lady, who was her confident friend, Have you obſerved what this begger did? The other replied: It was a very eaſie matter to note it, ſince this act had painted her forehead with a moſt lively ſcarlet: But yet (ſaid *Clotilda* to her) what think you of it? The Lady anſwered ſmiling, What can I els think, but that your rare perfections joyned to your liberality have tranſported him? For my part, I ſuppoſe (ſaid the Princeſs) he hath ſome other deſign, and if you think good we will cauſe him to come to the Palace to beg alms, and thereupon take occaſion to be informed of his perſon.

Aurelianus failed not to entertain this commandement, which was the ſcope of his deſire, and accordingly to paſs to the place aſſigned him, where *Clotilda* beholding him ſoundly chid him for his boldneſs, in lifting up the ſleeve of her garment and kiſſing her hand. He who was a moſt queint Courtier, found out his evaſion, and ſaid: The cuſtom of his countrey permitted to kiſs the lips of Ladies at ſalutation: but the happineſs of his condition having abaſed him ſo low, he could not aſpire to the face: Behold the cauſe why he contented himſelf with the hand, it being a thing very reaſonable to kiſs a hand, which is the ſource of ſo many charities, ſince the doors of Churches from whence we expect good, are kiſſed. *Clotilda* was much pleaſed with this reply, and well ſaw this man belyed his habit by his diſcourſe and garb. She therefore importuned to tell who he was, and from whence it proceeded that he was reduced to ſuch miſery as to beg his bread. Madam (ſaith *Aurelianus*) ſince your Greatneſs preſſeth me thus far, you ſhall know I am born of a good place, and that it, which hath brought me to this ſtate, is nothing els but the love of a Lady, whom I court, not for my ſelf, but for one of the greateſt Princes under Heaven. The maid was very curious to know who this Prince was, as alſo the Lady ſought unto with ſo much pains. *Aurelianus* ſeeing it was now time to ſpeak to the purpoſe, ſaid: The Lady is three

steps from me, for indeed it is your self. At which she began to blush again, and to shew some disturbance of mind: but (quoth he) Madam, trouble not your self, since I am in a place where I with confidence may speak unto you, your Excellency shall know I am sent by *Clodovæus* King of *France*, my Master, who is the best Prince, and the most valiant Monarch in the whole world. The fame of your most precious and eminent qualities coming to his ear, he desireth to marry you, and hath dispatched me to give you notice thereof, and require your consent. I could have entered into the Court with some very solemn Embassage; but the difficulties the King your uncle enforceth upon you, made me resolve to take this attyre, to speak to you with the more freedom. You may well assure your self, this marriage shall make you the prime Queen of the West, and the most happy in the world; and to approve the authority of my commission, behold the ring of the King my Master, which I present unto you.

There is not any woman so holy, who is not capable of much delight upon praises afforded her, and who doth not willingly open her eyes to greatness. *Clotilda* was not so insensible, as not to be touched to the quick with such an Embassage, howsoever she shewed in this surprisal, she had within her a heart very faithful to God; for most freely refusing the ring, and interrupting the Embassadour: Speak no more Syr (said she) I know your Prince is a Pagan, and I a Christian: God forbid that I ever marry an Infidel, were he the Monarch of the world. Madam, replieth the Gentleman, frame to your self no difficulties upon the difference of Religions, my Prince is not so tied to his Sect, as not to forsake it for your love. But what means will there be said (*Clotilda*) to gain my uncle? I do not think he hath any purpose to marry me. The Embassadour answereth: If you give me your consent, we will find opportunity to bear you from hence. Not so (replyed the prudent maid) it is a course I will never admit. Ah, why Madam? saith *Aurelianus*: should you do it, who would condemn your discretion? Is it a sin in your Religion to flie from the den of a furious wretch, to resign your self into the hands of a King? We know how he used your father and mother, and how he also treateth you at this time.

At this word the Lady poured forth some tears, and said: Do by Embassadours all that possibly you can, and assure the King your Master, that I hold my self much honoured by the choise he maketh of me, and that he cannot be so soon for God, as I for him, at least in heart and body, when the King my uncle shall give me leave. Upon these conditions I take your ring, which I very charily will keep. All this passed very happily in a Court of the Palace, where she ordinarily spake to the poor; interrogating them of their necessities; and none perceived there was any other business but the care of the poor, her confident friend onely excepted, who had a share in the secrets of *Clotilda*.

The third Section.

The Embassage to the King of Burgundy *for the marriage of* Clotilda.

Aurelianus touched Heaven with his finger, that he had so successefully thrived in his commission; and forgot not parcel-meal to relate to the King his Master all the particulars of his voyage, entertaining him above all with a curious discourse made upon the admirable beauty and singular prudence of *Clotilda*. *Clodovæus* burnt with impatience, and would presently have taken the King of *Burgundy* by the beard to make him let go his hold: but wisdom adviseth him he must observe therein requisite formalities, and that it was fit to send his Embassadours to *Gombaut* to require of him his neece in marriage; which he speedily did, appointing thereunto his faithful *Aurelianus*, to whom he allotted a flourishing company of Nobility; which caused such apprehensions to arise in the mind of the *Burgundian*, that he slept not upon it either night or day. From whence proceedeth it, said he to himself, that *Clodovæus* knoweth my neece, since I have hitherto kept her so close, that she hath seen nothing, but the wals of the Church, and my Palace? Is there some eel under a rock? Would he have my estate? This *French* man is too harsh: I would neither have him for a son in law nor a neighbour. Besides, this maid, who hath seemed hitherto as a lamb in my house, being at my dispose, when she behold her self Queen of *France*, and have swords at her command, who can tell whether she will not shew me her teeth, and revenge on me the bloud of her father and mother? I must rather keep her immured within ten iron gates, that she may not escape my power. Behold a great act of State, which I must cunningly play.

This man environed with such thoughts receaved the Embassadours of *France* very sleightly, and having promised with all speed to give them answer, he was wary enough not to discover all the thoughts he had thereupon: but taking the most pleasing pretext, answered, that he honoured the King *Clodovæus*, as one of the most valiant Princes of that Age, and should ever account the service done him, as one of the greatest favours he could receive from Heaven: but as for this alliance which he sought, it was a matter he could not thinke on. First, because his neece had never raised her ambition so high, as to pretend marriage with so great a King, having nothing in her person so eminent as might deserve such a husband: and although there were some equality on this side, yet was there on the other part an essential impediment, which was diversity of Religions, it being a thing unheard of for a Christian maid to marry a Pagan, nor could he permit it without betraying the salvation of his nlece, and disgracing himself through the whole world. *Aurelianus*, who well knew where it itched with him, replyed in few words, That for the qualities of his neece he should not trouble himself, that the woman best beloved was ever best conditioned, that it was sufficient she pleased the King his Majesty, who was not ignorant of her perfections: and for the matter of Religion, which was the most considerable, he hoped the King would put on a resolution to become a Christian. The *Burgundian* replied, this affair was of such importance that he would not confide in successes upon hopes, which are always uncertain, but that he must see an expres promise from the King of *France*; and thereupon dismisseth the Embassadour, thinking he had sufficiently hindered the busines. But the brave *Aurelianus* speedily dispatched a Currier to *Clodovæus*, to shew unto him where the obstacle lay, and to get a promise from him to become a Christian.

The King, who was so transported with affection, that he was on tearms to refuse nothing, hastily gave the promise required of him: which being afterward presented to *Gombaut* by the Embassadour, it made him sweat apace; not knowing further what invention to make use off to avoid this fatal blow: notwithstanding he answered, that this marriage was of so great consequence, that it could not be decreed, but in an Assembly of his States, thinking by this trick he might dissolve the design of *Clodovæus*, or draw the affairs out at length with such delayes, that he should trouble all the world. But this was it which transfixed him, so far humane prudence

dence is cunning to ruin it-ſelf by its proper inventions. For the moſt active *French* Nobility ſojourning in *Burgundy* in the expectation of the States, ſowed in the ſpirits of the Magiſtrates and people the great good would enſue to their Nation by this alliance, when they ſhould come to be all united together, as brothers: but if they once refuſed the requeſt of a great Prince, ſo repleniſhed with honour and courteſie, they muſt neceſſarily proceed to arms, which could not but be fatal to their Kingdom. The *Burgundians*, hungry after repoſe, very well taſted theſe reaſons; and the prudent *Clotilda* ſpared not ſilently to ſtrike her ſtroak, inſenſibly gaining the chief of the Councel to follow her inclinations. *Aurelianus*, who had a very ſharp and clear-ſighted ſpirit, much preſſed the States, nor could *Gombaut* make ſo many knots, but that he ſtil diſſolved them.

In the end he muſt come to the point. The States aſſembled, and the King came thither with a ſtudyed ſpeech, wherein he had heaped together with very great ſubtility all the reaſons which made him apprehend this alliance with the *French*: but God, who maketh great alterations in Kingdoms, as billows in the ſea, ſo diſpoſed the hearts of the *Burgundians*, that all allegations oppoſed againſt the deſign of this marriage, ſeemed but dreams and Chimæraes. One of the greateſt States-men riſing up, made a long ſpeech, and declared to the King, That the repoſe of his Kingdom, at which he aimed in all his diſcourſe, conſiſted in this alliance: That marriages had in all times been rather the knots of peace, than incentives of war: that the comfort which might grow from ſuch an action, would deſtroy all the acerbities and diviſions of factious ſpirits: that the greateſt troubles of Kingdoms had been often pacified by good alliances: that the *French* were become ſo powerful it was not fit to deny them any thing: that the requeſt of *Clodovæus* was ſo fair, it could not be rejected without a notable act of incivility: That there was not any beaſt more cruel in the world, than love changed into hatred, and that it was to be feared leaſt intreaties of a lover might end in the fury of a conquerour: That the offer he made to become a Chriſtian would for ever be glorious to their Nation, for furthering ſuch a piety: That *Clotilda* had naturally affection for her Countrey, and wit enough to gain her husband, and wholly tranſport him to the love of her Nation: That the people were tyred with ſo many wars, which would infallibly grow much more bloudy than ever, if they ſlighted the faithful love of ſo great a Monarch.

This man connected ſo many reaſons one upon another, that he prevailed, and almoſt all came to this concluſion, that they muſt with all ſpeed ſend the Princeſs to the King of *France*, who required her. The miſerable *Gombaut* finding himſelf ruined on all ſides, ſaid he would uſe no obſtacle; but did think it fit to obſerve the deportments of his niece; for ſhe had vowed her ſelf to God, and to enter into Religion. The Embaſſadour underſtanding this laſt evaſion, extreamly laughed from the botom of his heart, and ſaid, if the Princeſs were that way diſpoſed, the King his Maſter would not be ſo earneſt in her purſuit, as to cauſe her to break her vow. But that it was fit ſhe ſhould be heard, which was done: and ſhe being asked thereof, anſwered, that her devotion had never hitherto tranſported her ſo far, as to make any vow of virginity: and although ſhe were infinitely pleaſed with the ſweet retirement ſhe enjoyed in the Court of her uncle, notwithſtanding if it were his good pleaſure to marry her to the King of *France* on this condition that he became a Chriſtian, ſhe would not be ſo indiſcreet as to hinder it: Upon this anſwer of the Princeſs the Deputies of both Nations there preſent gave a loud applauſe, and cried out the marriage was concluded. The King himſelf diſſembling his paſſion forced a ſmile, and well ſaw it was high time to forgo what he could hold no longer. He diſpoſed of her train very poorly, as a man naturally covetous, ſaying, His neece was too fair for him to give her ſo many rich attyres: That the roſe was ſufficiently beautified with its leaves, and the ſun with his rays; and that all humane arts arrived not to the perfections of nature. *Aurelianus* did not with much earneſtneſs inſiſt hereupon, ſo much he feared leaſt the diſpoſition of this man might change, and he invent ſome new tricks to hinder their departure. But he reſolved inſtantly to carry this Princeſs away. The uncle ſeeing her upon her journey, began much to flatter her, which he had never done before, ſaying:

Go too neece, I well perceive, that notwithſtanding your devotions, you are of the humour of other women, and affect glory. You are weary to abide with an uncle, you will have a husband, and needs muſt he be a King. Proceed. I ſhall not be againſt it, let every one ſettle their affections where they may expect their felicity. Good daughter, you ſee how much I endeavour to content you, and how it being in my power to hinder this marriage, which I thought to be little advantagious to my Realm, yet have I been willing to cauſe it to be confirmed in a general aſſembly of my States, to render your deſires the more aſſured. This affection, which I at this preſent witneſs, ſufficiently declareth, that I for a long ſpace have entertained moſt ſincere and hearty affections for the good of your houſe. For that which paſſed concerning your father and mother, troubled no man ſo much as my ſelf, God is my record thereof. But, dear daughter, there was a neceſſity in it. I muſt obey the adviſe of my Councel; ſuch are the priviledges of Empires: I could not otherwiſe ſave the repoſe of my people, and ſecure the lives of my ſubjects. Whenſoever I ſhall fall into the like crime, I wiſh to be uſed in the ſame manner. Behold the true cauſe, moſt dear daughter, if there yet remain in you any reſentment concerning this death, I ſuppoſe you are wiſe enough to do that herein, which the law of God ordaineth, which is to forget what is paſt, and not to be ungrateful for the preſent. If I have hitherto detained you in my Palace very retiredly, it hath been to pleaſe your humour, which I ſaw had ſincere inclinations to devotion; and to breed you as a child of honour, which is the portion you are to carry preſently with you to your husband. My wel-beloved daughter, endeavour to love your Countrey, and to hold good correſpondence with us. You ſubmitted to my humours whilſt you lived with me, you now muſt undergo thoſe of a husband, and in complying with them ſhall be moſt potent. Forget not the fear of God, which ever hath been a faithful companion to you from your moſt tender years; and let us often hear good news from you.

In ſaying this he kiſſed her, and the virgin moſt humbly thanking him for ſo many remonſtrances of affection, with promiſe to honour him all the days of her life, began to weep: which a *Burgundian* Gentleman perceiving, who was of her train, ſaid, that ſo long as he lived he would never confide in the tears of woman: For were there a creature in the world which might make bone-fires of joy in her heart, it was his Miſtreſs, who on this day was delivered from the Lions throat, to become the wife of a great King, and Queen of a vaſt Empire.

The

The fourth SECTION.

The arrival of Clotilda *into* France, *and the life which she led in the time of her wedlock.*

NEver ship laden with gold so gladly arrived at the Haven, after so many tedious tempests, and a thousand disasters among Pirates at sea, as *Clotilda* seemed content to behold her self to tread on the ground, where she was to command, after so long a servitude suffered in a Palace, which had all her life time as it were served her for a prison.

Clodoveus expected her as *soissons*, with so great impatience of love, that he would have willingly hastened the course of the sun, to measure it by his affections. When he saw this most beautifull Princess, he found she surpassed all the idæaes he conceived of her, and that her presence far prevailed above her fame. He then imbraced her most lovingly, nor could be satisfied with beholding her. For God, who was pleased to make use of this maid for the conversion of a great King, had (as it is said) varnished over the Table of this mortal beauty, and imprinted with his finger, I do not know what kind of graces and attractives, which *Clodoveus* never had felt before. She as an humble *Abigail* cast her self at the feet of a husband, calling him her Lord and King, and protesting she entered into his Palace to live there as his most humble hand-maid. The Court stood wholy rapt with admiration to behold the worthy qualities of this Princess, and took part in the contentment of their King. The people ran by heaps on all sides to see her, and so many poor Catholicks, as were then in *France*, looked on her as the dawning of the day, which came to charm their cares, wipe away their tears, break their fetters, & guild the times with the luster of her Majesty. There was nothing to be seen every where, but jousts, tournaments, sports, feasts, largesses to crown the solemnitie of these great nuptials. Notwithstanding, the good Queen suffered not her self to be transported with the current of her prosperities; but that in the midst of pomps she held her eyes firmly fixed upon the many benefits she had received from God, and sought out in mind the waies she should take to testifie her gratitude, and pour her self as incense upon coals towards the divine Majesty. She had one thorn in her heart, which then entered very far therein. It was, that she saw the King spake not at all of the promise he had made to become a Christian, and that she having attempted to put him on this discourse, he subtilly declined it. She knew not in what manner to speak to him of it, nor where she might make enterance into his heart.

In the end she resolved to say unto him: *Sir, I see your Majestie exerciseth at this time your liberalities towards all the world, and I would gladly partake therein, and receive a favour.*

The King thinkiug she would beg a gift for a Favourite, or some other person: *Ask* (saith he) *confidently; for you must not be denied.* Thereupon she replied: *If your Majestie bear so sincere an affection to me, as you make shew, I most humbly intreat, that on the first night of my nuptials, I enter not into the bed of a Pagan.*

Clodoveus answered: *Madam, I understand what you would say, It shall be done, but it is not yet time; suffer the fruit leisurably to ripen, and then either you shall gather it, or it will fall of it self. Alas, would you now speak to me of Baptism, and all your ceremonies? Your attractives are not so faint, as to permit me to entertain any other thoughts, than of you: all my devotion should be but of love, and my pietie should have nothing but shews; but this is not it, you desire of me. Give me time to look about me, and I will advise on the means, which I will use for the accomplishment of my promise. As for the rest, you ought not to have any scruple to lye with a Pagan husband; for your law saith, as I understand, that the unbelieving husband is sanctified by a believing wife.*

The Queen doubted whether that she should intreat him to defer the nuptials at the least for some time; and deny him all conjugal company till the accomplishment of his promise; but she considered that her conscience was not interessed therein, and the law of God commanded her not to separate her self from her Pagan husband: that if she used so much cunning, it would cause of two things one, which were either to exasperate and put him off for ever from Christianity, or make him to undertake a dissembled piety, which would still be said to have been besieged with importunities and allurements, and consequently, would never be constant. She resolved to render him all the duties of marriage, and to gain him rather by the example of a good life, and her humble prayers presented on Altars, than by any other way.

Clodoveus very well liked her humour in this proceeding, and well saw she was wise; which gave him occasion to honour her much the more. He was about the age of thirty years, when he married *Clotilda*, and as a Pagan bred up in the liberty of arms, he had not spared to use many love-dalliances; but the affection she bare to this good Queen was so great, that it razed out of his heart all other love, as the ray of the sun scattereth the shadows and phantasms of the night. The holy Lady perceiving the spirit of her husband already moved in hers, and that there was no need of power, but example, so composed her manners in her marriage, that she made her self a perfect model of perfections, requisite for this estate.

Royal Crowns loose their lustre on heads without brains, and brows without Majesty. But this Lady made it presently appear, that although her birth had not made her worthy of a Crown, nor her good fortune had afforded it, her merit alone had been of power to make her wear the best diadem in the world. She practised in the Court of a Pagan King, a strong & vigorous devotion, which was not puffed up with outward shews and vapours, but wholy replenished with wisdom. For she had a fear of God so chast, that she apprehended the least shadows of sin as death; a love so tender, that her heart was as a flaming lamp, which perpetually burned before the Sanctuary of the living God. Her faith had a bosom as large, as that of Eternity; her hope was a bow in Heaven, all furnished with emeralds, which never lost its force, and her piety an eternal source of blessings.

She had made a little Oratory, as *Judith*, in the royal Palace, where she attended as much as time would permit to prayers and mortifications of flesh: abiding therein as in a fortunate Island, which made the sweetness of her immortal perfumes to mount up to heaven. Yet did she mannage all her actions with singular discretion, that she might not seem too austere in the eyes of her Court, for fear weak souls might be diverted from Christianity, by observing in her carriage perfections transcendent above ordinary capacities. But all that which most passed in a common life, was done by her, and her maids, with much purity, fervour, majesty, and constancy. It was an Angelical spectacle to see her present at Mass, and dispose her self to receive the blessed Sacrament, which she very often frequented, to draw grace, and strength from its source. She honoured Priests, as Messengers descended from Heaven, as well to discharge her conscience, as to hold her Religion in much estimation among

among Pagans. The zeal of the houſes of God, which are Churches, enflamed her with ſo much fervour, that ſhe had no delights more precious, than either to cauſe new to be railed, or to adorn thoſe which had been erected, ſo far as to make them receive radiance from the works of her royal hands. Her charity towards the poor was a ſea, which never dryed up, and her heart ſo large, that all the hearts of the miſerable breathed in hers. She compoſed and decked herſelf dayly before the eyes of God, putting on all virtues, as it were by nature, and rich attire of Ladyes, for neceſſity. But the King her husband ſhe honoured, as if ſhe had ſeen the Saviour of the world walking upon the earth: and not staying alone on the body, ſhe penetrated even to the center of this infidel ſoul, which ſhe beheld with eyes of unſpeakable compaſſion. She moſt particularly endeavoured to obſerve all his humours, and follow the motions of his heart, as certain flowers wait on the ſun. All that which *Clodoveus* affected, took preſently an honourable place in the ſoul of *Clotilda*, if he delighted in arms, in dogs, in horſes, ſhe for his ſake prayſed arms, dogs, and horſes, regarding even the objects of the honeſt pleaſures of her husband, as her beſt entertainments. Her converſation was full of charms and attractives, which ever carryed profit along with them: Sometimes ſhe ſweetened the warlick humours of her husband with harmony of reaſon, ſometimes ſhe comforted him upon occaſion of troubles, which might happen in the world: ſometime ſhe withheld very ſoberly, and with prudent modeſty his ſpirit, which took too much liberty; ſometime ſhe repeated unto him certain precepts of wiſdom, and practices of the lives of Saints, and worthy perſonages, that he might love our Religion; ſometime ſhe pleaſed him with an eloquent tongue, and an entertainment ſo delicate, that nothing might be ſaid more accompliſhed. She was magnificent and liberal towards her houſehold ſervants, moſt exactly taking notice of the faithful ſervices they yielded to her husband, and kept her houſe ſo well united within the bands of concord and charity, that it ſeemed as it were a little Temple of peace. Slander, uncleaneſs, idleneſs, impudence, were from thence eternally baniſhed: virtues, induſtry, and arts, found there a manſion, and the miſeries of the world a ſafe Sanctuary: For ſhe embraced all pious affairs of the Realm, and governed them with ſo much equality of ſpirit, that ſhe reſembled Angels, who move the Heavens, not uſing in themſelves the leaſt agitation. May we not very well ſay, this divine woman was ſelected out by God to a ſet golden face on an entire Monarchy, by the rays of her piety?

The fifth SECTION.

The prudence which the Queen uſed in the converſion of her husband.

THE holy Queen brought forth a King and a great Monarch to *Jeſus Chriſt*, bearing perpetually his Court, and the whole Kingdom in the entrails of her charity. She had her Centinels day and night before the Altars, who ceaſed not to implore the aſſiſtance for Heaven of the ſalvation of her husband, and ſhe her ſelf often in deep ſilence of darkneſs cauſed her weeping eye to ſpeak to God, and adreſſed many vows to all the elect for the converſion of this unbelieving ſoul. She very well conſidered, that that which oftentimes ſlackeneth theſe wavering ſpirits in their endeavour to find the way of eternal life, is certain intereſts of fleſh, and bloud, certain impediments of temporal affairs, ſome inordinate paſſion, which tortureth and tyrannizeth over the mind. Behold the cauſe why ſhe took great care to ſweeten the diſpoſitions of her husband, calm his paſſions, and through a certain moral goodneſs facilitate unto him the way of the myſteries of our faith. This being done, ſhe took her opportunity with the more effect, and found the King dayly diſpoſed better and better for theſe impreſſions.

He alreadie had the arrow very deep in his heart, and began to ask queſtions, propoſing conditions, which ſhewed he would one day render himſelf. He ſaid to Clotilda: *Madam, I ſhould not be ſo far alienated from your Religion, were it not that I ſaw therein matters very ſtrange, which you would have me believe by power and authority, not giving any other reaſon thereof. You would have me believe, that three are but one in your Trinity, that I adore a Crucified man, and that I crucifie my ſelf in an enforced and ceremonious life, wherein I was never bred. My deareſt, had I your good inclinations, all would be eaſie to me: but you know, that all my life time I have been trayned up in arms. If I ſhould to morrow receive your Baptiſm, which blotteth out all ſins (according to your maxims) I were no ſooner waſhed, but I ſhould fear to plunge my ſelf again into an infinity of occaſions, which might dayly preſent themſelves to my underſtanding. Then would you threaten me with the judgement-day, and Hell, with terrours, able to overwhelm my mind. Conſider whether it would not be more to the purpoſe, to let me perſevere in my Sect, therein performing all the good I may: Can you think, that for all this I ſhould be excluded from the mercy of God, who will ſave all men?*

The wiſe *Clotilda* replyed thereunto: *Sir, I beſeech your Majeſty not to flatter your ſelf with this ſpecious title of mercy, for there will be none in the other world for thoſe, who have performed it in this without profit. Now is the time, that God ſpareth not to ſtretch out his arms for your obedience; if you deſpiſe him, you will looſe him without recovery. One can never do too much for eternall life; and whatſoever we ſuffer, Paradiſe may ſtill be purchaſed at a good penny-worth. Alas, Sir, why do you find ſo many difficulties in our Religion? Think you God doth wrong in deſiring to make you believe things which you cannot conceive by humane reaſon? It is he, who hath made the ſoul of man, and who accommodateth all the wheels thereof, nor is there any one of them which moveth not at his pleaſure. What marvel is it, if man offer the homage of his underſtanding to God? If weakneſs ſubmit to ſtrength, littleneſs to greatneſs, the finite to the infinite, that which is nothing, to him who is an abyſs of eſſence, goodneſs, wiſedom, and light?*

If you make a promiſe to any of your ſervants, although it be unreaſonable, and almoſt incredible, yet would you have him to believe it without reply, and that he take no other ground for this belief, but the greatneſs and infallible word of your Majeſty. One man exacteth faith of another, though both of them are but earth and duſt: and you think the Sovereign Creatour of Heaven and earth is unjuſt, to make us believe that, which our bruitiſh ſenſes cannot comprehend: Is this the ſubmiſſion and obedience we ow Eternal Truth? Why ſhould not I believe, that three are but one, that is to ſay, three perſons, one onely God, ſince I dayly find my memory, underſtanding, and will, make but one ſoul? Wherefore ſhould we ſcorn to adore a Crucified man? The Croſs is ſo far from weakening my belief, that there is not any thing which more confirmeth it. For if the Saviour of the world had come, as your Majeſty, to the conqueſt of the univerſe with legions, horſes, treaſures, and arms, he ſhould in my opinion retain that eſteem, which great Captains hold: but when I conſider that by the puniſhment of the Croſs, he hath reduced the whole world under his laws, and planted the inſtrument of his exceſſive dolours even on the top of Capitols, and the

heads

heads of Monarchs, I affirm, that all is of God in such an affair, since there is nothing in it of man. Alas, Sir, if you have a faithful servant, who would suffer himself to be tormented and crucified, to make you Master of a rebellious Fort, would not you find more glory in his loyalty, than ignominy in his torments? And think you if the Eternal Wisdom having taken a humane body, and voluntarily exposed it to extream rigour to wash our offences in his bloud, and subdue the pride and curiosities of the earth to the power of Heaven, it hath done ought therein reprehensible? Have we not much more cause to adore the infinite plenty of his charities, than to dispute upon honours, which onely consist in the opinion of the world? I beseech your Majesty, figure not to your self our Religion, as an irksome and austere Law: when you have submitted to the yoak, God will afford you so much grace, that all these difficulties which you apprehend, will no more burden you, than feathers do birds. And although it should happen you after Baptism fall into some sin, which God by his grace will divert, the bloud of Jesus Christ *is a fountain, which perpetually distilleth in the Sacraments of the Church to wash away all our iniquities. Sir, I fear least you too long defer to resign your self to the many advertisements which you have received from Heaven: If you weigh the favours that God hath done to your Majesty, having set a Crown on your head at the age of fifteen years, having preserved you against so many factions, defended you from so many perils, adorned you with so much glory, honoured you with so many prosperours successes, you shall find, he hath reason to require at this time from you, what he demandeth of you by my mouth. What know you, whether he have chosen out your person to make you a pattern to all other Kings, and constitute you such in* France, *as* Constantine *hath been in the* Roman *Empire, which will render you glorious in the memory of men, and happy in Heaven to all eternity? Verily, Sir, if you yield not your self up to my words, you ought to submit to the bloud of so many worthy Martyrs, who have already professed this faith in your Kingdom: you ought to submit to so many great Confessours, as knowing as Oracles, of as good life as Angels, who denounce truth unto you. You ought to submit to miracles, that are every day visibly done at the Sepulcher of great* S. Martin, *which is an incomparable treasure in your Kingdom.*

Sweet-heart (answereth the King) *say no more, you are too learned for me, and I fear least you should perswade me to that, which I have no desire to believe; and although you had convinced my soul to dispose it to this belief, think you it would be lawful for me so soon to make profession of your faith? You see I am King of an infinite people, and have ever at my commands a great Nobility, who acknowledge no other Gods but those of the Country. Do you believe that all spirits are so easy to be curbed, and that when I shall go about to take a strange God, will it not make them murmur, and perhaps forge pretexts to embroil something in my Kingdom? For Religion and the State are two pieces, which mutually touch one another very near; one cannot almost stir the one without the other: the surest way is not to fall upon it, and to let the world pass along as our predecessours found it.*

Clotilda well saw this apprehension was one of the maineſt obstacles of his salvation, and she already had given good remedy thereunto, practising the dispositions of all the greatest of the Court. Behold the cause why she most stoutly replyed thereunto:

Sir, it is to apprehend fantasies, to form to your self such imaginations? You are a Prince too absolute, and too well beloved to fear these commotions, but rather much otherwise, I assure you upon mine honour, your people are already much disposed to receive our Religion; and your Nobility, which hath sufficiently understood the vanity to Idols, expecteth nought else but your example to embrace Christianity: Nay, if need were to penetrate rocks, and cut through mountains to gain success for such an enterprize, your travells would therein be very well employed, nor is it fit you fear to loose earth to purchase Heaven. But all the facility is in your own hands, the grape, which you said was not yet ripe almost five years since, is now mature and it is necessary you gather it.

These words oftentimes presented upon occasions, had quickly a marvellous power over the mind of *Clodoveus*, and the iron began in good earnest to wax soft in the fire. For he honoured Churches, and used Ecclesiasticks with a quite other respect than he accustomed, whereof he gave a most evident testimony in the business which passed with S. *Remigius*.

The History saith, the souldiers of *Clodoveus* forraging the Countrey in their liberty of arms, had pillaged in the Church of *Rhemes* a goody and large vessel of silver to pour water into; at which the good Bishop being somewhat troubled, for the reverence he bare to all that which appertained to his Ministery, he sent his Commissaries to the King to make Complaint thereof, which was not lost. For *Clodoveus* commanded them to come to *Soisson*, where division should be made of the booty had been taken from all parts, which was done; and they coming to unfardle all these pilferies, the King, being there present in person, found the vessels, which he presently commanded to be restored to the Commissaries of the Church: but a souldier becoming obstinate thereupon, and much displeased that so goodly a piece should escape his hand, gave a blow with a halbard upon it to cleave it asunder; which *Clodoveus* for that time dissembled, fearing to proceed to a reasonable chastisement with any passion: but afterward seeing this fellow much out of order, *How?* saith he, *is there none but you that grow mutinous, and yet are the worst armed of all the troups?* And saying so, he took the halbard out of his hand, and threw it to the ground; the other stooping to take it up again, felt a furious blow from the hand of the King, which bereaved him of life, in punishment of his temerity.

The Queen understanding this news, held it a good pretage of his conversion, and that which much more confirmed her in this hope was, that being delivered of a goodly son, she obtained leave of the King it might be Christened; which she speedily did: but the infant stayed not long after his baptism, to forsake an earthly Crown, to take in Heaven a diadem of eternall glory.

Yet *Clodoveus* found some slackness in his good purposes, and chid the Queen, as being too vehement to dispose all the world to her own Religion, saying, this Baptism might very well have procured hurt to the health of the child; but she replyed, that life and death were in the hands of God; that this child was not so much to be lamented for having so suddenly changed from the life of a fly, to that of Angels, but that the Saviour of the world, who holdeth in his hand the keys of fruitfulness could bless their royal bed with a fair issue, when he thought good; and that we should not be amazed at the death of so frail a creature, nor attribute the cause thereof to Baptism, which operateth nothing but good. She knew so well how to excuse her act, that being the second time delivered of a male child, Baptism was as well conferred on this as the former; after which it deceased; whereat the King offended more than ever, blamed her very sharply, saying, that he from this time forward well saw these waters of Baptism were fatall to the death of his children, and that she should take heed how at any time to open her mouth to obtain of him such like liberty.

She endowed with a constant heart, and having taken very deep roots in faith, made an answer worthy of her piety, saying to her husband: *Ah, how Sir? What if God hath thought me unworthy ever again to have any issue by my child-beds, were it not reason I adore*

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his holy Providence; and kiss the rods of his justice? I humbly beseech your Majestie not to cast upon the baptism of Christians that, which you should rather attribute to my sins.

The King all enraged with choller, was so edified with this word, that from this time forward he retained it in memory with much admiration, not being able to wonder enough at the great courage and modesty of his wife.

The sixth SECTION.

The Conversion of Clodovæus.

IT is to sail without stars, and to labour without the Sun (saith *Origen*) to think of coming to God without a particular grace of God. After so many humane speeches redoubled one upon another, the Holy Ghost, worker of all Conversions, spake with a voice of thunder to the heart of *Clodovæus* in the middest of battels, and caused him to settle upon this resolution, which he had pondered the space of many years.

The occasion was, that the *Suevi*, a people of *Germanie*, passed the *Rhein* with great forces, commanded by many Kings, who were personally in the army, and came to rush on the *Gauls*, with intention to destroy the beginnings of the *French* Monarchy. *Clodovæus*, having received newes of this preparation, speedily opposeth them with good troups: for he likewise had drawn together to his aid the *Ribarols*, people near bordering on the *Rhein*, who were allied to the *French*, and had first of all given notice of the enterprize of the *Suevi*, who in a near degree threatened them.

The encounter of the two armies was at *Tolbiac* near *Cullen*, which verily was one of the most desperate, that is found in Histories. The King undertook the conduct of the Cavalry, and had given to Prince *Sigebert* his kinsman, the Infantery. All of them were extreamly inflamed to shew themselves valiant in this conflict. *Clodovæus*, who proceeded to lay the foundations of a great Monarchy, wherein he would have no companion, thought he must either triumph or be lost. His allies, who were interessed very far in this war, failed him not in any kind. The *Almans* on the other side had an extream desire to extend their conquests, and thought their fortune depended on the success of this battel. There was nothing but fire, tempests, deaths, & slaughters, so great was the resistance on either side. In the end, *Sigebert* valiantly fighting, was wounded with an arrow, and born all bloudy out of the battel by his son. The Infantery, through the absence of their Colonel, was defeated and put to rout. All the burden of the battel fell upon the Cavalrie, which did marvellous exploits, fighting before the eyes of their King: but in the end, the shock of enemies was so impetuous, that it brake through, and scattered them. *Clodovæus* bare himself like a Lion covered with bloud and dust, among the ranks of those affrighted men, cried out with a loud and shrill voice, to rally their troups, he in the mean time fighting in his own person, and withal performing the duty both of a great Captain, and valiant souldier. But notwithstanding all his endeavours, terrour had so seized on these flying men, that the affair grew desperate.

And as remedies are sought from Heaven when those of the earth are of no effect, *Aurelianus* the great favourite of the King approching near to his Master, perswadeth him to make a vow unto God, to fulfil the promise he had made to the Queen his wife, which was, to be baptized, if he returned victorious from this battel: which he did, calling aloud upon the God of his wife, and promising an absolute conversion to the Catholick faith.

The word was no sooner spoken, but that his troups rallied themselves up, made head against their enemies, pursued them, ran through, and routed them with so great a massacre, that the fields were all covered with dead bodies. The discomfiture so terrified them on the other side of the *Rhein*, that the *Almans* which survived, fearing least the King puffed up with his victories, might pass the river, dispatched a speedy Embassadour unto him, to yield themselves tributaries to his Majesty.

Clotilda hearing the news of this battel, and of the holy resolution of her husband, was transported with so great joy, that she went out to meet him as far as *Champaigne*, accompanied with the great Archbishop S. *Remigius*, a man whom God was pleased to make use of to crown this great work of the salvation of *Clodovæus*. For besides his admirable sanctity, acknowledged throughout all *France*, he had the reputation to be one of the most able and eloquent men of his time; witness *Sidonius Apollinaris*, who speaketh of his eloquence with admiration, saying, He thought there was not a man living upon the face of the earth, whom S. *Remigius* surpasseth not, without any elaborate study at all, through the experience he had acquired of well speaking. His conceptions were inimitable, his language so sweet and polite, that it resembled a piece of ice very smooth, wherein nothing might be seen unequal. His sentences were full of weight, his arguments of force, and his words glided along like a river, and ever bare in them some flashes of lightening at the end of his periods. Sidon. Apollinar. ep. 7. c. 9 *Flumen in verbis, lumen in clausulis.*

So soon as the King, who was still replenished with sweet ideaes of his victory, saw the Queen his wife, *It is now Madame* (saith he) *that you have gained*: Clodovæus *triumpheth over the* Almans, *and you triumph over* Clodovæus. *The dead is done, my Baptism must no longer be deferred.* The Queen infinitely comforted with this word, answereth: Sir, *To the great God of Hosts is due the glorie of these two triumphs; and your Majestie doth most wisely to render him with the first opportunitie what you have vowed. That man giveth doubly, who affordeth readily. Behold one of the greatest Prelats of your Kingdom, whom I have brought along to serve your Majestie in an affair of such importance.*

Thereupon Saint *Remigius* was presented, whom the King most honourably entertained, and signified he much desired to be rectified by his good instructions: whereat the holy man exceedingly rejoycing for the good which he hoped to derive from thence, made him on the day assigned a Sermon of the knowledge of God, and of the glory of Christianity, against the vanity of Idols, so ravishing, that it transported the King, and all his Court, who ceased not afterward to confine himself to the lips of Saint *Remigius*, as to a stream of living waters. It is true that S. *Vedastus*, who was afterward Bishop of *Arras*, had already begun to catechize *Clodovæus*: but as these holy men pretended nothing but the interests of God, not having regard to any thing which touched their own persons, he most willingly gave way to the dignity of an Arch-bishop, and to the great ability of a man accounted as an Oracle, contenting himself to assist S. *Remigius*, and to contribute in this action all which his ministery and service might afford. Anno Christi 499. *Clodovei* 15.

This King going to *Rhemes* disposed himself religiously to receive Baptism under the direction of this Prelate, daily hearkening with singular attention unto the instructions of faith, and informing himself with much judgement in all that, which was necessary for his salvation. It is written among other things, that when S. *Remigius* came to explicate the mystery of the passion unto him, he was much moved thereat: so that transported with a generous *Chronicon manuscriptum.*

impatience, he put his hand to his ſword, and ſpake aloud in anger, That had he with his *French* been preſent in the place where this act was committed againſt his Maſter, he would have revenged it, with the utmoſt ability of his forces. The holy Prelate ſweetened his warlike humours, and made him capable of every myſtery, uſing therein much endeavour and great perſpicuity of diſcourſe. After theſe inſtructions, they proceeded to Confeſſion, and ordinary penances, wherein the King ſhewed ſo much devotion, that laying aſide the purple robe and Crown, he covered himſelf with aſhes, imploring the mercy of God in his moſt fervent prayers.

When the day of Baptiſm came, which was the Eve of Eaſter, Saint *Remigius* cauſed the Church of *Rhemes* to be excellently adorned, as the cuſtom of thoſe times would permit, commanding it to be hanged with the richeſt pieces of tapeſtry he could find, to be perfumed with ſweet odours, and lightened with a great quantity of wax lights, compoſed of certain perfumes, which rendered a delicate ſplendour, in ſuch manner, that Saint *Gregorie of Tours* ſaith, this place reſembled a little terreſtrial Paradiſe.

Some while before the Baptiſm, the King and Queen ſitting with S. *Remigius*, in the Oratory of S. *Peter*, attended by few perſons of note, behold there came on a ſudden a moſt reſplendent light, which appeared unto the eyes of all the world, with rays ſo ſparkling, that ſcarcely it might be endured; and at the ſame inſtant was heard from Heaven a voice, which ſaid, *Peace be with you, fear nothing, perſevere in my love.* This was the time when the new *Conſtantine* ſet forward towards holy Baptiſm; where being arrived in the preſence of all the world, S. *Remigius* ſpake to him theſe words: *Mitis depone colla Sicamber; Adora quod incendiſti, incende quod adorâſti.* *Bow thy neck (O French man) under the yoke of God; Adore that which you have burned, and burn what you adored.*

Omnipotentem Deum in Trinitate confeſſus. Gregor. Turon.

Thereupon pronouncing his profeſſion of faith, and eſpecially that which concerned the myſtery of the holy Trinitie, he was baptized, In the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt.

The hand of God, that is not ſhortened, and which being the Work-maſter of nature, operateth when it pleaſeth him above nature, uſeth to honour with ſome great miracles, the foundations of Religion in certain places, where it is planted. Here he was pleaſed to conſecrate the Kings of *France*, and the whole Realm to his Majeſty, to derive from hence an infinite number of ſervices: and as thoſe great Kings are the firſt of the Church, and the moſt perfect images of the Divinitie among all Monarchs, eſpecially when they declare themſelves imitatours of the piety of *Clodovæus*, ſo God was willing to renew at their conſecration, the wonders he did at the Baptiſm of his Son, to the end the workmanſhip might have conformity with its model: for he cauſed a dove viſibly to appear, which bare in her beak the holy Viol, filled with the unction wherewith *Clodovæus* and his ſucceſſours were afterward anointed.

In baptiſmate ejus Angelus ampullam ſacri Chriſmatis detulit. Vide Morum. de ſacris unctionibus l. 2. c. 7. *Clemens quartus*, alias *Guido*, ſcripſit in Jus civile.

It is a thing ſo authentical, that it is rather to be reverenced than diſputed; the memory thereof is ſtill preſerved in the Epitaph, ſet over the aſhes of *Clodovæus* in the Church of S. *Genevefue* of *Paris*, which ſaith, this dove was an Angel; in S. *Thomas* in the ſecond book of the inſtitution of Princes, in *Clement* the fourth in his queſtions and ſo many other Authours, that it were to do a thing already done, to diſtend my ſelf any further upon this ſubject.

Ita *Savarus* in Tractatu de ſanctitate Regis *Ludovici* 9.

Others have added, That the flower-de-luces were brought at the ſame time by the help of an Angel, to be ſet in the arms and Scutcheons of the Kings of *France*: but that is not well proved. I ſhould rather believe, that the lilies were the Symbole of the *Gauls*, as the balm of *Judea*, long time before *Clodovæus*: For there are yet certain medals found ſtamped in the time of the Emperour *Adrian*, who was little above one hundred years after our Saviour Chriſt, whereon the figure of a *Gaul* was to be ſeen, formed as an honourable Ladie, which ſeemed to hold in her hand a flower-de-luce, offering it to the Emperour, and yielding thanks for its preſervation by this title, engraven on the ſame coyn, *RESTITUTORI GALLIÆ.* I cannot likewiſe underſtand, who is that *Cilurus* cited by Monſieur *Capet*, in his pleadings of Rights and Liberties, that maketh mention of a rod ſprinkled with flower-deluces, which then appeared in Heaven, to witneſs the Kings of *France* ſhould be the true defendours of the Catholick Church.

We have no want of true miracles, nor need we go about to entertain ill grounded fantaſies: they who deſire to eſtabliſh falſe things, gain nought elſe upon the credulity of humane ſpirits, but to make truth to be doubted.

That which I find in this Baptiſm moſt probable, is, that *Clodovæus* was baptized with his children, his ſiſters, and more than three thouſand Cavaliers, Captains, ſouldiers, and other Courtiers, not numbering women, and little children; and which is more, the King made an Edict ſo favourable for Chriſtian Religion, that being publiſhed, it converted to the faith almoſt all the reſt of the *French* Nation, in ſuch ſort, that every where there was nothing to be ſeen, but burning of Idols, and erecting of Altars.

The admirable *Clotilda*, who had ſo long time ſighed after this moſt happy day, being wholly abſorpt in reverence and thankſgiving rendered to God, beheld her ſelf crowned with ſo many thouſands of children: and if thoſe women of the old Teſtament for a ſlender carnal race, ſung Canticles of triumph, what might this Ladie both ſay and do, who, after her coming into *France*, ſaw the face of a Monarchy abſolutely changed, the Kingdom of God eſtabliſhed, and ſo many ſouls arranged under the banner of our Saviour, who was pleaſed ſo powerfully to make uſe herein of her prayers and induſtrie?

The ſeventh SECTION.

What Clodovæus *did by the perſwaſion of* Clotilda *after his Baptiſm.*

THe holy woman daily building upon her foundations, ceaſed not to diſpoſe her huſband to all the holy and glorious actions, which ſhe could think on, that he might in ſome ſort anſwer the favours he had received from the Divine Majeſty. She cauſed him to bend his affections to the embelliſhing and enriching of Churches; which he did, beginning with that of *Rhemes*, with ſo much magnificence, that S. *Remigius*, who was of a noble and generous courage, had much ado with himſelf to take all which the King was willing to give: humbly beſeeching his Majeſty he would apply his liberalities to other places that had more need thereof.

Thereupon he diſpoſed himſelf to build the Church of the Apoſtles S. *Peter* and S. *Paul*, whom he honoured as the Fathers of Chriſtianity. It is now dedicated to S. *Genovefue* of *Paris*; which the King and Queen afterward choſe out for the place of their ſepulchers.

One cannot too much glorifie this holy place, which hath been as the cradle of the piety of *Clodovæus*; and it is a moſt manifeſt bleſſing from Heaven, that it fell into the hands of that ſage and religious Prelate, the Lord Cardinal of *Rochefaucault*, who by his zeal (a moſt powerfull alchymie) daily changeth

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the bricks and morter into marbles and gold: and not content with dead ſtones, hath aſſembled the living in ſo many good Religious men, there eternally to praiſe the greatneſs of God; and of this heavenly Virgin, Patroneſs of the place. He could not better ſerve our great King, than by ſo precioully honouring the aſhes of the firſt moſt Chriſtian Prince, and of his holy ſpouſe *Clotilda*, to tie their protection to his ſtandards.

In the third place, the bleſſed woman very deeply impreſſed in the ſoul of her husband, the devotion of S. *Martin*, in ſuch ſort, that in all his moſt thorny affairs he had a ſingular recourſe to this great Apoſtle of *France*, making there many vows, and ſometimes praying proſtrate at his tomb, with the fervour of an incredible piety.

From whence alſo proceeded, that not ſatisfying himſelf with giving large donatives to his Church, he treated the whole Dioceſs with marvellous reverence; forbidding his troups when they marched upon any exploit, to take ought elſe in thoſe precincts, but ſalt and herbs. Which was ſo ſtreightly obſerved, that he cauſed a ſouldier to paſs through the pikes, who had taken hay from a Countrey-man, ſaying it was herbs.

Moreover, to imitate in all eminency the piety of great *Conſtantine*, he procured a national Councel to be held at *Orleans*: where he witneſſed much reſpect to the Prelates aſſembled in that place to decide Eccleſiaſtical affairs, writing unto them a notable letter, by which he confirmed the rights and immunities of the Church, according to the form of ancient Canons.

Baron. tom. 5. anno 514.

In the end Pope *Hormiſdas*, coming to ſucceed *Symmachus* in the holy See, *Clodoveus* was the very firſt diſpatched Embaſſadours unto him, with a very beautifull Crown, ſurnamed the *Realm*.

It hath been a cuſtom very ordinary in all times, to offer Jewels and Crowns to Altars, in grateſull acknowledgement towards the Divine Majeſty. So *Conſtantine* tendered his Diadem to the Saviour of the world, which is yet at this time to be ſeen hanging over the Altar of Saint *Sophia*. So did *Mauritius*, ſo *Henrie* the Emperour at *Clunie*, who made offer to the Church of a *World*, all over diverſified with moſt exquiſite precious ſtones.

Flodoardus Philippus Bergomenſis. Savaro. p. 15. de pietate Regis Ludovici.

This is the cauſe, why the King ſent this preſent, as the Hiſtory expreſly mentioneth, to be hanged up before the chief Altar of Saint *Peter* at *Rome*, in token of the offer he made to God of his perſon and eſtate, as the eldeſt Son of the Church. And he that would well conſider the foundation of the Hiſtory, ſhall find this Diadem, called the *Kingdom* or *Realm*, was a kind of crown come from *Conſtantinople*: For it is ſaid, that the Emperour *Anaſtaſius*, who ſought ſupport from the favour of the King of *France*, againſt the *Goths* that ſwayed in *Italie*, underſtanding the great feats of arms done by our *Clodoveus*, ſent a ſolemn Embaſſage unto him, to congratulate, and offer him the title of an honourable Conſul, the purple robe, and the Crown, which the *Grecians* of this time called Βασιλια.

Clodoveus very gladly entertained this Embaſſage, and ſhewed himſelf attired with thoſe ornaments in the Church of S. *Martin*, where he made a largeſs of gold and ſilver: then acknowledging all theſe proſperities came to him from God after he was baptized, he conſecrated this rich jewel, which had been preſented to him by the Emperour, in the chief Church of Chriſtendom, to ſerve as an eternal monument of his Religion. Behold how this illuſtrious Monarch began at that time to manifeſt the marks of his zeal, and to cement together the good intelligence which *France* afterwards had with the Paſtor and ſpiritual Father of the whole world.

I am bound to touch this as I paſs along with all ſincerity, being naturally an enemy of theſe queſtions which are many times moved with too much fervour and inconſideration, in the point of conteſtations of the juriſdiction of Sovereign authorities. We are learned enough, when we know that *Jeſus Chriſt*, who had the ſource of power in himſelf, diſtributed it to Popes and Kings: confirming the one for ſpiritual government, the other for temporal. It is his pleaſure we honour the character of his authority, both in the one and other, and not to argue upon queſtions. God hath ſet them over our heads to admire their luſtres, and not to controul their power.

Amongſt the follies of *Nero*, it is reported, that one day beholding a ſpace of land, which ſeparated two ſeas, and held them in excellent order, he had a deſire to cut it, that theſe two ſeas might encounter, and himſelf ſee what countenance they would carry, when they communized together. Take you good heed (ſaith the Oracle unto him) leſt otherwiſe they will overflow to drown you. Leave matters as God hath appointed, and confound not the limits of nature. It is true, Eccleſiaſtical and civil power are two great ſeas, God hath limited and divided them by the interpoſition of ſpiritual and temporal adminiſtration: Both exerciſe their functions, and live in fair peace. God preſerve us from thoſe miſeries, which may diſmantle the wall, and cauſe them to intermingle together, ſo, that we may behold the world in a deluge of calamities.

To what purpoſe is all this? The Sun doeth not the work of the rain, nor the rain of the Sun. *Conſtantine* ſaid the Biſhops were Biſhops in their Churches in that which concerneth Religion, and God had appointed him for the government of his Empire in matters temporal. Let us reſt in theſe limits. *Give we to Cæſar, that which belongeth to Cæſar: to God what appertaineth to God.* We have better learned to live than diſpute: and our Anceſtours have preſerved a Monarchy ſo flouriſhing, the ſpace of twelve hundred years, not with diſputations and unprofitable wranglings, but with the arms of wiſdom, obedience, and courage.

Communis Epiſcopus eorum quæ extra eccleſiam.

We have always rendered to the Pope the honour he deſerveth, as to the Sovereign Paſtor of the Univerſal Church, which is under Heaven. We have confeſſed, and do acknowledge the King true and abſolute Monarch in the government of temporal things, ſingularly honouring him, and with moſt cordial affections loving him, as an animated pourtraicture of the greatneſs of the Divine Majeſty. God thereupon maketh us to proſper and taſt by experience, that there is no ſcience more noble than obedience, nor any felicity, but the accompliſhment of the will of the ſovereign Maſter. On the contrary, it is obſerved in the Hiſtory of ſo many Ages, that the wounds from Heaven have on all ſides fallen upon thoſe, who have ſought to caſt the apple of diſcord into the houſe of God: The wind blown from their mouthes returned on their heads, ſince it is fit iniquity ſhould firſt kill it ſelf with its own poiſon.

1 Pet. 2. *Subditi eſtote omni humanæ creaturæ propter Deum ſive Regi quaſi præcellenti, ſive ducibus tamquam ab eo miſſis.*

The eighth SECTION.

The good ſucceſs which God gave to Clodoveus *after he became a Chriſtian.*

CLodoveus was no ſooner become a Chriſtian, but that it ſeemed God had tied to his arms ſome ſecret virtue, which made him triumph over his enemies, and crown all his enterprizes with moſt glorious ſucceſſes.

The firſt war he undertook after his Baptiſm, was againſt *Gombaut* King of *Burgundie*, of whom we have very amply ſpoken heretofore. I much wonder

at certain Authours, who measuring the affections of Saints, with the weaknesses of their own spirits, and esteeming it a sweet glory to be revenged upon enemies, from whom some notable injuries are received, have said, that *Clotilda* excited her husband to the ruin of her uncle, to derive an account from him of the death of her father and mother. This is too inferiour a conceit of a Lady, who was atrived to so high a degree of perfection: nay, it was so much otherwise, that she should enkindle the fire of this war, that *Gombaut* being in the full possession of *Clodoveus* to bereave him of life, she withheld the fatal blow, & afterwards seeing he by his ill deportment had lost his Kingdom, she did all that possibly she might to preserve a part thereof for *Sigismund* son of *Gombaut* her cousin-germane.

Paul. Emil. That which first of all ruined this unhappy King of *Burgundie*, was his heresie, which drew upon him the vengeance of God: for it being often preached unto him, and he convinced by reasons, offering himself in private to become a Catholick, yet still retained Arianism in publick. Behold the cause, why he having divided his heart, God divided his Kingdom.

The second cause of his ruin was his nature, cruel and covetous, which rendered him uncivil, and an enemy of all order. He sent his Neece as it were in anger to *Clodoveus*, giving her not any thing in marriage, but many complements: Whereupon the King making sundry remonstrances, and afterwards complaints, he neglecting both the one and the other, and answering the Embassadours sent to treat with him very perversely, he resolved to make war upon him.

Adde hereunto, that having already put two of his brothers to death, he tyrannized over the third, who to get shelter from the tempest, had recourse to the King of *France*, who was no whit displeased to take this occasion to possess himself of the Kingdom of *Burgundie*, which he saw to be very fit for him. *Gombaut* having learned that *Clodoveus* armed in good earnest against him, would needs flatter his brother, whom he had before much exasperated, to win him to his party: but he playing the fox against a fox, having given him fair promises, turned his back towards him, and yielded to the *French* with all his troups.

The *Burgundian* affrighted, fled, and cast himself upon the *Rhosne*, until such time that he was shut up in *Avignon*, where *Clodoveus* desperately pursued him, pressed him, and thrust him upon extremities: so that the least word of Queen *Clotilda*, had been sufficient to take away his life. But the King contained himself both for the respect he bare to his wife, whom he well knew not to be delighted with the bloud of her allies, and for the discretion which *Arredius* a Counsellour of *Gombaut* used toward him. The vanquished King yielded to all the conditions proposed by the Conquerour, so far as to become tributary to *France*.

Afterwards the troups of *Clodoveus* being retired, this man full of gall and bitterness against *Godegisilus* his brother, who had levied arms against him, besieged him in *Vienna*, contrary to all promises made to *Clodoveus*, and having surprized him, slew him in the Church with his own hand: which was an act so barbarous, and onely worthy of a man abandoned of all sense of Religion. This cruelty was the cause that *Clodoveus* returning back again, entered into *Burgundie*, and possessed himself thereof, to punish the exorbitances of a man, who was as outragious to offend those who might hurt him, as unable to resist the justice of arms raised against him.

There remained nothing for him in this shipwrack, but an ignominious and miserable life, which God oftentimes inflicteth for punishment of brother-slayers, as he did to *Cain*; which he finally ended in Arianism. The holy *Clotilda* (as I said before) taking pitie of the issue of this wicked father, employed all her endeavours to preserve for *Sigismund* the title of King, and some competent remainders of a fortune, horribly dis-membered by the evil mannage of this Prince, blinded with errour and impiety.

From thence, *Clodoveus* transferred his arms into *Aquitaine*, where he had business enough to deal with *Alaricus* King of the *Visigoths*. But as I undertook not in this Treatise to enlarge upon the wars of *Clodoveus*, nor on his singular valour, but as it may be considered to correspond with the piety he received from *Clotilda*, I remit the Reader to the History of *France*: contenting my self to observe two or three passages of the Divine Providence over King *Clodoveus* in this war. The first was, that having resolved to turn his arms against this *Goth*, who drew into his Territories all the enemies of *France*, and who was an Arian heretick, most inhumanely used the Catholicks, which were in his power; he endeavouring to decline this blow, used many wiles to surprize his adversary, and murther him if he could, under colour of emparlance and amity. *Clodoveus* notwithstanding, shielded by the powerfull hand of God, was delivered from his practises, and although the other was supported by King *Theodorick*, who was his father-in-law, his countrey-man, and leagued with other Kings, our brave Monarch replenished with the confidence he had in the cause of God, as one who intended to cut off the root of the Arian heresie, which budded forth in *France*, couragiously marched in the face of the enemy, and with so much speed prevented him, that he rather seemed to have the conduct of an army of eagles than souldiers. See Monsieur du Plein.

A second testimony of the faithful love of Heaven, appeared in wonders, which served for a presage of the near approching victory. The one was, that the King, according to his customary piety, having appointed some men of purpose to offer up his vows at the feet of Saint *Martin*, they entering into the Church to perform their devotions, heard by good chance the Quire of Choristers, who sung out aloud this verficle of the seventeenth Psalm: *Prætinxisti me Domine virtute ad bellum: supplantasti insurgentes in me subtus me. Lord, thou hast engirted me with force and valour for the war: Thou hast cast under me all those, who were raised against me:* which being related to the King, he thereupon conceived good success, and setting forward on his way, as he entered into *Poictiou*, there was seen to issue out of the Church of S. *Hilarie* of *Poictiers*, a great brand of fire, like unto that flaming pillar which heretofore led the chosen people through so many dreadfull wildernesses; in such sort, that it seemed this great S. *Hilarie*, who had heretofore been a light both for the East and West against hereticks, enlightened still on the top of the place, where he had been reverenced, a burning Pharos, to illuminate the conquests of a Prince, who hastened to do that with the keen sword, which he had formerly acted with the sharp dint of the tongue. In the end, coming upon the brink of a river swoln up, where he knew not how to find a foord, which much stopped the course of his enterprize, behold a Hinde rouzed with the noise of the Army, took the river in sight of the *French*, in a place where it was passable, and shewed them the way, who prosperously followed. The King encouraged by so many prodigies, encountereth with *Alaricus*, and gave him battel very roughly, fortune holding the victory in ballance about six or seven hours, until the *French*, animated by the good example of their King, renewed their forces with loud out-cries, and brake with all violence through the files of the *Goths*. *Clodoveus*, who had

had the flame of a generous vigour, burning perpetually in his heart, much desired to meet with King *Alaricus*, when perceiving him in the middest of the conflict, he set forward to encounter him. The other already contemned by his own *Gothes*, for having heretofore refused the combat, and seeing his Army in disorder, became valiant in his despair, and put on a resolution, either to vanquish his enemy, or to wash away the staines of his dishonour with his bloud. He withdrew himself from the main of his Cavalrie, and marcheth on towards *Clodovæus*. The souldiers stood still on both parts at this great duel of two Kings. They came to handy strokes in the head of two Armies, and charged one another bravely, being a very long time bloudily bent to battel: but in the end *Alaricus* felt the thunder, which proceeding from the victorious hand of his adversary, threw him down half dead in the list of combat. *Clodovæus* quickly alighted from his horse, to rid him of life; and being about to mend some defect in his cuiras, he was treacherously assaulted by two *Goths*: but he, having dispatched his adversary, defended himself from both these, and mounted up again on his horse, whom he made to curvet in a martial manner, demeaning himself so bravely in all, that he seemed to be as it were a flash of lightening, sent from the hand of God, rather than a man.

This defeat ruined the hopes of the *Goths*, and cut off all the designs of heresie, which subsisted not but by their favour. From thence *Clodovæus* marched all covered over with laurels into the Countreys of his conquests, with so much good success, that being before the Citie of *Angoulesme*, which made shew of resistance, the walls miraculously fell down, as did heretofore those of *Jericho*, he having, by the advise of *Apronius* his Chaplain, caused some holy reliques to be lifted up, whereunto he dedicated a singular devotion.

What need we here make mention of the adventures which he had with the Kings *Chararic* and *Ragnachairus*, whom he defeated as it were without blows? This man went every where as confidently, as one who seemed to have a Guard of celestial Virtues by his side: his hands were fatal to purge the earth from many infidel Princes, that infected it with heresie, tyrannies, and sacriledges. Who can but wonder, that in so short a time he extended his Empire from *Rheine* to *Seine*, from the river of *Loyre* to *Rosne*, and from the *Pyrenei* to the *Ocean*? Who can but admire, that he was so feared by all the Monarchs of his Age, as the *Grecians*, who have written after that time under the title of King, intended for the more excellency, to speak onely of the King of *France*? Who will not highly esteem his great authority, in that he first of all stampt golden coyn, which the Emperours had always forborn through extream jealousie, causing the marks of his faith to be impressed on this money? And who can sufficiently marvel, that having at his death left four sons to succeed him, he hath besides been followed by seven and fifty Kings, who constantly rendering themselves imitatours of his belief, have likewise shared with him in his felicity?

Suida. Φῆμι τὸν Κλωδοβαῖον ἀρχηγὸν.

I demand of you whether one must not become blind, deaf, and dumb, not to see, understand, nor declare, that all the happiness and prosperity of *France* is inseparably tied to the piety of our Ancestours, since the hand of God, thundering and lightening at the same time upon so great a number of Diadems of heretical Kings, as of *Gombaut*, *Godemar*, *Chilperic*, *Godegisilus*, *Alaricus*, and in the end on *Theodorick* himself, led *Clodovæus* by the hand through so many smoking ruins, so many swords, and such flames, to establish him with all his posterity in a Throne, whereunto the great Saint *Remegius* hath promised an eternity of years, so long as it should remain cemented with the same faith and religion, which first of all consecrated the Lilies to the service of the Divine Majesty?

The holy *Clotilda*, amongst all these conquests of her husband, lifted her innocent hands up to Heaven, to apply the forces of the Saviour of the world to his Royal banners. In the end, having drawn him to *Paris*, after so many bloudy wars, and sweetened the extravagancies of his nature, a little too violent, propending to excesses of cruelty, she caused him to tast in his repose, devotion and justice, in such sort, that having closed up his eyes in the exercises of piety, she enterred him with a most honourable reputation. There is yet to be found an old Calendar of the Church of S. *Genovefue*, which maketh mention of the day of his death, on the seven and twentieth of *November*.

V. Kal. Dec. Depositio magni Regis Clodovei. Du Pleix.

The ninth SECTION.

The life of Clotilda *in her widow-hood: her afflictions and glorious death.*

Clotilda vehemently desired to bring forth male children, for the establishment of her State, and though this affection seemed to be most just, notwithstanding God, who purgeth all the elect in the furnace of afflictions, found a rough Purgatory for this good soul, in the enjoying her desires. She had sons, as she wished, whom she endeavoured with all her power to breed in the fear of God, whilest she might bow them: but these children, who tasted too much of the warlike humours of the father, and had not enough of the piety of the mother, being arrived to an age wherein it was not possible any longer to restrain them, they fell into many terrible extravagancies, which transfixed the heart of the mother with a thousand swords of sorrow.

It happened that *Sigismund*, the cousin-germain of *Clotilda*, for whom she had procured the Kingdom of *Burgundie*, after the death of his wife, by whom he had a son named *Sigeritus*, suffered himself to be surprized with the love of a Ladie waiting in Court, whom he afterward married, to the great heart-burning of the son, who could not endure to see her clothed with the spoils of his mother.

This step-dame being drawn from servitude and wantonnes, to enter into the bed of a King, beholding her self crossed in her loves by this Heir of the house, conceived so much gall and rage against him, that she prepared a most fatal calumnie for his ruin, accusing him to have a plot upon the life of his father. *Sigismund*, who was of an easie nature, stirred up with love and ambition, quickly believed this shameless creature: and after he had called this poor young man to dinner, under colour of affection, he commanded him in his sleep to be strangled by the hands of his servants. But the miserable man, delivered out of the gulf of his passion, and seeing himself defiled with an act so black and wicked, publickly confessed his sin, and for it performed a most austere penance: but God, who ordinarily blotteth out the crime, not forgiving the pains and satisfactions due to his justice, deprived him of Scepter and life, by the hands of his allies, raising up a sharp revenge, to give to such like an eternal horrour of his iniquitie.

The children of *Clodovæus*, who had already shared the Kingdom of their father, were not yet satisfied, but desired to advance the limits of their division, as far as the point of their launce might extend. Behold the cause why *Clodomer*, who was the eldest of the legitimate, seeing the Kingdom of *Burgundie* in this danger, entereth thereinto with great forces,

and found little resistance; *Sigismond* being formerly convinced by his crime. Having possessed himself of the places most important, he took the miserable King, and led him away prisoner to *Orleans*; to dispose of him according to his pleasure. But *Godimer*, the brother of *Sigismund*, who had retired to the mountains, while the *French* made all this notable havock, returned with a great power, and having slain the *French* Garrisons, made himself Master of the Kingdom. *Clodomer* understanding this defeat, became so furious, that he caused the head of his prisoner to be cut off, with his wife and children by his second marriage, commanding, through extremitie of cruelty, to throw the body into a ditch, which was executed. Nor content with this, he re-entereth into *Burgundie* boyling with choller, with intention to recover all to his obedience: but he found himself assaulted by the *Burgundians* in a battel, who slew him; and knowing him by his long hair, they cut off his head, and fixed it on the point of a launce, to serve for a sad spectacle to the *French*.

This accident afflicted the heart of the mother, who bewailed her son with inconsolable tears, as well because he was the first, whom she had bred with all tender affection, as for that she seeing him dead in the pursuit of so many bloudy acts, was full of anxiety in the matter of salvation of his soul. The poor Queen fortified her self, as much as she might, against the violences of sorrow, and armed her self against other accidents which she foresaw might grow from the evil dispositions of her children.

Clodomer left three sons very young, whom the holy woman bred up in her house, and near her person, into whom the most excellent Maxims of all wisdom and piety were distilled. These little children very well bred, and gently trained by the very good precepts of their grand-mother, promised something excellent in time to come, and served as a most sweet lenitive to this disconsolate turtle, to sweeten the acerbities she had conceived upon the death of their father: when behold a horrible frenzie crept into the souls of *Childebert* and *Clotharius* her two sons, which is read in all our histories, the brows whereof do blush to leave a blemish of execration on the wicked exorbitancy of ambition.

It were much fitter for the great men of the earth to have gnawing vultures, and sharp rasors in their entrails, than to nourish such a passion; which being onely puffed up with a smoke, violateth all it hath therein of right or humanity, to fatten it self with bloud, and never as it were openeth its eyes, but in the flames of the damned.

Childebert and *Clotharius*, sons of the great *Clodoveus* and the holy *Clotilda*, despoyling themselves of all respect, sweetness, and humanity, conceived a mortal jealousie against their little Nephews, imagining their mother would breed them up to their prejudice; and so not taking counsel of ought but their own bruitish passion, they resolved to be rid of them. The poor children were perpetually under the wing of their good grand-mother *Clotilda*, who could never suffer them out of her sight; such fear had she of ill habits, which are easily made to slide into the hearts of children by the corruption of evil companie. These infamous Uncles besought their mother to let their little Nephews come to visit them, to have thereby some harmless recreation, promising to restore them again speedily into her hands. The holy woman, who could not imagine the execrable malice, which was hatched in the hearts of these unnatural sons, consented these little ones should go, fearing lest the denial she might make, would further exasperate the suspition of the suppliants. Yet did she even then quake for fear, and bidding them farewel, kissed them with redoubled embracements, raptures, and affections, not being able to contain her passion, nor the presage of her unhappiness.

The little innocents went to the slaughter with a smiling countenance, as children who have walks of recreation, and play in their heads.

When they had them in their full power, they dispatched a messenger to their mother, to bear unto her most unwelcome news. For he was commanded to shew her a poynard and a cyzars, requiring her, she would make choice, which of these she should judge fittest for her grand-children, either to pass them by the dint of sword, or forcibly to shave them and make them Monks.

Clotilda, extreamly astonished at this impudence, answered, As well dead, as Monks: which some very inconsiderately have interpreted, thinking this answer proceeded from an ambition she had, that her grand-children might reign: but the admirable Princess would say, that we ought not to apply any to the service of God, but voluntaries, and that she had rather see her children well dead, than to behold them in a religious profession by constraint and force. This wretched messenger made to the humour of his Masters, in stead of sweetening the matter, made a very harsh relation of his message, which precipated the evil already beginning to fall into extremity.

Clotharius possessed with a diabolical spirit, took *Thibault* the eldest of these children, and striking him down to the ground, thrust his sword quite through his body. The little *Guntharus*, who was the second, besprinkled with the bloud of his brother, whom he saw distended on the pavement, grasped the knees of his uncle *Childebert*, with lamentable out-cries, saying: *O Uncle, save my life, wherein have I offended you?* He so quaked in all the parts of his body, and so transfixed him with his sighs, that the other, though he purposed this mischief, was seized with much compassion, and prayed his brother to pass no further. But *Clotharius* enraged, and more ravenous than a Tyger of *Armenia*, What? (saith he) you have been of the Councel, and yet now hinder me in the execution: I will run you both through with my sword. *Childebert* amazed, threw the poor victim from his knees, and delivered him to the executioner, who in that very place cut his throat.

As they were upon these contestations, the third son of *Clodomer*, named *Clodoaldus*, was taken away by a friend of the father, and secretly bred up in Ecclesiastical condition, wherein he arrived to so perfect a sanctity, that forsaking the shadow of Diadems and Scepters, which deceiveth the credulity of the most passionate by its illusions, he hath merited Altars on earth, and a Crown of glory in Heaven. For this is that S. *Cloud* which we reverence, near unto *Paris*.

What imagination is sufficiently powerfull to figure to its self the ardent dolours, which seized on the spirit of poor *Clotilda* when she heard all that passed by the practise of her unnatural sons? What might this soul think so free and purified from the contagions of the earth, which apprehended the shadow of the least sins, when she beheld her house polluted with so horrible sacriledges? Yet still she guided the helm of reason in so tempestuous a storm of passions, and in so dead a night of misery, she adored a ray of the Providence of God, which she considered in the depth of her sorrows: she her self no whit affrighted, took up the mangled bodies of these innocent creatures, and gathered together the scattered members as well as she could, saying: *Poor Children, I bewail not your death, although it cannot be too much bemoaned. You are dead like little* Abels, *like little Innocents, forsaking the earth, profaned with the crimes of your Uncles, to hasten to possess a place in Heaven; you have out-run me, to live hereafter in the bosom of your grand-father. But I sorrow for these* Cains, *and these* Herods, *who so treacherously have murdered you,*

you, and who, wheresoever they are, I assure my self do carrie pincers and executioners in their hearts. They ought at least to bear respect to the ashes of their father: They ought to have compassion on the tenderness of your bodies: They ought somewhat to regard my age, and the care I have had to breed them, since the death of the King: And had they concluded upon this massacre when they took you from my house, they should have executed you in my arms; I at the least had closed up your dying eyes with my fingers, I had wiped away the blood from your faces, I had encouraged you to death, I had received your last sighs in my bosom. Alas, my prettie creatures! little did I think the kisses I gave you at your departure, were to be the last I should afford in your life. Pure and innocent souls, departed from these bodies in an age, wherein you were ignorant of sins, which never approched your knowledges, much less defiled your bodies! Behold from those Palaces of stars and light your afflicted mother, whom God hath as yet left on earth to give burial to your bodies.

Speaking this, she caused them to be carried away, that she might bestow them in the tomb of their grand-father, where being her self personally arrived, nature evicted a huge tide of tears from her constancy, and caused her to say:

My most honoured Lord and husband, who so cordially loved me in this life, will you not open unto me your sacred tomb to entertain me near you? Behold here your grand-children, which I bring unto you, little blossoms cut off in the tenderness of their age, by the hands of their uncles, your children and mine. Most dear husband, I account you thrice happie, to have been transported into the other world before you saw these lamentable tragedies. Were there nought but their respect towards you, it ought to have restrained them. But my sins alone have deserved this desolate old age, to which God hath reserved me to make trial of the most sensible dolours which might ever fall into my imagination. I will endure them as long as it shall please the Divine Providence, who will draw this satisfaction from my sins, and I with sorrow will waste my bodie, that hath almost nothing left but the bark, to place it in short time with yours.

The holy woman daily poured her self out in tears near to this sepulchre, remaining there day and night, as if she had been some shadow of the dead: but in the end to divert her self from this imagination, which was too full of affliction, and that she might the more freely enjoy God, she resolved wholly to leave the Court, and to pass the rest of her days in the Citie of *Tours*, near to the sepulcher of S. *Martin*.

There it was where she began to lead a life wholly celestial, as one who seemed to have nothing to do with the bodies and conversation of the living.

It is true, that great prosperities do not easily corrupt souls, which have taken a good temper in the fear of God; yet notwithstanding they wound, and in some sort change them. A little Bee sometimes goeth so long upon her honey, that by much walking there, she entangleth her wings: So a soul, yea one of those which are the most devout, being continually soothed by a long sequel of good successes of the affairs of the world, taketh some small flight out of it self, and seeketh recreation in a smiling and delicate air, which affordeth it nothing but objects of delight: but so soon as adversitie hath given its blow, it re-entereth into it self; it foldeth it self within it self; it tasteth it self, it knoweth it self; it findeth God in the bottom of its heart, afflicted and perplexed with the revolutions of the world, it raiseth it self above the ways of the Moon, and the tracks of the Sun, to that goodly Temple of Eternitie, where spirits live despoiled from these masses of flesh and bones, which we drag along with us in this mortal life.

This is the way which the wife *Clotilda* took so soon as she was alienated from the Court, and disentangled from affairs, which she never had used but for obligation of conscience; she entered into a sweet retirement, where it seemed unto her that nature had not displayed the mountains and valleys, the forrests and rivers, but to make her a theater of the works of God. She relished this retreat, as Manna from Paradise, and tasted this deep silence with incredible delight, after so many confused clamours of the embroylments of Court. It seemed unto her that she then spake to God face to face; and that she saw all the pride of the earth much lower than her feet. Her soul was whitened with her tears, was purified in her desires, and vapoured out all into God, as it were, through the limbeck of her ardent charity.

The holy Ladie, who had heretofore loved to behold her self shine in the majesty of sumptuous attire, to render her self the more acceptable to her husband, more illustrious in the eyes of her people, was clothed so modestly, that her History telleth, she was seen to be covered with course cloth. She, who heretofore was altogether sparkling with precious stones, appeared now in the liverie of penance. She, who had endeavoured temperately to entertain a mortal beautie for the contentment of her dear husband, was wholly wasted with mortifications of the flesh. She, who after so many victories of one of the most valianteſt husbands that ever was, had been led along triumphant in the chariot of glory, conversed now with widows and orphans, going as it were perpetually on foot, were it not that the weakness of her body dispensed with her therein, by the counsel of those who undertook the care of her health. She, who had seen all the services of a great Monarchy at her feet, was then continually prostrate at the feet of the poor; whom she served as the living Images of God. She, who had taken some care to mannage revenues, as the sinews of State, despoiled her self as it were from things most necessary for life, to succour the necessities of the people. She, who had delighted to build goodly Palaces, had not any affection, but for Monasteries and Churches, which she caused to be erected every where, with so much liberality as her means would permit. This divine woman was as the moon in eclipse, which appeareth wholly dark on the side towards the earth, but faileth not to be most radiant on that part wherewith she looketh towards Heaven. So those who beheld this Princess with carnal eyes in such a state, said she was eclipsed; but God, who in this retirement darted on her rays of glory, through the cloud of the body, caused her to see with eyes of Angels, as a soul wholly invested with the Sun of justice.

As she was in the sweetness of this repose, news came unto her very hastily, that she must return to Court, to appease the discord between her children, who were ready to encounter one another, and to embroil the Kingdom in the desperate desolations of Civil war.

The good woman did not as those, who hold retirement from the vanities of the world as a punishment, nor ever are with themselves, unless necessity make them take the way, which they cannot elect by reason. So soon as she understood these importunities, which called her back to the affairs of the world, she hastened to prostrate her self at the sepulcher of S. *Martin*, shedding forth bitter tears, and saying: "My God, you know my heart, and that it is neither for fear of pain, nor want of courage, that I retired from the Court of my children, but that seeing their deportments and affairs in such a condition, that I could not think my self any ways able to profit them by my counsels, I made choice of the means which I thought most likely to help them, which are prayers. And behold me here now humbled at the tomb of one of your great servants, to

"beg of you by his merits and ashes, to pacifie the "differences of these unfortunate children, and to "behold with the eye of your accustomed mercies "this poor people and Kingdom of *France*, to which "you have consigned and given so many pledges of "your faithfull love. My God, if you think my pre-"sence may serve to sweeten the sharpness of these spi-"rits, I will neither have consideration of my age "nor health; but shall sacrifice my self in this voy-"age for the publick: but if I may be of no other use, "but to stand as an unprofitable burden, as I with "much reason perswade my self, I conjure you for "your own goodness sake, to receive my humble "prayers, and accommodate their affairs; and ever to "preserve unto me the honour which I have to serve "you in this retirement.

A most miraculous thing: it is observed that at the same time when the holy woman prayed at the tomb, the Arms of the brothers now ready to encounter to pour forth a deluge of bloud, suddenly stopped; and these two Kings not knowing by what spirit they were moved, mutually sent to each other an Embassage of peace, which was concluded in the place, to the admiration and contentment of the whole world. Thus much confirmed *Clotilda* in her holy resolution, wherein she lived to great decrepitness of age. And in the end, having had revelation of the day of her death, she sent for her two sons, *Childebert* and *Clotharius*, whereof this, who was the most harsh, was in some sort become humble, having undergone certain penances appointed him by Pope *Agapetus*, to expiate many exorbitances which he had committed; for such is the most common opinion. These two Kings being come, the mother spake to them in these terms:

I was as it were resolved to pass out of the world without seeing you, not for the hatred of your persons, which cannot fall into a soul such as mine, but for the horrour of your deportments, that cannot be justified but by repentance. God knows, I having beheld you so many times to abandon the respect you ow to my age, and the authoritie which nature gave me over your breeding, never have endeavoured to put off the heart of a mother towards you, which I yet retain upon the brink of my tomb. I begged you of God before your birth, with desires which then seemed unto me reasonable, but which perhaps were too vehement, and if ever mother were passionate in the love of her children, I most sensibly felt those stings, yielding my soul as a prey to all cares, and my bodie to travels, to breed and bring you up with pains, which are not so ordinarie with Queen-mothers.

I expected from your nature some correspondence to my charitable affections, when you should arrive to the age of discretion. I imagined after the death of your father, my most honoured Lord, that my age which began to decline, should find some comfort in your pietie. But you have done that which I will pass under silence: For it seemed to me your spirits have as much horrour of it as mine, which yet bleedeth at it, nor do I know when time will stench the bloud of a wound so hydeous.

Out alas, my children! you perswaded your selves it was a goodly matter to unpeople the world, to enlarge your power, and to violate nature, to establish your thrones with the bloud of your allies; which is a most execrable frenzie. For I protest at this hour, wherein I go to render an account of mine actions before the living God, that I should rather wish to have brought you into the world to be the vassals of peasants, than to see the Scepter in your hands, if it served you to no other use, but to authorize your crimes. Blind as you are, who behold not that the diamonds of a Royal Crown, sweat with horrour upon a head poisoned with ambition. When you shall arrive to that period wherein I am now, what will it help you to have worn purple, if having defiled it with your ordures, you must make an exchange with a habit of flames, which shall no more wear out than eternitie?

Return, my children, to the fair way you have forsaken: you might have seen by what paths the Providence of God led the King your father, to the throne of his Monarchie: you might have also observed the disasters of Kings our near allies, for that they wandered from true pietie. That little shadow which you yet retain of holy Religion, hath suspended the hand of God, and withheld the fatal blow, which he would otherwise have let fall upon your state. If you persist in evil, you will provoke his justice by the contempt of his mercie. Above all, be united with a band of constant peace: for by dividing your hearts, you disunite your Kingdoms; and desiring to build up your fortunes by your dissentions, you will make desolate your houses. Do justice to your poor people, who lived under the reign of your father with so much tranquilitie, and which your divisions have now covered all over with acerbities. Is it not time to forget what is past, and to begin to live then, when you must begin to die? My children, I give you the last farewel, and pray you to remember my poor soul, and to lodge my bodie in the sepulcher of the King your father, as I have ever desired.

The Saint speaking this, saw that these children, who had before been so obdurate, were wholly dissolved into tears, and kneeling about her bed, kissed her hands, having their speech so interrupted with sobs, they could not answer one word. Thereupon she drew the curtain over all worldly affairs, to be onely entertained with God. And her maladie daily encreasing, she pronounced aloud the profession of the Catholick faith, wherein she died; then required the Sacraments of the Eucharist and extream Unction, which were administred unto her, and by her received with infinite devotion. From thence forward she for some time onely lived on extasies of her soul, turning that little breath which remained on her lips, to the praises of God: and in the end, rendered up her happy Ghost, the third day of June, on the first hour of the night, pronouncing in the instant of death these words: *Ad te Domine levavi animam meam: Deus meus in te confido non erubescam.*

The History telleth, that the chamber where she died at the instant, when her soul departed out of her body, appeared very lightsom, and that her sacred members yielded forth a most sweet savour, which left to all there present a great estimation of her sanctity. Her body was enterred, as she desired, at the feet of S. *Genovefue*: for she was so humble, that she accounted her self most happy, to submit her diadem to the ashes of a poor shepherdess. Her memory hath been so honourable throughout all *France*, that she is yet reverenced under the name of S. *Clothe*, which is the vulgar word.

O woman, truly worthy to bear a Crown of stars! gold, silver, and precious stones are too base for you. If statues should be erected suitable to your desert, Diamonds, Emeraulds, and Topases, which have been employed on the pourtraicts of the Queens of *Ægypt*, would be of too mean a value in respect of your praises.

Oh Queens, oh Princesses, nay, oh Ladies, and Gentle-women, why do not you at the least in your houses, that which she performed in an ample Kingdom? What a glory? What an Empire? and what a triumph, to issue from the house of a King of *Burgundie*, as an innocent lamb, a poor orphan, married for despight, and to enter into a Court full of idolatries, which seemed then a forrest of ravenous beasts, yet knew so well how to charm them with invincible spells of her piety, as to convert a King warlike, haughty, a Pagan, and in converting him to change the whole face of a great Monarchy?

All that which we retain of Religion, piety, and hap-

happineſs under God, we ow to this holy Queen. O *France*, *Frante*, my dear Countrey! how art thou bound to her memory, to her name, to her virtue, and how much oughteſt thou to preſerve the precious treaſure of faith, which ſhe hath ſo happily recommended unto thee by her example!

I ſpeak not at all now of the particular favours thou haſt received from Heaven: I ſay nothing of thy flower-de-luces, of thy holy Viol, of thy Standard, of thy cure of the Kings Evil, and other ſuch like. I onely mention that which thou mayeſt boaſt before the face of all Nations, nor ever ſhalt thou looſe the glory which S. *Gregorie* the Great, an incomparable man, who flouriſhed above a thouſand years ſince, gave thee in his books, when he called thee, the lamp of the whole world, and ſaith, thy Monarchs as much ſurpaſſed all other ſovereign Princes, as Kings tranſcend the people.

Greg. ep. 6. l. 5. quæ eſt 106.

I pronounce that, which thou mayeſt publiſh as a priviledge very extraordinary, that *Conſtantine* the Great made heretofore a decree, which was afterward engraven upon the Altar of S. *Sophia*, in the prime Church of *Conſtantinople*, by which he expreſly forbade all his poſterity, to make any alliances or marriages with forreigners whereſoever under Heaven, except the *French* Nation: as if this Religious Monarch had foreſeen that they were the Kings of *France* who ſhould ſecond him in the zeal he bare to the ſupport of the Church. See and conſider the favours God hath done thee herein. Behold thy neighbours, behold the powers and ſovereignties of the earth, behold the Empires and Kingdoms: where is it, that one alone may be found from the memory of men, which hath received Catholick Religion with more favour, which hath defended it with more courage, which hath preſerved it with more conſtancy? Behold the *Roman* Empire, and thou ſhalt ſee preſently after *Conſtantine*, his ſons to be Hereticks, and his ſon-in-law an Apoſtata. Behold *Italie*, and thou ſhalt ſee it ſheltered under the protection of thy Kings. Behold *Spain*, and thou ſhalt ſee it over-run with *Goths*, *Vandals*, and *Sarazens*, and the Scepter in the hands of *Arian* Kings. Behold *England*, and thou ſhalt ſee, that it did not ſeriouſly receive the faith, till ſix hundred years were fully expired, after the publication of the Goſpel. *Poland* accounteth but ſix hundred and two and fifty years ſince it was Chriſtian: *Muſcovia* ſix hundred and two and twenty. Thou (O *France*) alone art it, to whom *Jeſus Chriſt* being in the agony of his dolorous paſſion, when he recommended his mother to S. *John*, and his ſoul to his father, deſigned, and miraculouſly deputed a Paſtour, to wit, the glorious S. *Denys*, who received the firſt rays of the knowledge of God in this eclipſe, which happened at the death of our Saviour, to diffuſe his divine lights afterward with his bloud upon the mountains, where thy Virgins do as yet lead a life wholly Angelical.

Baron. tom. 10. anno Chriſti. 960. Conſtant. Octavi. 49.

O *France*, wherefore haſt thou enlightened all the parts of the world with thy conqueſts? Wherefore thy Kings having communicated themſelves with ſo much ſweetneſs and facility, have they augmented their Majeſty by familiarity with the people, which uſually diſſolveth it? Why have they appeared as Amathiſts, which ſhine ſo much the more, as they are often worn? Why haſt thou been a Seminary of all great ſpirits? Why haſt thou in all times held predominance in learning and ſciences, like unto the Altar of the Sun, from whence light is borrowed to illuminate all other lamps? Why doſt thou aſtoniſh all hiſtories with the continuance of thy Monarchy, to which there is none to be found comparable in the world? Why hath God ſo many times enriched thee by thy loſſes, enobled thee by thy diſaſters, raiſed thee by thy ruins and precipices, ——*Fecitq; cadendo, Ne caderes?*

Is it not for having preſerved this precious jewel of *Clotilda*, this faith, this Religion, which he hath conſigned to thy Kings, and to thy people? Oh blind, if thou knoweſt it not! Oh inſenſible, if thou neglecteſt it! Oh unfortunate, if thou looſeſt it! Go yet, and ſee the aſhes of this good Princeſs, which are in thy capital Citie, aſhes worthy to be kiſſed of Queens, honoured by Kings, and reverenced by all people.

So long as there ſhall be Sacrifices and Altars, Angels and men, the name of holy *Clotilda* ſhall live, and ſpread it ſelf with a ſweet odour through all the Provinces of Chriſtendom; and my pen, which taketh its flight much further than my deſign intended, ſhall be the meſſenger of her greatneſs, with ſo much the more fidelity, as it hath confidence in her protection.

I will alſo, to crown this work, repreſent unto you a Lady, iſſued of her bloud, a grand-child of one of her ſons, who hath done in *Spain*, that which this in *France*; converting her husband to the faith, and by conſequence gained the Nation.

The tenth SECTION.

INDEGONDIS,

Iſſued from the bloud and houſe of Clotilda, *tranſporteth the Catholick faith into* Spain.

ABout the year five hundred four-ſcore and three, *Levigildus* an *Arian* Prince, reigned in *Spain*, who ſeeing the houſe of *France* held ſupereminency amongſt all the Kingdoms of the world, ſought the alliance thereof; and obtained for wife to his eldeſt ſon, called *Hermingildus*, the daughter of *Sigebert*, grand-child of *Clotilda*, named in Hiſtory *Indegondis*.

She was one of the moſt accompliſhed Princeſſes of that Age, in whom beauty, grace, and virtue, made together an admirable harmony, to purchaſe her the hearts of all the world. Every one lamented that this bright day-break, which began to enlighten *France* with its rays, went at her riſing into a Countrey, where the Sun ſetteth, and that ſo many ſingular perfections were ſeparated from that Kingdom which had given them birth. The good virgin, who had no other object, but the obedience ſhe ought to render thoſe to whom nature had ſubjected her, went well pleaſed, beſides was ſomething ſatisfied with the title of a Queen, which ſhe might juſtly one day expect. But little knew ſhe the combats and difficulties that waited on her in the ſame place, where ſhe hoped to gather nothing elſe but flowers.

I do not think hell can ever produce a miſchief like unto hereſie: which wholly perverting good affairs, inſtantly haſteneth to drench all the contentments of this innocent ſoul in a deluge of tears. Alas, a million of tortures well deſerve to be employed upon the criminal ſouls of thoſe, who were the firſt authours of this monſter. For it in all Ages hath diſturbed States of Princes, ruined ſo much generous Nobility, and ſowed diviſion among the moſt ſettled amities.

The wiſe of that time much apprehended the ſending of this young maid into *Spain*, to marry her to an heretical Prince, to place her in a Court wholly infected with hereſie, where no other objects ſhould be preſented unto her, but errour and vice. Behold (ſaid they) a goodly veſſel well rigged, well furniſhed, well guided, which hath ſails of linnen, cordage of purple, and oars of ſilver; but they go about to expoſe it to a rough tempeſt. Behold an excellent meadow all enamelled with moſt delicious beauties of nature; but they endeavour to oppoſe it to

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cruel Northern blasts. Behold a chrystal well polished, smooth, and delicate; but they seek to hazard it to the strokes of the hammer. Behold a statue all resplendent with gold, and precious stones, but they trample it under foot. What will a child be able to do amongst so much malice? An age so tender, amongst so many heads grown hoary in sin? A great simplicity amongst so many snares? A maid which hath no recommendation but chastity and obedience, amongst so many wicked commands? Do we think that a father-in-law, a husband, a mother-in-law, will have no power over her spirit? That pleasures will not allure her? That the dignity of a Kingdom will not move her? That the lustre of a Diadem will not dazle her eyes, and force prevail upon her? If that should be given her which she deserveth, it were fit to afford her all but the power to ruin her self.

Others said very temperately, that we must not believe, that by gaining a Kingdom she should loose religion: that she was of bloud so illustrious, it received no blemish; that she would rather die than dishonour her birth; that she would endure all the torments of Martyrs rather than betray her faith. And that if needs she must make ship-wrack of all her fortunes, that the last plank she would embrace, should be a good conscience: that she should be assisted by a good Councel, that would never forsake her: that there were as yet in *Spain* very many Catholicks, whose tears she would wipe away, and sweeten their acerbities: That her husband, a young Prince, was not so obdurate, but that she might hope one day to joyn him to the Catholick faith: Women are infinitely powerful, when they once have gained the heart of a man. In the end, that she must reflect on the example of her grand-mother, who had converted her husband, with all his Court; and if then cold and timorous considerations had been used upon this marriage, *France* might still have been Pagan. If the mother overcame an Idolater, the daughter may well prevail on an *Arian*.

Yet they, which spake thus, judged not the conversion of hereticks to be much more difficult than that of Pagans, as well for the intolerable pride which ordinarily possesseth their spirits, as for a certain malediction, which seemeth to be tied to those who voluntarily withdraw themselves from the light, and shake off the yoke of lawfull powers.

Yet notwithstanding considerations of State transported her, and *Indegondis* would take her fortune, promising her self so much assistance of God, that not onely she should stand firm in the piety of her Ancestours, but that if it were possible, she would save her husband: supposing to her self he was neither of marble nor iron, not to be mollified with the attractives of her sex.

The couragious maid was waited on into *Spain*, by a flourishing conduct of *French* Nobility, where she was received with very great applauses, for the reputation which the name of *France* had acquired in the opinion of all people.

The King *Levigildus* her father-in-law, was married upon second Nuptials to an *Arian* wife, named *Goizintha*, who was as deformed of body as mind: notwithstanding, she had charmed the heart of this old man, by I know not what kind of sleights, that she held predominance upon affairs, and bent as it were all his wills at her pleasure.

She shewed in the beginning an extraordinary affection to this marriage, and went in person to the Princess, giving her such fair entertainment, that it seemed she went about to over-whelm her with courtesies.

Yet was it to behold night and Aurora in one and the same Chariot, to see these two Princesses together. For *Goizintha*, besides other deformities of her person, was become blind of one eye: and *Indegondu* laying aside so many excellent parts, which she had from nature, appeared on that day in her attires like unto those Goddesses which the Poets and Painters form, according to the most advantagious idæaes of their spirits.

Hermingildus her husband beholding her so accomplished, easily felt the glances shot from her eyes, were rays from her, but arrows for his heart, from whence he could receive nought but honourable wounds. Never any man bound himself to a creature of the world with a love so forcible, so honest, and so innocent, as did this Prince to this admirable virgin. From the first arrival, and first glance of the eye, he felt his soul transported with a sweet violence, and it seemed unto him this stranger came to negotiate with him a love, much different from that of flesh and bloud.

It is a position, which hath been sufficiently argued by ancient Sages, touching the encounter of amities, which are so diversly applied to objects; sometimes by ordinary ways, as by a manifest reflection of beauty and goodness; sometimes also by passages altogether extraordinary, in such sort, that it is very hard to divine from whence the knot groweth, which tieth two persons who never have seen one another, so suddenly, that it is done in an instant, and so inseparably, that it lasteth even to the tomb. Some have said it proceedeth from secret influences of the same stars, which predominate at their births; a matter, which they verily have much ado to make good. Others have thought it is a work of fortune, and that loves were shuffled together like cards, to marry sometimes a Queen to a Groom. Others have referred it to complexions of the body, and to resemblance, which useth to be the mother of affections, a thing very probable. Others to the qualities of humours, which is daily sufficiently found.

But besides this, there is a certain secret touch, as in the adamant, not to us throughly known, which readily striketh its blow, and speaketh in a dumb language in the bottom of hearts. For my part, I should think that in this love which *Hermingildus* bare to *Indegondis*, there should be some very particular passage of the Providence of God, who was pleased constantly to bind his heart to her, whom he intended to make use of for his conversion.

The eleventh SECTION.

The persecutions of Indegondis.

NEver Nuptials were more full of content, nor amities more faithfull, nor beginning more prosperous, than were these: But there is ever in humane things some mischief, which sticketh on the most smiling felicities, and never giveth wine but with a mixture of dregs.

I know not what kind of fantasie possessed this wicked step-mother *Goizintha*, but she became jealous of the chast contentments of her son-in-law, altogether as it were besotted of this admirable Princess, whom he could not endure out of his sight. She observed their conversation, their discourses, their pleasures, and ever put her self athwart their designs, becoming as troublesom, as if she had been one of those malign spirits which use to possess men.

Indegondis, although she passionately loved her husband, durst not refuse the flattering entertainment of this step-mother, nor shew that she distasted the company of her sex, to seek after a man: but the Prince extreamly repined hereat, and could not dissemble the jealousie of his step-mother, saying,

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She ought to be contented with the credit she had in affairs, not to prie so narrowly into his marriage, and by her importunities take from him his dearest spouse. The other let him understand, this frequent conversation & amity offered her, tended to no other end, but to convert her to her Religion, thereby to render her the more obsequious to his will. And verily she well witnessed this design was deeply engraven in her heart: For she neither spared endeavour nor subtile practice to seduce this innocent Princess, first waging war against her in the shape of a Dragon, afterward of a Lion.

She told her with much cunning, that God might as well be served in one Religion as in another: That we ought to accommodate our selves to the place, where Fortune hath ranked us: That it was the chiefest policie of a Kingdom, to satisfie the will and inclinations of the King: That she was not come into *Spain* to give Law, but example of obedience: That her husband never could faithfully love her, whilest she entertained any other sense, other laws, and other Sacraments, than himself: That never could she be a Queen of people, if she embraced not the faith of the people over whom she was to command: That it was a folly to fear the reproches of *France*, where the wisest would ever think she had done discreetly, to submit to the times: That if the same faults are pardonable in those, who in erring, authorize themselves with a multitude of great complices, no man could argue her justly of a verity, which she had entertained with a whole Kingdom.

The wicked woman ceased not to afflict the innocent ears of this young Princess with such like words; but she who had not herein a pliant and yielding spirit, protested, that if she persisted to maintain these discourses, it would enforce her to forsake her company, and that it was not needfull to use so many subtilities; for sooner should her heart be torn out of her belly, than her Religion from her soul. In saying this, she went out of her chamber, shewing unto her an eye sweetly discontented, with a soul well resolved: with which the other offended, notwithstanding dissembled her anger, so much she feared to disturb her; but quickly afterward endeavouring to make this breach up again, she tendered her a thousand protestations of affection, and ceased not to tyre her out with flatteries, whereat the poor *Indegondis* was much perplexed, and could not any longer handle the matter so as not to express her disdain.

Notwithstanding *Goizintha*, who lost not hope to seduce her, attempted once again to get her to be baptized after the Arian manner, alledging a thousand reasons; whereunto the Princess answered very wisely: *That she was (thanks be to God) well christened in the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and that if the water of the Baptism of the Arians had been cast on her head, although she loved her hair as well as any woman of her sort, she would cut it off, and tear away the skin, which had been defiled with such an execration.*

The step-mother hearing these words, shifted away, and said all foaming with choller, That since she would not be baptized after the Arian manner, she would prepare another kind of Baptism for her, which would wash her from the head to the foot: And thereupon enraged, she put her self upon a practice wholly barbarous, which is related by S. *Gregorie* the Great, and many others; to wit, that after she had dregged this poor Princess by the hair, and tormented her even to the effusion of some bloud, she caused her to be taken by two or three of her waiting women, commanding them to strip her stark naked, then to bind her with cords by the arms, and in this posture plunge her in a pool, in a very cold season of the year.

It was a pitiful spectacle to behold the daughter of a king thus cruelly used in the same place where she entered with so many triumphs. The impious *Goizintha* stood upon the brink of the pool, as she, who bare sway in this torture, & commanded her wicked servants to drench her in the water, not all at once, but by little and little, that she might endure the longer Martyrdom. At every moment the mischievous Queen cried out: *Say you are an* Arian, *and you are safe.* The holy maid, who had not so much apprehension of death, as of her nakedness, answered aloud: *I am a Catholick, A Catholick I will die: Take away my life in this confession; neither fire nor water shall ever have so much force upon me, as to make me unsay it.* She was a long time in this torment with a constancy, which amazed this bloudy soul, that so tortured her. In the end, she again took her garments, going out of the water, as from an Amphitheater of her glorious battel.

The twelfth Section.

The retreat of Hermingildus, *and his Conversion.*

Hermingildus who knew nothing of what had passed, beholding her somewhat pale, and weakened with such harsh usage, asked her if she felt any pain of body, or affliction of mind, to discolour her so much more than ordinary; but the wise Princess replied, It was nothing, and that there was not any thing so important, as to be worthy of his knowledge.

He, who well perceived that she by her discretion dissembled some great affront, enquired very curiously of those who might inform him, and somewhat too soon discovered the cruel disgrace, which his mother-in-law *Goizintha* had put upon his wife. This transfixed him with a dolour so sensible, and so enkindled him with fire and choller in his heart, that if the feat of God, and the sweetness of his wife had not served for a counterpoize to his passion, he had torn this wicked Queen in pieces. But the good *Indegondis* prostrating her self at his feet, besought him by all that which was most noble in him, not to precipitate the matter into such extremities, and prevailed so well with her natural eloquence, that he was contented to remove presently from the Court, and retire to *Sevil*, which his father had given him for his lively-hood.

Then was the time, when those chast loves, which had been crossed by the disturbances of *Goizintha*, all obstacles being overcome, enlarged themselves as a river, which having broken his banks, poureth it self with a victorious current in the wideness of his channel. *Hermingildus* could not sufficiently satisfie himself to behold so many virtues in so great a beauty: the modesty, which she had witnessed in this last disgrace, gave him apprehensions of her piety above all may be said.

Those, who seek nothing in marriage but sensual pleasure, which is more thin than smoke, and much lighter than the wind, cannot imagine how much these fair amities, which are the daughters of virtues, nourish holy delights. These are celestial fires, which are ever in the bosom of God, as in their sphere: It is he, who begetteth them, and breedeth them, they being not constrained to descend upon earth, to beg a caytiff nourishment from perishable creatures, which promise so many wonders, and produce nought but wind.

These two great souls beheld one another with the eyes of the dove, and were mutually enflamed with affections so honest and innocent, that Angels would

would not be ashamed to entertain the like fires, since they are those of charity, which is the eternal furnace of all souls the most purified.

Indegondis perceiving she had already great power in the affection of her husband, and that there was no longer any step-mother to dissolve her designs, sollicited him seriously for his Conversion, and said:

"*Sir*, I must confess unto you, the honour I have "received from your alliance seemeth not accom- "plished, whilest I behold between us a wall of divi- "sion, which separateth us in belief and Sacraments. "Since our amities are come to that point, as to en- "joy all in common, and that they unite things most "different, why should we divide God, who is most "simple of nature? Why should we make two Re- "ligions and two Altars, since we now live in such "manner, that we have but one table, one heart, and "one bed?

"Verily, *Sir*, if I saw the least ray of truth in the "Sect you profess, and some hope of salvation, I "would submit thereunto, the more to oblige me to "your person, which I love above all the things in "the world. But it is most undoubted, that you are "ill rectified, that you pursue a fantasie in stead of a "verity, and that dying in this state, you loose a soul "so noble, which I would purchase with expence of "my bloud. I boast not to be learned, as you *Arians*, "who have so many goodly allegations of Scripture, "that you make the ignorant believe God is all that "which to your selves you imagine.

"*Sir*, I for my part think the chief wisdom in mat- "ter of religion, is, not to be so wise as you are, and "to have a little more submission of spirit; for faith is "the inheritance of the humble, and never doth the "day of God shine in a soul, which hath too much "light of man. You well see this heresie of the *Ari- "ans* is a revolted Band, which hath forsaken the "high way, to wander cross the fields: you are not "ignorant, that this *Arius* was a wicked Priest, who "raised an heresie for despight, that he was not made "Bishop; and was rejected, and solemnly condemn- "ed in a Councel of three hundred and eighteen "Bishops. These men were wise enough for you and "me; I fix my self upon their resolutions, I follow "the generality of the Church, I adhere to the bo- "dy of the tree, and you tie your selves to a rotten "branch. I have no argument more strong, than the "succession of lawfull Pastours, than the conformi- "ty of the Universal Church, than the succession of "all Ages, than the wisdom, sanctity, and piety, which "I see resplendent on our side.

"Besides, I come from a Countrey where we have "seen all the *Arian* Kings our neighbours round a- "bout, to have had most unhappy ends: when in the "mean time my great grand-father, King *Clodovæus*, "for having sincerely embraced Catholick Religion, "received so many blessings from Heaven, that he "seemed to have good hap and victories under his "pay. I am not the daughter of a Prophet, nor do I "vaunt to have the spirit of prophesie; but I dare "well foretel, the Kingdom of *Spain*, shall not be of "long continuance, unless it vomit out this pesti- "lence of Arianism, which lies about the heart of "it: I would to God, with expence of my life, I "might establish my Religion, then should I account "my self the most contented Queen of the world.

Hermingildus knew not what to answer to the strength of truth and love, two the most powerfull things in the world; onely he said it was a business which well deserved to be pondered, and that these changes in persons of his quality are subject to much censure, if they have not great reason for caution. The good Princess to give him full leisure to advise thereupon, handled the matter so by her industrie, that he conferred with S. *Leander*, who was a strong pillar of the Catholick faith in *Spain*. The sage Prelate so well mannaged the spirit of this Prince, that with assistance of God, and the good offices of *Indegondis*, who moved Heaven and earth for this conversion, he drew him from errour. This brave courage so soon as he saw the ray of truth, needs would acknowledge and freely confess it, taking the Chrism of Catholicks with pomp and solemnity, even to the giving a largess of golden coyns, which he purposely caused to be stamped a little too suddenly, making his own image to be engraven thereon, with a *motto*, which said, *Hæreticum hominem devita*: that is to say, we must avoid an Heretick; alluding to his father *Levigildus*.

Disputation, which concerneth the estate of Princes is a tickliish piece; where the most part of those who speak of it, use their own interest for text, and their passion for Commentary. Silence and peace, which are the two mansions of a good conscience, are of much more worth, than all the questions which enkindle divisions. I think the best doctrine is that, which best knoweth how to cement up concord among Miters, Diadems, and Crowns, entertain the obedience of people towards their Sovereigns, and if there be verities, which are the daughters of the abyss, and silence (as those Ancients said) to leave them in the house of their father and mother, where, though they nought avail, they shall ever be better lodged than in publick.

It is not vice, but the times, which divideth Saints, and every one thinketh an affair probable, which he hath taken upon the byass of his own understanding. S. *Leander* approved the separation of *Hermingildus* in *Spain*: S. *Gregorie* of *Towers* blamed it in *France*. I enter not into all the considerations of them both, but I think this Prince took ways too violent in his beginnings, levying arms against his father, which were not according to the counsel of his wife; and I will have no other Authour, but himself, since he condemned his own design, so soon as he began to become holy.

The thirteenth Section.

The reciprocal Letters of the father and the son, upon their separation.

Hermingildus, extreamly incensed at the affront which he received in the person most dear unto him in the world, and who wanted not a Nobility round about him, that enkindled the fire of choller, burst forth in the beginning with violence. The father, an old suspitious man, felt himself much displeased with this alteration, and the step-mother ceased not to throw flames through her throat, and crie al-arm as loud as she could, to transport affairs instantly, unto the utmost point of severity.

Levigildus notwithstanding, before he would proceed to extremities, sought to do something by letters, which are found couched in the History: wherein this Prince flattereth his son with fair words to surprize him. Behold here the copy of them:

Son, *I would willingly say that unto you present, which I cannot sufficiently express in my Letters. If you have as much confidence in me, as I yet have love towards you, I verily think were you with me, and alienated from the evil counsels of those who abuse the facilitie of your excellent nature, I might do much upon your spirit, both as a father, and as a King; so that at the least if you fear my Scepter, you would love my charitie, which still openeth its arms to your obedience. I have bred you up from your tender infancie, to make you heir of my Crown; and since you arrived to full age, I have conferred*

ferred so many benefits on you, that they have surmounted your hopes, and as it were drained my liberalities. I have put a Scepter into your hand, to serve your father with the more authoritie, and not to deliver it over to mine enemy. I have caused you to be stiled a King, to become a support to my Crown, and not a Lord over mine Empire. I have given you all, to repose my old age upon the hope of your dutie, and not to afflict me.

And yet notwithstanding, after I have done all this, beyond custom, beyond your age, and above your merit, you pay me with impietie and ingratitude. Expect yet a little, and the law of nature will give you that which you seek by ambition. Alledge not Religion unto me to justifie your arms, it hath been a crime in you to take a Religion contrary to my commands; and an impietie in your Religion, to separate your self from my obedience. I counsel you as a friend, and command you as a father, to render your self as soon as possibly you may at my Court, and set your self in the way of duties; otherwise I fear you may implore mercie, when there will be no other Kingdom found for you, but that of justice.

Hermingildus deliberated upon the answer he was to make to these Letters: but his Councel too fervent, shewed him, it was now no time to retire back; that he had to do with a man imperious and turbulent, a mother-in-law irreconciliable, who had no other aim but to ruin him: and that if he took not arms to defend his own life, he would be chased away like a beast, and should not find safety even in deserts. Behold the cause why he wrote back in this manner:

Sir, I give thanks to my Religion, which hath already afforded me patience enough to bear the sharpness of your words, and which is more, resolution also not to be shaken with the severitie of your menaces. I have ever freely protested, that I am tied unto you with immortal obligations, and am besides ready prest to acknowledge them, even to my last breath, were it not that some now endeavour with you, to render all my duties unjust, and my thoughts criminal. Your Majestie should quickly see me by your sides, if she, who will not behold me at your feet, but in the quality of a Delinquent, had not pre-occupated your heart and ears, to stop up the one to charitie, the other to justice.

What assurance can I have of my life in a place, where she for whom I live, hath been dragged by the hair, and trampled under foot? The wound sticketh so sensibly upon me, that time can neither find a lenitive, nor reason a remedie.

As for the change of Religion made by me, I go along with the main current of wisdom, and sanctitie of the whole world, and where I find my salvation most assured, I cannot live with more authoritie, nor die with more hope; and if you condemn me for it, your Majestie shall know, that a father requireth obedience out of the limits of nature, when he exacteth it beyond conscience. Sir, I beseech you to adde to so many benefits by you afforded me, the liberty of an honest repose, lest our arms may be as shamefull for the Conquerour, as miserable to the vanquished.

Levigildus was more exasperated upon these Letters, and the wicked Step-mother ceased not to rub the sore as much as she might. All designs tended to war: the father upon the one side maketh great levies of souldiers; the son fortifieth *Sevil* and *Cordova*, and draweth to his party some Forces of the Empire, having sent an honourable Embassy to the Emperour of *Constantinople*, which was at that time *Tyberius*, to intreat great succours. Acts of hostility were practised both by the one and other part, and in the end *Hermingildus* is besieged in *Sevil*, where he made his abode the space of two or three years after his departure from the Court. King *Levigildus*, who was an old fox, endeavoured then to entertain the Catholicks with much sweetness, to divert them from his sons side, and gaineth by force of money many mercenaries, who well discovered they had no other faith, but that which their fortune would give them.

The fourteenth SECTION.

The Treaty of peace between Levigildus *and his son, by the mediation of* Indegondis.

THe war was yet like to continue very long, had it not been that the Princess, weary to behold these calamities that took beginning from an affront which she had endeavoured to dissemble with so much prudence, besought her husband with great tenderness of tears, to reconcile himself to his father. He touched at that instant with a quite other spirit than he had hitherto felt, prostrated himself before the Altar, and protested before God, that he abandoned all the justice of his cause for the onely considerations of piety, and would rather die than prosecute those dissentions any further, to the prejudice of charity. He went out wholly changed upon this her motion, and coming to his wife, said unto her: *Madame, behold me resolved to seek out the King my father, since you so desire it. But I must needs tell you, that having forgotten my self in this resolution, I cannot neglect you. The unworthie usage which you have received at Court, requireth you return not thither but in triumph. Never will I admit that you undergo hazard, by exposing you to the mercie of a woman, which perhaps hath none either for you or me. You know the affairs of* France *are at this time in so great confusion, that you cannot hope there for any retrait to assuage your griefs. We have here a Prince, the Emperour* Tyberius, *who is our allie, in whose protection I advise you to put your self, to pass into* Africa, *and from thence to* Constantinople, *if it happen that I be otherwise entreated, than your hopes import.*

At these words the poor *Indegondis* felt her self seized with a great trembling, and wept bitterly, not being able to answer one word. The Prince, seeing he had proceeded too far in afflicting her so faithfull heart, sweetened his discourse, and said: *Dear heart, why do you trouble your self at my departure? I hope the affairs will run in a way so prosperous, that in two or three days, we shall see one another at Court; but that which I have spoken, is said, taking all accidents at the worst, to provide the better for your safetie.*

They had during their abode here, a little son, which yet hung at the breast: the father taking it in his arms, said: *Madame, Behold a most precious pledge of our marriage, which I recommend unto you. Let God dispose of it as shall best please him, but you must breed it up as a King.* The mother beholding the infant, redoubled her sighs, and the poor *Hermingildus* not knowing what would follow, felt himself surprized with a heavy and stupid dolour, which made him break off his discourse: yet notwithstanding he failed not to treat with the Emperours Lieutenant, to put all that which was most dear unto him into safeguard. But when the fatal day of separation came, these two hearts so united, felt such violent convulsions of grief, as if they then had foreseen the events which afterward succeeded, and that this farewel should be their last.

Indegondis at her parting, cried out: *Sir, whatsoever happen, loose not the treasure of your faith. My good Mistress,* replied the Prince, *assure your self you have gained a disciple, who shall never dishonour you: be you merry, I will expect you at Court.*

Alas, what is our life, and the affairs of man! That which is past is nothing, the present a fantasie, and the future an abyss, where even those who stand

on the brink, see not any thing. These two great souls, which it seemed were worthy to live an Age to manure their faithfull loves, and possess Empires as perpetual inheritances of their merits, go about to be divided for ever with a separation, which would be judged hydeous and pitifull, were it not that she hath brought forth a Kingdom to Religion. Some time after that *Indegondis* was retired, *Levigildus* understanding his son disposed himself to some composition, conceived much joy thereat: for he feared lest he might be enforced to give battel, wherein he had perhaps found what a man may do, thrust into despair. So soon as he saw some overture of peace, he dispatched his son *Recaredus*, who was in the Army with him, to gain his elder brother, well knowing they were both of humours very consonant.

When the younger entred into *Hermingildus* camp, and had espied him, he stopped suddenly, and cried out: *Oh my brother, before I embrace, I desire to know whether I come to a friend or an enemie.* But the good brother, without making him any other answer, set forward, and most lovingly embraced him in the sight of the whole Army. The other sighing, "Ah brother (*saith he*) most dear brother, whither have the counsels of "those transported you, who desire the ruin of our "house? Behold your self here environed with armies "and Legions, and behold on the other part my fa"ther, who besiegeth you with all his army. Misera"ble that I am! What shall I do but make between "you both, a wall of my body to hinder your designs? "Ah, how brother? are you upon the point to give "my father battel? Oh how unhappy would the Sun "be which shineth over our heads, if this day, before "the setting, he should see his face defiled with the "stains of our bloud! Brother, it is our Countrey a"gainst which you arm, that stretcheth out to your "obedience the same hands it lifted up to Altars for "your safety. Brother, it is your father and mine a"gainst whom you march: what honour can you get "to tear out of his body by violence a soul, which he is "ready to render up to nature, & to throw it out yet "alive into the flaming ruins of his Kingdom? Have "you no other objects to give testimony of your valor? "I beseech you, both by the Religion you have em"braced, and the bloud common to us both, stay your "arms, or if you persist in your purpose, kill me rather "at your feet, and take me as a victim to purge both "the armies. Behold the King, who lovingly expe"cteth you, and who reckoneth up the moments of "my Embassage; I bring you the word of full assu"rance upon my life and honour. You must come "instantly, if you dare believe me, for you cannot pro"crastinate nor retard this affair, but you must slack"en your own happiness.

These words were powerfull enough to transport a man, who was already resolved. *Hermingildus* having assured him of the good affection he had ever born both to the King his father, and himself, went to the Court. *Recaredus* flieth with the desire he had to inform his father of the success of his Commission, and being arrived, he bare the news of the coming of his brother, wherewith he was infinitely pleased. The Prince followed quickly after, and prostrated himself at the feet of the King his father, saying:

"Sir, And my most dear father, behold here your "poor *Hermingildus*, who will perpetually be yours, "what ever happen. Those, who have armed your "clemency to the ruin of your bloud, have chased me "from your Court and Palace, but not been able to "separate me from your love. I have lived hitherto "like a poor exile, and as it were a dead man among "the living. If my enemies be not satisfied with my "miseries, behold Sir, I stretch my hands wholly dis"armed to the power, which nature hath given you "over me, ready to live or die at your feet.

The King, whether he dissembled his passion, or whether he truly were touched with such a spectacle of piety, embraced him with much tenderness, saying: "Ah my son, evil fame hath depainted you much "other than you are. I assure you this confidence "which you have witnessed unto me, hath now set "you free from all suspition. You are very welcome, "most dear son, where have you left the Princess your "wife? *The Prince replied*, She should speedily be at "Court. *Goizintha* faileth not to be there present, and to shew to her son-in-law all possible courtesies; which so confirmed the mind of *Hermingildus*, that he instantly discharged himself from all distrust, and prepared to send suddenly for *Indegondis* to come to the Court. A friend notwithstanding whispered him in the ear, that it was not necessary for him to hasten so much, and that he must ever fear a still sea, an old man amorous, and a step-mother too courteous.

The fifteenth SECTION.

Hermingildus *wickedly betrayed.*

THis speech was but too true; for the pernicious *Goizintha* foreseeing, if *Hermingildus* were once again fully possessed of the heart of his father, whereof there was some probability, he would not fail to revenge himself on her for the affront done to his wife, and if it were not with diligence prevented, he might discover her sleights, and disturb all her faction: She therefore called a fatal Councel, wherein she resolved to overthrow this poor Prince. She gained unto her infamous men, who poured into the ears of King *Levigildus* what soever they thought good; she suborneth witnesses, she causeth letters to be produced, and frameth a gross calumny, giving her husband to understand, that this reconciliation of his son was but a matter of disguise, the better to arrive at the scope of his intentions; that he hath sworn the ruin of his father, and that his spirit is become so arrogant, he cannot endure him as a companion in the Empire; that it is a thing undoubted that all the *Romans* desire to lift him to the throne: That he hath practised alliance with the Emperour of *Constantinople*, whereof expres letters might be produced: and to shew this is a business already concluded, he hath delegated his wife, a cunning and turbulent spirit, into *Africa*, to pass from thence to *Constantinople*, and to bring with her all the forces of the Empire, to fall upon *Spain*; that there was no other remedy, but with all speed to prevent his design, and to make him feel the power of despised clemency.

She spake so much both of truth and falshood, and her Commissioners were so well practised to forge many suspitions, and represent a thousand accidents in affairs, which seemed to confirm this conspiracy, that in the end *Levigildus* entered into a frenzy more gross than had possessed him before; and having declared his son guilty of treason, he caused him to be suddenly taken, and shut up in a strait prison. It was a pitifull thing to behold this Prince, a man wholly innocent, seized on in the middest of all the pleasing triumphs of the Court, which they had prepared to honour his arrival, betrayed even at that time, when he least thought thereon, and used with so much cruelty. A matter very natural to heresie, where, after they had clothed him with sackcloth, he was so loaden with chains, that he became crooked, not being able at all to lift up his head.

He then well knew his hour was come, so that renouncing all the pleasures of this life, he began couragiously to prepare himself for death. The King, accompanied with some Commissioners, whom he had given in charge to draw his proces, would needs see him, and beholding him, suffered himself instantly to be transported with great disturbances of

choller,

choller, calling him ungratefull, parricide, and wicked wretch. The Prince mildly answered: *Sir, could I foretel, I should know what I had done, and wherefore I am accused; but since I have no such spirit, I will die in silence.* The father replied, his ill conscience suggested thereof enough unto him, and that he knew but too much what designs he had upon the State and the life of his father; that he would have him speak freely, and that if he could justifie himself in these points, he would gladly hear him.

Hermingildus at that time made the Apologie, which I have else where expressed in Latin, approching as near as I might to his own intentions and phrase, and am here ready to render it in our language, that I may not frustrate my Reader of it.

Sir, said the Prince, *the proof of my innocencie is as easie, as the defence thereof is difficult. I reposed, next after God, all my confidence in your Majestie, to choak the flame of cruel envie wherewith you see me assailed, and as it were still smoking. I attended to implore your name, to challenge your power, and to have you for witness of my fidelitie, unworthily treated by slander; and now I have you for an ardent accuser, and a most severe Judge, nay, which is more, an incensed father. You have caused me to be taken as it were from the table of a feast, by you prepared for congratulation of my return; you have made me to be despoiled of purple; to be bound, and fettered like a galley-slave. I fear lest the justification of my actions, may not be the condemnation of yours; and that in seeking to defend mine own innocencie, I be not enforced to accuse the errour of my father, which is to me one of the greatest punishments I can suffer. Notwithstanding, since you command I should speak, not that, in the condition whereunto affairs are arrived, I may hope of any thing either by my discourse or silence, but hap what may, I will pour into your ears the last voice of my bloud. For did my accusers demand no other thing than my life, I would willingly give it them without reply: but seeing they go about to fasten infamie on mine ashes, I beseech your Majestie, to hear the few words I have to say.*

The businesse here is not a new crime, it is a very long time since the Queen your wife, and our step-mother Goizintha, *began to weave this web against my brother and me, to deprive your scepter of its lawfull heirs, and give your Crown as a prey to her ambition. Would to God I might now call out of the other world, the blessed soul of my dead mother, to be present at this judgement: She would speak, and I might be silent; she would remember your Majestie, how being in the agonies of that fatal hour which took from us this great Queen, she embraced my brother and me, beseeching you by your chast loves, and inviolable faith of marriage, to be unto us both father and mother. We were then of an age, wherein we could not as yet either feel or bemoan our losses. Notwithstanding, seeing you bowed over the bodie, which yielded up the ghost, with weeping eyes, we gave our infant-tears to her memorie, as a just tribute of Nature: but you taking your little orphans into your bosom, forbade them to mourn, which you could hardly do, and wiping away their tears, promised you hereafter would become to us a father for protection, and a mother for indulgence. I then grew up under your eyes, spinning out the course of my innocent years, and am come to an age capable to bear some share in your hopes. Had you any thing at that time in the world more dear unto you, than your* Hermingildus? *Dignities were for him, for him Empires, wars were made by him, and peace concluded in his name.* Hermingildus *was the object of your thoughts, the entertainment of your discourse, the contentment of your heart.*

Your Majestie then resolved to marrie me, although very young, you found out for me a wife, daughter of a King, sister of a King, neece of a King, but such an one as by her virtues surpassed all titles of Kingdoms. Ah poor maid, who would have said then, that thou wast reserved to be the subject of so lamentable a Tragedie! I was reputed the most happie man of the world, since for me were born so many singular virtues and perfections, admired by all men. I must confess I loved this Princess, not so much by the ways of an ordinarie love, as a certain admiration of her virtues. For I have received the faith by her pietie, her example, and her doctrine; holding in her soul the rank of a husband, a disciple, and as it were of her own son.

Thereupon Goizintha *began to possess your heart, and to gain supereminence in your affairs; so changing your will by her ordinarie practises, that she hath turned all your ancient favours into disdain, your confidence into suspition, your resolution into disturbance, and your mild temper into command. This woman hath so persecuted me, that in your Court I neither enjoyed watchings, rest, recreation, nor affairs without danger. But I have willingly passed under silence all that, which touched mine own person, until she fell upon an action so barbarous, which were sufficient to justifie the* Scythians *and* Tartars. *I have no words to speak it, having so much sorrow to feel it: Enough is said, when there hath been seen a daughter of so many Kings, trampled under the foot of a woman (whose birth I will not reproch, because indeed I well know it not) a Princess most innocent, beaten even to bloud by a mother-in-law; a Ladie replenished with honour, disarayed of her garments by unworthie servants, and plunged by little and little into a pool in a cold season, to consummate a Martyrdom, such as the ancient Tyrants never invented more cruel for women, contenting themselves to impose oftentimes onely nakedness for a punishment.*

Had I revenged my self of such inhumanitie with sword and fire, no man could have thought my proceeding unjust, nor my thoughts unreasonable: notwithstanding, I have still endeavoured to cure my self by the remedie most ordinarie with me, which was patience. I in silence retired unto a Citie which your Majestie gave me for lively-hood; resolved there peaceably to pass my days with my wife, whilest we beheld the face of this Court so adverse to our hopes.

But your Goizintha, *as if we had committed a great sin, in not enduring her to thrust a sword through our throats, hath sounded an alarm in your Palace, and afterward in all the Province, declaring me an enemie to the countrey, an usurper of the Crown of my father, a Parricide, a creature excommunicate, and adding thereunto words much more injurious against me and my wife.*

For my part, Sir, I wish you had rather hearkened to our innocencie, than served her passion; all then had succeeded better. But after strange Levies were made, you came thundering upon Sevil, *to besiege me with a huge Armie, so that you seemed to stir all the elements against me. I confess it, I then followed the instinct which God giveth creatures, even the most bruitish, to defend their own family and fortune. I took arms, not to offend you, but to safeguard my self and my wife, against the furies of a step-mother, who makes use of all arrows for our ruin.*

Yet seeing my armies reduced to that point, that I had no means to escape without giving battel, which must necessarily be fatal to both parts, I renounced for your sake the laws of nature, and am come to render my self up to your discretion. I call to witness the Altars, holy fire, and the Angel-guardians, which have seen me prostrated before them, of the sinceritie of my intentions, and of the tears I have shed for you, having not leisure then to bemoan my self.

Afterward your Majestie sent my brother unto me, to give me assurance of your love; you called me forth, I am come, I have suppliantly intreated, you have received me. I prostrated my self at your feet, you have raised me with so many favours, and so many tokens of good will, that I could require no more for my safetie. Lask, who hath changed your affection, who hath tarnished our joys, and withered the olives of peace, but she, who being not able to

ruin me with weapon in hand, seeks to have my bloud by form of justice.

Behold my accusation and crime; behold all that which hath made me to be clothed with sackcloth, and chained with fetters ordained for Galley-slaves.

The father, who was of an ardent spirit, interrupteth him hereupon, and demandeth, where his wife was? whether he had not sent her into *Africk*, to pass from thence to *Constantinople*? The Prince answered, *He had onely projected this in his mind, not for any other purpose, but to advise upon the safetie of her person, not knowing as then how matters would stand, and that accidents had taught him, he was wise enough in his counsels, but less happie than he imagined.*

The King insisteth, and interrogateth, whether he had not treated alliance with the Emperour *Tiberius*? He thereunto replied, that he had never practised any other correspondence, but to draw from him some Troups, for the defence of his life: and that so soon as he saw some overture of peace, he had dismissed them, resolving to make no further use of them. He then was pressed upon divers questions, to which he made most pertinent answers, shewing very evidently to the miserable father, the colours and pretexts which they made use of to ruin him, unless passion should cast a film over his eyes.

In the end, seeing he could not convince his son to have practised any thing, since the accord was made between them both, he made a strong sally, and willed him freely to answer one word, upon which he would ground the whole proceeding, to wit, *Whether he were not a* Roman *Catholick? That is it, Sir,* saith the Prince, *which I avow, which I publish, which I protest. For verily it is a crime, which maketh the Judges become pale, and the offenders laugh. The accusation whereof, is a vow all great souls should profess, and the pain is a felicitie which Martyrs have bought with their bloud. I wish to die a hundred times, if it might be done, for the glorie of that goodly title; so far is it too little, with one mouth to confess the praises of God. Command if you please, that my bodie be hewed and cut in pieces for the profession of the Catholick faith, and then I shall have as many mouthes as wounds, to praise my Saviour, and all those wounds shall be as gates of bloud, to give passage to my soul to the place, where it is expected by so good companie.*

The father said thereupon, *he was become a fool; and that no man hated life, but he who had ill employed it.* The son replied, *The misuse had been in heresie, of which he repented him.* And at that instant, the Guard received commandment to re-convey him to prison, where he was so comforted with the visitations of God, that finding with much difficulty means to send a Letter to his dear *Indegondis*, he wrote to her in this manner:

The sixteenth Section.

The Letter of Hermingildus *to his dear wife* Indegondis, *and his generous resolution.*

My holy Mistress, from whom I have received the faith and true knowledge of God, I write these lines unto you, clothed with sackcloth, and loaden with fetters in the bottom of a dark dungeon, for the defence of that Religion which you have taught me. If I did not know by experience the invincible force of your heart, and the resolution you practise in affairs which concern the service of God, I had concealed my estate from you, that I might not contristrate objects sensible to nature.

But (most dear wife) *you have a forehead too noble to blush at the disgrace of the Crucifix, and a courage too well fortified, to refuse taking part in the liverie of the Saviour of the world. I protest upon mine honour I could never perswade my self, there might be contentment to suffer that which I tolerate, when your innocent mouth preached unto me the reward of suffering, wherewith your bodie had heretofore been gloriously covered. But since my imprisonment, I have felt consolations of God so tastfull, that I cannot think it possible to relish in the world any other antipasts of Paradise. You are not ignorant, that my life and conversation, which hath been so long time plunged in errour and vanitie, deserved not these benefits: but your most pure hands, which you so often have lifted up before Altars for my salvation, have obtained that for me, which much transcended my merit and all my hopes.*

The King my father hath been pleased to hear me, and I have pleaded my cause in fetters, with so great assistance from the Heavenly goodnes, that I justified my self in all charges objected against me; and have put the matter into such a condition, that I am no further accused as a thief and homicide, but as a Catholick.

I speedily expect my sentence, and do not think I am put into the state wherein I am to save my life; but I undoubtedly believe this will be the last Letter you shall receive from my hand. I earnestly beseech your loyal heart, that as in this action which shall close up my days, I intend to do nothing unworthie of you, so on your part, act nothing unworthie of me; betraying the happines of my death with tears, which would be little honourable to the condition whereunto God hath called me. I put into the hands of the Divine Providence, both you and your little Hermingildus, *the onely pledge of our holy loves.*

Be courageous, my dearest love, and after my death take the way of Constantinople; *to render your self at the Palace of the Emperour* Tiberius, *who is a good Prince, and most Catholick. I recommend unto you my poor soul: as for the bodie, let that become of it, which shall please my father. If the alteration of times and affairs bring you back into* Spain, *there to hold the rank you deserve, my ashes will likewise rejoyce at the odour of your virtues. I hope my death shall not be unprofitable, and that God will make use of it for the good of the Kingdom. You know how many times I have heard you say, that you would have bought the salvation thereof with your bloud; you have already in it employed one part, it is my turn to perform the rest upon a scaffold: For in what place soever you are, I promise my self to be most particularly assisted by your holy prayers.*

The good Princes received this Letter, with the news of his death, as we will presently tell you: but in this space of time, *Recaredus*, the younger brother of *Hermingildus*, extreamly afflicted, that having been a mediatour of this counterfeit peace, he saw it end in so deplorable a Tragedie, hasteneth to cast himself at the feet of his father; beseeching him with infinite abundance of tears and lamentations, either to give him the stroke of death with his own hand, or save the life of his brother. The father replied: *He was a furious fellow, and a traitour to his fortune, and that he ought to suffer justice to be done, which would give him a Crown. That his brother well discovered himself an enemie to his father and the State, since he would not for his sake renounce onely so much as a fantasie Religion; that he was onely questioned upon this point, and that if he could perswade him to reason, he was readie to save his life,* *Recaredus* prepared himself strongly to gain him, and asketh leave to go to the Prison, which was allowed him.

The young Prince seeing his brother covered with sackcloth, and bowed under fetters, was so amazed at this spectacle, that he stood a long time mute as a statue; but in the end, breaking silence with a deep sigh: *Ah brother* (saith he) *it is I, who have*

have betrayed you; it is I, who have covered you with this fatal sackcloth, I, who have bound and fettered you with these cruel chains, made for ignominious slaves, not for your innocencie. Brother, behold my poynard which I present you, revenge your self upon my guiltie head. I have been culpable enough, in that I have produced from a good intention so bad effects.

Hermingildus beholding him with a peacefull eye, answered: *Brother, why do you afflict your self? Full well do I know your innocencie. What innocencie?* replied the other, *if unadvisedly I be the cause of your death by my disasterous Embassage? But good brother, since you are reduced to this extremitie, I beseech you forgo the name of Catholick: or, if that seem unworthie of your constancie, dissemble for some time, and content the King my father and yours, who requireth from you no other satisfaction.*

The good Prince answered: *Ah Brother! What have you said, you lately perswaded me to an act of pietie, at the peril of my life, think not now to induce me to an impietie, although it should concern all the lives and Kingdoms of the world. Behold here the time for you to reign, and for me to die. I willingly die for the honour I owe to my Religion, for which I gladly would suffer death a thousand times, if it were possible. I neither accuse you nor my father, whom I more compassionate than my self, and counsel you to render him all the duties of pietie, in the decrepitness of age whereinto he is entered.*

As for our step-mother, I pray you rather to endure her nature, than revenge my death. It is the work of God to take knowledge of injuries, and for us to bear them. When my soul shall leave this miserable bodie, it shall ceaselesly pray for you; and I hope, most dear brother, you in the end will renounce this poor libertie, which entertaineth you in the sect of the Arians: *and if dying men use to divine, I foretel, that being converted to the faith, you shall lay foundations of Catholick Religion in all this Kingdom, which I am about to moisten with my blood.*

Recaredus used all the intreaties he could devise, never being able to shake the constancy of his brother: which much offended King *Levigildus*, and transported him into resolutions very bloudy. Notwithstanding, those who might yet speak unto him with some liberty, counselled him to precipitate nothing in an affair of so great consequence; saying, there was no apparence that *Hermingildus* had undertaken any plot against the life and State of his father, since he came so freely to present himself upon his bare word; that those who find themselves guilty, use not to come to burn themselves, as butter-flies at the candle. That his countenance at this interview, was too sweet, his speech too proper, his deportments too candide, to cover so black a mischief: and as for change of Sect, it was no wonder, if the King having given him a Catholick wife, he had taken that Religion with its love; that it was a complement of a lover, which age would bend, experience sweeten, and prudence in the end deface: that he had at that time more need of a Doctour than an executioner, since the apprehensions of God were distilled in the heart, by the help of tongues, not the dint of swords.

The seventeenth Section.

The death of Hermingildus.

THe faction of *Goizintha*, transported beyond all considerations, ceased not to sound in the ears of the King, that *Hermingildus* was not an offender, whose power was to be neglected: That his crime was not such as might promise him impunity; that the laws of the Countrey had never tolerated such practises; that he had violated right both divine and humane, becoming a fugitive from his Countrey, an Apostata in his religion, a rebel to the power of his father: in such sort, that to render his wound incurable, he had changed all lenitives into poison. That he had levied arms against his Sovereign, without regard of his age, his name, the majesty of the Kingdom, and the voice of nature, and that there was nothing but the despair of his affairs, which had taken them out of his hands. That he held correspondence with the enemies of the State, to whom he was become an assistant and a companion: and now to make himself as impudent to defend a crime, as bold to execute it, had cast all the fault of his conspiracies upon the Queen, his mother-in-law, and the marriage of his father; shewing himself so insolent in his misery, that there was nothing to be expected but tyranny from his prosperity: that it was to be extreamly arrogant, even to stupidity, to seek to retain a chymæra of piety, contrary to the will of his father: and that never would he be so constant in his superstition, if he had not leagued all the interests of his fortune with the Catholicks, enemies of the Kingdom: That if order were not taken therein, they should be hereafter deprived of the power to deliberate on it, when they had given him all the means to execute it.

The credulity of the unfortunate father was so strongly assaulted by these discourses, that he resolved to go beyond himself: so that on a night, which was Easter Eve, he dispatched a messenger to the prison, with an executioner, to let him know, he was speedily to make his resolution, to choose either life and scepter, by returning to the Religion of the *Arians*, or death by persisting in the Catholick: That he had a sword and a Crown before his eyes, the one for glory, the other for punishment, the choice of either was referred to himself.

Hermingildus made answer, he had already sufficiently manifested his determination upon this Article; that he would rather die a thousand deaths, than ever separate himself from the Religion which he had embraced with all reason and full consideration. The Commissary replied: *The King your Father hath given me in charge, that in case of refusal, I should proceed to execution of the sentence decreed against you.* What? saith *Hermingildus*. *He hath condemned you by express sentence,* (saith the other) *to have your head cut off in this same prison, where you are.* Whereupon the holy man fell on his knees to the earth, and said:

My God, my Lord, I yield you immortal thanks, that having given me by the means of my father, a frail, brittle, and miserable life, common unto me with flies and ants; you now afford me on this day by these sentences, a life noble, happie, glorious to all eternitie.

Then rising up again, he requested the Commissary he would by his good favour, suffer a Catholick Priest to come to him, to hear his Confession, and dispose him to death. He answered, It was expresly forbidden by the King his father: but if he would admit an *Arian* Bishop, he should have one at his pleasure. No (saith he) *for I have detested, yea, and do still abhor Arianism, even to the death: and since my father denieth me a favour which ordinarily is granted to the guiltie, I will die, having no other witness but mine own conscience.*

Which having said, he kneeled down again, and made his confession to God, praying very long for his father, his step-mother, all his enemies, and pronouncing also at his death, the name of his dear *Indegondis*, to whom he professed himself bound with incomparable obligations. Then afterward having recommended his soul to God, under the protection of the most holy Virgin, his good Angel, and all the Saints, he stretched out his neck to the executioner, which was cut off with one blow of an ax.

So many ſtars as at that inſtant ſhined in Heaven in the dead ſilence of the night, were ſo many eyes open over the bloudy ſacrifice of this moſt innocent Prince, from whom a wretched father took away, by the hand of a hang-man, the life which he gave him. Had his condition been capable of tears, even Tygers themſelves would have deplored him, ſeeing ſo much piety, ſuch faith, ſo much goodneſs, ſuch worth eclipſed, in a bloud ſo precious, in an Age ſo flouriſhing, in a fortune ſo repleniſhed with hope.

The news of his death haſtened to find out *Indegondis*, who was yet in *Africa*, where ſhe alſo received the laſt Letter, which her husband wrote to her out of priſon.

The ſervants that were about her perſon, began to make hydeous lamentations, as if they themſelves had been condemned to death. But the couragious *Indegondis* kiſſing the letter of her dear husband, then opening it with ſingular reverence, and reading the laſt words, which he as it were had ſteeped in his bloud; ſhe cried out:

Alas! Generous, and faithfull heart! you have done all that, which a good man might: you have manfully fought, you are happily arrived at the Crown. Nothing can be deſired in you, but the imitation of your conſtancy.

Servants, Why do you weep? This is the very day, wherein I am a Queen, and when I eſteem my ſelf the moſt triumphant woman in the world, having my husband a Martyr in Heaven. Give me roſes and flower-de-luces, that I may crown his Image, and honour at the leaſt with theſe teſtimonies a ſoul, which hath left unto us ſuch ſweet odours of virtue.

She had with her, her little *Hermingildus*, almoſt dead with the wearisomneſs of travel on the way, which indeed had been ſomewhat eaſie for the tenderneſs of his age. The mother beholding him,

Go my ſon (ſaith ſhe) *follow your good father: God hath given you a favour in your cradle, that he doth not to all children, which is to be baniſhed for the faith, and to take part in the Martyrdom of him who begot you. Go little innocent, and rejoyce with others before the Altar of the Lamb: your mother ſhall not long ſtay behind you.*

Others ſay, he was ſent priſoner to the Emperour *Mauritius*, but without ground.

The child died ſhortly after, and the good Princeſs, having for a long time combatted in a brave manner againſt the apprehenſions of nature, poured forth on a ſudden thick ſobs, and a main tyde of tears, which diſtilled from her eyes againſt her will, whereupon ſhe mildly ſaid:

Alas! my tears, what fitneſs can you find to bemoan a Martyr? My God, it is done: the father and the ſon are alreadie at reſt, there remaineth nothing but to take the mother. Behold two parts of the world, Europe *and* Africk, *which I have filled with my miſeries. If you will that I yet paſs into* Aſia, *your will be done. But if I no longer be ought, but an unprofitable burden to the earth, what do I here? I have ſpun out all the web which you gave me; I have ended all the hopes of the world; why ſtay you, O my God, to receive my ſoul, which I bear on my lips?* She was heard: For in few days, being all waſted with love, travel, and deſires, after an exemplar death, ſhe found her tomb in *Africk*.

What ſhall I ſay here, and what ſhall I do, to ſhut up this diſcourſe? We have all certain natural ſoftneſſes in the bottom of our ſouls, and ſome humane apprehenſions, which alter the force of our judgement. My pen cannot almoſt paſs over this hiſtory, and not commix the waters of mine eyes with mine ink; and perhaps alſo (you my Reader) cannot peruſe it without compaſſion. It ſeemeth unto you theſe chaſte loves of *Hermingildus* and *Indegondis* are too unhappy; that ſuch virtues are cruelly handled, that ſuch noble courages have met with a fortune ſiniſter, hydeous, and perſecutive, even to the tomb. You would gladly ſee theſe brave ſpirits, after ſo many tempeſts, ſuch thunder-claps and whirle-winds, arrive at a Port of ſome large temporal felicity. You would behold them with Crowns on their heads, with Scepters in their hands, with Provinces flouriſhing in revenues, with proſperities perpetually ſmiling in their houſe, with loves free from diſturbance, deſires void of denials, affairs without trouble, greatneſs without change, pleaſures without acerbities, and a long poſterity fully laden with honours. It grieves you, that this poor Prince hath paſſed away as a pearl, parched up with lightening in its growth, or as an eagle ſtrangled in the ſhell. You bewail this Princeſs, that being born in *France*, ſhe died in *Africk*, ſeparated by the sword from a husband who loved her ſo tenderly, deprived of a ſon, who gave ſo many good hopes, abandoned by all her allies; but ſome poor waiting-women that buried her with ſorrow ſo full of pitie, that it was of power to move the monſters of *Africk* to commiſeration. Ah ignorant that we are of the works of God, perpetually fixed to the earth, and deprived of thoſe ſparkles of fire and light, which burn under the moſt generous breaſts! Let us a little draw aſide the curtain, and ſee through ſo many clouds one ſole ray of the Sanctuary. What injury hath the Divine Providence done to Prince *Hermingildus*, if for a Crown, which is the weather-cock of winds, if for a Scepter, which is the reed of the times, if for a life, which is the harbinger of death, it afford him virtues, delights, and glories, which out-ſtrip the flight of our thoughts, which drie up our mouthes, which out-run our deſires, which ſurmount all our imaginations? What injury, if it make a Saint of him, whoſe name is couched in Martyrologes, whoſe memory liveth in writing, whoſe praiſe flouriſheth in mouthes, whoſe words are nought but honour, and works but bleſſings; whileſt his ſtep-mother *Goizintha* dies like a dog, and is buried in the opprobrie of her name? What injury, if it have ſo handled the matter, that his father, touched with a lively repentance, hath juſtified him as an innocent, deplored him as a ſon, invoked as a Martyr? If it hath ſanctified his fetters, conſecrated the tower of his priſon, raiſed up his aſhes above all the Crowns of the Kings of *Spain*? If it hath given him Altars on earth, and a Diadem of beatitudes in Heaven? Is it to have deſpiſed his virtue, neglected his ſufferings, diſobliged his conſtancy, and fruſtrated his travels? What would you have God to have made the virtuous *Indegondis*? A Queen, delicate, ambitious, covetuous, haughty, which had not ſpit but in gold, walked but on roſes, flown over the heads of men, and putrified in delights? How many ſuch like are there, who have defiled their names with reproach, wearied the earth with their importunities, aſtoniſhed poſterity with their deportments, and peopled hell with their crimes? But this Ladie having been purified with the burning coals of tribulation, iſſued from the hands of God as a veſſel of glory, to make her luſtre reſplendent in the ſight of all Ages.

Ah Ladies, who read this piece, and who many times flatter your ſelves with the title of virtue, in ſome petty tracks of devotion, which have nothing but outward ſemblance, what example of piety ſee you here? What mirrour? what perfection? My eyes dazle in beholding her actions, and my pen fails in writing her praiſes.

What a courage? that a young maid not above fifteen or ſixteen years of age, entereth into a Kingdom with intention to conquer it for God, much otherwiſe than the *Cæſars*, who ſo many times have devoured it by ambition? What a prudence to tolerate the converſation of a ſtep-mother, whileſt ſhe medled not with her Religion? What liberty of ſpirit, and what ſtrength of words to defend her faith, ſo ſoon as ſhe ſaw her ſelf aſſailed in this virtue, which was more dear unto her than the apple of her eye?

What

What patience to endure to be dragged along upon the pavement by the hair? to be beaten even to bloud? to be thrown into the river? to be used like the dust of the earth for the honour of *Jesus Christ*, not challenging any one, not complaining, not seeming offended, nay, not telling her husband (into whose bosom she poured forth her most secret thoughts) the affront she had received, for fear to break peace with a creature, who deserved the hatred of all the world? What wisdom, what grace, what eloquence used she in the conversion of her husband? What love for his soul, what zeal for his salvation, what care for his direction? What authority, to stop with a word the armies of the father and son instantly ready to encounter? What resignation of her own will in this separation from her husband? And what a heart of diamond against a thousand strokes of dolours, to take thankfully a death so bloudy, so tragical, so pitifull? To see her self at an instant bereaved of a son and a husband, and of all things in the world, offering up unto God in all her afflictions, the obedience of her heart, prayers of her lips, and victims of all the parts of her body? What triumph, when after her death, her brother-in-law, who had participated of her good instructions, in remembrance of her and her husband, was absolutely converted to the Catholick faith, and changing the whole face of the Kingdom, repealed the banished, restored the Bishops to their Sees, Religion into force, Laws into authority, and the whole Province into peace? What miracle, to see sage *Indegondis* on the top of all her tropheys, whereof she tendereth homage to God in the glory of Saints? How ought we here to render to her the offerings of our most humble services?

Behold here the limits which I proposed to my self, so to give an end at last to these Histories, having thought it more fit and suitable to my employments to abbreviate my self in these four Models, than unboundedly enlarge them; yet it hath been somewhat difficult with me to make a resolution to put forth this second Volume, among so many duties of our ordinary functions, being thereunto sollicited by entreaties, which held as it were the place of commands.

And I may well say, I were stupid and ungrateful, if I should not confess to have been much excited to prosecute this labour by the honourable invitations, which my Lord Bishop of *Belley* hath used towards me in his Works, I cannot set too high a price upon his recommendation in such a subject: For he is verily one of the most able and flourishing wits, that ever handled a pen. To see the number of his books, one might say, he began to write so soon as to live, and to consider their worth, it is a wonder, how so many graces and beauties, which other attain not but with much labour, encreased with him as in a soil natural for eloquence. If there be any slight discourses, who amuse themselves to argue upon some words of his writings, it is not a matter unusual, seeing we are now in an Age, where there are some who revive the example of those corrupted *Grecians*, that preferred a sauce made by the Cook *Mithecus*, before the divine Works of *Phidias*.

If this piece have given you any contentment, take the pains to read it over again sometimes at your leisure, tasting the Maxims therein with an utilitie worthy of its subject. For believe me, the precipitation now adays used in slightly running over all sorts of books, causeth a certain indigestion in the mind, wherewith it is rather choaked than nourished. Reading is never good, if the understanding take not occasion thereby, to negotiate by meditation and industrie, that which concerneth the health and ornament thereof.

1 TIM. 1.

To the King of Ages Immortal and Invisible, to GOD alone be honour and glorie given, for ever and evermore.

THE HOLY COURT.

MAXIMS OF CHRISTIANITIE, AGAINST THE PROPHANE COVRT,

Divided into three Parts;

WHEREOF

The { I. / II. / III. } Treateth of the { *Divinitie.* / *Government of this life.* / *State of the other World.* }

THE

THIRD TOME.

Written in French by NICHOLAS CAUSSIN of the S. of JESUS; and tranſlated into Engliſh by Sr. T. H.

LONDON,
Printed by *William Bentley*, and are to be ſold by JOHN WILLIAMS,
at the Crown in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1650.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADIE FRANCES,

Counteſs of PORTLAND, and Baroneſs WESTON.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE excellent endowments of your ſoul, acknowledged even by envie, and admired by truth, together with your known propenſion to the reading of pious Books, invites me to this Dedication, as proper for your ſweet retirements, and conſonant to my intentions, which onely aim in ſome meaſure to expreſs my humbleſt reſpects to your Honour. The matters herein handled, are Inſtructions, apt to inform the mind by way of Maxims, learned diſcourſes made familiar to leſs able underſtandings, and choiſe Hiſtories exemplifying both, that ſo all ſorts of Readers, though of different capacitie, diſproportionable judgement, may find ſomewhat to entertain their curioſitie. My ſcope (Excellent LADIE) *in this Tranſlation, is through your Honours hand, and under ſo noble a Patronage, to convey the third Part of the* HOLY COURT *into Engliſh light, which (as the firſt breathed air under the benign aſpect of her ſacred Majeſtie) may alſo hope in this latter piece with like happineſs to be crowned with your Honors chearful acceptation. The height of my ambition is by this poor way to ſerve you, ſince more ample demonſtrations are wanting to my weak abilities; as likewiſe not to doubt your noble diſpoſition will be ſatisfied with ſuch my humble acknowledgements. The advancement of virtue, and depreſſion of vice is my Authour's ſcope throughout the whole Work, which he elegantly purſues, and victoriouſly atchieveth. Triumphs of that kind beſt become his grave and ſerious pen, whileſt my task is faithfully in our language to imitate his living figures, though in dead and diſcoloured forms, and confidently to tell your Honour, that I will ever be*

The moſt Obſequious Servant of
Your Commands,

T. H.

TO

MONSIEUR MONSIEUR,

THE PRINCE.

SIR,

THE excellency of the ſubject I handle in theſe diſcourſes, makes me reflect on that of your Greatneſs, to offer you a Work, which being conceived by your authority, muſt needs ſeek for birth under your favour. It is the third Part of a Court abſolutely holy, which not unlike the Citie S. *John* ſaw in his profound comtemplations, cannot aſcend from our manners to Heaven, unleſs it deſcend from Heaven into our manners. I likewiſe endeavour to faſhion it in Books, by the model of things celeſtial, to imprint it on lives; and I now undertake the defence of truth, which conſtituting your ſalvation, and compoſing your happineſs, well deſerve to be the moſt ſerious employments of your mind.

It is true (Sir) all Maxims of State, that depend not on the Maxims of God, are effects of carnal prudence, which end in fleſh; and all fortunes that reſt not on him, who with three fingers ſupporteth the globe of the earth, rather purſue the way of precipices, than the path of exaltation. The wiſdom of the world loves nothing ſo much, as that whereof it is moſt ignorant: it runs after honour, not knowing what honour is; ever hungry and ſtill needy, nor having any other aim, but to make it ſelf a Miſtreſs over giddie ſpirits, to become the ſlave of all paſſions. Which maketh me ſay, there are none but the blind, who ſeek after it, the miſerable who find it, the ſottiſh who ſerve it, and the forlorn who tie themſelves to its principles. But the wiſdom of Heaven, which I in theſe Maxims preſent you, is ſo tranſcendently ſublime above all humane inventions, as the light of ſtars ſurpaſſeth the petty ſparklings and flitting fires of the earth: It is that which leiſurely marcheth by holy paths, to the ſources of day-light, and as being preſent before the throne of God, beholdeth glory and felicitie unfolded in his hands. It is the element of great ſouls, ſuch as yours; and when they once are throughly ſettled therein, they find taſtfulneſs which turneth into nutriment, and nutriment which paſſeth to immortalitie. Your prudence may read in your own experience, what I expreſs in my Treatiſes, nor need you go any further than your own life, to meet with the proofs of theſe excellent verities.

You know (Sir) how the Divine Providence in the firſt flower of your age, drew you from ill ways, and ſnatched you out of the hands of infidelity, as a *Conſtantine* from the palace of *Diocletian*, to ſerve as a Buckler for the Church, whereof impietie would have made you a perſecutour. This Providence knew ſo well how to ſeparate bloud from manners, that it cauſed you to demoliſh what your Anceſtours had raiſed, and preſerving their dignity without touching their errours, to make of the unhappineſs of their judgement, the beginning of your felicity. From thence you ſee with what ſucceſs the hand of God hath conducted you to the height of this moſt eminent glory, wherein *France* at this preſent beholds you, as a Prince accompliſhed in the experience of affairs, and times, the Father of good counſels, the undertaker of great actions, endowed with a ſpirit which ſeems an eternal fire, and to be parallel'd by nothing, but the goodneſs of your own heart.

You live peaceable, as in the right ſphere of true greatneſs, where you perpetually reflect on two Poles, God and the King: You ſeek for the one in the other, and you walk to the God of life, by the moſt lively of his Images. His Arms are beheld to proſper in your hands, as well as his Edicts in your mouth. You have born thunder, and Olives throughout *France* under your protection, awfull at one time, and amiable at another, but ever proſperous in both. Yea, fully to crown your happineſs, the Divine goodneſs hath afforded you a houſe flouriſhing in riches and honours, which comprehendeth in its latitude, two Princes of the bloud to ſerve as pillars for the State. It gave you a wife, who hath made of her fruitfulneſs, the trophey of her virtues, and entered by love into an eclipſe, to become the Mother of lights, and bring forth children to bear the hope of Flower-de-luces. The eldeſt Son, whom your Excellency hath committed as a ſacred pledge to our Colledge at *Bourges*, would trouble us to tell you from whence he hath taken ſuch, and ſo many ſplendours, and ſparkling flames of wit, which dazle the eyes of thoſe who have the honour to be near him, were not you his Father. He is a Pearl, who maketh it appear by the equality of his Orient, that if Nature have equalled his birth to the greateſt on earth, he will equal his virtues to his extraction.

SIR,

SIR, I speak this ingeniously, that you may both behold in your own Person, what I treat in my books, as also understand that true piety soweth the seeds of the most solid greatness. But besides, the relation this Design seems to have to the pleasure of God over you, I find much obligation to offer it you as a slender testimony of a singular gratitude in our Superiours and our whole Societie, which would willingly suffer their affections to pass through my pen, if it had as much eloquence as the main body tenders respect and zeal to your service. You have been pleased to make it known by your good purposes, to love it by election, defend it by justice, honour it with your opinion, encrease it with your liberalities, and if your benefits be ornaments unto it, your judgement serve for Apologies.

I received a notable portion in your favours, whilest you resided in *Bourges*, where your Excellency called me to deliver the Word of God, and to confess your virtues in my discourses, as I must acknowledge my discourses to proceed from your virtues. It was by your conversation I perceived, that as there is nothing too high for your understanding, so there is not any thing too low for your bounty. God hath bestowed on you the gift which the Scripture attributeth to the Patriarch *Joseph*, to oblige hearts with sweetness; not unlike the Engines of *Archimedes*, which made water mount in descending: so yours, causeth not your humility to descend, but to make it re-ascend to the source of the prime sublimity. Which done, not presuming any thing in regard of your Excellency, but daring all through your courtesie, I present these MAXIMS of the *Holy Court*, of which many will make their reading, others their precepts: but you will (I hope) frame your virtues of them on earth, to make them your Crowns in Heaven. So wisheth

SIR, *Your most humble and most obsequious servant in our Lord*,

N. CAUSSIN. S. J.

The Design and Order of the BOOK.

I Find (Courteous Reader, my Works do insensibly encrease under the favour of thy good opinion, as plants sprout under the aspect of the most benign stars. I had confined my self to that which concerneth the Historie of Courts, and still rest in the same resolution: But saw a piece verie necessarie in these times, wanting in my work, which was the Treatise of MAXIMS, *and majestie of our Religion.*

I almost durst not undertake it, (so much the subject seemed to require judgement, preparation, and abilitie:) But God having inspired me with a strong conceit, I might be favoured by those to whom he hath given full power over me, submitted the slendernes of my wit, to the power of their wills, perswading my self a silly nothing, may become a matter important in their hands.

You know, how having a purpose to frame a Christian Institution in the HOLY COURT *for men of qualitie, I began with their obligation to Pietie; and consequently shewed the Obstacles must be vanquished to arrive thither. Then I gave precepts of the principal virtues most concern them, which were waited on with the Histories of Courts, abbreviated into four Models.*

In this (that the good Court may triumph) I represent a combat of two Courts, the Holy, *and* Counterfeit; *the* Religious, *and* Prophane; *wherein I unfold the victories of the chief Maxims of Christianitie, divided into three Parts, whereof the one treateth of the* Divinitie, *the other of the* Government of this present life, *and the third, of the* State of the other world.

You may behold how divine the subject is, and that the other Books were onely to prepare you to these great lights, the rays whereof I diffused. I must needs tell you, that being surpassed by so many excellent men, who have worthily handled a pen, I have in this seriously sought to go beyond my self.

I have contracted large subjects into little Tracts, which hath been no small labour; there being not a Maxim whereof I could not have compiled an ample Volume: But imagining conceptions are like hairs, which more easily may be filletted up than dissheveled, I have endeavoured to give you more substance in this Book, than words and amplifications. And seeing all the subjects are very serious, I have sweetened them with excellent Examples, to afford fit nourishment both to Eagles and Doves.

All which I now offer you in this, is more than my promise, thinking it better to give without promise, than to promise and not give. Your affection sets an edge upon my industrie, and if labour waste the bodie for your avail, and reserve works of the wit for posteritie, it shall be as a Cedar, which causing the death of the living, seems to give life to the dead.

This Tome being replenished with important considerations, cannot be for him who cursorily reads it with those delicious loytrings, which sleightly furnish out the titles of Books, and thence derive nothing, but wind. Give me (Gentle Reader) the contentment that God may be glorified in your manners by reading this, as I here seek to honour him in his works.

MA-

MAXIMS
OF THE
HOLY COURT,
AGAINST THE
PROPHANE COVRT.
First Part touching the DIVINITIE.

The first MAXIM.
Of Religion.

PROPHANE COURT.

That matters of faith being invisible and uncertain, we must tie our selves to the world, which is visible and certain.

I. THere is nothing so reasonable in nature, as to desire good, nothing so eminent, as to know much; nothing so absolute, as to have the power of all: but there is not any thing so profitable, as to proceed to true wisdom by a mysterious ignorance, and to be in in created light by blindness. The soul becometh another world, by the means of knowledge; or rather as God createth a world in essence, that, frameth another in Idæa: But if truth and love do not co-operate therein, man tormenteth himself in his knowledges, and createth evils without end, from which he cannot free himself, no not by issuing out of life.

The Prophane Court (say you) *leads you into a visible world*, but it is to behold miseries in it: *To a world certain*, but it is to teach you that happiness being therein uncertain, loss is undoubted. All we have in the world is base, caityf, and difficult, without knowledge of the true God. It is but a labourson turmoyl of affairs, an amazement of transitory pleasures, an illusion of deceitfull blessings, which trouble us, and starve us in stead of satisfying our desires, or nourishing our hopes: *But the knowledge of God is the root of immortalitie.*

The happines to be born a Christian.

Scire justitiam, & virtutem tuam radix est immortalitatis. Sap. c. 15. 3.

I then require of you (O Reader) that in the beginning of this discourse you adore the wisdom of God over you, who hath selected you out of the Mass of so many Infidels, to inrole you in the number of his children, and hath drawn you from the confusions of so great darkness, to call you into the light of Christianity. Behold so many people covered under the veil of shadie night, born in errour, to live in bruitishness, and die in despair of eternal salvation, and you are enlightened by the rays of God, illuminated by his wisdom, guided by his direction, covered with his protection, nourished with his bloud, animated with his life, & are made participant of his felicity.

HOLY COURT.

That matters of faith being most certain and very excellent, we should fix the whole order of our life unto it.

If you be desirous in some measure to observe the excellency of your Faith and Religion, consider, the perfection of any thing is known by three principal notes; *Essence*, *Operation*, and *Repose*. All which, you have visible in the wisdom of Heaven you profess. His *Essence* is of an infallible verity; his *Operations* miraculous, and his *Repose* an unchangeable happiness. For what assurance more solid, than to have a God Incarnate for Authour, who is come to cast the seeds of a golden Age, and adopt a new world in the bloud of an eternal Testament? Who can better teach us the secrets of God, than God himself? *I cannot account him* (said *Varro*) *a skilfull Master, who learns nothing of himself*: And he hath understood all in the bosom of his Eternal Father, and from his own wisdom, which is no other than his *Essence*. He was promised from the beginning of the world, preached through all Ages, given as a pledge to the memory of all mankind, so long before his coming was appointed, his time, birth, life, and death. He came at his prefixed time, all environed with prodigies and miracles, all composed of virtues, making greatness to proceed out of the lowlines of his humble and painfull life, as lightening flashes break through the obscurity of night.

Three tokens of the perfection of a thing. S. *Thomas* 1. p. q. 6.

Solidity of our religion.

Varro apud *Vincen.* tom. 2. *Illum quidem eruditorem elige, quem magis mireris in suis: nihil magnificum docebit qui à se nihil didicerit.*

2. What foundations think you hath he laid of your faith? Men believe men upon a little piece of paper, yea, very often upon the breath of a silly word. And Jesus would not be believed, but by writing his Law with the rays of an infinite number of Prophesies, which were verified in his Person, with the bloud of more than ten millions of Martyrs, who suffered for his doctrine; with miracles so visible and irreprochable, that they changed even executioners into Confessours, and Tyrants into Martyrs.

The foundations of faith

To speak plainly, he might have tied you unto him, and not made use of so many things: For what is more essential for the foundation of a belief, than the

revelation of the first Verity, which might have been known to us by fewer proofs? But behold his goodness, and how he dealeth with our infirmities, as to be willing to strike us so sensibly with reflection of the greatness of our faith, to win us to his direction. The *Jews* ran after a simple figure, and tied themselves to weak elements. The *Gentiles* are filled with childish toys, and dotages, which made the most learned amongst them to mock at their religion, and say, *That should their gods have appeared alive, in such manner, as they painted them, they would be accounted Monsters.* In the heart of *Mahumetans*, a tyrannous law is planted with sword and empalements; No man is permitted to dispute upon it, (so many ridiculous and shamefull things there are in it) which makes a soul recoyl in the very beginning, that hath never so little humanity. But Christian Religion hath appeared in the bosom of glory, ever holy, ever victorious, ever opposed by the wicked, and still triumphant over impiety. It is enriched by its losses, glorified by its persecutions, established by its totterings, and honoured by its wounds. God for it hath opened all the most learned lips, directed all the best pens, and for it bound himself with as many witnesses, as there are letters in the Scripture. Have not we then cause to proclaim with *Tertullian*: *O how happie are we, to say, God engageth his own faith by oath to confirm ours! And are not we worthie of all unhappiness, if we any whit distrust this Eternal Veritie?*

Senec. l. de superstitione apud S. *August.* l. 6. de Civitate Dei.

O beates nos quorum causa Deus jurat! O miserrimos, si nec juranti Deo credimus! Tertul. c. 4. de pœn.

3. You perhaps will say, all it teacheth is very high, and that to be faithfull, one must (as it were) cease to be reasonable. But tell not me faith is opposite to reason: It is above, not against it; it commandeth our sense to obey God; it laboureth to raise, not demolish; or if it demolish, it is but by ruining rebellion, to establish obedience. What is more reasonable, than to subject your reason to God, and to suffer your self sweetly to pass along in the current of this puissant Authority, which hath drawn so many Ages after it, destroyed so many errours, gained so many battels, and won so many Crowns? Faith is a great gift, although it be the gift of the humble. *It is the first life of humane understanding, the Jasper stone which serves for foundation of the Citie of God, the virginitie of the soul, the source which watereth all the felicities of mankind.* Why are you amazed, when God would have you believe that which is above your understanding, and surpasseth your knowledge? *It is a most happie ignorance* (said S. *Hilarie*) *which rather deserveth reward than pardon, when one trusteth to the word of God, in that he cannot comprehend.* You see how policie is guided by human faith, without which all the world were nought but disorder, and life a perpetual confusion: And yet you think it a strange matter, that God in his great policie exacteth a faith absolutely Divine, to serve as an enterance into your felicity. If you take away humane faith, and stick fast in the resolution not to believe any thing but what you see, you will become a monster, fit to be excluded from humane society; you will disturb the beds of the most chast wedlocks; you will accuse the modesty of the sincerest women; you will make the children to be doubted, not onely by the fathers, but the mothers also, who are so often enforced to believe mid-wives and nurses; you will almost make doubt whether you have a liver, a heart, a spleen, or any lungs, nor will believe you have any thing, but that which you cannot behold without death. These are considerations which Saint *Augustine* and *Theodoret* pursued in the Treatise they wrote of Faith, by which they shew the necessity of humane belief, to pass on further to the Divine. Then what occasion have you to make your sense rebel against God, who becomes a surety for what he promiseth us; since we every moment, must give credit to the *fidelitie* of most abject persons in the actions of civil life? Who seeth not that to take faith from Religion, is to tear the Altar out of the Temple, the apple from the eye, and the heart out of humane body.

That to be faithfull, is to be conformable to reason.

Guillelm. Parif. de moribus, & *Guillel n. Lugdun.* de fide. *Prima vita mentis humanæ, &c.*

S. *Hilarius* 8. de Trinit. *Habet non tam veniam, quam præmium ignorare quod credas.*

Necessity of faith.

Si quod nescitur credendum non est, quomodo servient parentibus liberi quos parentes suos esse non credent?

S. *August.* l. de utilitate credendi. *Sine hoc nec ipsa exigi potest vita communis.* Cypr. in symbol. Apostol.

Do you not consider likewise, that it was an invention worthy the Eternal Wisdom, to draw us to him by three degrees, which are as three Heavens observeable in nature, and above nature? The first is that of science, the second of faith, the third of glory. Science appertaineth not to the whole world: All are permitted to live well, but few to speak well. Some have not will for it, others means. Some have no inclination, others can never make application. Needs must then three parts of mankind be deprived of the knowledge of things most divine, and persevere in ignorance, according to the unhappiness of accidents, without the help of faith which repleniseth us with the knowledge of God. Besides, we find sciences are extreamly sophisticate, as well through the weakness of our understanding, as the corruption of our manners. Academies are framed as palaces of veritie; yet it is never so ill handled, as in places where shew is made to adore it. Under the shadow of defence it is rent asunder, and as the ancient *Telethias*, it is strangled in making much of it. What inconvenience then do we find, if God, to remedy this misery, hath given us faith, which contenteth the whole world by its universality, as it assureth all well composed minds by its certainty. If the perfection of our nature had been limited within natural actions, divine faith had not needed to conduct us: But since God hath called us to a felicity above nature, were it not fit we were directed thereto by a supernatural knowledge?

Great Providence of God in the establishment of faith.

Lactantius.

S. *Thom.* 2. 2. q. 2. art. 3.

4. Consequently look on the *Operation* of Religion, the second note of its excellency: you shall see the fountain of *Mordechæus*, which in the beginning creepeth on with little noise through the meadows, and in an instant turneth into a great river, and this river into light, and this light into a sun; but a sun which affordeth lustre, and water to all the world.

The powerfull operations of our Religion. *Esther.* 10.

The powers of the world which glitter with so much pomp, have this almost ever proper to them, to be either unprofitable, or malign. What did those great Philosophers, who framed worlds in their ideas? What did the *Plato's*, *Aristotoles*, and *Zeno's*? Could they ever perswade any one silly hamlet to live under those goodly Common-wealths they instituted on paper? What did the *Alexanders*, *Cæsars*, and *Pompeys*, with all their forces, but tend to the destruction of mankind? It is a strange thing that the last of them caused a Temple to be built to *Minerva*, over the gate whereof he commanded to be engraven, that he had taken, routed, and slain two millions, one hundred four-score and three thousand men; pillaged, or sunk eight hundred forty six ships, made desolate one thousand five hundred thirty eight Cities, and towns. Behold how the great-ones of the earth make themselves remarkable, as dreadfull Comets, by the ruin of the whole world. But *Jesus* in establishing his Religion, would not be powerfull but to do good, since, *He is the Adamant* (saith *Salvianus*) *who hath drawn this mightie mass of Iron of all Ages with the hands of his love, and lively affections towards mankind.*

Plin. l. 7. c. 26. Cruel vanity of Pompey.

Salvian. de providentia l. 4. *Chalybem affectu quasi spirante suspendens amoris sui manibus.*

How can the tree be better known, than by the fruits? And upon what may one more reasonably ground the judgement made of Religion, than upon the works thereof?

What have all other Religions taught, but to cut the throats of children, to embrue Altars of Idols with bloud; but to create ordures, and abominations, to cover secret mischiefs with the veyl of hypocrisie, to authorize fables, and canonize vice? But Christian Religion is that alone which brought piety into the world, where it was before unknown. It is that which hath crushed murderous and adulterous gods,

under

under the ruins of their Temples, which demoliſhed profane altars, ſuppreſſed ſacrifices of humane bloud, deſtroyed Amphitheaters, where they gloried to tear men in pieces, which confounded witch-crafts, tamed pride, quailed covetouſneſs, ſtopped the inundations of luxury, repreſſed extravagancies of ambition, choaked enraged deſires of avarice, and turned a land of Tigers, Leopards, and fiery Serpents, into a Paradiſe of delights. It is that which drew from Heaven all the virtues, whereof ſome had before been unheard of, others contemned, the reſt perſecuted. It is that which taught humility, chaſtity, virginity, modeſty, temperance, juſtice, and fortitude: That, which diſcovered true prudence, which opened the ſources of contemplation, which furniſhed out the Hoaſt of religious Orders, which brake ſo many chains of the world, trampled under foot ſo many Idols of gold and ſilver, ſeated poverty in the throne of glory, erected ſtatues of innocency, eſtabliſhed purity even in thoughts. Is it not that which ſo many Martyrs, Confeſſours, Doctours, Virgins have done, whoſe triumphs we daily honour? Is it not upon theſe, that *Jeſus* having vanquiſhed ſo many monſters, imprinted the rays of his ſanctity, which is preſerved, and maintained, even in the corruption of Ages, in the perſons of ſo many as God hath reſerved to himſelf? Muſt we not confeſs, that a life led according to the doctrine of *Jeſus Chriſt*, is a manifeſt conviction of all errours, and a little miracle in the world?

5. From thence when we conſider by what means our Saviour hath wrought this eſtabliſhment, which are found ſo contrary to all humane ways, and how he acteth in ſuffering, how he draws to him in rejecting, how he is exalted by his abaſings, glorified by his ignominie, enriched by poverty; how he doth raiſe by deſtroying, how he lives by his death, and is eternized by dying: This is it which tranſporteth humane underſtanding into admiration of the greatneſs of our Religion.

The repoſe which our faith promiſeth.

6. Finally, if you alſo caſt your eye on this laſt perfection of *Repoſe*, you ſhall well underſtand, how *Alexander*, after he had conquered the Perſians, being deſirous to paſs into the *Indies*, thoſe who thought they were at the worlds end, diſſwaded him, and ſaid, *It was time for* Alexander *to reſt, where the ſun and the world ended.* But our Religion goes much further than the ſun, and this inferiour condition of the world. It hath the total univerſe for object of its travel, and the Kingdom of Heaven for its repoſe. All other Sects propoſed pleaſures to themſelves for object of their pretenſions, which might make them deſire the body of a horſe, or a hog, to enjoy it with the more advantage. But God, lifting us up to himſelf above the tracks of the ſun and time, promiſeth the ſame delights which he hath for himſelf in the viſion, poſſeſſion, and fruition of that divine face, which makes all the Happy. (a) *We know this houſe of morter and clay failing, wherewith we are covered, God hath prepared an eternal building for us in Heaven, not made by the hand of man*, as the Apoſtle aſſureth us, and as we ſhall deduce towards the end of theſe Treatiſes. Thither it is our faith paceth roundly on, beholding with a purified eye, the lights of Heaven, *a God inviſible as if he were already viſible.* Unto this life it is we prepare our ſouls, and begin on earth to make the firſt eſſays of Beatitude.

Tempus eſt Alexandrum cum orbe & ſole deſinere. Senec. Suaſor.

(a) *Scimus, quoniam ſi terreſtris domus noſtræ habitationis hujus diſſolvitur, quòd ædificationem à Deo habemus, domum non manufactam æternam in cœlis.* 2 Cor. 5. *Inviſibilem tanquam videns ſuſtinuit.* Heb. 11. 27.

7. I then demand of you (O Noble men) whether all this well conſidered, you ought not to abhor theſe petty undertakers, who ſeem to come into the world, not to receive Rules of Faith in it, but to preſcribe them. They who cannot reform a ſilly flie in the works of Nature, will make themſelves Monarchs in the belief of our faith, and trick up anew this great work of Religion, which derives its accompliſhment from God. They believe what pleaſeth themſelves, to diſpleaſe the prime Verity, and create a new ſymbol in the chymæraes of their wits, to introduce an impiety into Chriſtianity. Needs muſt they have a fling at the Bible, as if it were the book of a man; labour about the fountain-heads of the four rivers of terreſtrial Paradiſe, the ſpeaking ſerpent, *Noah's* Ark, the Tower of *Babel*, the red Sea, the jaw-bone and foxes of *Samſon*, as it the Omnipotency of God were not a pledge ſufficient enough, againſt all theſe weakneſſes and curioſities of wit: *which*, ſaith *Tertullian*, *are doctrines of devils, grown up to pleaſe the itch of incredulous ears.* We muſt believe one Article, and leave another; believe the Trinity, and doubt of the Sacrament, Invocation of Saints, Purgatory, Images, and Ceremonies of the Church, as if it were not evident, that whoſoever divideth faith, hath none at all. It is not much to the purpoſe to diſpute of Religion, after the ſweat of Confeſſours, bloud of Martyrs, and ſo many millions of miracles. Never would belief be ſo ſick, were it not preceded by the death of virtue, all will be unhappy for them, who looſe piety, the root of happineſs. But what repoſe hath a Catholick, who may dying ſay: *I truſt to God for a gift, which cannot proceed but from God. I die in the faith of* Conſtantine, Theodoſius, Clodovæus, S. Lewis, *and ſo many millions of Saints. I go where all the wiſeſt and moſt entire part of mankind doth go. I follow the authoritie of eighteen General Councels, wherein all Ages aſſembled together the wiſeſt men of the world. I die in the belief of the Church, which is profeſſed throughout all the habitable world. The living and the dead, The ſtones and marbles of the Tombs of mine Anceſtours ſpeak for me: The ſtars will fall from the Heavens before my faith can be ſhaken.*

Tert. de præſcript. *Doctrinæ dæmoniorum prurientibus auribus natæ.*

The notable aſſurance of a Catholick.

And therefore (O Catholicks) ſtrike at Heaven gate by continual prayer, ask of the Father of lights a lively Faith, a moſt ſincere zeal towards your Religion; ſuffer not your judgement to change in the maſſie compoſition of body, plunge it not in ſenſuality, poliſh it for the great fruition of God, entertain it with conſideration of his beauty, nouriſh it with antipaſts of his glory. It onely appertaineth to ſenſual ſouls, black, and diſtruſtfull, to ſuffer themſelves to fall into puſillanimities and faintneſs, which leſſen the eſteem we ſhould have of our vocation towards Chriſtianity. It onely appertaineth to carnal ſpirits, and who want faith in the houſe of faith, to ſet the riches and affairs of the world above Religion. But you (O Great-men) learn hereafter to value your ſelves, not by theſe frail and periſhable bleſſings, which environ you by that skin which covers you, by thoſe falſe ornaments of life which diſguiſe you, by all thoſe beauties, which never are nearer ruin, than when they moſt ſparkle with luſtre. Learn to behold all humane things from the top of the Palace of Eternity, and you ſhall ſee them like rotten pieces, which poſſeſs a nothing of times infinitie. Why do we here entertain our ſelves with earthly conſiderations, as fire, which abſented from its ſphere, is fed with fat and coals. Let us open our boſoms to theſe fair hopes wherewith the Religion we profeſs, ſweetly repleniſheth our hearts. We no longer are pilgrims and vagabonds, nor ſtrangers of the Teſtaments: but Citizens of Saints, and the domeſticks of God: built on the foundation of Apoſtles and Prophets, on the fundamental ſtone, which is *Jeſus Chriſt.*

That zeal ought to be had towards Religion.

Hoc eſt fidem in domo fidei non habere. Cyprian. de mortalitate.

Ephes. 2. 19.

Let us enter into this goodly train of Ages, into this admirable fellowſhip of Patriarchs, Martyrs, and Virgins. Let us haſten to the ſources of light, and never end but in infinitie.

Errours of the times. S. *Hilarius l.* 8. de Trinit. *Fidem potius ipſi conſtituunt quàm accipiunt.*

The first EXAMPLE upon the first MAXIM.

Of the esteem one ought to make of his Faith and Religion.

The PERSIAN CONSTANCY.

Drawn out of *Theodoret*, *Cassiodorus*, & *Epiphanes*. Theod. l. 5. c. 38. *Epiph.* Scolasticus. *Cassiod.* histor. tripart. l. 10. c. 32. *Baro.* tom. 5. anno 420. & alii.

IF the estimation of things eternal, do not as yet sufficiently penetrate your heart, reflect on that, which so many valiant Champions have done, to preserve a blessing, which you presently possess by grace, and which you often dis-esteem through ingratitude. I will produce one example amongst a thousand, able to invite the imitation of the most virtuous, and admiration of all the world. In the time when *Theodosius* the younger swayed the Eastern Empire, the *Persians*, who had been much gained by the industry of the Emperour *Arcadius* his father, and afterward entertained by his infinite sweetness and courtesie, lived in good correspondence of amity with the Christians; so that many of our Religion adventured themselves in their Territory; some to make a fortune in the Court, others for pleasure, many for commerce, and the rest there to establish true piety.

Matters of Religion proceeded then very prosperously, and the most eminent men of the Kingdom shut up their eyes against the Sun, which this Nation adored, to open them to the bright Aurora of Christianity. But as there are some who never enjoy any thing, so there are others who never have enough. Some Christians not contented with their progressions, which were well worthy of praise, thought they lost all, out of the desire they had to leave nothing undone. Which is the cause, I much approve those Ancients, who placed the images of wisdom over the gates of great houses, with this inscription: *Experience is my mother*. So the wisest and most experienced thought, nothing was to be precipated, & that mean advancements accompanied with safety, were more to be valued than great splendours which drew precipices, and ruins after them. On the contrary, young and fiery spirits thrust all upon extremitie, supposing their power extended to the measure of their passion. Nothing is more dangerous in any affair, than when indiscreet fervour takes the mask of zeal, or that a fever of Reason passeth for a virtue. All his thoughts are deified, his foot-steps sanctified, and although nothing be done for God, it is said, all is for him.

Indiscreet zeal.

Helinandus apud *Vincent.* *Usus me genuit.*

Bishop *Audas*, a man endowed with great and singular virtues, but extreamly ardent, and unable to adapt his zeal to the occasion of times, needs would countenance the humour of the blind multitude, and went out in the midst of the day to destroy a Pyræum, which was a Temple wherein the *Persians* kept fire to adore it. Men quickly enflamed in matters of Religion, fail not to raise a great sedition, which came to the notice of King *Ildegerdes*. *Audas* is sent for, to give an account of this act: He defendeth himself with much courage, and little succes for the Christians benefit: for the King turning his proper justification into crime, condemns him upon pain of death to re-edifie the Temple he had demolished; which he refusing to do, was presently sacrificed to the fury of Pagans. *Theodoret* blames him that he unseasonably ruined the Temple, and convinceth him by the example of S. *Paul*, who seeing in *Athens* many Altars dedicated to false God, contented himself with refuting the error, without making use of the hammer to destroy it, as well fore-seeing the time was not yet come: yet withal commanded this man, who rather chose death, than to become an Authour of impiety in the re-establishment of this Temple.

Audas destroyeth a Pyræum. Commotions for matters of Religion. Others Baranaves, or Goronaves. Judgement of *Theodoret* upon this action.

Terrible persecution.

The rage of Idolaters by the *Magi* (professed enemies of our Religion) was not wholly extinct in the bloud of *Audas*, but stirred up a violent persecution, which almost proceeded to the undermyning the foundations of Christian religion in *Persia*. Men were every where seen to be flayed and roasted, pierced with bodkins and arrows, thereby becoming spectacles of terrour and pitie, to all those who beheld them. Some were exposed to wasps in the boyling ardours of the Sun: Others thrown into caves, and places filled with infection, to be devoured by rats, and slowly gnawn by ugly vermine: Their members fell in pieces, and their life daily distilled drop after drop, their faith unshaken, which the sword of persecution sought for even in their entrails. Their members were not tormented, for they had none but wounds, for they were all over covered with them: and as torments redoubled one upon another, gave no end to their sufferings, so God found the means to finish their pain, and life by the eternity of their crowns.

The King seeing so dreadfull tortures rather served to publish the glory of the Combattants, than ruin their virtue, resolved upon other cruelties, which being apparently less violent, were in effect much more pernicious.

There were among the Christians, two Lords of prime quality, the one whereof was called *Hormisdas*, the other *Suenes*, who being the two eyes of the Court, and Standard-bearers of Christianity, the endeavour of the Gentils was most violent against them to force them to abjure Religion. *Hormisdas* is first summoned to return to the *Persian* superstition, and being sent for to the Palace, the King who much esteemed him, both for his great nobility (for he was of the bloud Royal) as also for the services his father had done to the Crown in the quality of the Governour of a Province, unwilling to loose him, he made tryal of all sorts of allurements, to gain him to his opinion.

Hormisdas, & the strength of his will.

But the brave Champion stood firm in his belief, telling the King with many excellent reasons, that destroying the faith of his true God in *Persia*, he would bury the loyalty due to his Majesty in the ruins thereof: which was the cause that *Ildegerdes*, in stead of yielding the homage he owed to reason and truth, became furiously chollerick, so that degrading him of honour, and confiscating all his goods, yea, leaving him nought at all, but a poor pair of linnen breeches, he sent him out to keep the camels of the Army; adding to this great inhumanity the most barbarous scorn could be invented against a gentleman, endowed with such excellēt parts. But this couragious heart, which had studied the glory of the Cross in the deep abyss of the ignominie of *Jesus*, drave camels before the eyes of an Army, wherein he had commanded with such alacrity, as others govern Empires, and thought his nakedness more glorious, than the purple of Monarchs.

The King one day beholding him out of a chamber window among the camels, roasted under the scorching Sun, and all covered over with dust, felt his heart mollified by the effect of his own cruelty, and calling him into his palace, after he had laid before him the worth of his extraction, and the noble employments wherewith he meant to honour him, he clothed him with rich apparel, and conjured him by all the ways of friendship, to return to the throne of honour, by forsaking his Religion. But *Hormisdas* displeased with such discourse, took the robes were cast over his shoulders, and tore them in pieces in the Kings presence, saying: *Sir, keep your gifts and impieties, and know Hormisdas will never do any thing unworthy his courage*: which was the cause *Ildegerdes* thrust him naked out of the Court, and sent him back again to his camels, where he ware out a long & painful martyrdom.

The same storm fell at that time upon *Suenes*, one of the wealthiest and most powerful in the kingdom, and who had a thousand servants in his family. Officers

Suenes persecuted.

were

were sent to seize on his whole estate possessed by him, not to maintain riot, but cherish piety; so that in a short time, he saw himself reduced to beggery. But he weighing how Almighty God, who clotheth Heaven with beauties of light, and in the spring-time maketh a garment for the earth, bordred and adorned with so many millions of flowers, had for us put on nakedness; scorned all these violences, and said aloud: *They were not near taking away the treasure of faith he bare in his heart, who attempted it on this silly moveable of fortune.*

The King, purposely to afflict him the more, took all his children from him, to thrust them into servitude and fetters, if they would follow their fathers example: where with somewhat softened, seeing they snatched from between his arms those, who in the imbecility of age, had more need of his example, than wealth, he kissing them, said: *Children, Keep constantly the faith of your poor father, and leave greatness and worldly fortunes to others. You shall ever be wealthie enough, if you persist loyal to God. Faith will wipe away your tears, will enrich your povertie, glorifie your chains, and immortalize the honour of your death. This persecution is a cloud that passeth, but we shall quickly behold a bright day, which neither admitteth end, nor darkness.* This constancy which should make all the world wonder, exasperated the infidels, so, that daily seeking out all the ways how to torment, and burn him with a soft fire, they advised to give the confiscation of all his goods to one of his servants; who had been the most treacherous, and cruel against his Master. He had nothing left but a wife, who possessed in his heart the place of those chast correspondencies, which the law of God afforded him, and she in the beginning making a shew of willingness inseparably to follow the fortune of her husband, much comforted this generous soul, who thought nothing was his, but what he gained to *Jesus Christ*.

But behold a strong battery to take from him the remainders of his consolation. The King caused this woman to be vehemently solicited, to make a divorce from her husband, and to marry his servant, to whom he already had given possession of his great estate. This at the first a little startled the soul of this Lady, she yet having some humanity in her, but saw her self encompassed with many kinred and worldly friends, who suggested according to the maxims of impiety: *That it was a folly to forsake a blessing so present, to run after a fantasie of felicitie. That the command of Kings must be obeyed, who are visible gods on earth. That a husband despoiled of all his means, retaineth nothing of man, but bodie, not can any longer be a husband. That she married him to live, and to give life to others by love, not to cut her own throat, and her childrens, through wickedness. That a man who renounceth honour, can no more pretend to nature. To conclude, that it is wealth, which maketh men, and that it was no dishonour to marrie a servant, who is the favourite of a mightie King. We came not into the world to be masters of fortune, but to yield to its Empire. What content can there be to walk up and down Towns and Cities like a bogger, following a husband, the object of the worlds laughter, and reserve all is left of his miserable bodie to swords and flames?*

An excellent instruction for children.

Stranger persecution of a man.

Violent temptation of a woman.

She yieldeth.

So much were her ears beaten with such like discourses; that through a most unspeakable cowardice she forsook her religion and husband, to marry this servant, who seemed noble enough, since he had the golden fleece. The King seeing she had yielded, added for full accomplishment of inhumanity, that *Suenes* should remain in his own house, as a slave to his wife and servant. Behold here the extremity of all worldly miseries. *Yield thy self up* (said one) *poor Suenes: seest thou not that of so many palaces, and such treasures, there is not left for thee so much as a house covered with stubble; of so many children, none to call thee father? Is it not time to forsake thy faith, since she who slept by thy sides, hath left thee? Wert thou amongst the chains of Lestrigons, and Tartars, thou might breath a more wholesom air: But to behold thy self a slave to thy servant in thine own house, and to have perpetually before thee the infidelity of a disloyal wife for object, how is it possible, but to overthrow the most stable constancie in the world?*

Admirable constancie.

But *Suenes* assembling together all the forces of his heart, said: *O faithless and perfidious discourses! All is taken from me, but they cannot take away Jesus Christ. I follow him in libertie and bondage, in prosperitie and adversitie, in life and death: whilest one small threed of life remains in my heart, one silly spark of breath upon my lips, I will combat against the gates of hell, and all the laws of impietie.* O the power of the spirit of God! O divorce from flesh and bloud! O spectacle worthy to be beheld by angels over the gates of heaven with admiration! A man to die in so many indignities, such punishments, such deaths, without dying, without complaint, growing wan, or speaking any one word unworthy the lips of a Christian! What is it to be a puissant, but to brave all the powers of earth, and hell? What is it to be rich, but to place all your treasures in the heart of God?

II. MAXIM.

Of the Essence of GOD.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That it is fit to obey Nature; all other Divinitie being most unknown.

A *Cynick* Philosopher heretofore sought for a man with a candle at noon-day: and now adays the wicked seek God in a clear and full light, and when they have found him, become blind by their own lights, in that they see not him, who is not to be known, but in the quality of a Judge punishing their offences. Out alas! what is man without God?

Tertul. adverss. Marcion. lib. cap. 1. *Excellent description of Tertullian.*

Tertullian speaking of the countrey about the *Euxine* sea, saith, It is a Region separated from the commerce of men, as well by the providence of Nature, as the reproach of its brutishness. It is peopled by most savage Nations, which inhabit, if we may say so, a wandering cart, that serves them for house; a habitation, which though perpetually in motion, is less inconstant than their manners. Their abode is uncertain, their life wholly savage, their luxury promiscuous, and indifferent for all sorts of objects. They make no scruple to serve in the flesh of their parents in a feast with beeff and mutton, and think the death of such cursed, who die when they no longer are fit to be eaten. Sex softeneth not women in this countrey; for they sear off their dugs being young, and make a distaff serve for a launce, being otherwise so fervent in battel, that they had much rather fight, than marry. The Climate and elements, are as rigid, as their manners.

THE HOLY COURT.

That nothing is so known as God, although not acknowledged through our ingratitude.

ners. The day is never bright, the sun never smileth, nor is the skie any thing but a continued cloud. The whole year is a winter, and the wind ever North. Ice robs them of rivers; and if they have liquor, the fire affords it. The mountains are still covered with ice and snow. All is cold in this countrey, but vice, which ever burneth. Yet I must tell you, (saith he) there is not any thing amongst these wonders more prodigious, than wicked *Marcion*. For where shall we find a monster more odious, or a man in nature more senseless than him, who did not acknowledge the Divinitie, and will have the causes, and sublime reasons given him of the Essence of God, which never were, nor shall be: for then there would be somewhat above God.

Humano arbitratu divinitas pensitatur: nisi homini Deus placuerit Deus non erit. Tertul. Apol. c. 5.

The Emperour *Tiberius* having conceived some good opinion of Divinitie in the Person of our Saviour, was willing to rank him in the number of other gods, but it was not executed, because it must pass by decree of the Senate: and God, who is all that which he is by nature, regarded not the judgement of men to authorize his Divinitie. *You were as good deny God* (saith *Arnobius*) as to make the truth of his Essence depend upon the weakness of humane reason.

Nec quicquam referri Deum neges, an affirmes. Arnob. l. 1.

1. I ask of you whether there be any thing in the world more present with us, and more familiarly known than our self, our substance, our life, our being? It seemeth (say you) it is the most certain of our knowledges. Now if I shew, the science we have of God is far stronger, more undoubted, and invincible, than the knowledge we have of our self, I necessarily convince the ignorance of the Divinitie is stupid, ungratefull, and punishable with all the rigours of eternal justice.

God is better known to us than our selves.

I pray tell me, what so certain knowledge can you have of your self? Have you it by the knowledge of History, which is a reasonable knowledge; by revelation, which is extraordinary; by prophesie, which is mysterious; by faith, which is infallible? I do not see you alledge any of these for confirmation of your own being. You have no proofs (say you) more certain, than your senses, which you know notwithstanding to be bruitish, deceivers, and deceived in so many objects. You hear your self speak, you smell your self, you touch your self; and for that you affirm you are, although you have not any knowledge of the better part of your body, by the most noble sense within you, but by the help of a mirrour. Nay, you know so little of your self, that scarcely have you observed the number of your teeth: and being far from the particular distinction of the interiour parts of your body, should you enter into the great labyrinths of the faculties of your soul, you would quickly find out your own ignorance.

Compare now the science you have of your self, with the great proofs which lead you to the knowledge of the Divinity. First, we are born to know God, as the excellent Divine *Alexander Alensis* discourseth: because, if the sovereign Goodness be necessarily desired by our reasonable appetite, we must affirm the supream truth is no less capable to be known by our understanding: and as we are naturally inclined to the search of this sovereign Good, which may take up al the agitatiõs of our thoughts, so we feel our soul almost without any other reflection, stir'd up with a generous desire to be united to the first cause. We behold it through so many creatures as through lattices, and it seems to speak to us in as many objects, as we see works of his Goodness. It maketh us restless, it scorcheth us with an honest flame, which teacheth us there is a God, and that we are created for him; nor is there any other creature in all visible nature, which laboureth in such inquisition, but man: This ardent inclination to this knowledge, is not a slight facility of science, and we see constant study is ordinarily recompenced with the fruition of its object.

Alex. Alens. quæst. 2. de cognitione Dei.

A singular consideration of Alen.

2. I likewise hold, God of his part is very well to be known, having all the conditions which may make a thing known, as Essence, immutability, simplicity, brightness, and presence. If you there look for Being, which is a necessary object of the understanding, as colour of sight: *God*, saith S. *Gregorie of Nazianzen*, *is a creating Essence, an Essence comprehending all things.* If immutability, *Origen* teacheth, the Divinity sitteth on the top of beatitude, ever constant, never changeable: If brightness, God is all light, as the Scripture manifesteth in so many places: If simplicity, *Faustus* Bishop of *Rhegium* sheweth, *God is all what he hath*: If continual presence, *Porphyrie* confesseth, he is every where, because he is not in any part, as bodies are. The Poet *Orpheus* in his mysterious poesie, calleth him *Phanes*, as one would say, *light, sun and visible*, to teach us, all the world is enfolded within his radiance. I will not hereupon inferre, that one may have in this world an absolute and perfect knowledge of God, as of a thing finite: but I say, that amongst so many lights, it is not admitted that any man should be ignorant there is a God, Creatour of all things.

God most easie to be known.

Nazianz. l. mbico. 2. ὡς ἀπὸ σπινθῆρος καὶ σφοδροῦ καὶ ὑπερφυοῦς φωτὸς ὄντος.

Origenes homil. in numer. 23.

Faustus de gratil. l. 2. c. 7. Deus est qui habet. Deus ubique est qui nullibi est.

3. What *Epicurean* can dis-involve himself from *Trismegistus* his reason, who teacheth, that were there not an Essence necessary and independent, all we see, all we touch, all we feel in the world, would have no being; but this is meer illusion. Wherefore? Because the things which may be, and not be indifferently, like so many plants, or transitory animals, one while are, and another while are not. And we may truly say, there hath been a certain time, wherein they neither had being, nor name in the world. Now, as nothing can actuate, and produce it self, must we not confess, that had there not been from all eternity a first Agent, which gave motion to so many causes, enchained one to another, whereof they are produced, wherein we presently behold this great world, all had been a nothing. For of two we must grant one, either that the world is created, or not created. If impiety transport a man so far, as to say it is not created, but hath been from all eternity, he would ever be convinced by his own confession, that there were such a Being as we seek for, eternal, necessary, independent, which is nothing else, but God: He would be reduced to this point, that he no longer could deny the Divinity, but was onely ignorant what this Divinity is, and in stead of giving this title to a most pure Spirit, as we do, he would attribute it to a body, as to heaven, water, earth, where he would instantly find himself ashamed of his folly, to take for the Divinity, a thing which hath no understanding, and consequently is far less than himself. In stead of a true God, he would make a million of deities, to become as many snares of his errour, and witnesses of his bruitishness. But if the world be created, (which it is not lawful to doubt) of three things we must affirm one, Either that it produced it self, or that one piece made another, or that there was one cause external, supream, not to be reckoned among the rest, which made all the parts of the universe. To say a thing made it self, is to affirm it was before its being, and to assever a proposition ridiculous to all humane understanding. But if to evade this manifest contradiction, one will maintain one piece made another, still must he come to a last piece, which was produced by it self, and so fall again into the same difficulty. Behold the reason why we must stick upon a general cause, out of the main mass of all causes, and which affording essence, sense, and intelligence to so many creatures according to the condition, and qualities of every one, remaineth eternal, and immoveable. Now he who says this, affirmeth there is a God.

Reason of *Mercury Trismegistus.*

Διὸ εἰ μὴ ἦν ἀεὶ ἄναρχον καὶ ἀΐδιον, οὐκ ἂν ἦν ὅλως.

Διὸ ἀγένητον καὶ ἀΐδιον.

Author libri de triplici habitaculo apud Aug. tom. 3. Nihil sibi ipsum creat. Quid enim potentiæ, qui omnino non esset, sibi ipsum faceret. Deus innatus, infectus, sine initio, sine fine, in æternitate constitutus. Tert. l. 2. adverf. Marcion. c. 3.

4. But if some impious creature will not withstanding perplex the evidence of this proposition, imitating Sorcerers, who cast mists upon the brightest morning, and say one thing produced another from father to son, but that this still mounteth upward *in infinitum*, and

Instance upon the infinite number of the wicked.

and so think to make us loose our judgement and reason, in the labyrinth of infinities; First, it is answered according to the doctrine of Philosophers: There is nothing in the world actually infinite; and although an infinity of generations of men, beasts, and other creatures were admitted, still must you confess this infinite mass of men, was produced from a cause independent. For that which agreeth to each part of a species, and which is properly by it affected, agreeth likewise to the main of the whole species, as, if it be proper to every man living to understand, and reason, it must be inferred, the whole species is intellectual, and rational: But in this infinite mass of men supposed, there cannot any one be assigned, who was not produced; we therefore must conclude, that all the mass is produced, not by it self (a matter we already have refuted) but from another cause independent of this supposed mass: and this cause is God, which we prove.

Force of reason.

5. Secondly (as lying is ingenious to ruin its own labours) they who suppose this infinity of generations and efficient causes, destroy all sorts of generations, when they think to establish them. For as a quantity cannot be divided into proportionable, and correspondent parts to the infinit, so there are no causes essentially subordinate one to another, which go into this infinity: There must necessarily be in such subordinations a first, which is a cause of a middle, and a middle the cause of a latter. Necessarily all these created essences, and which were but *in potentia*, presuppose essentially an actual essence, always subsisting, which is a support to all the rest, as the earth hath all the pieces of a building raised one upon another. It must be to bring you into the world, that your father acted after your grand-father, your grand-father after your great grand-father by a continuation, distinct and measured, as in a chain from the first link to the last. For were there not a first, a middle, a last, there could not be either order, or subordination; and were there no subordination, there could be no action. If infinite number of wheels must move to make a clock strike, it would never sound, because the swindge being to be given to all the other from a first wheel, this first wheel would never be found, because in infinity there is no first. And although it were found, it could not communicate its activity to the last; otherwise it must pass in a determinate time, an infinite space, which can never be measured. If you depend from father to son, from an infinity of men, to be produced, (as you say) you could not be a man, for you must have passed from infinite Ages, before you could come to the father, who begat you. And if one could pass over infinite Ages, see you not the infinite would be finite? So much you forget all truth, and reason in the chymæras of your wit. And then what absurdity were it to grant to a Nature so poor, and limited, as is that of all corruptible things a consequence of infinite causes.

Theophil. Raynaudus.

Ita Ruvius, & Cajet. 1. part. q. 2. art. 3. Vasq. 1. part D. 20. nu. 11.

Cicero 2. de natur. Deor. *Quod necesse sit præsentem aliquam esse Naturam, quæ nihil sit melius.* Scot. in 1. dist. 2. q. 2. *Si actus purus est possibilis, ergo existit, aliqui non est actus purus qui pugnat formalissime cum quavis potentialite.* (a) Arist. 8. Phys. & 12. Metaphys.

6. But let us withdraw from these thorns, and not urge at this time the reason which heretofore convinced *Epicurus*, and guided him, (bruitish though he were) to the knowledge of the Divinity, when he figured to himself, that necessarily there was in the universe an excellent Nature exalted above all the rest, and the best of all, and that this was God. Nor likewise let us alledge what was touched by *Scotus*, who saith, A pure Act being possible, and there being no incompatibility between essence, and purity of essence, it of necessity must be, because it formally excludeth all power, not yet actuated. Let us also pass over that of (a) *Aristotle*, taken from the necessity of a first Mover, which *Auerroes* judgeth very effectual.

7. I demand of thee (O bruitish man) who so often blemishest thy knowledges by the impurity of thy life, can one say a man is hidden, who were shewed by a thousand lights, discovered by a thousand voices, a thousand trumpets; represented by a thousand pictures? Nay all creatures (who will carefully consider them) are lights, voices, images, which shine before the pavillion of the Divinity, which proclaim, which figure, which engrave it on our hearts, with an eternal character. *The lessons of the Divinity are common to all the world* (said *Prosper:*) *we learn them in the leaves of elements, and in the volumes of time: we cannot but remember them, if we forget not our selves.* We admire in *Philostratus* (b) an *Athenian Herod*, who appointed twenty four pages for his son, every one of which bare the title of a Greek letter, that he might learn his Alphabet by calling his servants. But, O ingratefull man! God gave thee a million of creatures, which contribute to thy service, to teach thee his Name, who for his greatness cannot be unknown, and for his goodness ought not to be neglected. I speak not now of all the wonders of the world, whereof use is made to prove the Divinity, because they are sufficiently seen, and that it is the ordinary place, whereon they dilate, who handle this subject. It is impossible, said *Cleomede*, that a man who will attentively consider five things, appearing in the fabrick of the universe; to wit, the connexture of so many, and so different parts, the order of productions, the relation one creature hath to another, their ends, and use, should not admire, and know this great All is made by a Nature sovereign, predominant, and Monarchal, which produced all things of unity, and caused them to re-enter into themselves by the same unity. So many rays in a sun, so many drops of water in a river, so many rivers in a sea, so many branches and leaves on a root, so many sinews from the brain, so many veins from a liver, so many arteries from a heart, so many parts of a creature, so many motions of one principal, conspire together to make us understand this First of Unities. Two strings cannot accord upon a lute without the wit of a man, and so many things high and low, visible, invisible, weighty, light, great, little, hot, cold, living, not living, moveable, immoveable, sensible, insensible, can they agree without the spirit of God? The lines of Mathematicians drawn upon the sand of the sea-shore, make a man say who is in a desart Island, that men have passed by; because neither Bears nor Lions trace such like figures: and cannot these vast heavens, with all the enamel of their stars, nor the earth with all the rivers, and seas which moisten it, make us say, *Necessarily God went this way?* If from the great school of the world, and the general voice of nature thou dost pass to sciences, they all bear on their brows the marks of the Divinity. The Mathematician shews thee the point, which maketh all lines. The Arithmetician, the unity, which causeth all numbers; to tell thee, there is a Creatour, who is the center, and beginning of all creatures: Geometrie presenteth thee the compass with one stable foot in the center, the other moving, to shew thee the firmness of the essence not created, and instability of all things created: Astrologie proposeth unto thee its motions so regular, and measured; Musick its harmonies; Philosophie its reasonings; eloquence its discourses; mechanick, its works and admirable industries, to let thee understand the effects of this increated essence, which travelleth throughout all nature without loosing any part of its eternal repose. The knowledge of a God is given to the soul, as a dower or inheritance of its birth: God shall never be hidden, never shall fail; shall ever be understood, ever hearkened unto, perpetually seen. *Herod* and *Nero* knew him, being unable to free themselves from this science: The *Polybemuses* did believe him in the obscurity of their caves, even when they were devouring the flesh of men: conscience told them news of him, nor hath any man hitherto grown to so much fury, as not at some time to acknowledge his dependence in the affrightement of a mind troubled with the image of its crimes.

(b) Philost. in vita Herodis Attici. Cleomede l. 4. de mundo. *Hoc autem omne invenisse summæ sapientiæ est, effecisse, virtutis invisæ.* Galen. l. 3. de usu partium c. 10. All contributes to the knowledge of God.

Humanis quidem disciplinis quasdam etiamnum latebras prædentur, ut in paginis elementorum ac voluminibus temporum communi, & publica divinæ institutionis doctrina legatur. Prosp. l. 2. de voca. Gentium. c. 4.

Tertul. adver Marcion. l. 1. c. 10. *Animæ à primordio scientia Dei dos est: nunquam Deus latebit, nunquam Deus desinet, semper intelligetur, semper audietur, semper videbitur.*

Lights of God invincible.

Nothing will appear to be so well known as God, who makes all things to be understood: whilest in the mean time the ingratitude of me hath reduced him to this point in the world, that he is most forgotten by al.

Ingratitude of man towards God.

8. It is the greatest of evils to be unwilling to know him, of whom you cannot be ignorant. Our ignorance is convinced by his lights, and our ingratitude overwhelmed by his goodness: And yet man asks if God govern all, why this, wherefore that, why evil, why wicked, and wherefore so many miseries in the lives of mortals? He will know the causes of the will of God, which have no causes, but is the chief of all causes; and (doubly stupid as he is) he complaineth of evils which sprang from himself, and accuseth God of nothing, but because his mercy hath not at all times thunder in hand to chastise his crimes. He is enforced to confess a sovereign Being, to which he oweth all he is, & confessing serves him so negligently, that it were almost better to have no God, than to believe in one, and make him the object of his neglect.

Who will open again unto us the lips of *Isaiah*, to say once more, Hearken, O you heavens, which circumvolve over our heads replenished with stars and lights: Hearken, O earth, which hast so often trembled with horrour of the crimes of so many mortals? To say truly (saith the Creatour) had I no other title of recommendation towards man, but my self, my sceptr, Empire, and dignity; honour and gratitude would ever be due to me: But hear what I have done: I have nourished children with incomparable sweetness: I have bred them, and born them in the bosom of my providence, with unspeakable tenderness, yet was contemned by those, on whose foreheads I imprinted the rays of my glory. Forgetfulness alone is insupportable to love: But what shall we say of contempt? what of injury? There hath not been any excellency, or perfection in me which was not invaded and checked, O man, by thy vices. Thou hast resisted the Immensity of my Essence by thy avarice, and boundless ambition: my Infinity by thy inordinate concupiscences, which tend to be infinite; my Immutability by thy inconstancy; my Eternity by thy love of transitory things; my Power by thy imbecility and remisness; my Wisdom by thy ignorance; my Perfection by thy wants; my Sanctity by thy vices; my Liberality by thy ingratitude; my Jurisdiction by thy tyranny; my Providence by thy stupidity; my Mercy by thy obstinacy; and my Justice by thy iniquity.

I no longer complain of *Moors* and *Arabians*, who persecuted me; I complain of being wounded in my own house by my unnatural children. If needs I must endure the contradiction of all the world, verily, O Christian, thy hand ought to be the last lifted up against me. The ox, bruitish as he is, acknowledgeth his Master; the Ass loves his crib, who oweth him: what say I? savage beasts, who have almost perpetually slaughter, and bloud under their paws, are reclaimed by benefits, and thou becomest obdurate by my liberality. What is there more mischievous, more intolerable, than to see a servant rebel against a Master in his own house, when he lives of his granary, and shakes under his correction? It is not so great a matter to adore with a most submiss reverence, whom thou canst not comprehend, to moisten the earth with thy tears, and appease Heaven with thy penance, and say: (a) *Wo the time I knew thee not! Wo the blindness that made me neglect thee! Wo the deafness which shut up mine ears against thy sacred words! Blind and deaf, I desperately threw my self amongst so many objects of creatures of the world, and beauties which onely served to deform me. Thou wert with me, I not with thee, and all, which cannot be without thee, separated me from thee. It is too late to begin to know thee, and too late to begin to love thee; but this will be never to have an end but in him, who concludeth all things.*

Tertul. adverf. Marcion. l. 1. c. 23. *Quid injustius, & improbius, quàm ut servus adversùs caput Domini sui suborsetur? & quidem quid iniquius est, in ipsâ adhuc domo Domini de ipsius adhuc borreis vivens, sub ipsius adhuc plagis tremens.*

(a) S. *Augustin.* fol. 31.

The second EXAMPLE upon the second MAXIM.

The Power of the DIVINITIE over Infidels.

Drawn from the Scripture, from S. *Hierom* upon *Daniel*, and *Josephus*, &c.

ANTIOCHUS the THEOMACQUE, Or Enemie of GOD.

IT were a very hard matter to find out a soul more prostituted to impiety, than that of *Antiochus*, surnamed the *Theomacque*; and a heart more possessed with the fear of a Deity, than *Eleazars*. For which cause, the encounter of times, and battels having so well opposed them, we will propose them in this History. This *Antiochus*, who rendered himself so notorious in holy Scripture, through the exorbitancie of his wickedness, seemed to have derived impiety from his birth; for the *Antiochuses*, his Ancestours, caused themselves heretofore, to be surnamed the Saviours, and Gods of the earth.

Antiochus a politick man, who had no other God, but ambition.

He was of a spirit, fierce, close, and crafty, intelligent, bold, audacious, who shewed from his younger years to have no other Gods but scepters, no other Paradise, than fruition of Empires. His father *Antiochus* the Great, had given him this lesson: For he was an active Prince, but more judicious than his son, who never ceased to disturb his neighbour, and covertly attempt the Kingdom of *Ægypt* by arms, and subtilities, until such time that the *Romans* clipped the wings of his ambition, as well to stay the progression of his over-much power, become formidable to the Empire, as to punish him for the dangerous correspondences he held with *Hannibal*. He was enforced by reason of some agreements and transactions of peace to send his son to *Rome* in hostage, and that was this *Antiochus* we mention.

He was delivered for an hostage to the *Romans*.

This young Prince, who already had in his imagination designs of Empire, mannaged this occasion, and deriving his happiness out of the necessity of his fathers affairs, learned therein all the extent of supream powers on earth, and began to reflect on the *Romans*, as gods of the whole world. On the other side *Scipio*, and all the other great Captains, were forward to let the people behold this off-spring of the *Asian* Kings, as a Lion enchained, and finding him vain enough they spared not slight complements, and court smokes: but ever held in their own hands the highest point of authority, and drew profit out of all affairs.

Prudence of the *Romans*.

During his abode in *Rome*, his father *Antiochus* the Great, overwhelmed under the burden of his ambition, found the catastrophe of his pretensions in a tomb, and his eldest son *Seleveus* succeeded him, who had a short life, and an unhappy reign. At which time young *Antiochus* felt in himself a vehement itch of rule, more powerfully than any of his Predecessours had done, for soon understanding his brothers death (who left him the kingdom of *Asia*, and knowing his sister *Cleopatra*, married to the King of *Ægypt*, was a widow, and the mother of onely one child, of whom he hoped to be easily rid, he ardently thirsted to joyn the two Empires, and unite them under his power. Now the Kingdom of *Syria* appertaining to this young Orphan, the son of his sister, he in the beginning entered thereinto with great modesty, in the quality of a Tutour, and Regent, and not a King, aforehand disposing the peoples minds by *Attalus* and *Eumenes*, who did him good service in this pretension. This wolf clothed in a lambs-skin, thought to enter by the same ways into the Kingdom of *Ægypt*, and wrote thus to his sister, *That it seemed the Gods had thrown him among thorns at the time when Kings of his age walked not but on violets, and roses. That being absent out of the Kingdom, he had received sad news of the death*

Ambition of *Antiochus*.

His craft.

death of his thrice-honoured father, and immediately of the death of his well-beloved brother; whose days he wished might have been lengthened with his own years: But that nothing afflicted him so much as to see her a widow, burdned with an infant, whose hands were not so early fit to manage a scepter. Behold therfore the cause why he now undertook the government of the Kingdom of Syria, *which was the possession of his Ancestours, and whereunto she had right by the title of dower. But otherwise, though he were heavily surcharged with two Kingdoms, he was no whit discouraged to share with her also in the cares of Ægypt, since, besides charitie towards his own, the continual practice of affairs he had at* Rome, *in the most knowing school of the world, it had acquired him some dexteritie and experience in the sway of Kingdoms. That he would make her reign in the affluence and pleasures of a flourishing Court, and prostrate the whole world at her feet. That she should onely be troubled to see their submission, as the Gods behold earth from heaven, and that he would be as faithfull a Regent, as he had ever been a loving brother.*

Cleopatra had been married to *Ptolomeus Epiphanes*, and cast as a bait by the father, to catch the Kingdom of *Ægypt*, under hope conceived, that having studied in his school, she would beguil her husband, and bring *Nilus* to *Euphrates*: But she opening her eyes, found her flesh was much nearer than the smock, and ever upheld both her husband and son, against her fathers plots. She understood the heart of her brother to be desperately subtile, and ambitious, and seeing she could not possess *Syria*, where he had strongly fortified himself, she easily admitted this his imaginary title of Regency, which she could no longer withhold: But for so much as concerned *Ægypt*, she made answer, *That she very humbly thanked him for the compassion he had of her widow-hood, and that the Gods who afford the deepest roots to trees the most subject to winds, would furnish her with sufficient courage to suffer so boisterous shocks. As concerning the Kingdom of* Syria, *his providence had prevented the good opinion she conceived of him, being alreadie resolved to put the Regencie into his hands. But as for Ægypt, there was no necessitie he should rob himself in the freshnese of his youth, of the pleasures so fairly acquired for him, to undergo so many burdensom charges in a forreign Countrey, wherein he would not be honoured, as were the* Ptolemees. *That her people were somewhat jealous, nor would confide in external power, which might much discontent him in the sinceritie he pretended in the mannage of her affairs. That she was assisted by a wise Councel, with whose aid she hoped to maintain her people in perfect peace, and raise her son to the height of the happinesse of his extraction, and that it should ever be a singular comfort for her to be assured of the good affection he bare towards her estate, and to correspond with him in an unfained intelligence.*

Prudence of *Cleopatra* against the wiles of her brother.

Antiochus, who found not his expectation in his sisters letters, laid down the sheep-skin, to put on the Lions, and began to make open war, by invading the Kingdom of *Ægypt*, which was the cause *Cleopatra* instantly cast her self into the protection of the *Romans*, although she nothing doubted, but that her brother had thence sought support, and credit: But she on the other side knew they favoured justice, and willingly undertook the causes of widows and orphans. And verily the Senate of *Rome*, either through the integritie of their manners, or to ballance scepters which swayed under them, and make none too great to the prejudice of their power, inclined to the widows part, and commanded *Antiochus* to retire out of *Ægypt*. He who knew how to court men, went about to gain *Papilius Lenas*, deputed by the Senate to determine this affair, requiring some delay to withdraw his forces leisurely, of purpose to spend time for the renewing his plots.

Equity of the Senate of *Rome* to support widows.

A notable act of an Embassadour.

But the other, a man resolute, and not to be paid with words, making use of a riding-rod which he had in his hand, drew a circle about *Antiochus*, and encloled him within it, saying: *There is but one word to be used; Before you come out from thence you must necessarily resolve, either on peace with your sister, or wars against the Senate and people of* Rome. He seeing himself so strongly charged, gave way to their demands, and wrote to the Senate, *That he esteemed the Peace which came from their motion, more glorious than all his victories, and heard their Embassadours, as if the Gods had spoken out of heaven to him*: Therein imitating the most supple Courtiers, who in stead of shewing their discontent against power, give thanks for a beating. Howsoever, becoming enraged with rancour, to see so rich a prey escaped out of his hands, he discharged all his choller upon the *Jews*, as those who make their servants suffer for the losses they had in game. He had a spleen against this religious Nation, both through the motive of his own impiety, and reason of State, suspecting them more to encline to King *Ptolemee's* faction. Behold why he entered into *Jerusalem* like an enraged Lion with huge troups, in the beginning pillaging the Citie and Temple, sparing neither the prophane, nor sacred, swallowed excessive riches, and plunged the fiery flames of his anger in the bloud and tears of four-score thousand people; some killed, divers sold, and many fettered, unable to satisfie his cruelty.

Masked complement.

Horrible persecution of the *Hebrews*.

Anno *Antiochi.* 7.

For presently after came out those wicked and bloudy Edicts, which made God a party, with a violent hatred, and let loose the rains of impiety, even to the desire of utter defacing the marks of Religion. The streets of *Sion* mourned, Priests were banished or massacred, the Altars demollished, Temples polluted with ordures, and uncleanness, by abominable monsters who renewed sacrifices to *Belphegor*, and *Bacchus* in the Sanctuary, heretofore impenetrable to mortal eyes. *The abomination of desolation* foretold by the Prophet *Daniel*, which was a statue of olympick *Jupiter*, was seen to be raised in the holy place, in sight of all the world. The books of the law were sought out through all the houses, and committed to flames, the festivals changed into Bacchanals, all exercise of piety interdicted with whips, wheels, fires, so far that two poor mothers being found administering Circumcision to two little infants, were drawn through the Citie, having their lamentable offspring hanged about their necks, and in that posture thrown into a ditch. The whole Citie was nought else but a spectacle of gibbets and slaughters, the Pagans by some false brothers, conspiring with much fervour to put the Kings Edicts in execution. Then was the time *Eleazars* combat with the seven young *Machabees* appeared, which is excellently described in the Scripture in *Josephus*, and the Fathers of the Church, that it were a thing superfluous to endeavour enlargement upon it, with a more ample discourse. I onely say, that if God permitted upon one side to be seen the unbridled soul of a man, professed an enemy of all piety; on the other, an admirable spectacle was beheld of fear and reverence, rendered to his Name by the faithfull.

Anno ejus. 9.

Combat of *Eleazar*.

What a prodigie to see an aged man four-score and ten years old, of one of the prime families of his Nation, learned in the Law, of an Angelical aspect to go smiling to punishment? And he cracking even their hearts with compassion, who sate as Magistrates upon his execution, some perswaded him onely but to make a shew to eat hogs flesh for the Kings satisfaction. But he reflecting on the true point of honour, *The hoarinesse* (saith he) *of this venerable hair wherewith my head is covered, having waxed old in the exercises of Religion, sufficiently teacheth me my dutie. It is not fit for* Eleazar *to counterfeit impietie, but profess virtue. God forbid, I should forget the law of my God, dishonour the school and doctrine in which I was bred, or become a scandal to these young men, to whom God is now pleased to make a Theater of my Constancie: The honour of my*

passed

paſſed life (hall enter into the aſhes of my Tomb, and my ſoul ſhall flie out of this bodie truly innocent, and not bear infidelitie into the boſom of my Anceſtours. Then they tormenting him under the laſhes of whips and fervour of flames, he added: *My All-knowing God, thou art not ignorant, that it being in my power to free my ſelf from death; not to fail in thy fear, I faint in my life. I make thee the depoſitorie of my ſoul, which iſſueth out of theſe torn members, chooſing rather to die tortured on all ſides, than to live one filly moment unfaithfull.*

The mother of the *Machabees.*

After *Eleazar* went the glorious mother of the *Machabees* along, having the ſpirit of a man in a feminine body. She entered firſt of all into the combat, although ſhe were the laſt that arrived to the crown, bringing ſeven ſons with her to death, as to the true ſource of immortality. This bleſſed creature ſtood between two flames, the one of natural love, the other of charity towards God: Both combatted, but there was but one prevailed, that ſhe might tranſcend all things under God.

As ſhe lived in ſeven ſouls, ſo ſhe was ſacrificed in ſeven bodies: She ſaw the tongue torn out from one, the toes and fingers of feet and hands cut off from another, the skin pulled away all bloudy from the head of this; that, thrown into a boyling cauldron; finally, ſhe beheld them all equal in puniſhment, as ſhe parallel'd them in love. Some while ſhe delivered one to the executioners, another while ſhe received the bloud upon her garments, preſently the mangled members in her arms; ſhe fought in all and for all, having no other fear, but of their deliverance. But ſhe infinitely fearfull for the youngeſt of her ſons, ſhewed him Heaven, then her breaſts, the one to have bred him, the other to glorifie him. When ſhe ſaw him dead, then was the time ſhe thought him born, and then with moſt courage ſhe waited on his execution.

Auguſt. ſerm. 109. c. 6.

O incomparable mother! (ſaith S. *Auguſtine*) who knew what it was to poſſeſs children, ſince ſhe feared not to looſe them. Mother of Martyrs, and eight times a Martyr, who equalled her triumphs to her childrens, and her glory to eternitie.

Puniſhment of the wicked *Antiochus.*

In the end, *Antiochus* after all this butchery retiring, the living God, who purſued the tracks of this impious man, and who in his eyes bare the lightenings of his juſtice, raiſed *Mattathias* and his children; who with a ſilly handfull of men reſtored ſanctification to the Temple, and liberty to the Citizens; having in four encounters defeated four Royal Armies.

This wretched creature, and who had no religion in him, though in apparence he made ſhew of that of the *Grecians*, went to *Elymas* to invade a Temple of *Diana*, where great treaſures were kept: but was there ſo ill intreated, that he more haſtily returned than came thither, laden with confuſion, and in ſhort time heard the diſcomfiture of his Armies, and victory of the *Jews*, whereupon he entered into ſo deſperate fury, that he reſolved to retire haſtily again to *Jeruſalem*, and to make of the whole Citie but one tomb.

Joſeph Ben Gorion.

But the hand of God had already deſigned his: for it happened being in his coach, his horſes frighted extraordinarily upon the meeting and roar of an Elephant, gave him ſo boyſterous a ſtroke, that thrown on the ground, he received a mortal wound, the fire and venom whereof crept ſo far into his hurts, that he ſeemed to burn alive like the damned, feeling inexplicable dolours throughout all his body, which became a neſt of vermin, and having his ſoul turmoyled with Specters and Furies that gave him no repoſe. At which time the miſerable Atheiſt coming to himſelf after a drunkenneſs of ſo many years, ſpake theſe words, JUSTUM EST SUBDITUM ESSE DEO, ET MORTALEM NON PARIA DEO SENTIRE; profeſſing there was a *Great God, to whom we muſt ſubmit, and never with him conteſt*; when being in the bed of death, he acknowledged impiety had been the original of al his evils, and that ſhould God reſtore him to his health, he would fill *Jeruſalem* with gifts and wonders, even to the becoming a *Jew*, and ever proclaim the glory of the Creatour. But the gates of mercy were already ſhut up againſt this diſloyal man, who had no true repentance: his hour was come which made him die, all waſted with putrefaction inſupportable to his Army, who could not endure the ſtench, troubleſom to himſelf, and execrable to the memory of all mankind.

The Prophets and holy Fathers mention him as a damned ſoul, and the figure of *Antichriſt*: to teach the wicked out of the deportment of this man, that there is not any one withdraws from God, but flies from his mercy, and falls into the hands of his juſtice, which purſueth Libertines beyond the gates of hell.

III. MAXIM.

Of the Excellencie of the DIVINITIE.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That Great men are Gods on earth, whoſe favours we ſhould adore.

Divers opinions of the Divinity.

THere is not any thing hath more perplexed the minds of men ſince the beginning of the world, than the diverſe opinions of the Deitie; ſince the wiſeſt, when they had ſpent all their abilities upon this queſtion, found nothing more certain than uncertainty. One would wonder why the knowledge of the true God being ſo important for man, hath been ſo many Ages obſcured and covered in a great abyſs of darkneſs, even from thoſe, who thought themſelves the moſt clear-ſighted in the knowledge of total Nature. But who ſees not it is an evident puniſhment for ſin, and a moſt juſt effect of Gods vengeance, who hath permitted truth to be hidden from man, becauſe man would conceal himſelf from truth, even in the ſhadow of death, and

THE HOLY COURT.

That all greatneſs is wretched before the Majeſty of God, who alone is to be adored.

nothing? *They vaniſhed in their thoughts* (ſaid the Apoſtle) *and their ſenſeleſs hearts were obſcured.*

Evanuerunt in cogitationibus ſuis, & obſcuratum eſt inſipiens cor eorum. Rom. 1.

But that which herein is very conſiderable, is, that God hath ever handled wicked men, like the damned: for the unhappy ſouls condemned to hell, have an idæa of the beatitude they have loſt, which ſerves for an executioner: And infidels after ſhipwrack of faith, and truth, which they abandoned, fail not ſtill to retain an opinion of the excellency of the Divinity, not knowing what it is, nor why they ſhould ſtick to it. It was that wherein *Plinie* eſteemed men more miſerable, than beaſts: For creatures not made for the knowledge and fruition of a God, are troubled at nothing, nor make any queſtion thereupon, contenting themſelves peaceably to enjoy innocent favours of

God in this life handleth the wicked, as the damned.

Na-

Nature: but the curiosity man hath had through all Ages, to be informed of the state of the Sovereign cause, is a strong conviction of his infidelity. He findeth himself obliged to seek into the knowledge of God, which, as saith *Tertullian*, is the first vesture of the soul: but this knowledge flieth him so long as he renounceth faith, innocency, and reason, the prime pieces of the intellectual life.

Diversity of Gods. *Plin.* l. 2. c. 7.

From thence grew the great diversity of gods, heaped one upon another by the Gentiles. For poor humane nature overwhelmed partly by the greatness of this sovereign Essence, partly also clouded by its own ignorance, misery, and sin, being unable to understand a God, most Onely, and Simple with one sole touch of the soul, hath made an impertinent dissection of it, dividing it into as many parts, as there are errours on the Altars of Gentiles: whilest every one sought to adore that, which most flattered his imagination, or sensuality. They who were more spiritual, have deified virtues, as Chastity, Concord, Intelligence, Hope, Honour, Clemency, and Faith. Other more absurd, have tied themselves to the worship of creatures, as the *Ægyptians*: Some, who question less were sottish, have framed gods in humane shape; some old, others young, and many perpetually infants: They have made them male, and female, black, white, winged, and deformed. They made some to rise out of a wind, others from the sea, and divers from rocks. They who were more fearfull, and superstitious adored the feaver, and tempests, not for esteem of their worth, but through horrour of their malignity. They ware their gods shut up in rings, and many times submitted to monsters, denying themselves repose, and repast, to satisfie their superstition. It is the misery which S. *Augustine* deplored in his Citie of God, after *Plinie* the Historian, and other Authours, who handled this subject.

God of flatterers.

But such as amidst this great obscurity of Sects, thought themselves more gentile, and refined in conversation, taking other ways, and leaving old superstitions, began to canonize Emperours, Princes, and the Great-ones of the earth, saying, There were no Divinities more visible, and propitious than these; seeing they daily became the distributours of glory, and worldly fortunes. The *Athenians*, who vaunted to have the most subtile wits of the earth, quickly suffered themselves to fall into such like flatteries, whereof we have a very notable passage in *Seneca*, who telleth us, that *Mark Anthonie* being a Prince extreamly dissolute, was instantly called god *Bacchus* by his flatterers, and soon came to such shameless impudence, as to suffer this title to be engraven upon his statues. Behold the cause, why entering into the Citie of *Athens*, all the men of quality marching before him, and desirous to be acceptable with him, both through humour and affection of favour, they failed not to introduce him with the title of *Bacchus*: nay, willing to over-value him above other people, they added the hearty offer of their *Minerva* in marriage, the Guardian-Goddess of their Citie, who had refused all the gods.

Remarkeable punishment of flattery. *Senec. Suasor.* 1.

This Prince was not amazed at their complement; for he presently replied, Their motion was gratefull: But seeing *Minerva* was a great goddess, he must suitably accommodate her to her dignity, and therefore ordained they should find out six hundred thousand crowns to give her in marriage. An *Athenian* thereupon replied, *Jupiter* her father took the goddess *Semele*, without demand of any portion: But this was to little purpose, their flattery cost them so great a sum, that needs must they afterwards exact it with the peoples clamour, many of them affixing pasquils upon *Anthonies* statue, to deface false applauses by a just reproch. If all flatterers were punished in such measure, the number would be very small: But since they find rewards, where others received nothing but punishment, it is no wonder the Ages are wholly drenched into servile complacence. Never were Christian men seen to be more disposed to slavery. The great eye of Divine Providence is taken away, and all sense of Religion, to adhere to men of gold and silver: They cease not to deifie them: and we may truly say, the favour of the rich and great-ones of this Age, is now adays become a false Divinity, which receiveth Incense, and Victims, almost from all hands. Notwithstanding he is cursed by the Prophet, who putteth his trust in man to the exclusion of God, and who thinking to fortifie himself throughly in the course of humane affairs, makes to himself an arm of flesh, and hay, to raise fortunes, which will vanish like phantasms.

For this cause I here purpose to present unto you some passages of Gods greatness, to oppose them against the abjectness and infirmity of the mightiest on earth; that so we may learn from this discourse to be replenished with a worthy estimation of the Divinitie, and a knowledge of the nothing of the richest magnificences on earth.

The greatness of God compared to the low condition of men.

ALL the praise of great things endeth in one ample word; & by how much the more an essence is simple, by so much the fewer words shall we need to explicate it. Of whom must we learn to speak of God, but of God himself? And what do we learn from him, but that he is what he is? That is to say little, and that is to say, all. For, as S. *Bernard* hath excellently observed, call God good; call him great, call him blessed; call him wise; call him all you can, you find him included in this word. When God said, *I am what I am*, he said, He is all he is. Adde hereunto a century of attributes, you shall not go far from the essence: If you speak them, you adde nothing unto it: if you mention them not, you not at all lessen it.

God is who he is.

S. *Bernard.* l. 5. de consid. *Si bonum, si magnum, si beatum, si sapientem, vel quicquid aliud tale de Deo dixeris, in hoc verbo instauratur, quod est,* Est. *Nempe hoc est ei esse, quod omnia esse. Si centum talia addas, non recessisti ab esse; Si ea dixeris, nihil addidisti ad esse: si nihil dixeris, nihil de eo minuisti.*

S. *Denys* gives a particular reason thereof, when he saith, that (*a*) essence is the first and last pledge of Nature, the most intimate, most necessary, most independent, most simple, and most perfect of all things in the world. Behold the cause, why the Celestial Father could say nothing better to the purpose of himself, than (*b*) *I am what I am.*

(*a*) Greatnes of essence.

(*b*) *Ego sum qui sum.*

Let us here then speak of the excellency of Gods Essence comprised under these words: and oppose against it the frailty, and nullity of our essence, that penetrated with the greatness of the Omnipotent, we may be drenched in the abyss of low humility.

Eternity of nothing first humiliation of man.

2. Our first abjectness, and which is of power to humble those who think themselves the most able in the world, is, that we have been an eternity in nothing. For if you mount, still ascending upward to the source of time, when you shall have reckoned millions of Ages, you shall find nothing but labyrinths, and abysses of this great eternity without end, and when you shall present to your thoughts all that time, which hath preceded, be it real or imaginary, you will be ashamed to see so many millions of years, wherein you had not so much as the essence of a rush, of a butter-flie, or a silly gnat. That *Rodomont* who threateneth to hew down mountains, and thunder-strike mortals, and thinks all the ample house of Nature was created onely for him, who swalloweth the world by avarice, and wastes it as fast by riot, thirty or forty years ago was not able to contend for excellency with a catter-piller. (*c*) What weakness, what confusion of humane essence! But thine (O great God) hath no beginning: It hath seen all times unfolded from thy breast: It hath assigned them measure; and hath taken none from others for it self, but its Eternity. The beginning of the lives and reigns of all *Cæsars* is reckoned, but of Gods years no man hath a register. He is neither young, nor old, ancient nor new: Content your self with saying, He is Eternal.

(*c*) *Hesterni quippe sumus, & ignoramus, quoniam sicut umbra dies nostri sunt super terram.* Job 8. 9. *Tertul.* adver. Marc. l. 1. c. 3. *Una & germana divinitas nec de novitate, nec de vetustate, sed de sua veritate censetur. Non habet tempus æternitas: omne enim tempus est. Deus, si vetus est non erit, si est novus non fuit.*

3. The

Humiliation of death.

3. The second point of our infirmity is, that after we have had being for a few years, we shall be (to speak according to the phrase of the world) an eternity in a tomb, as bodies confiscated by death, abandoned to worms, despoiled even to the bones, become dust, and consumed to be reduced into the mass of elements from whence we came. I affirm the soul is immortal; which many times serveth to immortalize its punishments. I affirm the body riseth again, although both being separated so long one from another, no more make up a man. The Axiom of S. *Bernard* must be made good, *Every man is reduced to be no longer a man.* So many persons go daily in and out of the world, as small drops of water into the seas. The ocean is no whit altered, either by their enterance in, or passage out. *Seneca* was astonished, how one could say there were Comets which presaged the death of great men. It is not credible (saith he) the universe should interest it self in the loss of particulars, yea, were it of Monarchs. We all bud forth like the leaf of a tree, and die as the leaf; neither our life, nor death any thing importeth this great All.

Bernard. c. 3. de animâ. In non hominem vertitur omnis homo. Estne quicquam in terris tam magnum, quod perire mundus sciat? Senec. l. 4. natur. qq. c. 1.

Behold, that which much abaseth the pride of the most vain-glorious, is, to think upon a beer, and tomb, and reflect on that ample grave, whereinto all mankind insensibly sinketh. That is it which *Job* called, *the stone of darkness.* That, which the Ancients named, *the secret of horrour.* The greatest Princes of the earth resemble *Alexanders* stone, the most excellent of the world in the brightness of lustre: but so soon as it was covered with dust, it had neither force nor beauty beyond other stones: How great, rich, active soever they be, the dust of a sepulcher makes it appear they are nothing. But God alone hath immortality without dependence, because he is what he is. All that which may be, and not be, hath ever some time assigned when it was not, or wherein it shall no more be. One may at the least find an imaginary time, when the most eminent Powers were nothing, and for so much as concerneth men, it is no difficult matter to give them limits, to which, and in which they no longer shall be men: But of God alone we may truly say, his years not onely decrease not, but know not what it is to increase. For the Eternity of God (to speak properly) is very long, and very short: very long in extent, for it spreadeth over all Ages; very short, because in an instant it possesseth all it can have in the infinity of times, being ever like the center of a circle, which looketh towards all the lines without stirring out of one place.

Lapidem caliginis. Job 28. 3. Secretarium horroris.

Tu autem idem ipse es, & ann tui non deficient. Sæcula cuncta tenens, antè omnia sæcula solus. Novatiani l. de Trin. c. 31.

Man hath more non-essence, than Essence.

4. Our third Annihilation is, that we have much more non-essence, than essence, according to *Plato's* argument: because if we have the essence of a man, we have not therefore the essence of Heaven, of earth, creatures, nor plants, although some similitude thereof. We are confined, and limited within a particular essence which comprehendeth a soul ignorant and unsatiable, a body feeble and frail; a strange connexion of a nature mortal and immortal; an alliance of a ray of the sun with a dung-hill, of a spirit prompt and subtile, with most infirm flesh. But God, who is, what he is, containeth in himself all possible essences, and which is more, containeth them under the sole form of the Divinitie. The world is bright in the light of stars, resplendent in flames, subtile in air, streaming in eternal veins of rivers, stable on the foundation of the earth, rich in mynes, fruitfull in plants, displayed in flowers, and all because it is a world, and it a creature. But God in one sole indivisible, and under one sole form, concludeth the fervour of Seraphins, the science of Cherubins, the majesty of Dominations, the height of Thrones, the excellency of Principalities, the strength of Virtues, the superintendence of Arch-angels, the charitable offices of Angels, the greatness of Heaven, the beauty of stars, the splendour of lights, the activity of fire, the subtilitie of air, the fruitfulness of earth, the eternal freshness of fountains, and all we may call great, beautifull, or pleasing. God, I say, comprehendeth them under this great title, *I am that I am.* That is it which made S. *Augustine* say: *This, and that is good: Take away this, and that, when you speak of God; and behold the Sovereign Good: so shall you see God, who is not good by a borrowed goodness; but the Good of all good.*

Excellency of the simplicity and universality of God, in comparison of the world.

This first essence is lovely (said *Maximus* of *Tyre.*) And verily it is the chief of beauties. But how think you, is it lovely, like a meadow all strewed over with flowers, or as Heaven all enamelled with stars? Take away this meadow, these flowers, this Heaven, these stars, God is nothing of all created things, but it is he, from whom all creatures derive being, beauty, goodness, force, unity, and lasting. I well know what he is not, but cannot say what he is. I am satisfied in speaking with S. *Bernard: In the great God, all is God, and there is not any thing in him, which is not himself.*

Ego sum qui sum. Bonum hoc, & bonum illud, tolle hoc & illud, & vide ipsum bonum si potes: ita Deum videbis non alio bono bonum, sed bonum omnis boni. Aug. l. 8. de Trinit. c. 3. Maximus Tyrius. Orat. de Deo. In Deo non est nisi Deus. S. Bernard, de consider. l. 5.

Mutability of men.

Finally our fourth misery is, that our essence being so short and slender, faileth not to be afflicted with so many mutations, so many vicissitudes, that we may say, there is almost nothing less in us, than our selves. All change (saith the Philosopher) beareth with it some image of non-essence, and therefore we who change every moment are (as it were) nothing in nature to be trusted to. It is not known with what knot, with what chains men should be tied, or fettered, so variable, and inconstant these *Proteuses* are. Ages alter us, and in changing us, change themselves. Infancy becometh adolescency, adolescency is taken off by youth, youth by manhood, manhood by declining years, and those years by decrepit age. If you reckon well, you shall find every one of these mutations, is a species of death.

As time alters our bodies, a thousand other things make impression on our minds. Humours, passions, conversations, customs, accidents, vices, and virtues, so often transform us into other men, that one may say, we are the most natural pourtraicts of inconstancy in universal Nature. There is none but God can say: *I am the God, who changeth not.* There is not any the least shadow of vicissitude in the great abyss of light; as he is one without number, infinite without limits, eternal, free from floud and ebbe of time, so he is immoveable without augmentation or diminution. He stands immoveable within himself, and reneweth all various nature out of himself. He takes nothing of men, which he gave them not. Essence, is proper to him, as eternal to him.

Ego Dominus & non mutor. Malach. 3. 6. In se manens innovat omnia, & nihil accipit quod ipse non dedit, ut sit illi quod ei sempiternum, semper ejus proprium. S. Leo. ep. 93. c. 5.

It is a maxim in Theologie, that simple forms, which of themselves constitute a Person, make no difference between the subject and nature; that is to say, God is his Deity, his life, his eternity, and all he is, without diversity. It is for things composed of divers pieces to be susceptible of many forms; and consequently of sundry mutations: But God being from all eternity a most pure Act, as he hath not any thing but himself, can have no difference with himself: He hath nothing in himself better than himself: He hath no part eminent one above another. For he is without parts; and all that agreeth to him under this title; *I am, what I am.*

Non sui alicujus optimum, habet unum optimum, totum. S. Bernard. l. 5. de consider.

5. If you are not yet satisfied enough concerning the greatness of this sovereign Being, and demand something more particular, the Word will tell you in S. *John* what he learned in the bosom of his Father: *God is spirit.* All substance in the world; or above the world is spirit or body: but as the body is base and abject, so beauty, strength, power, abideth in the power and jurisdiction of spirit: It is the spirit which doeth all, which animateth, which acteth, which quickeneth, which governeth all the instruments of nature; which worketh great miracles in little bodies, and hath nothing so admirable, as it self. The better part in us is spirit; and God is nothing

Deus spiritus est. Joan. 4.

Beauty of spirit.

Totus spiritus & ennoia, &

rum ratio, & rerum lumen. l. 2. c. 16.

thing but ſpirit; all ſpirit, all intelligence, all reaſon, all light, (ſaid S. *Ireæus.*) But what ſpirit, but God the Father and Creatour of ſpirits, who is as much exalted above the higheſt Intelligences, as ſpirits are above bodies.

Our ſpirits reſemble the fire of this inferiour region, a groſs, and material fire, which cannot here live, unleſs you put it to wood, cole, greaſe, or ſuch like. But the ſpirit of God is like the fire near to the celeſtial globes, which Philoſophers hold to be ten-fold more ſubtile than air, and not to ſtand in need of any nouriſhment in its ſphere, but from its ſelf.

Perfections of God. *Magnitudinis ejus non eſt finis.* Pſal. 145. *Excellus, & immenſus.* Baruc. 4. *Intra omnia ſed non incluſus extra omnia ſed non exclusus.* Iſodor. de ſummo bono. c. 2.

If we conſider the four perfections which give us a full Idæa of the divine Eſſence, to wit, infinity, immenſity, immutability, eternity, this great Spirit poſſeſſeth them by title of eſſence. Strive not to comprehend him, for he is infinite. Infinite not in a certain manner, not by compariſon of one thing with another; not in poſſibility, but abſolutely, actually infinite: as an ample, and moſt glorious treaſure of all eſſences, and perfections. Aſſign him no limits; for he is immeaſurable, & extended through all meaſures without meaſure; not by a local extent, but an indiviſibility of preſence. *He is high and immenſe. He is in the whole univerſe without confinement. He is out of all the univerſe, without any excluſion from it.*

Repreſent him not to your ſelf under many forms, if you deſire to figure him in his Nature, for he is immutable. Enquire not of his age, for it exceedeth eternity, ſuch as you may imagine it, *The preſent day paſſeth not with him, and yet he is in it, ſince all things are in him.*

Non peragitur in eo hodiernus dies, & tamen peragitur, quia in eo ſunt iſta omnia. Auguſt. 1. Confeſſ. c. 6.

But if we regard the three excellencies, which in your opinion more concern divine manners, to wit Wiſdom, Goodneſs, and Sanctity; I not onely affirm he is wiſe, but I ſay he is the abyſs which ſwalloweth all wiſdoms: I do not onely ſay he is good, but the ſource of goodneſs, nature & bounty; a ſource never emptied but into it ſelf & which continually ſtreameth out of it ſelf: I do not onely ſay he is holy, but the root, the object, the example, & form of all ſanctities.

Sanctimonia, & magnificentia in ſanctificatione ejus. Pſal. 95. 6.

Finally, if we behold the eminencies which illuſtrate him, in reſpect of the eye he hath over exteriour things, as are power, juriſdiction, providence, juſtice, and mercy; this Spirit is ſo powerful, that he can all, but impotency; ſo predominate, that there is not any thing from heaven to hell, which boweth not under his Laws; ſo provident, that he hath a care of the leaſt butterfly in the ayr, as well as of the higheſt Chetubin of the Empyreal Heaven; ſo juſt, that his ballance propendeth neither to one ſide nor other; ſo merciful, that he pardoneth all. O great God! Great Spirit! How terrible art thou to our underſtandings, and how amiable to our wils! Thou commandeſt by words, thou ordaineſt by reaſon, thou accompliſheſt by virtue all which is, and giving birth to all things, onely reſerveſt to thy ſelf Eternity. Let it not then be ſtrange, if ſtrucken with thoſe rays which dazeled the eyes of Seraphins, we yield to thy greatneſs, and rather chooſe to enter by love into thy knowledge, than by knowledge into thy love.

6. Let us alſo in concluſion reflect on this munificent Spirit, who repleniſheth all the world with his bounty, ſpreading it over all creatures with incomparable ſweetneſs. Do you not think you behold the great Oceã which inceſſantly furniſheth the air with vapours, and waters for all the earth, dividing himſelf to ſo many objects, yet perpetually entire in his greatneſs, and ever regular in the meaſure of his eternal paſſages. He is ſingular in eſſence, but very divers in his titles and effects; and making his circuit round about the world, every one gives him names after his own manner. Some call him Indian, others Perſian, ſome Arabick, ſome Æthiopian, and ſome Britanick; others ſurname him with epithets quite different, every one deviſeth what he liſt, and in the mean time he

An excellent ſimilitude of God with the Ocean.

ceaſeth not perpetually to paſs on his way, and not content to encompaſs the whole earth as with a girdle, he cleaveth the mountains of *Calpe* from *Arbyla*, (thoſe famous pillers of *Hercules*) to enter thereinto, and bedew the world with his pleaſing ſtreams. He runs a long way, he makes a great circuit; he advanceth delicious Iſlands in the midſt of his boſom: one while he ſwelleth upon one ſide, preſently retireth back from another. He is angry, he is pacified: He bears and ſwalloweth veſſels: He engulphs earth, he killeth flames; he ſometimes by long wandering paſſages goeth under the world, and purifying his waters, diſtilled through thoſe large ſources, maketh fountains and rivers to moiſten mortals. And, that nothing may be wanting to his greatneſs, he mounts up to heaven, there to beget clouds, and entertain ſtore-houſes of waters, as in Cobweb lawn, to give afterward the ſpirit of life to trees, to plants, and all the productions of nature. Oh how admirable is he! Yet is all this but a ſilly drop of dew in cõpariſon of the divine Eſſence. God who is all in all things; being not able to be ſufficiently known by us, in the ſimplicity of his Eſſence, is called by many names, ſignified by an infinite number of figures, repreſented in divers attributes, and inexplicable excellencies: Yet ſay we all we can of him, we affirm he never is ſo well eſteemed, as when we account him wholy incomprehenſible: He not onely environeth the world with his preſence, but beareth it within his arms, and boſom: He formeth it in his Idæa's, he accommodateth it in his diſpoſe, he penetrateth it by his virtue, maintaineth it by his wiſdom, and eſtabliſheth it by his power. He is without, yet not excluded from it; he is within, yet not contained; he is under, yet not drenched, he is above, yet not advanced. He confirmeth ſcepters, and crowns, he raiſeth Cities, Provinces, and Monarchies, he erecteth States; he circumſcribeth laws; he directeth virtues, he enlighteneth ſtars in heaven, he engraveth the beauty of flowers in the meadows; and travelleth throughout all nature, without taking pains; ever preſent, yet always unſeen; ever in action, yet always in repoſe; ever ſearching, yet not needing any thing; ever loving, yet never burning; ever amaſſing, yet never penurious; ever giving, yet never loſing any thing; drawning to himſelf, yet hath nothing without himſelf. Good God, what ſay we, when we ſay G O D.

Yet thou (ô ſinner!) thou yet wilt lift an armed hãd againſt thy Lord, againſt a God Omnipotent, who notwithſtanding will not appear potent towards thee, but to do thee good. Blind and inſenſible fugitive from the ſovereign Eſſence in the region of nothing, and whither wilt thou go, not to find the reproches of thy crimes? A caytife pleaſure, a wreched gain, a ſatisfaction of vengeance, diſſolute company take God out of thy heart, to reſign thee as a prey to thy paſſions. Thou wilt adore the favours of men, that are like the rain-bow in heaven, and which having made oſtent of ſo many ſplendours, and varied paintings, leave us nothing but water and morter. Thou wilt build fortunes upon a foundation of quick-ſilver, upon a frail reed, upon a man, who beareth all the figures of vanity. Thou wilt ſeek for Paradiſe in the Capitol, as ſaid *Tertullian.* Thou wouldſt find ſovereign beatitude in the Courts of great men, and perpetually eſtranged from heaven & the living God, thou graſpeſt nothing but Chimæraes of honour, and feeble images of content. *The ſtrength of Pharao* (ſaith the Prophet Iſaiah) *ſhall be thy confuſion, and the confidence thou haſt in the ſhadow of Ægypt, ſhall be the reproach of thy countenance.*

Cælum in Capitolio quæritis, averſi ab ipſo Deo & cælo. Apol. c. 40. Iſaiah. 30. 3. *Decalvare, & tondere ſuper filios deliciarum tuarum.* Mich. 1.

Shouldſt thou not now forſake all thy ſuperfluities? Oughſt not thou to wear ſack-cloth, and carry aſhes of penance, having buried the children of thy delights (loves and vanities,) which ſo far tranſported thee into the forgetfulneſs of eternal bleſſings?

If God be the Essence of essences, why dost thou please thy self with making so many nothings, by committing sins without number, infidelities without consideration, and ingratitudes void of shame? If God be a Spirit, why holdest thou thy self perpetually fixed to carnal pleasures, which flatter to strangle thee? Look on worldly ambitions, and thou shalt see them bordered with precipices: Reflect on delights, and thou shalt find them strewed all-over with thorns: View the ways of sin, and thou there shalt observe nothing, but remorse. Ought not we at this time to resolve upon consideration of the greatness, and goodness of God, to bear a reverence, and an eternal love towards him? a reverence, by faithfully keeping all his laws, and commandments, and holding his will more dear, than the apple of our eyes; a love, by dayly offering our selves, if it were possible, a hundred times for him, in as many Sacrifices, as our soul hath thoughts, and body members? My God, make me from henceforth to enter into the bottom of my soul, and to silence all these troublesom creatures, all these inordinate passions, which so often bereave me of the honour of thy sight. Appease their storms, and surges, that I may silently speak to thee, and enter with thee into the great abyss of delights, which thou reservest for souls the most purified, that there I may be rapt in contemplation of thy bounties, may be absorpt in consideration of thy beauties, and may wholly dive into thy heart by sacred ardours of thy love.

The third Example upon the third MAXIM.

Of the weakness of man and inconstancy of humane things

AGRIPPA.

Drawn from *Josephus*, 18. book of his antiquities, and S. *Luke* Act. 11.

Arist. WHo saith Man, says all vanity: *He is a wretched creature* (affirms that Ancient) *whom fortune tosseth as a tennis-ball, whom misery, and envy poize in a ballance, whom time despoyleth, death takes away, and of whom inconstancy makes a continual metamorphosis.* He entereth into the world by the gate of sin, with a body as frail, as his spirit is barren: weakness of mortal members, and stupidity of heart are given him as a portion of his birth, and a necessity of his condition. If you (as yet) be not perswaded of this verity, and more esteem to confide in the world, and to frame to your self an arm of straw, than to seek support from him who sustaineth with three fingers of his power, the whole globe of the earth, King *Agrippa* (of whom S. *Luke* maketh mention in the Acts of Apostles, and *Josephus* in the eighteenth book of his Antiquities) is able to give you a fair lesson of it.

Bernard. l. 2. de consider. c. 9. *Fragili corpore, mente sterili, cui infirmitas corporis, fatuitas cordis cumulatur traduce sortis.*

Agrippa grand-child of *Herod.* You have heard in the History of *Herod*, how this unnatural Prince put his two sons to death, lawful children by the chast *Mariamne*. This *Agrippa* of whom I speak, son of the youngest, named *Aristobulus* came into the world with great priviledges of nature dexterous, courteous, amiable, pleasing born to court, and entertain the favour of the world. *Judea* was a Theater too streight for his great Spirit, he burnt with impatience to be seen in the Court of *Tyberius Cæsar*, where his mother was already become gracious with one of the greatest Princesses of the Empire, *Antonia*, mother of the great *Germanicus*, and the Emperour *Claudius*. It was no hard matter for him to satisfie his desire: For behold him presently at the Court of *Rome*, where he closely adhered to the person of *Drusus*, the Emperour *Tyberius* his son, honoured by all the world as successour of the Empire.

Amities of great men barren. *Agrippa* to well knew how to gain this great Prince, by the sweet charms of his conversation, that he could not live without him: but as *Tyberius* was a frugal man, suffering his son not to fall into any excess, so *Drusus* was full of free affection towards his favourite, the effects whereof were yet very slender. In such sort, that *Agrippa* entertaining correspondence with the son of so great an Emperor, more pleasing than profitable for him, dayly consumed as the butter-flys in the flames of this greatness; so profuse was his expence above his ability. The mother was extreamly troubled at it, and restrained (what she might) her sons purse; but he ever found ways to open it again, till such time as she dying, and the son seeing himself at liberty, he flew into exorbitant expences, and became indebted a third, or a fourth part, more than he was worth.

A pretty touch of Lewis the twelfth to *Francis* the first. This is it which ordinarily overthroweth young men, who expect great fortunes, and mighty favours. *They think to be presently in the midst of the City, when they afar off see the hand of the dyal.* They suppose they possess blessings, which will never be had; they promise, are engaged, much turmoyl, and passionately hoping, ruin all their hopes. Behold a little the goodly support may be expected from men of the world. *Drusus* the Emperours son, who bare all glory in bloom, is taken into the other world, without making any mention at all of his favourite: *Agrippa* falls from the chariot of favour, and found there was nothing got by the service of his Master, but debts, and discontents.

Affliction of a Courtier frustrated of his hopes. He reflects on the father, to see if any ray of compassion will dart from his eyes: But *Tyberius* commanded him to be gone from the Court, saying for a full reason, he could not endure to look on what his son had loved, without renovation of his memory, and grief. The young Prince returneth into *Judæa*, where, though the grand-child of a great King, he found himself so needy, that he wished to die, not having wherewith to live.

Poverty the chief scourge. There is nothing more bitter to men of quality, amongst all the scourges of the world, than poverty, which ever draweth along with it four evil companions, dependence upon another contempt, shame, and misery. This generous heart thought that death would better his condition: But *Cypre* his wife, a good Princess, chased away this melancholy humour, and descending so low, as the shame of begging for him, procured some little money, that he the more sweetly might pass this miserable life: for verily he sometimes lived at *Herod* the Tetrarchs charge, sometime upon *Flaccus*, Lieutenant of *Syria*. But this kind of life being beggarly, & waited on with much reproach, he grew impatient, and resolved to return to *Rome*, to bury himself in the shadow of favour, since he could not touch the body of it. The poor Princess his wife, seeing there was not any would lend him money, unless she bound her self for him, did it couragiously, exposing her person to all the persecutions of creditours, to help her husband.

Loyalty of a wife to her husband. But a man much indebted is like one possessed, round beset with a Legion of devils; no sooner went one out, but ten tormented him. *Agrippa* saw himself assaulted by creditours, Provosts, and Sergeants, which more terrified him than arms, or warlick Engines. The most powerful of them all, was a Controuler of the Empetours house, who required a huge summe of money from him, whereof he was accountable to *Tyberius* his Exchequer. To this he answered very coldly, he was ready to satisfie, if he pleased to be patient but till the next day: but that night, he stole away, and went towards *Rome*, to draw more near to the flame must burn him. Notwithstanding before his coming, he wrote to *Tyberius*, who was in his

Miseries of a man indebted.

Island

Iſland of *Capreæ*, to ſound the likelyhood of his welcome. The Emperour who long before had his wound throughly skinned, for the death of his Son, wrot back again very courteouſly, giving him aſſurance of welcome; and the truth is, he found *Tyberius*, who entertained him with extraordinary favour, and lodged him in his palace. All his buſineſſes went well, had it not been this Controuller, (whoſe ſhadow he ſtill ſaw before his eyes) wrote ſpeedily to the Emperour, *That Agrippa was endebted to his Exchequer in great ſums, which he had promiſed to diſcharge preſently, but fled like a faithleſs man, and diſcovered by his proceedings there was nothing but impoſture in his actions.*

Generous act of *Antonia*.

This unlucky letter at the firſt deſtroyed all his credit. For the old man, who for all his friendſhip was reſolved not to looſe a denier, cauſed him ſhamefully to pack out of his palace, and forbad his Guards, to admit him any enterance before he had ſatisfied his creditours.

The miſerable *Agrippa*, ſeeking out a God of money to make his vows unto, went directly without any fear to the Princeſs *Antonia* to acquaint her with his misfortune, and beg her favour. The Lady was ſo generous, and bountiful towards him, that ſhe diſcharged the debt, lending him money in remembrance of his dead mother, and for that he had been bred with her ſon *Claudius*, beſides ſhe took ſingular pleaſure in his humour.

This man whoſe fortune ebbed and flowed, ſaw himſelf ſuddenly raiſed, ſo that entering into amity with *Cæſar*, he made a ſtreight league with *Caligula*, by the expreſs commandements of *Tyberius*, who appointed he ſhould follow him. Theſe were two notable ramblers, whom chance had ſo very well coupled together, as well for conformity of their humours, as the encounter of their hopes. They began a life wholly ſportive, not thinking on the time to come, but to hope well of it, nor dreaming of any thing, but that which might make them merry.

Flattery of *Agrippa*.

Agrippa perſiſting in his ordinary delights, undertook one day as he went in coach with *Caligula* to ſpeak of *Tyberius*, ſaying, *That he was as old as the earth, and that it ſeemed death had forgotten him: That it was high time he payd tribute to nature; as for himſelf, he wiſhed nothing elſe in the world, but quickly to ſee* Caligula *Prince of the world in his place, well knowing he ſhould lay hold on a good portion of the felicities which all men were to have under his Empire.* He found not that *Caligula*, although ardently deſirous to ſee himſelf ſuddenly Maiſter, ſhewed to take any pleaſure in this diſcourſe, ſo much he feared the Emperour *Tyberius*. He kept his thoughts in his heart, not truſting his tongue with them, leaſt ſtones and buſhes might have ears.

It happened by chance, that *Eutyches Agryppa's* coachman heard all his Maſter ſaid, & was ſome ſpace of time without ſhewing any appearance of it, but afterward being brought before the Provoſt of the City, at his Maſter *Agryppa's* requeſt, for a pilfery committed by him in his houſe, he ſaid he had many other things to ſpeak, which concerned the Emperours life, whereupon the Provoſt carried him to *Capreæ*, where *Tyberius* plunged in his infamous pleaſures was ſome time without ſeeing him. *Agrippa* who would needs excuſe himſelf before he was accuſed, wholly forgetting the diſcourſe he had held with *Caligula*, earneſtly preſſed this ſervant might be heard, ſo far, as therein to employ the credit of *Antonia*, who was very powerful with *Tyberius*. The Emperour anſwered, *Agrippa* need not fret himſelf ſo much in this affair, and that it might perhaps be too ſoon decided for him. This put more diſturbance upon him than he had before, ſo that to ſatisfie him, *Eutyches* needs muſt be ſent for, who urged his accuſation very coldly, upon which *Tyberius* who ſpake but half a word, and ſaid nothing to *Macro* Captain of the Guards but *Take, take him*, neither naming whom, nor how. *Macro* that thought not of him at all, who was ſpoken of in this buſineſs, ſtood much amazed, not knowing whom he meant, which made the Emperour repeat the word again in choller; ſaying plainly: *I command you ſeiz on the perſon of* Agrippa, ſo that inſtantly he was taken almoſt in *Caligula's* arms, and put to the chain before the Palace gate with other Criminals brought thither.

His priſon.

It was then very hot weather, and he being extream thirſty, ſaw a ſervant of *Caligulas* named *Thaumaſtus* paſſing along, who carried a pitcher of water; he called him, entreating he might drink, which the other preſenting with much courteſie, he having drunk ſaid: *aſſure thy ſelf, I will one day well pay thee for this glaſs of water thou haſt given me; if I get out of this captivity, I will make thee great.* Thereupon leaning to a tree, an owl in a ſtrange manner perched over his head, which a certain priſoner (an *Almaign* by Nation,) a great Southſayer perceiving, foretold him (as *Joſephus* relateth) that this bird would prove a good *Augur*, and that he ſhould overcome all his affairs: but when he ſaw her the ſecond time, let him expect death within five days. Note that theſe kind of predictions proceed from a cunning ſleight of the divel, nor are their iſſues every proſperous for ſuch as look after them.

Strange prediction.

Notwithſtanding *Agrippa* ſeeing himſelf in this condition deſpaired not of his fortune, he is carried to priſon, the good Princeſs *Antonia*, (whoſe heart was transfixed) not daring in any ſort to ſpeak to *Tyberius* for him, whoſe humours ſhe too well underſtood. All ſhe could do was to recommend him to the Captain that he might be well uſed, and lodged, to let him take the baths, and have ſome indifferent keepers.

He remained there ſome ſpace with much anxiety, when one day as he entered into the baths, *Marſyas* one of his ſervants brought him news of *Tyberius* his death, whiſpering it in his ear in Hebrew, to this purpoſe *The Lyon is dead.* The Centurion who guarded him ſeeing them talk together in great ſecret, would needs have his ſhare, and underſtanding what it was, became ſo joyful that he merrily ſupped with his priſoner. Yet other reporting this bruit was falſe, the Centurion entered into ſuch enraged choller, that finding *Agrippa* in his bed, he made him ariſe, fettered him, thought to kill him, for the diſpleaſure he conceived to have ſo eaſily witneſſed the joy of his heart. But his anger was ſoon appeaſed, the death of *Tyberius* being moſt certain.

Caligula his ſucceſſour burnt with deſire to go inſtantly to *Rome* to deliver his good friend: but *Antonia* counſelled him not ſo much to haſten this affair, leaſt it might be thought he did it to brave the decrees of the deceaſed; which he found to be diſcreet adviſe. Behold the cauſe why after ſome days were paſt, he gave the royal purple, and diadem with his own hands to our *Agrippa*, adding thereunto a chain of gold, of like weight with that of iron wherewith *Tyberius* had fettered him, & cauſed him to ſway in *Judæa*, giving him the Kingdom of *Philippis* in its whole extent. A year after he got leave of the Emperour to viſit his Kingdom, where every one beheld him, with much amazement, ſeeing him return with a crown, in that place where he had been reduced almoſt to beggery. Wherefore not to be ungrateful for benefits recieved from God, he offered his gold chain in the Temple, and made *Thaumaſtus*, who gave him the cup of water, Controuler of his houſe; ſuch power hath a ſlight good turn well placed over a generous ſoul.

Admirable change of virtue.

When he had reigned about four years, *Caligula*, the little God of his felicity, after a general inundation of all the vices in the world, is ſlain by *Chereas*, which taught him, great men of the earth are weak reeds that in an inſtant fall by the breath of God. Every one thought his whole fortune was ruined; but

the Emperour *Claudius* his Succeſſour, with whom being young he had been bred, ſet him above wind and tempeſt, adding to what *Caligula* gave him, all *Judea* and *Samaria*.

Behold how the Kingdom in the end returned to the race of *Mariamne*, of which it had been diſpoſſeſſed, and how Providence rendereth inſenſibly, a juſtice moſt ſenſible. *Agrippa* ſeeing himſelf unexpectedly ſo exalted, endeavoured all he could to gain the love of his people, to entertain juſtice and commerce, to raiſe goodly buildings, & to prepare at certain times publick ſports, and recreations. But let us ſtill purſue at the heels this frail greatneſs of men, which having touched the ſtars, is loſt in abyſſes. This unfortunate Prince ſo much deſired to become acceptable to his Jewiſh people, that through exceſs of this thirſt, he embarked in an ill buſineſs. For being arrived at *Jeruſalem*, at the time when the Church began, which was outragiouſly perſecuted by the *Jews*, to pleaſe them, he cut off the head of S. *James*, brother of S. *John*, and at the ſame inſtant cauſed S. *Peter*, Prince of the Apoſtles, to be taken, whom he fettered with heavy chains, of purpoſe very ſpeedily to ſacrifice him to the rage of the giddy multitude, had he not been delivered miraculouſly by the help of an Angel.

But the unhappy *Agrippa* perpetually adhering to men, and not fearing to purchaſe their favours at the charge of innocent and ſacred bloud, ſoon found himſelf overwhelmed under the burden of his greatneſs: to teach perfidious Princes, the great ruin of their fortunes often proceedeth from the perſecution of the ſervants of JESUS CHRIST.

The ſeaventh year of his reign, ſetting forth magnificent games at *Cæſarea*, the ſecond day of the entertainments, he appeared in full Theater before the Embaſſadours of *Tyre* and *Sydon* in a robe of cloth of ſilver, on which the Sun reflecting his rays, he was preſently beheld reſplendent as a ſtar, and being about to open his mouth to make a ſpeech, his flatterers began to cry out with loud applauſes, *It was the voice of a God, not a man* wherewith he entered into a deſperate vanity, and *Joſephus* ſayes, that at the ſame inſtant he ſaw the Owl, whereof the ſouthſaying impoſtour ſpake, which preſaged his death, when ſuddenly he cryed out to his Courtiers: *Behold the God you have made, who ceaſeth to be a man; you have placed me among the Immortal, but I go to take place among the dead.*

He felt, whilſt he ſpake this, the gripes of a violent colick, which enforced him to be carried from the theater to the bed, and from the bed to the tomb. The rumour of his malady being divulged, the people conceived ſo great a grief thereat, that men, women, and children entered into his chamber covered with hair-cloth, bewayling him, and praying for his health. He beholding them in the extremity of his pain, wept bitterly, bidding adieu to his family, and people: then remaining for the ſpace of five days in extream dolour, he yielded up his ſoul, to ſerve as an eternall example to poſterity of mans weakneſs, and the inconſtancy of humane things.

IV. MAXIM.

OF THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That our ſupport ſhould be from our ſelves, without expectation of any thing from the providence of God.

The belief of a providence is the ſweetneſs of life.

IT is an unſpeakeable comfort to have the eyes of God for witneſs of our ſufferings, and when we in juſtice ſuffer with courage, to know our patience is enlightened with thoſe aſpects, which make them thrice happy.

The valourous Champions, who contended in the Olympiack games, the ſpectacle heretofore of the whole world, in that proportion they felt their skin to ſmart, their bloud to drop, their bones crack, were comforted to ſee upon one ſide, the Judges of their combats ſitting to conſider their merit, and on the other, Crowns placed aloft before them, the luſtre whereof reflected into their eyes, to charm their pains by the hope of glory.

From thence we derive an undoubted maxim, that it

THE HOLY COURT.

That the foundation of humane life ſubſiſteth in the providence of God.

it is an unspeakable comfort to the faithfull, who endure some incommodities rough and thorny, to know there is an eye of Divine Providence, which not onely seeth them, but becoming a pledge for their travels, promiseth to their perseverance assured recompence.

His goodness. 2 I observe the admirable Providence of God, in that being perpetually questioned by the diffident spirits of Libertines, it ever subsisteth, bearing in its bosom who would destroy it; and which is more, is established by the proofs, wherewith they endeavour to ruin it. I at this present lay aside the reasons, which have so often been refuted: I speak nothing at all of the consent of the wise, of the heavens motions, of the necessary dependence of creatures, of the architecture of the universe, of the order, and end of every thing, of miracles, of predictions, of spirits, of examples, and so many other arguments ordinarily used to prove Divine Providence. I onely maintain one thing, which perhaps will seem strange, but is most undoubted, that the same reasons whereof the wicked make trophey, to evict this belief from the faithfull, are arrows which recoil back upon themselves.

Manifest proof of providence. All that which makes them murmur, and cry out against the Government of a supream cause, is, that evils are seen in the world, which would not be, if a God, all good, all wise (as we affirm) took care of things temporal. To which I answer, we ought to believe a Providence, since there is evil in the inferiour order of the world which we inhabit, and the profit we derive from our evils endeth in the knowledge of the sovereign good. For I ask, from whence know we evil to be evil, but by the existence of its contrary? Had there never been health in the body, we had never known what sickness were: but when at any time we saw a man sound, fresh, and lusty, who suddenly lost his appetite and sleep, by reason of shakings and heats felt over all his body, he is said to be sick, because the order of the good constitution he before enjoyed is changed, and overthrown. Likewise when we see some evil to happen in the world, we presently say it is ill, because it is against the order of good and therefore the very wicked who complain, cannot so do, but by affirming and acknowledging an order, from which this evil is wandered.

Providentia est ratio ordinis rerum ad finem. Now whersoever there is order, there is necessarily direction and Providence, since we see one cannot so much as tell unto four, and reckon some number, one after another, without the help of reason. You commit a sin, and feel it instantly brings some remorse with it: what teacheth you it is sin, if not the Law? *I entered not into the knowledge of sin, but by means of the Law. For I knew not what concupiscence was, if the Law had not told me: Thou shalt not covet,* said the Apostle.

Rom. 7. 7. *Peccatum non cognovi, nisi per legem. Nam concupiscentiam nesciebam nisi lex dicerit: Non concupisces.* Psal. 63. 8.

Now what is law, but an order, and a sovereign reason engrafted in intellectual nature, which commandeth, and ordaineth things that ought to be done, with express prohibition of their contraries. What is it else, but an eternal rule which guideth the world by the knowledge of do, and not do: an ordinance most holy, which prescribeth all honest things, and banisheth all vice.

Sagittæ parvulorum factæ sunt plagæ eorum, & infirmatæ sunt contra eos linguæ eorum. From thence ensueth, we cannot complain of the least disorder, without confessing this eternal Providence which establisheth all orders. O the wonders of God! who causeth the arrows of those who invade his wisdom, to return against such as shot them!

An answer made to complaints against Providence. 3 Some complain there are things poore and abject in nature, which are to no purpose, because brutish man will not know their use, for fear he therein find his own ingratitude. They would have God make the world all of gold, as that Painter, who unable to pencil the beautifull *Hellen* with so great diversity of parts, and conformity of members, filled his table with drapery, which seemed rich, but was little to the purpose. Who seeth not the truth of that singular axiom of S. *Thomas*, that never would there be perfect goodness in things created, were there not some order and degrees in the same goodness. All the grace and beauty of the world would be lost, if the multitude, and disproportion of so many things were taken away, which by an admirable discrepance, & discord infinitely agreeing, consent in the good of this great All: In this it is, wherein the musick of the great God consisteth, & you will disturb it: This is his Table diversified with many colours, and you will deface it: This is his common-wealth, divided into sundry offices, and you will ruin it.

S. Tho. contra Gentes. l. 3. c. 71. *Perfectio bonitatis in rebus creatis non inveniretur nisi esset ordo bonitatis.*

After this so laudable diversity is blamed, the evils of nature are decried, serpents & poisons are exclaimed at, and all other creatures thought mischievous. Blind that you are, who see not, an evil well placed in the world is not an evil. Fire which burneth straw, makes gold and silver shine: water which drowneth men, daily gives life to fishes. If you take his poyson from the serpent, you bereave him wherewith to live: and what shall we say, that there may be found such among men, who have turned poison into nutriment. Every creature is good for some use. Let us not then accuse the wisdom of the Creatour, but onely correct our imprudence. Another saith he complains not there are evils, but they are ill disposed, since good men have the greatest part of them. It is an old quarrel, and which hath so many times been sufficiently refuted, with more vigour of reason, than correction in manners. The heavens, and stars are accused, when a good Prince hath lost a battle, and that having all his life time pursued innocency, ill success hath waited on his standards. Some complain that another, being so just, is plunged in a miserable suit; that the sea which drenched innocents, favoured pyrates; that hail fell upon the field with crosses and benedictions, and that death sparing so many unprofitable and guilty heads, took away that excellent man in his prime. Ignorant that we are of the blessings, and evils of life! Have we then taken the character of Christianity under condition to be happy in all worldly occasions? Is it reason since God gave us eternal blessings, he should likewise satisfie us in all these petty trifles? We say the just are not the more happy, because they do not always gain the most in play, & traffick, and that they are not the most favoured with good success in the world: as if a favourite fed with viands from the Kings own dish, should complain the King afforded him not the bread was distributed amongst his Dogs. We would that God having so charily taken us into his protection for our eternal salvation, should also charge himself to deliver us all our packets. This innocent (say you) is oppressed, and this wicked man is prosperous. How know you Gods counsels over both the one and other? This gold (saith S. *Augustine*) of one side is purified in the furnace, and one the other; that fish you thought happy, hath already the hook in his throat. God hath so long expected your penitence, and you cannot one moment reasonably wait on him. The decrees of his providence resemble letters written with the juce of a limon, which never are read, but by the help of fire. That day when he shall come to Judge the world in flames, will make all appear, which the weakness of our wits cannot comprehend. But without expectation of so long a term, there needs but one Session; there needeth but the quarter of a mans life to teach many examples of divine Providence.

Evils of nature.

Homines magis subeunt ordinem divinæ Providentiæ, quæ res naturales, qui propinquius ordinantur ad Deum, sicut ad finem. Hieron. Ferr. l. 1. de Triumpho crucis, c. 11.

Gloss. In Job. *Tentatio in electis, non est nox sed vespera, quia lucem obscurat, sed non extinguit.* Tertul ad Scapul. *Animas nos-*

Let us stick still to the verity pronounced by the ancient gloss upon the book of Job: *Temptation is not a night for elect souls, but an evening, which darkneth, not extinguisheth light.* Let us cleave to the resolution, *which Tertullian* teacheth us: *We have enga-*

ra authoritati in hac pugna accessimus.

ged our souls by a solemn oath to this warfare of tribulation. *Let us not betray our faith, to betray our glory.* The Egyptian thorne was ever esteemed in the contexture of coronets, and still a sharp affliction patiently borne hath been highly valued in the diadem of constancy.

4 If peradventure one spirit be convinced upon this article by a million of examples, which shew, if virtue for a time hath been afflicted, yet God in the end crowneth it with immortal garlands; he falls upon the permission of sins, and you find Libertines so abominable, and unnatural as to accuse God to have too much goodness and clemency to tolerate their disorders? Why doth man complain of the evil whereof he is the Authour? If a leg be lame, or crooked, the moving virtue which of it self giveth force and vigour is not blamed, but the distortedness, and debility of the part. Why do we not at least use God in the same manner? When we behold a deformed and exorbitant will, let us not say this great Mover commits this irregularity: for he ceaseth not to dispose all creatures to good, but confess the defect is the evil will, which resisteth its Creatour.

Of the permission of sins.

What wrong doth God unto us, if he being Governour of this ample City, called the world, will not force any man, but gives every one leave to live according to his condition? He suffereth stones to abide in their own inclination, creatures in their instinct, men in their liberty. He ceaseth not to teach them good, to prescribe and give them means to perform it, and if they do otherwise, they derive from their evils, either justice or repentance. What wrong then doth he, if he make man free, to become the more like himself.

Faustus. Reg l. 2. de Grat. This Authour hath been opposed upon the point of Grace: but he may be favourably interpreted upon many things, since he was afterward reputed holy, as *Baronius* saith.

Have you not seen the notable discourse written by *Faustus* Bishop of *Rheggio*, where Wisdom, Power Bounty, and Justice, plead before God one against another, touching mans liberty. Power feared if he were let loose, he might abuse this free-will to his own ruin, and said, he must give all except the power to undo himself: but in the end it was concluded that that which was best and most excellent, should be granted him, to wit liberty, not to be thrown into the world like the stock of a tree, but have leave to do good, & ill, that his extraction might be rendered the more elate, and his actions the more glorious: That power would make him more noble, wisdom prudent, goodness assist him in his combats, and justice crown him in his victories.

Talem faciamus, quem in dextram partem non trahat necessitas, sed voluntas, qui malum ratione intelligat, bonum virtute peficiat. Talem faciamus cui bonitas in naturâ, malicia sit extra naturam, &c. S. Tho. contra Gent. l. c. 7. *Bonum totius præeminet bono partis. Ad prudentem igitur gubernatorem pertinet negligere aliquem defectum bonitatis in parte, ut faciat augmentum bonitatis in toto.*

Such let us make him, said wisdom, *that he may hasten to the choice of the better part, not of necessity, but of meer good will, that he understand evil by reason, and do good through virtue. Such let us make him, that goodness may appear in his nature, and malice out of his nature. Such let us make him, that he may have good in will, and evil in power: And the first ground of his glory may be the power of sin, and the will not to act it.*

Were it a matter very reasonable think you, that God should cease to do good, because man would take occasion to do ill? Know we not it is a maxim of well ordered policy, never to neglect the publick for inconveniences, and defects of some particulars. We are not ignorant free-will is one of the most excellent treasures of reasonable nature, & why should God deprive his workmanship of it, under colour that some particulars would abuse it? Ought we not to content our selves to behold in the histories of all the nations of the world, how God pursueth, chastiseth, destroyeth both evil, & evil men, sometimes openly, sometimes covertly? to reward good men in the end, and restore virtue to her throne, of which the insolency of the wicked seeks to dispossess them. Let us then for this reason adore the Providence, and acknowledge the proposition I here have proved, that the disorders condemned in nature, averre there is a first order, & a primitive rule, without which nothing can be well disposed.

Foundation of the verities of Divine PROVIDENCE.

Maxims of Providence.

THere remaineth, having succinctly refuted the objections of prophane souls, to instruct, and settle the faithfull in this belief, which is one of the greatest consolations of life; and for which cause I affirm, the doctrine of Providence is grounded upon Scripture, upon holy Fathers, and upon reason: Upon the scripture, which give us assurance in so many places.

Wisdom plainly telleth us, *That God made little and great, and as there is nothing so vast, may escape his Immensitie, so there is not any thing so small, which is deprived the blessings of his bountie. His Providence governeth all things from the beginning of the world, & ceaseth not to disintangle this great Web of Ages. The tree looseth not one of his leaves, the head one of its hairs, the air one little bird, without his ordinance, as the Eternal Word teacheth us. We derive life, motion, and being from his bosom, in which he beareth us without weariness, and preserveth us without loathing. All the World is a large* (a) *dioceſe, whereof he is the Bishop, and Eternal Prelate, who indefatigably watcheth over his flocks, as saith* Clemens Alexandrinus. (b) *So soon as a creature is in being, it is moistened with sources of the divine Providence, said* S. Dionysius. *And according to the opinion of* S. Augustine, (c) *Nothing is sensibly, & visibly done in the world, which cometh not from the interiour, invisible, and intelligible cabinet of this great Monarch, whether it be commanded, or permitted.*

Pusillis, & magnum ipse fecit, & æqualiter illi cura est de omnibus, Sap. 6. Nonne duo passeres asse venient, &c. Math. 10. *In ipso vivimus, movemur & sumus.* Act. 17 ἐξ ἑνὸς ἐν τῷ κόσμῳ ἐκκλησιάζεται. Clem. Alex. (b) S. Dion. de Cæl. Hier. cap. 4. πάντα γὰρ τὰ μέχρι τῶν ἐσχάτων προϊόντα. (c) August. de Trin. l. 3. c. 4. *Nihil fit sensibiliter, & visibiliter quod non de interiore invisibili, atque intelligibili aula summi Imperatoris aut jubeatur, aut permittatur.*

Now observe, this divine Providence is composed of three heads, Knowledge, Disposition, & Government. Knowledge, seeth and considereth all things: Disposition, ordaineth the connexion of parts, and correspondency both of the one, and other. Government, embraceth all things which concern the end, as well to divert the obstacles, as advance the progressions. God hath all these three points supereminently. For as for knowledge, it is most perfect, as we will presently demonstrate. Disposition is such, that all the whole universe in all its parts is ruled, like a paper with musick lines. Which made *Synesius* say, (d) the world was the harp of God, and the divers orders of nature were the strings of it. And *Junilius* an *African* Bishop, who flourished in the sixth Age, discoursing very subtilly upon this subject, shews the relation there is between the civil world and nature, comparing the seven daies of the week, with the seven Ages of the world. The government of it is so perpetual, and visible, that *Aristotle* himself (e) confesseth, the communication of the first being, maintained all creatures in state, and that without its benigne influences, this great All would return to nothing.

(d) Synesius Hym. 4. διὰ σὺ τὰ φύσεως ἔνορα τὰ πάντα, μουσικὰ. Junilius in Genesim, nisi fit. Beda. (e) Arist. lib. de principio. The foundations, and four pillars of it. Knowledge of God. Psalm. 146. *Sapientiæ ejus non est numerus. Deus in omnia sufficiens. Dissimulator, & præscitator perfectionis suæ nomen.* Tertul. l. de pœnit. c. 3.

6 But if you ask upon what foundation of reason this doctrine is built, I answer, it is supported by four powerfull columes; Science, Goodness, Justice, and the Power of God. His Science is infinite, and and incomprehensible. For he most distinctly beholdeth all things which have been, are, shall be, and may be, in their proper essence, which is the efficient, final, exemplar, and fundamental cause of them. You must not require how this divine Spirit may suffice so many things; since all things in comparison of him, are no more than a drop of dew, compared to the Ocean. He knows all, because he created all; because the world is no world by any other reason, but that God hath known it was a world. The vapours of the earth never weary the sun: it could not breath forth so much, if he digested not more: so the knowledge of all objects of the world cause no weariness in God, because all therein is finite,

and

and his ſcience is, as is his eſſence, infinite.

His goodneſs 7 To this ſcience is joined a great goodneſs, which is the cauſe God loveth all he created, and conſerveth it with a certain tendemeſs of affection, and ineſtimable ſweetneſs. The empire of man ordinarily is harſh, and violent. He diverteth the courſe of waters, he dries up fountains, he ſubmitteth Lions to the yoak, he placeth turrets on the backs of Elephants, he changeth metals, he counterfeits precious ſtones, he ſophiſticateth total nature to accommodate it to his pretenſions: but God not forcing the inclinations of things created, applieth himſelf to each according to the qualities of its eſſence. He ſhineth with the ſun, and burneth with the fire. He makes ſhowers with the clouds, pearls with the ſhells, the dew of heaven, gold, and fruits with the earth.

We underſtand there are three ſtreamings of this bounty: the one by generation, the other by ſpiration, and the laſt by creation. The two firſt are eternal, the laſt is temporal, by which he drew the world out of nothing, and having produced it, maintains it both in general and particular, affording even to the leaſt fly, all accommodation according to its nature, and condition. He is not like thoſe Oſtriches, which lay their eggs on the ſand without hatching them: but compareth himſelf to the Hen in the Goſpel, which toileth and laboureth inceſſantly, either to hatch, feed, or train up her young-ones: ſhe waxeth lean, ſhe famiſheth her ſelf, becomes angry, briſtles up her ſelf for her precious brood, and taketh that upon her for love, which ſhe cannot have by nature. It is a ſhadow of the goodneſs of God, who ceaſeth not to provide for our neceſſities, to love us as his children, to defend us as the apple of his eye. *I was* (ſaid he by his Prophet) *as the foſter-father of my people. I bare them all between my arms, they never vouchſafing to open their eyes to my protection. Yet will I draw them to me by the bands of* Adam, *which are the chains of my charity.*

Hoſea 11. *Et ego quaſi nutritius Ephraim portabam eos, in brachiis meis, & neſcierunt, quod curarem eos. In funiculis Adam trahам eos, in vinculis charitatis.* Exod. 2.

Behold in *Exodus* the little *Moſes* who floateth on *Nilus* in a cradle of reeds: the mother for fear of the rigour of men abandoneth him to death, the ſiſter followeth him with her eyes to ſee what will become of him: but her weakneſs could do nothing to warrant him from danger. God in the mean ſpace becomes the Pilot of this little bark, he conducteth it without ſails, without rudder, without oars, he bears it upon the waves, he makes it arrive at a good haven. He draweth out this infant, who was as a victim expoſed to make of him a God of *Pharaoh*, one day to drown in the red ſea the poſterity of thoſe, who would have drenched him in *Nilus*.

His Juſtice. 8 Adde to this immenſs goodneſs, juſtice, an inſeparable virtue of the Divinity, which ſeems to oblige God to preſerve and direct what he created. But it is to judge moſt abjectly of this divine underſtanding, to ſay as did *Averroes*, he abuſed his magnificence, and ſoyled his dignity, if he buſied himſelf in the mannage of ſo many trifles. S. *Ambroſe* judged better when he ſaid: *If God wrong himſelf in the government of the world, did he not himſelf a greater injury in creating it. For to do, or not to do, what one is not obliged unto, hath no injuſtice in it; but to abandon a creature, after it is produced, is a ſtain of inhumanity.* And if we regard the juſtice, which appertaineth to the government of men; what malignity and proſtitution of mind were it to think; ſouls the moſt captive, having ſome ſpark of juſtice, yet God (who muſt be ſovereign perfection) would ſuffer the world to be expoſed to fortune, or delivered over to tyrany, as a prey, and a booty, without any care of it, or inquiry into injuſtices? There is not any Age which could not furniſh out a million of proofs againſt theſe miſchievous beliefs, if we would open our eyes to conſider them, but our diſtruſts and puſillanimities blind us, and alienate us from knowledge of thoſe truths, which God reſerveth for the moſt purified ſouls.

Ambl. 1. offic. c. 13. *Si injuria eſt regere, multò major injuria feciſſe, cum aliquid non feciſſe nulla ſit injuſtitia, non curare quod feceris ſummæ inclementiæ.*

9 To conclude, the laſt volume which ſhould ſettle our faith in the verity of divine government, is the magiſtral power God exerciſeth over all the world, which he ruleth, tempereth, and directeth with one ſole thought, much otherwiſe than did heretofore thoſe practick wits, who vanted to animate ſtatues, becauſe they by certain engines gave them motion. Wretched, and blind that we are, ever bowed down to the earth, & perpetualy diveſted of thoſe great lights of Saints! We meaſure God by the ell of men, we cloth him after our faſhion, and we hold impoſſible to the Divinity, what our underſtanding cannot comprehend. Shall we never ſay with the Prophet *Jeremiah*: *O moſt ſtrong! O onely great, and onely potent! The God of hoſts is thy name. Thou art great in thy counſels, incomprehenſible in thy cogitations, and thy eyes are upon all the waies of the children of* Adam.

His Power

Ὁ θεὸς φύσει ἀρχὴ τοῦ κόσμου. Ariſt. de mundo.

Hier. 32. 19. *Fortiſſime, magne, & potens Domine exercituum, nomen tibi magnus conſilio, & incomprehenſibilis cogitatu, cujus oculi aperti ſunt, ſuper omnes vias filiorum* Adam.

We daily ſee upon men, who are but worms of the earth, ſo many tokens of Gods power. A King ſpeaketh, and a hundred thouſand ſwords haſten out of ſcabbards at the ſound of one ſyllable. A maſter of a family builds, and at one filly beck, behold ſo many artificers, ſo many mules and horſes, ſome draw materials out of the bottom of quarries, others carry them in waggons, ſome make morter and cement, others hew ſtones, ſome raiſe them aloft, others lay them, ſome play the carpenters, and others poliſh marbles. There are ſome who work in iron, and others in braſs; all is done to the liking of one man, who is poſſeſſed of a little money.

Do you never conſider God as a great King in an army, as a great father of a family in a houſe, who by his ſovereign power governs all he created, not with a toilſome care, but an incomparable facility. He gave in the begining of the creation an inſtinct to all living creatures, and there is not any ſo little a ſpider, which comming into the world, bringeth not its rules, its book, its light; it is preſently inſtructed in all it ſhould do. God ſpeaketh interiourly to all creatures in a double language, with a powerfull impreſſion, a ſecret commandement: he gives a ſignal into the world, and every one doth his office, every one laboureth regularly as in a ſhip, and all things agree to this great harmony of heaven. The little Nightingal in the forreſts, makes an Organ of her throat, ſometimes breaking her notes into warbles, ſometime ſtretching them out at length. The Swallow is buſie in her maſonrie, the Bee toileth all the day in her innocent thefts, the Spider furniſheth out the long train of her webs, and makes more curious works with her feet, than the moſt skilfull women can weave with their hands. Fiſhes play their parts under the water, beaſts of ſervice labour in their duty, ſmall grains of ſeed, though dead and rotten, give life to great trees, which advance to the clouds. There is nothing idle in all nature, nothing diſobedient but men and divels, who employ their liberty to reſiſt him, whoſe power is as juſt, as it is eternal.

Guil. Par. de univerſ. 1. p. par. 3. c. 14. *Naſcitur aranea cum lege, libros & lucernæ*

Deus ipſe univerſa ſinu perfectæ magnitudinis & poteſtatis includit, intentus ſimpe operi ſuo, vadens per omnia, movens cuncta, vivificans univerſa. Tertul. 1. de Trin. c. 2.

10 Let us then concluding this diſcourſe, adore the divine Providence, which holdeth the helm of the univerſe. Let us behold it, as a watch-tower furniſhed with a thouſand fires that abundantly enlighten this Ocean whereon we ſail. Let us behold it as a burning pillar in the wilderneſs of this life. Let us behold it as our pole-ſtar, and never looſe ſight of it. It is our ſupport, our ſweetneſs, our comfort. It is that which cooleth our ardours, drieth our tears, breaketh our fetters, and diſſipateth our annoys. If we be in darkneſs, it is the light, if we be anxious, it giveth counſel. If we be in a labyrinth of errours, it is the thread which guideth us, if in danger of ſhipwrak, it is the haven, and if we

be at the gates of death, it is life.

Away with all curiosities, southsayers, sorceresses, and superstitions unworthy the name of a Christian. Fie upon despaire, and mindsaffliction. Let us learn in all things which appertain to us, speedily, and effectually to fix our selves on the will of the omnipotent, let us continually say, God seeth this affair, since nothing escapeth the quickness of his eye: He loves me as his child, because he is goodness it self: He is just, because he is the measure of all justice: He is potent, because there is not any thing can resist his will. Let us expect awhile; the trouble I endure is but a flying cloud, and God will do all for the best, Let us say with S. *Augustine*.

O Sovereign Father, who governest the vast frame of heaven, I submit to thy direction. Lead me on the right hand, lead me on the left, turn to what side thou pleasest. I follow thee without reply, or delay. For what should I get by resistance but to be dragged weeping; and to bear, becoming evil, what I might do sincerely becoming good.

Auguſt. de civit. Dei c. 8. l. 8. *Duc me, ſumme pater, vaſti moderator olympi, quacunque placuit, nulla parendi eſt mora. Adſum impiger: fac nolle comitabor gemens, malusque patiar facere quod licuit bono.*

Heaven, earth, and sea, said Nicephorus Gregorius, (a) *fight against a wicked man as a fugitive from Providence, and a disturber of Justice.*

(a) Δρα κατὰ θεοῦ καὶ τῆς δίκης ἀλαστορί. Niceph. Greg. l. 7. (b) Jon. 2. 4. *Omnes fluctus & gurgites tui super me transierunt, verumtamen rursus videbo templum sanctum tuum.*

Let us learn to sleep securely in this conformity to the will of God, as a little infant on the teat of his nurse. It is at the sight of this providence, that *Jonas* buried in the belly of a whale, and covered under the Oceans waves made a chappel of the devouring gulph, which was to have been his punishment, speaking affectionately to God: (b) *Behold all thy waves and abysses pass over my head, yet I despaire not to behold thee in thy Temple.*

It was in sight of this that the Patriarch *Noe* shut up in the Arke, whilst wrathful heaven thundered over the earth, the winds were unfettered, the pillars of the world tottered with fatal convulsions, whilst men and houses were torn in pieces to serve as a pastime for the Sea, and that yels of beasts mingled with the cries of so many mortals ecchoed round about, lastly when all the world swam, he rested in an incomparable tranquillity, adoring the counsels of Gods justice. Sacred Providence, we prostrate on the earth adore thee, vindicate us from the bondage of our passions, make us die to so many dead things of mortals, that we hereafter may live in thy delight.

The fourth EXAMPLE, upon the fourth MAXIM.

Divers observations upon Providence.

LEt us a little withdraw our minds from discourses to the consideration of examples, like those who labouring on some curious works, refresh their eyes with beholding the verdure of meadows, or lustre of Emeralds. Volumes might be compiled without end by him who would follow the foot-steps of divine Providence, in so great a labyrinth of times, and Histories so innumerable. But it is not my purpose in these abbreviations, where I endeavour to suppress much, and well express a few things.

If you behold this Providence in nature, there are eternal miracles, which astonished the wise, animated all voices, gave matter to all pens, and filled all the books in the world. On what side soever we turn our eyes, we meet this great Mistress with a hundred arms, and as many hands, which incessantly travel to do us good. It enlighteneth us in the beautie of stars and lights, it warmeth us in flames, it refresheth us in the air, it delighteth us in the enamel of meadows, it moisteneth us in the streaming of chrystal fountains, it profiteth and enricheth in the fertility of fields, so many trees and shrubs, such diversity of fruits, such wholesome hearbs, such a great quantity of viands so well divided into all the seasons of the year, so many living creatures, some whereof come from the water, others from the earth, the rest from the air, every part of the world bringing its tribute, so many medicinable waters, so many rivers which afford such delicious shores to the land for commerce, and all humane accommodation.

Providence of God in the ordinary works of nature.

Vid. Senec. l. 4. de benef.

I now let all this pass, and coming to matters more particular, demand of you who was the cause, that in the *Canary* Island called *Ferro*, when it is roasted with droughts, and heaven affordeth no succour by showers, nor rivers by waters, there is found a huge tree, which seemes to change all the leaves thereof into as many petty fountains: for every on distilleth water, and all render it in such abundance, that it sufficeth both men and their flocks? Who doth all this good husbandry, but the divine Providence? And who is it supplies scarcity of rain in *Egypt*, & commandeth *Nilus* to over-flow the fields in his limited time, to bear in his inundations the wealth of *Pharos*, but it?

Particular providence over divers countries. Joannes Metellus.

Who maketh Antidotes grow in places, where poysons spring, but its wisdom? If *Africk* have many serpents, there are *Psylles*, which destroy them. If other countries breed store of snakes there are Ashen flowers, which drive them away. If *Egypt* hath a Crocodile, it affords an *Indian* rat, which bursteth it. There are likewise trees to be found which having venemous roots upon one side, yield a remedy on the other. By what hand are framed so many wonders of nature, which make books incessantly speak, but by that of this great Work-man?

Historia Stirpium part. 4.

But if you on the other side will consider it in the protection of men, what doth it not by the ministery of its good Angels? I see upon one side in histories the little King *Mithridates* involved in lightening-flashes, whilst he innocently sleepeth in his infant cradle, the flames consuming his clothes, and linnens, and not touching his body at all. To whom think you should I attribute this?

Admirable protection of men in rare accidents.

On the other side I ponder the prodigie so loudly proclaim'd in the Greek Antholigie of a ship-wrack, equally surprizing a father and a son, which took away the life of the father, and gave the son leave to arrive in a safe harbour, having no other vessel but the corps of his deceased father, who gave him life by his death, as he had afforded him birth by his life. Who did this but the Master of Life and Death.

Philippus Anthologia Græc. l. 1.

Besides, I read in the relations of *Muscovia*, set out by the Embassadour *Demetrius*, that a countrey Boor, being by chance clammed in the hollow body of a great tree full of honey, and finding no means to come forth of his licorish captivity, behold a Bear hasteneth to the same tree, to eat of the honey, whereof these beasts are very greedy: which observed, the poor forlorn creature, not discerning what this might be, but catching hold, (as one almost drowned) of any thing which good luck offered him, grasped the Bear, who feeling himself taken, laboured hard to flie through fear conceived and draweth out the peasant, by an admirable accident, wherein it was no easie matter to say, which of the two was most affrighted. Who directed this but the eye of Providence?

Demetrius Legatus.

I admire also in the earth-quake of *Apulia*, that happened the year, 1627. the last day of *July*, (where one writeth, that in the Citie of S. *Severin* alone, ten thousand souls were taken out of the world) how in the horrour of such infinite ruins and sepulcher of so many mortals, a great bell fell so fitly over a child, that it inclosed him, and doing no hurt, made a bulwark for him against any other danger; who ballanced the motion of this metal, but the fingers, which distended heaven.

Will

Providence over Empires.

Will you paſs to particulars of Empires? You will be rapt with admiration, when you come to conſider the beginnings, progreſſions, and events of every one. You ſhall ſee them ſpring like ſmall veins of water unknown, and with time to take ſuch encreaſe, as to become huge rivers, large enough to overflow the fields. Sometimes it will ſeem to you, they are onely ſet upon a needles point, and are ready to ruin; in the mean ſpace there is an inviſible hand, which ſupporteth and re-eſtabliſheth them by their proper falls. You admire, how God ſo long ſuffers ungrateful, and perfidious Nations to draw them unto him, and afterwards the meaſure of their ſins filled up; if they muſt be deſtroyed, it is but to cauſe others to riſe out of their ruins.

The *Aſſyrians* after the reign of thirty eight Kings, changed into *Medes*, and *Chaldæans*: the *Medes* after the ſway of nine Kings, and three hundred and twenty two years, ended in *Aſtyages*: The *Chaldæans* after two hundred and nine years in *Darius* the *Mede*. But they like two rivers, united in the perſon of *Cyrus*, to make great the *Monarchy* of the *Perſians*. The *Perſians* after two hundred thirty years, and fourteen Kings, diſſolve into the *Grecians*: The *Grecians* are multiplied to *Ptolomeyes*, and *Seleucides*. All are finally ſwallowed in the *Roman* Empire. *Rome* loſt it ſelf after one thouſand two hundred twenty nine years, accounted from the foundation to the Emperour *Auguſtulus*, who is obſerved, as the laſt Monarch before the great wrack, which made the Empire a prey to ſo many Nations, that had fed it with their bloud. From the diviſion of the *Roman* Empire, ſprang our *French*, *Spaniards*, *Engliſh*, *Goths*, *Vandals*, *Lombards*, *Polacks*, *Otomans*, and ſuch other Powers.

Providence over the Church.

If from thence you advance your thoughts to the government of the Church, which is the principal work of God, and reflect upon it from its cradle to the preſent Age, entertaining in your memory its infancy, encreaſe, travels, perſecution, glories, and crowns, you will ſtand amazed at the bottomleſs depth of the counſels of the Divine Providence.

What mother ever had ſo much care, and tender affection over her little infant ſleeping in the cradle, as this Providence for the Church and Chriſtianity? It is a remarkeable thing, that at the ſame time when *Nebuchadnezzar* ruined the Temple of *Jeruſalem* in the Eaſt, the Capitol was built in the Weſt, to plant there one day the Croſs, and that *Rome* in the ſpace of one hundred forty two years, having been ſix times taken, and ranſacked by *Alaricus*, *Genſericus*, *Odoacer*, the *Heruli*, *Theodoricus*, *Beliſarius*, and *Totylas*, when one would have thought it were brought to nothing, was ever preſerved by God to be the ſource of lights, and the mother of all Churches

Diarium Hiſtoricum.

How many times hath God tied ſecret virtues to the ſtandards of Chriſtians? How many times made winds and tempeſts to fight under their Enſigns? How often hath he opened for them lands inacceſſible, calmed ſtormy ſeas for them, changed deſerts into Paradiſes of delight? Petty handfuls of ſouldiers to diſcomfit huge Armies, take Towns impregnable, cleave rocks, and hew through mountaines, to do the work of Giants, and find facility in all, which humane reaſon conceived impoſſible!

Read *Paulus Æmilius*, and *Gulielmus Tyrius* upon the conqueſt of the holy land; and you ſhall ſee, that birds of the air ſeemed in pay with *Godfrey* of *Bovillon*: For who can be but aſtoniſhed to hear it told, how when he beſieged *Jeruſalem*, the *Sultan* having taught pigeons to carry meſſages, diſpatched one of them with a letter which ſhe bare under her wings, to give adviſe to the beſieged? But good hap would have it, that a Hawk, ſeazing one her juſt over the Chriſtian army, took her, and made her to let fall what ſhe carried, to inform ours of the enemies deſign. How many ſuch like accidents ſhew us the care God hath of his, and that he never ſuffered them to be overthrown, but to vanquiſh their vices, and to humble their pride by the counterpoiſe of forraign Powers?

Paul Æmil. l. 4.

Strange accident.

What may we ſay of Councels? What may we likewiſe think of great bodies of Juſtice? How many times have we ſeen counſels diſcovered, and reſolutions, of which it ſeemed no creature had a thought? God governed the hearts and tongues of thoſe, who ſought to abuſe them againſt him, a great Spirit ſwayed all thoſe members aſſembled, and ſecretly did its work, to the admiration of the whole world. One ſame motion guided within compaſs all thoſe ſtars, as in *Archimedes* his ſphere, and accorded them by their proper contrarieties. Great God have we not cauſe to ſay what he did in *Seneca*; *Throughly to puniſh the wicked man who woundeth the Divine Providence, I ordain nothing, but that he underſtand the wrong he hath done to a good father.*

Vis illum veras pœnas dare? Sentiat quàm bono patri injuriam fecerit. Senec. contro. l. 1.

V. MAXIM.

Of Accidents.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That all is done by chance, by neceſſity, or humane providence.

THE HOLY COURT.

That all is done by the will of God, except ſin.

Three ſquadrons againſt Providence.

THE enemies of Providence uſe all kind of engins to oppoſe their own happineſs, and crack their own eye-ſtrings, that they may not behold the great eye, which purſues the wicked even into the ſhades of death. I find the *Chaldæans* made three ſquadrons, that we may ſpeak with holy *Job*, wherewith to aſſail this great Miſtreſs of the world. Some hold all is done by Chance, and that nothing but Fortune predominateth in the actions and affairs of the world: others, will ſubject all to the laws of fatal neceſſity: the third put their whole confidence

confidence in carnal prudence, which not unlike reeds, takes away their ſupport, and leaves them remorſe.

Happy he, who amongſt ſo many ſtraights, ſhelves, and ſhip-wracks, can hold the right way, ever caſting his eye towards Providence, as his Pole-ſtar, and never looſing ſight of it, that he may never looſe himſelf. Let us now endeavour to ruin theſe three Companies of *Chaldæans* by the arms of Scripture, holy Fathers, and Reaſon.

The miſery of impiety.

It is a pitiful thing to ſee a giddy ſoul, which ſeeketh God, and will not find him, making ſo many errours as paces, ſo many ſtumbles as ſteps, and as many ſacriledges as there are creatures in the whole world. The Prophet *Eſay* complained in his time of thoſe who dreſſed up Altars to Fortune, and made Sacrifices to her. But this Sect took with time ſo great encreaſe, that it filled the whole earth. For blind Gentiliſm beholding ſo many ſundry accidents in the life of man, the cauſe whereof they could not penetrate, imagined there was a certain Deity, blind, unequal, and furious, which diſtributed all conditions, and held good, and bad luck, as day and night in its hands. This Idolatrie of Fortune was ſo general, that *Plinie* durſt ſay: Fortune alone is invoked throughout the world, in all places, at all times, in all languages; none talk but of her, ſhe onely is praiſed, ſhe onely accuſed; ſhe gives all preſents, makes all expences, and if you well weigh the great book of the accounts of our life, you ſhall find, Fortune filleth all the leaves of it.

Eſay. 65. *Qui ponitis Fortunæ menſam, & libatis ſuper eam.*

A dorers of Fortune. *Plin. l. 2. c. 6. Toto mundo, & locis omnibus, omnibuſque horis omnium vocibus fortuna ſola invocatur; una nominatur, una accuſatur, una agitur res, una cogitatur, huic omnia expenſa, huic omnia feruntur accepta, & in totâ ratione mortalium ſola utramque paginam facit.*

The *Romans* who in arms overcame all other Nations, do go beyond them in ſuperſtition, not contenting themſelves with one ſole Fortune, made many, which had no other foundations of their Deities but Chymæraes of brains bereaved of reaſon, as S. *Auguſtine* ſheweth us in his fourth book of the City of God. One was called Fortune the firſt born, becauſe they held it was the beginning of all things: the other was all covered over with duggs, and was termed *Mammoſa*, in teſtimony of its fruitfulneſs. One was called Fortune the ſtrong; the other feminine, the other a virgin, the other inconſtant, the other ſtable. One was for certain days, another for all times: One for Emperours, all of gold, which they kept in their chambers as a relick, and another for the people, of wood or earth.

Fantaſies of Ancients upon the names of Fortune.

Aug. l. 4. de civit. Dei. c. 2.

Laſtly not ſo much as young men, but adored *a barbed Fortune*, that their firſt beard might grow in good faſhion. Good God! what ignorance, what a cloud! See we not how groſs theſe ſuperſtitions are, ſince the bloud of *Jeſus* waſhed away the ſtain? Notwithſtanding the world is filled with ſlaves of Fortune who ceaſe not to impute all proſperities, and adverſities of life to the hazard of chance.

That Fortune is in the power of Providence.

2. Now to decide this point: we muſt know Fortune is nought elſe, but man himſelf, when without thinking upon it, he makes himſelf the accidental cauſe of an effect not pretended.

Ariſt. de cauſis Fortuna eſt cauſa per accidens in his quæ per electionem alicujus gratia fiunt.

A man through deſpaire ſought for a halter to hang himſelf, and ſtirring the earth in an unuſual place met with a treaſure: it was ſaid to be fortune, yet is this fortune nothing elſe but man, who in ſearching gave occaſion to this effect, which followed though never by him intended. In reſpect of man this chance is obſolutely caſual, in reſpect of the prime cauſe which is God, it is a Providence. Behold a man cruſhed under the ruins of a tree, he expected not this tree ſhould fall, and therefore it is his fortune: But God, without whoſe diſpoſe one ſole leaf of a tree droppeth not off, had foreſeen this fall from all eternity: which enforceth us to affirm, that all fortunes of men are encloſed within the power of Providence.

A notable doctrine of

It is a notable doctrine of a great Biſhop of *Paris* who ſaith, God, Father of all eſſences, begetteth and eternally ſpeaketh his Son, or his Eternall Word, and that in this Word he once ſaid all he would do, and all which ſhould happen: in ſuch ſort, that there is not any accident, order, or mean in this great connexion of Ages, enchained one within another, can eſcape the vivacity of his eye, and the extent of his Providence. There it is he hath ordained all the bleſſings of nature, grace, and glory: There it is he hath ſeen all the evils of offence, yet willeth he not, nor can he will, they ſhould be of him, or by him, as being unworthy his ſanctity, his glory, and goodneſs. But as for the fortunes and misfortunes of men, baniſhments, bands, priſons, maladies, afflictions, proſperities, riches, honours, treaſures, glories, and crowns, he hath appointed them according to his divine pleaſures, to be inſtruments of good deſires, and glorious actions. Wherefore let us never ſay, good and ill haps of the world come by chance, without Gods diſpoſe.

William of Paris. Guliel. Pariſ. 1. part. de univer. part. 3. c. 24.

To me, ſaith the Great God in the holy Scriptures, *belong all the beaſts in the forreſt, and I behold the beauty of the fields diſcloſed from my boſome. With me are riches, glory, pomps, wealth, which reſt in the protection of my Juſtice. It is by me Kings hold the rains of Empire in their hands, and Law-makers open their lips to pronounce Oracles. The trumpet ſounds in the midſt of the City, and the people tremble, not knowing the cauſe of their miſery: But there is no evil of puniſhment in the City, which I have not cauſed for moſt juſt reaſons.*

Mee ſunt omnes ferę ſilvarum, & pulchritudo agri mecum eſt. Mecum ſunt divitię, & gloria, opes ſuperbę, & juſticia. Per me Reges regnant, & legum conditores juſta decernunt. Si clanget tuba in civitate, & populus non expavęſcet, ſi erit malum in civitate quod Dominus non fecerit. Pſal. 49. 10. Prov. 8. 18. Amos. 3. 9.

(*a*) The ſecond ſquadron of our *Chaldæans* taking a quite contrary way to this, will bruitiſhly maintain all things are done by a fatal neceſſity, which ſome attribute to ſtars, others to divine preſcience. For as much as concerneth ſtars, it is a diſtinct queſtion, which would well deſerve a much longer diſcourſe, than this preſent deſign permitteth. (*b*) We have ſhewed in ſome other former tracts, and will alſo manifeſt once again, how vain, and frivolous the ſcience of Horoſcopes is, being taken in that height; whereunto the vanitie of ſome impoſtours hath raiſed it, not here intending to condemn thoſe who handle Aſtrologie within limits permitted by the Church. Let us now be contented to ſay it is a ſavage ignorance to ſeek to infer from the courſe of planets an abſolute neceſſity upon mens actions, ſince even judicial Aſtrologers the moſt fervent and obſtinate, durſt never proceed ſo far. All ſay the ſtars make impreſſions of certain qualities upon bodies, and minds; but that they may be diverted by precaution: which gave authority to the famous axiom of *Ptolomy*, cited by S. *Thomas* in the book of deſtiny, affirming, (*a*) *the wiſe man ſhall rule the ſtars.*

(*a*) Second ſquadron.
(*b*) Vanity of Aſtrology.
(*a*) S. Thom. opuſc. deſt. *Sapiens dominabitur aſtris.*

(*b*) *Tertullian* in the treatiſe of Idolatry, ſaid pertinently, that evil Angels are made prime maſters of the curioſity of Horoſcopes; and that as they were baniſhed from heaven, ſo are their diſciples from the earth, as by an extenſion of the divine ſentence. He addeth, that man ſhould not at all pretend to the Kingdom of heaven, who makes a practiſe to abuſe both heaven and ſtars. It ſeemes God purſueth thoſe, who addict themſelves to ſuch vanities, as fugitives from Divine Providence. And it is very often obſerved, that great-ones, who are enſnared in the ſervitude of this curioſity, have felt violent ſhocks, and many times moſt dreadful events. (*c*) *Henery* the ſecond to whom *Carden*, and *Gauricus*, (two lights of Aſtrology) had foretold verdant and happy old Age, was miſerably ſlain in the flower of his youth, in games and pleaſures of a Turneament. The Princes his children, whoſe Horoſcopes were ſo curiouſly looked into, and of whom wonders had been ſpoken, were not much more proſperous. *Zica* King of the *Arabians*, to whom Aſtrology had promiſed long life to perſecute Chriſtians, died in the year of the ſame prediction. *Albumazar*, the Oracle of Aſtrology

(*b*) Tertul. de Idol. c. 9. *Expellantur mathematici ſicut angeli eorum, urbe & Italia: interdicitur mathematicis ſicut culum Angelis. Non poteſt regnum cœlorum ſperare cujus digitus aut radius abstitur cœlo.*
(*c*) *Alexander de Angelis* l. 4. c. 40.

logy, left in writing, that he found Christian religion, according to the influence of stars, should last but a thousand four hundred years: he already hath belyed more than two hundred, and it will be a lie to the worlds end. The year 1524. wherein happened the great conjunction of *Saturn*, *Jupiter*, and *Mars*, in the sign *Pisces*, Astrologers had foretold the world should perish by water: which was the cause many men of quality made arks in imitation of *Noahs*, to save themselves from the deluge, all which turned into laughter. The year 1630. was likewise threatened by some predictions, with an inundation should drown half mankind, which proved false by a season quite contrary. It was foretold a Constable of *France* well known, that he would dye beyond the Alps, before a city besieged, in the 83. year of his Age, and that if he escaped this time, he was to live above a hundred years; which was notoriously untrue, this man deceasing in the 84. year, of a natural death. A Mathematician of *John Galeazzo* Duke of *Milan*, who promised himself long life, according to his planets, was slain at the same time when he prognosticated this, by the commandment of the same Duke. Another Astrologer of *Henry* the seaventh, King of *England*, advised this great Prince to take heed of Christmas night, was asked, whither his own star would send him that night: to which he answered, to his own house in security of peace: Yet was he instantly sent to the tower to celebrate the vigil of this great festival. One might reckon up by thousands, the falshoods, miseries, and disasters which wait on these superstitions.

Existimant toti circa unum caput humanitus Deos. Aurelius.

Who can then sufficiently deplore the folly of one, who forsaking the great government of God, the fountain of wits, and treasure of fortunes, makes himself a slave of *Mercury*, or *Saturn*, contrary to the voice of Scripture, decision of Councels, Oracles of holy Fathers, Laws of Emperours, consultations of the wise, experience of people, and consent of all the most solid judgments?

Against the necessity inferred of prescience.

We will not labour to ruin a doctrine forsaken both by honour and reason: We onely speak against those, who will infer a necessity derived from divine prescience, by force of which, sins themselves, according to their understandings, are directly caused by the decrees of heaven. It is the opinion of *Velleius Paterculus*, who said, destiny did all the good and evil in the world, and that it was a miserable thing to attribute that which proceedeth from above, to the demerit of men, and to make the ordinances of heaven to pass, as crimes of mortals. This Maxim was defended by Hereticks even to fury, and it is a wonder men have been so wicked, as to burden the prime sanctity with all the ordures of the world.

Ita efficitur, quod est miserrimum, ut quod acciait, etiam merito acciisse videatur, & casus in culpam transeat.

We well know, if destiny be taken for the ordinance by which God establisheth the lives of particulars, and states of Empires, it is nothing else but the Divine Providence whereof we speak: but good heed must be taken from concluding sins within the list of Gods will, who onely being pleased to permit them, can not in any sort establish or will them. And it is here an impertinent thing to say, All God hath foreseen shall necessarily happen, otherwise he would be deceived in his foresight, which cannot be affirmed without blasphemy: but he foresaw all future things, they then of necessity will happen. Who sees not it is a childish toy, and that this captious argument must be overthrown, by saying, All which God hath foreseen necessarily, happeneth by necessity, and all he foresaw indifferently, happeneth by indifferency. Now so it is, that of all which dependeth on our liberty, he hath not foreseen any thing necessarily, but indifferently: We must then conclude, that all is done by indifferency, not fatal necessity. Hearken to the excellent decision of S. *Iohn Damascene*.

Damasc. l. 2. Orth. fidei c. 32.

God foresaw all things; but he determineth not all things; He well foresaw all which is, and shall be in your power: but he determines not, because he willeth not sin, nor will likewise constrain any man to virtue. (b) *Plato* in his Common-wealth detesteth all opinions, which seek to introduce into the beliefs of people propositions unworthy of Gods goodnes, namely those which make him authour of sin, adding, we must not endure to hear it spoken or written by any man in a well rectified Common-wealth.

Omnia quidem Deus præscit, non omnia tamen præjubet: præscit enim ea quæ in nostrâ sunt potestate, non autem ea præjubet: quia nemo vult peccatum, nec cogit ad virtutem. (b) Plato. l. 2. de republicâ. Θεὸς αἰτίαν ἀναίτιον.

Who knoweth not, that such are the causes, such the effects? If the causes be necessary, the effects likewise are enchained within the limits of necessity: If they be contingent, they are all in indifferency. Now the prescience of God (to speak properly) is not the cause of our actions, unless it be by meer accident and occasion; then it cannot make them necessary. Is it not true, that the great eye of God equally beholdeth things past, present, and future? And as our eye maketh not things present by beholding them, since a wall is neither white nor black by force of my sight; and as our memory makes not things past, by repassing them by their species; so the prescience of God makes not things future by forseeing them: they are not because God hath foreseen them, but he foresaw them, because they so should happen.

Paus. Reg. de gratia c. 2. l. 2. Si ad factorem, bono, reflicta, bonus esse potuisti. Si ad præcognitorem, tu me progressurum tuorum ordine, ut de te malum præscirem, compulisti.

O man, if thou beholdest him who made thee, thou mayest have been good. But if thou contemplatest him, as him who knew thee before the beginning of Ages, thou hast enforced him to make an evil judgement upon thee, because thou hast made thy self evil.

Our action, although it be not the first dated in execution, at the least in the Idæa and order of nature, it always foregoeth the divine prescience: if we regard its first intentions, we may all be honest men; if we consider our proceedings, we constrain him to foresee of us, what is in us. If prescience imported any necessity, we might conclude God were necessited in all the actions he doth throughout the world, because he eternally hath foreseen them all, which were most impious. Let us not then say: But if God hath so foreseen it, it will happen by an inevitable necessity: for there are three sorts of necessities; one most absolute, as that of the Essence of God; the other natural, as light in the sun, heat in fire; the third is a necessity conditional, as is that, If God foreseeth such or such a thing, it shall happen: I say, it is a necessity of supposition, for you presuppose he foresaw it, but instantly you learn he foresaw it not, but because it should be, and that his prescience is no more the cause of our actions, than our memory of the taking of *Rochel*, and wars with the *Huguenots*.

3. Squadron of nice ones according to humane prudence.

4. After this brain-sick band, another riseth, which comprehendeth the subtile and more refined wits, according to the judgement of the world, who suppose all good success proceeds from prudence and humane industry, without the helping hand of God. They are such, as according to the saying of the Prophet, sacrifice to their nets, who kiss their hand as an independent worker of great actions, who savourly tast all they do, like Bears, said to lick their paws, when they have eaten honey.

Habac. 1. 16.

An observation of the Grecians upon the dependence we have from on high.

Greek Authours tell us, *Mercury* was bred by the howers, to teach us, all wisdom and humane eloquence not guided nor supported by the measures of heaven, can neither have nourishment, nor subsistence. There is no one more blind, than he who thinks himself clear-sighted in affairs without the prudence of Heaven; all succeeds ill with him, and he findeth by experience, that God begins the change of fortunes, by the corruption of counsels. The reason thereof is very manifest, since we know all created spirits, work not but by the dependence they have upon the increated Essence, as also that all Intelligencies have so much excellency, as they have relation

Mentem tunc hominibus admit supera illa mens, quæ cujuscumque fortunam mutare constituit, consilia corrumpit Velleius. l. 2.

lation to the first Intelligence, which is the Word of God.

Weakness of humane wisdom.

If we consult with our own thoughts and knowledge, as being near of kin to us, we shall find they have three ill properties; which is, they are heavy, timorous, and uncertain: as heavy, they creep on the earth; as timorous, they glance at all objects, and resolve on nothing; as uncertain, they are perpetually floating. There is none but God, who raiseth them by his exaltation, setleth them by his stability, and staieth them by his immutability.

Vanity of Politicians, without Gods direction.

All they, who disunited from the eternal Wisdom, think to prosper in governments, honours, wordly affairs, are *Icaruses*, that seek to counterfeit birds with waxen wings; the least ray proceeding from the throne of the Lamb will burn them, and make their height serve for no other use, but to render their falls the more remarkeable. If they be lettered,

Nicephorus Gregoras. l. 7. Τὰ σοφὰ ἐκεῖνα ῥήματα φησὶ ἀσεβοῦς πλοῦτος εἶναι.

they shall stead them as forrests do thieves, to cover their crimes, and if they have dignities, they shall be unto them, as the golden and silver precipices of the Empeour *Heliogabalus*, which were not devised but to make his ruin the more memorable. Doth not the Apostle proclaim aloud with a voice of thunder to the posterity of all Ages: I will pull down the wisdom of the wisest according to the world, I will rebuke the prudence of the most subtile? And did not holy *Job* repeat the like Oracles upon the dunghill, saying: *God oftentimes giveth success of affairs most shamefull to the most able Counsellours, and he reduceth Judges to a certain stupidity of understanding*? Hath not the experience of Ages shewed so often in the histories of *Pharaohs*, *Herods*, and all such like, that there is no greater wisdom in the world, than to be an honest man? *To be wise is to use wisdom, and to make it serve for direction, as the eye for sight.*

Perdam sapientiam sapientum 1. Cor. 1. Adducit Consiliarios in stultum finem, & judices in stuporem. Job. 12. 17.

Senec. ep. 118. Sapere sapientia usus est, sicut oculorum videre.

5. Let us draw three concusions from these three propositions we have deduced; The first whereof shall be, never to do like those vulgar & abject souls, which is to curse, and detest our condition, and fortune, as it were an effect of some false Divinity, and not a Divine Providence. Remember daily within your self those words: *Nothing is done one the earth without cause. God hath disposed all with weight, and measure.*

1. Conclusion against those who curse fortune.

Nihil in terrâ sine causâ fit Job. 5. Omnia in mensura, & numero, & pondere disposuisti. Sap. 11.

Recal into your thoughts the singular consideration of *Boetius*: (a) *We must patiently suffer all which is done within the circle of Providence, seeing we have bowed our necks under its laws, by the condition of our birth.* (b) So soon as you are born, you enter within the jurisdiction of Gods ordinance, you have undergone the yoke to receive good or evil fortune, as he shall please to appoint. I ask, if you should resolve to give law to him frō whom you ought to take it, were you not most unjust, & unhappy? Most unjust, because you would incroach upon Gods inheritance; most unhappy, because you could not kick against the prick, but to hurt your self the more. Were you embarked in a vessel, you must go not according to your own will, but the course of wind, and tide. If you learned the trade of husbandmen, you must cast into the earth, to reap again what will come of it, and you should sometimes have barren, sometimes fertile, and fruitful years. You have entered into humane life, which of its nature is replenished with inconstancies and vicissitudes: one while there is good another while evil hap. Let fortune roul as God shall please, nothing with him is hazardous. Would you be so hardy, as to tie your self to the wheel of a chariot perpetually running, to stay the courie which the Divine Providence affords it? You desire, say you, a stable fortune in the world, and understand not, that were it so, there would no longer be either world, or fortune, since the condition of these inferiour things is in continual mutation.

(a) Boet: de consol. Æquo animo toleres oportet, quicquid intra fortunæ aream geritur, cum semel jugocolla submiseris.

(b) An excellent resolution upon wordly accidents.

When you see the wicked flourish in honour, riches, and reputation, say not *the prosperity of a wicked man is heavens sin*, that God walketh upon the vaults of his palace, and abandoneth the care of worldly affairs. Expect a little, Justice will come, although many times with a leaden pace. How know you, whether God will convert this man by surchatging him with prosperities, to confound his ingratitude? How know you, whether resolving to deprive him for his crimes of eternal blessings, he gives him some use of temporal benefits in recompence of some moral vertues he hath heretofore exercised? Rather say to God: *O God how profound are thy thoughts: and how inscrutable to the ignorant, and foolish!* Expect the day which will draw aside the curtain, and make you see all the secrets of the world. God expecteth it with so much patience in his eternity, why will not you expect it in your mortality?

Deorum crimen Sylla tam felix. Senec. ad Marcia.

Psal 91. 6. Nimis profundæ factæ sunt cogitationes tuæ: vir insipiens non cognoscet, & stultus non intelliget hæc.

6. The second conclusion shall be, never to adhere to this bruitish and savage opinion, which puts a fatality upon all the actions of men and all events. Beware of the foolish discourse of him, who says, If my hour be come I shall die, and if not, I have nothing to fear. For see you not according to these unbridled maxims, all deliberation, all prudence, all order of humane life must be taken away? Were here a fatality, we need no more talke of ships to pass the seas, nor medicines to cure maladies, nor bread to feed the hungry. A man besotted with this folly, might free from danger walk on the waves; for if his destiny bear him, he shall never perish by water; He need not at all make use of medicine, for his death can neither be delayed, nor hastened. What avayls it so much as to eat? For if he must die of hunger, what ever he do he shall fail, and if his destinie threaten him not that way, he shall live in full assurance. Behold here prodigious dotages. But God, hath he not fixed the number of my years, as saith Job: *You keep a reckoning of his years and monthes: you have set him limits, which cannot be broken?*

Vis tu esse insanientis injuriosus æternitati Dei, & cum illo expetita quæ infra te sunt. August. in Psal. 91.

2. Conclusion against Fatality.

Job. 14. 5. Numerus mensium ejus apud te est, constituisti terminos ejus, qui præteriri non poterunt.

I affirm, God knows the number of your days, and hath determined them: Hath he not on the other part obliged you to your conservation by the law of nature? Since you have no revelation from above, that God will have you die in such or such a fashion, you ought to preserve your life to the last breath, and if through rashness you run among precipices, shipwracks, and musket-shots, without obedience, without reason, without discretion, you are the murderers of your selves God hath foreseen you must die at such an hour, and of such a death: but he hath likewise foreseen it would happen unto you through a most perverse will, and an enraged temerity, which sought to tempt the counsels of the Omnipotent, against all the maxims of verity. Know you not, God hath set fire and water before you, and that you may take which of them you please? *Liberty of Free-will is absolutely given to man to become a Master over all his actions, with a constancy of mind, either voluntarily to keep, and conserve good, or to resist evil with the like freedom*, said Tertullian.

Tertull. adverf. Marc. c. 6. Tota libertas arbitrij in utramque partem concessa est hominis, ut sui Dominus constanter occurreret, & bona sponte servando, & mala sponte vitando.

7. The third conclusion will teach us to settle our labour by heavens direction in a good temperature, so that we stand not with arms a-cross when we should travel, expecting from Gods hand what we ought not to expect without our cooperation, and that on the other side we take heed, not so to presume of our own abilities, as to ascribe thereunto all good successes which happen. For both the one and other is hateful before God. We know what the Sage *Greek* said to a Carter plunged in a myre, who called aloud on *Minerva*, not seeking to stir himself: My freind, with *Minerva* you must stir a hand. God is very ready to aid you, but you must on your part use correspondence. Set up sayl, and God will give wind, till the earth, and you shall receive

3. Conclusion against humane prudence, and lazyness. Σὸν ἄδυε καὶ χεῖρα κίνει.

receive Heavens benediction. But if you think to pleaſe your ſelf with an ill rectified devotion, and not to care for the affairs of your family, will you not be like thoſe barren trees, which make a noiſe with their leaves under the breath of winds, and never bear fruits? On the other ſide, beware of thinking to be happy by means meerly humane and politick, without Heavens direction: For ſo doing, you will build upon quick-ſilver phantaſms of greatneſs, which will afford you illuſions in this life, to drench you in the other into eternal confuſions. When you have done all which juſtice and conſcience dictate, leave ſucceſſes to God, and know there are ſtrokes from Heaven that cannot be vanquiſhed, either by prudence of counſels, or any humane remedies. We are to be anſwerable unto God with our good deſires, not powers; the petty gods of the earth can do nothing againſt the Decrees of Heaven. Take theſe words of S. *Paul*, not as ordinary, but as Oracles of an immutable Veritie: (a) *Prudence of fleſh is death: but prudence of ſpirit is peace and life.*

Nec conſilio prudenti, nec remedio ſagaci divinæ providentiæ fatalis diſpoſitio ſubverti, vel reformari poteſt. Apul. Metamor. 9. Heu ſatis ſuperi certaſſe minores. Sil. Ital. l. 5. Tob. 6. 3.

(a) Rom. 8. Prudentia carnis mors eſt, prudentia autem ſpiritus, vita, & pax.

If you have good ſucceſs in ought you do, thank God, and look on him (ſaith (b) S. *Bernard*) as an Omnipotent Will, a virtue full of affection, an eternal light, a ſovereign beatitude, which repleniſheth all here below with the abundance of his ever-honoured bounty. But if in doing all you can, you find main oppoſitions, and irkſom afflictions in the world, ſay as the chaſt *Sara* did, ſeeing her ſelf injured by her ſervant: *O God, I turn my face to the place whence I expect my conſolation. I fix mine eyes on thee, becauſe thou ſettleſt all my hopes. I beſeech thee deliver me from the fetters of this diſgrace, or deliver me out of this world. Thy counſels are impenetrable to the weakneſs of my underſtanding; but I am wel aſſured of one thing, that he who faithfully ſerves thee, ſhall never be deceived. If his life be aſſaulted with afflictions, it ſhall reap Crowns. If it be expoſed to the ardour of tribulations, thou wilt ſtretch out an aſſiſting hand. If thou exerciſeſt it under thy chaſtiſements, it ſhall be to make it find out the path of thy mercies.*

(b) Bernard. de conſider. l. 5. Ad te Deus faciem meam convertis, ad te oculos meos dirigo. Reto Domine ut de vinculo impreſſi hujus abſolvas me, aut certe deſuper terram erigas me, &c.

The fifth EXAMPLE upon the fifth MAXIM.

Of the Providence of GOD over ſtates and riches of the world.

EULOGIUS.

Drawn from the obſervation of *Paul* a Greek Authour.

THe Divine Providence is a marvellous workman, which ruleth here below over the heads of mortals, it laboureth in this great maſs of mankind; it takes men of earth to make them of gold, and of thoſe men of gold, makes men of earth. It commixeth ſlaves and Kings, and cauſeth the one, not thinking of it, to ſpring from the other in the revolution of times, as *Plato* ſaid. But we who know not all its ſecrets, ſometimes blame the works of it, which ſhould rather ſtir up our admiration, than be ſubject to our cenſure. One complaineth the wealth of the world is not well divided, and that the wicked have ever the greateſt ſhare. Men who oftentimes know not how to part with a finger breadth of land, but by diſ-joyning moſt intimate charities, would make themſelves diſtributers of the worlds fortunes, as if they looked more narrowly into the world, than he that made it.

Paul Syllegus. l. 3. c. 48.

I will here ſet down a memorable hiſtory, drawn out of a rare Grecian Authour, named *Paulus*, who compiled many Narrations, learned from the beſt of his Age. He recounteth how in the time of the Emperour *Juſtin* the elder, about the year 528. after the birth of Chriſt, there was in *Thebais* one named *Eulogius*, a ſtone-cutter by his trade, of poor means, but very rich in virtue. Which maketh us ſay, Poverty reſembles the Iſland of *Ithaca* (as ſaid *Archeſilas*) which though rough and buſhie, failed not to breed the braveſt men of Greece, whom ſhe made uſe of as a ſchool for all the exerciſes of virtues.

Poverty the Iſle of *Ithaca*. Λιμὴν μὲν γὰρ ἀγαθῶν ἀνδρῶν ἡ πενία. Stob. ſerm. 93.

This man, who at that time had no other wealth on earth but his hands, ſpared not to ſtore up treaſures of good works, as pledges in Heaven. He feared God, was devout, chaſte, ſober, abſtinent, courteous, peacefull, charitable, and embraced eminent virtues in a mean fortune. It is a ſtrange thing, that notwithſtanding his labour, which was hard enough, he faſted moſt part of his time even to Sun-ſet, and with the little money he got by the ſweat of his brows, relieved the poor. He walked like *Abraham* before pilgrims, he waſhed their feet, and received them into his little houſe with all poſſible charity. Then ſeeking out needy perſons of his own Pariſh, to give them ſome refection according to his abilitie, he extended his compaſſion even to beaſts, not ſuffering any thing to eſcape his bounty. One would have ſaid, ſeeing all this poor tradeſ-man did, he had been ſome rich Lord, ſuch abundance appeared in ſo low a poverty.

Virtues of a good poor man.

It happened, that a holy Hermit called *Daniel*, who lived in great reputation; for the excellent endowments of his ſoul, paſſing along that way, ſojourned in the poor cottage of *Eulogius*, who received him like an Angel deſcended from Heaven. He, who was a moſt ſpiritual man, looking very far into the Maſon's life, found therein ſuch eminent perfection, that he well perceived devotion many times lodged with little noiſe in a ſecular life, and that God, who is a great Maſter, had ſervants every where.

Daniel the Hermit made a raſh demand.

This ſo enflamed him to the love of thoſe virtues he obſerved in his hoſte, that returning to the Monaſtery, he exerciſed great devotion, as faſting three whole weeks together, with intention to obtain an ample eſtate from God for *Eulogius*. Fervour ſo tranſported this good man, that he conſidered not, that God, who preſerveth us to health, loveth us not to curioſity, and that the banquets he made for his greateſt ſervants, as *Elias* and S. *Paul* the Hermit, when he for them opened the treaſures of Heaven, were onely bread and clear water of fountains. Notwithſtanding, he without intermiſſion, importuned Heaven by his prayers, complaining, God who was moſt juſt, gave riches in exceſs to ſo many ſinners, to puff up their pride, and foment riot, when the poor Maſon, who deſerved rivers ſhould ſtream nothing but gold for him, was invaded by harſh poverty, which tied up his hands from virtue. But he perſiſting day and night to beg the fruit of his requeſt, heard a voice from Heaven, which commanded him to lay aſide ſo indiſcreet a requeſt, ſaying, If his *Eulogius* left his poverty he would forſake his conſcience. But he pertinaciouſly perſevering in the purſuit of his deſire, through a goodneſs wholly blind, anſwered, He well knew the contrary, and that this good man would never become evil with the bleſſings of God, but would rather make them mount up again to their ſource. That were he made rich, it would be but for the poor, and that wealth would change nothing in him, but to make him the more profitable for all the world: adding thereto, he would anſwer for him body for body, and ſoul for ſoul. God, who was willing to let the Hermit find by very ſenſible experience the temerity of his requeſt, permitted the Maſon in an inſtant to become a wealthy and able man. For, digging in the earth, he there found a very rich treaſure, which made him even in an inſtant bury his piety. Behold him changed into another man. He, who before perpetually ſang

Ἰχὶ βαθὺ σιγὴ γάρ.

Change of fortune causeth change of manners.

the praises of God, among the wants of poverty, like a little Gold-finch among thorns, groaned under the burden of this gold, grew pensive, anxious, sad, and suspitious. He forgot piety and himself, to converse with his gold. In the end, he resolved to steal out of his Countrey, where he was very well known, and to travel to *Constantinople*, the Port of all Nations, there to unfold the change of his fortune with the more liberty. Yet had he some discretion, not instantly to appear in full view; but to polish, and trick up himself, making some apprentiship in the school of the world, and of civil life, to correct all that which the defect of his birth had left in him, either of rudeness or imperfection. And being of a good understanding, and handsom presence, he put himself in the conversation of honest men, and drawing near to the fountain of light, began to haunt the Court, to fashion himself for arms in the Emperours Regiments, where being full of crowns, and daily having opportunity to oblige souldiers, he so well knew how to gain hearts, and purchase the good opinion of all the world, that mounting step after step, he was in some few years made Captain of the Guard to the Emperour *Justin*. Behold him transported from the element of terrestrial men, into a new sphere, to converse with Gods.

Riches the mother of vices, and neglect of God.

There he was seized on by a dead drunkenness, which change of fortune usually causeth in weak understandings. He no longer looks back on his extraction, but to hide the defects of it. He no more remembers ancient amities, but quite to deface the marks of them. He neither knew God nor men, but for his own ends and services. He walketh up and down the Citie of *Constantinople* like a God in a Comedie, wearing rubies, and dragging silk after him, and he who scarcely had iron to forge a hammer or a trewel, will now no longer spit, but in gold and silver. Prayer is a trouble to him, fasts are torments, ceremonies of the Church amusements, and constraints. This eclipse of devotion is waited on by a desperate exorbitance of feasts, game, and love. The more shamefull his birth was, so much the more he makes himself ostentous and magnificent, to divert all the suspition of it. It is the fashion of many Great-ones derived from inferiour rank, to drown their former condition in profuse riots, and to do as that *Roman*, who sought to cover by strength of gold and silver, his fathers cottage, who was but a sheapherd.

Vision of *Daniel* the Hermit.

Being engulphed in these vast delights, the Hermit, who knew not what was become of his *Eulogius*, had a frightfull vision, wherein he saw himself suddenly brought before the Tribunal of God. He seemed to stand trembling before this awfull Throne, environed with Angels of fire, who held instruments of terrour in their hands. The Judge sitting with incomparable majesty, looked on him with an incensed eye, and shewed him a man buried in roses, and wasted with riots, saying unto him: *Is this then the care thou hast had of thy brothers soul?* Afterward turning to the Angels, executours of his justice, *Strike* (said he) *and spare not this respondent*. The poor man half dead with fear, presently understood this out-cast shewed him, was *Eulogius*, who having found great riches by his means, led a riotous life at *Constantinople*. He presently threw himself at the feet of the Judge, humbly beseeching him with tears and groans, to suspend the rod of his indignation, on condition he would reduce his friend unto duty.

He went to *Constantinople*, and spake to *Eulogius*.

Verily, he failed not instantly to hasten to the place where he was, and found him in this ample Citie, the most eminent of the Eastern Empire, in glorious equipage, perpetually near the Kings person, or so overwhelmed with visits, affairs, and delights, that it was a whole moneth before he might speak to him, though he daily much endeavoured it. In the end, it was Gods will one day, he was admitted into his Cabinet; when beseeching him to send away his people, for the importance of the business he was to treat, that done, he presently made himself known, remembering *Eulogius* of his former poverty, his trewel, and masons life; adding, that by his prayers he came to this eminent fortune, he confidently blamed him for his ingratitude, and infidelity towards God. The other who took no contentment, that amidst his golden glitter and silk, the old ragge of his first fortune should be remembered, brake off the discourse, and shamefully driving him out of his Cabinet, asked his waiters what they meant to bring a fool and a melancholy lunatick before him; which was the cause the unfortunate Father *Daniel* was so loaden with blows, that he thought he should have been slain in the place. Yet all bloudie, he crept out of the chamber as well as he could, and lifting his eyes up to Heaven, humbly besought God, steeping every word in his tears and bloud, to send *Eulogius* not more riches and honours, but disgrace and poverty, knowing it was the onely means to reduce him to reason.

Fall of *Eulogius*.

This quickly came to pass as he wished. For the Emperour *Justin* dying, *Eulogius* was removed both from the favours he hoped, and those he possessed, which disposed him to a bitterness of heart against *Justinian*, then seated in the Empire. But it being dangerous to suffer ill affection towards the Prince, to encroach upon the heart, he already was so giddy, that nothing wanted but opportunity to undo himself.

Rebellions and seditions, direfull for people.

Behold here a hydeous treason plotted against the new Emperour, which aimed to ruin the whole state of the East, and to bury *Constantinople* in its ruins. *Hypatius*, and *Pompey*, nephews of the Emperour *Anastasius*, who preceded *Justin*, had also pretences for the Empire, which having been little countenanced, either through want of time, or defect in their merit, failed not to be reproduced in this new State, wherein *Justinian*'s affairs seemed, as yet, much unsetled. These Rebels had drawn to their side huge factions of mutinous spirits, and envenomed the peoples minds, by decrying what they could the government of *Justinian*, under the shadow of exactions of excessive sums of money, levied on all sides. So that in short time, the whole Citie was seen in arms and filled with malecontents, who under colour of defence of publick good, committed shamefull outrages, and pillages unpunished.

The people never fail to favour rebellions, and to second the evil purposes of the factious, for that is the way to put ones self between two dangers, and to be exposed as a prey to all violence. The Emperour seeing the malignity of this storm, and well understanding he could not divert it but by strong resistance, dispatched the Regiments of the *Heruli* to over-run the Rebels. They being rough gamesters, made a great massacre of the people, whilst the blind iron made no distinction between forreigner, and native. This served more to exasperate minds transported with extremities, saying: *They no longer must hope for safetie, since the Prince had sold their lives to Barbarians.*

The sedition was so much enkindled, that women and children became parties, ceasing not to throw stones and fire from on high out of windows upon the Emperours souldiers. They seeing themselves charged of all hands, entered into an inexorable fury, which was waited on by so strange a butchery, that it in an instant covered the streets with bloud and dead bodies. The Patriarch beholding all this misery, had recourse to the arms of heaven, since earthly Powers could do nothing, so that he presently advanced a procession of Ecclesiasticks, who bare the books of the Gospels, and Images of our Saviour. But the

the *Heruli* became then enraged Elephants with the sight of their bloud, nor could they look on any Image but of revenge, or entertain any Gospel but the sword. They onely called force to counsel, when reason was banished, and acted all which violent rage might in an unlimited power. You would have said, signal had been given for fire and sword, to commix and confound all that might be disordered. Crimes were freed from chains of laws, and Religion, which useth to become a veil for protection of suppliants, had no obstacle in it to stay the heat of this fight.

The Emperour, who onely required to pacifie the sedition, needs would call the people into the Theater, to sweeten and inform them of his intentions: but the rebellious cried out instantly, it was to deceive, and the more easily to ensnare them: and the excess of their wickedness having taken away the hope of pardon, they took *Hypatius*, and lifted him on high upon a target, to pronounce him Emperour, in sight of all the world. The whole Citie stood five days in so horrible confusions, that it seemed a very image of hell.

In the end, God favouring the right of lawfull Princes, *Justinian* found effectuall means to disarm rebellion, attracting some by great liberalities, and dis-countenancing the rest; he so changed the face of affairs, mingling likewise force with industry and favour, that he caused *Hypatius* the imaginary Emperour, to be taken with *Pompey* his Associate, and condemning them to death, dissolved the whole conspiracy, which had before been so fatal to the people, that thirty thousand remained dead on the place. *Eulogius* was far engaged in the faction of *Hypatius*, so that saving his life by flight, all his goods were confiscated. The miserable man not knowing of what wood to make his arrow, returned to his former trade, and hid himself in great obscurity, to make it a veil for his crimes. Notwithstanding, moved with remorse of conscience, he began in this alteration of state, to make a virtue of his necessity, and to sacrifice his body to penance, which had been vowed to sensuality. The Hermit *Daniel* afterward met him by chance, and perceiving him much milder, and more tractable than he was at *Constantinople*: *How goes the world with you*, Eulogius, (said he) *having been the King in a Tragedie, what part play you now?*

To which, all over-covered with shame, he replied, His ingratitude had abused the blessings of God and men, yet for all this not lessened their goodness, and that if Father *Daniel* would once again pray for him, not to restore him to the Court, where he too long lived in the death of his innocency, but a little to sweeten the sharpness of his poverty, he would be gratefull for it all days of his life. The Hermit answered: Confide not in me, my friend, the experience of your follies hath made me wiser than I was. Though poverty be irksom, it is an evil necessary for you. Remain in the condition, whereunto your birth disposed you, and ask not riches again, which would onely serve to make you nought.

VI. MAXIM.

Of PRÆDESTINATION.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That our Salvation is a thing done, nor need we take care of it.

Mahit ortus scrutari, quàm nosse tuos. Lucanus.

1. GReat things are not unlike the sources of *Nilus*, whereof the Ancients said, nature made them rather to be looked after, than found: so, many great wits have been employed to enquire the causes of Prædestination, yet all have confessed: *It was an abyss of the riches of Gods wisdom and knowledge, whose judgements are incomprehensible, and ways not to be tracked.* Rom. 11.

Maxims against fatalitie.

Fear not the judgements of God, which of themselves are nought but justice and goodness; but fear your works, which have so little assurance, and so much iniquitie. Say not your salvation is a thing done, and that God having determined it from all eternity, without calling you to counsel, good works can do nothing to advance your happiness, nor bad to encrease your unhappiness. Know God, who of his meer bounty calleth you, will neither save nor damn you, but by justice. Think not it is destiny, or necessity begins this business: God by his grace hath put the mould and cizars into your hands, to fashion your self such as you desire to be reputed. First secure your self of your self, by contributing to the graces which prevent you: He who is good to himself, shall never find God evil.

The great judgement of *Tertullian* fore-stalled the

THE HOLY COURT.

That our eternal happiness is yet in our hands, and expecteth our endeavour.

disputation of men, when he said: (a) *It was neither a good faith, nor very solid to referre all to the will of God, and so flatter the world, by saying nothing is done in the world without the Ordinance of God: but we must understand there is some power in us, which God himself expecteth to accomplish the work of our salvation.* To say then, The great God hath determined of us in his eternity, without making any reflection upon our works, *Is to make a pillow for the sloth of some, and to prepare a precipice for the despair of other.* Let us not in this article make God so liberal, that he gives us blessings wherewith we may take occasion to be evil, and think his mercy will countenance our sluggishness. *He sleepeth too much at ease, who thinks to carry his happiness behind him.* (b) What care would you have a man take of his salvation, who thinks it depends not at all upon his care, and what despair will not strike down a feeble brain, who shall imagine all his travels do nothing for his avail towards beatitude, since the conclusion of his good or ill hap, were estimated without any consideration of his merit? A labourer would not trouble himself to till the ground, which were infallibly condemned to barrenness, or to a certain proportion of fruit, and his industry to be idle. And who would care to polish his soul, if his glorie were confined without any regard to his

(a) Notable saying of *Tertullian*. *Non est bonæ & solidæ fidei, sic omnia ad voluntatem Dei referre & ita adulari unumquemque dicendo, nihil fieri sine jussione ejus, ut non intelligamus aliquid esse in nobis ipsis.* Tertul. l. de exhort. castitatis.

(b) Note the danger that followeth, if the consideration of good works be taken away.

his free-will? All labours would seem nought but wretched accessories, and good works, but frivolous amusements.

True doctrine of Prædestination.

2. But, when we fix our thoughts upon this verity, which says Prædestination to be a Divine Providence, by which certain persons are mercifully drawn out of the mass of corruption, and picked out to be exalted to eternal beatitude by ways infallible, and that it is chiefly done by the mercy of God, who decreeth in his eternal counsel to prevent us with his grace; and that according to the correspondence we therein ought to use, he judgeth of our good or ill hap, we call it a proposition conform to the doctrine of the Church, advantagious to the glory of God, and infinitely available for repose of conscience. These are the three points upon which we must insist in this discourse.

Three points of reasons of this doctrine.

S. *Paul* and S. *Augustine* interpreted in the matter of prædestination.

And first, there is no cause to become jealous upon the words of Saint *Paul*, and Saint *Augustine*, who seem sometime to attribute all to the meer will of God, without admitting any consideration of our good works. For we must weigh with our selves these two great men, like two huge seas, that through impetuous power of water, swell so upon one brink, that they seem for a time to leave the other drie. But as the Ocean, after he hath largely dilated himself upon one side, returns within the limits God prescribed him; so these men falling upon contumacious spirits, who rebel against truth, return into a peacefull equality to build the house of God. The one sought to overthrow a Judaical opinion, which maintained the eternal happiness of Prædestination was of necessity tied to the bloud of *Abraham*, to Circumcision, to works, and ceremonies of the old Law; without observation of which, the *Jews* acknowledged no salvation. Behold the cause why the excellent Apostle, who saw in this a contempt of grace, and a manifest foil given to Gentilism, which he had taken into his protection, strongly insisteth and argueth with a torrent of reasons to confound this arrogance of the *Hebrews*, who boasted the reliques of a dying law, and ran after it with chymæraes. From whence it comes to pass that all the reasons he produceth, have no other aim but to exalt the mysteries of redemption, and to shew, that the origin and beginning of our salvation consisteth in the grace of *Jesus Christ*, who calleth us to Christianity of his meer mercy, without consideration of the observation of the Mosaical Law, or other works, which preceded this calling.

Rom. 6. 23. Ephes. 1. 4. S. Aug. l. de prædest. Sanctor. c. 19.

And it is in this sense he saith, grace is life eternal, because it is by its means we obtain beatitude; and in this sense, that he assureth us God chose us before the worlds creation to be Saints, to wit, according to the same interpretation of Saint *Augustine*, we were selected in the ideæs of God from all eternity, to participate in the grace of the Gospel, we thereto contributing nothing on our part. For the first grace being the beginning of all merit, cannot be produced by merit. Finally, it is in the same sense he maintaineth, God loved *Jacob*, and hated *Esau*, before they had done good or evil. For it is to be understood, he gave temporal favours, and spiritual graces likewise to *Jacob*, which he gave not to *Esau*, although he had bestowed on him favour sufficient for his accommodation. Otherwise, if one would bring this passage to the point of Prædestination to glory, who seeth not we must conclude, that as *Jacob* was prædestinated to eternal beatitude, without any consideration of good works, so *Esau* had been reprobated without any regard of his demerits: which is most false, and condemned by the Church. Let us then undoubtedly hold, that all passages of S. *Paul*, which he alledgeth in this point, have no other scope but to exalt the free gift of redemption, and fruits of the Cross of *Jesus*, above all legal ceremonies.

Rom. 3. 11.

3. And as for Saint *Augustine*, he labours mainly to ruin from the top to the bottom, the opinion of *Pelagians* and *Semipelagians*, whereof the one said, we were chosen to glory immediately by the good works we do by our own natural forces; and the other, to exercise some corrective upon this opinion which seemed too rigid, have written, The works of nature dispose us to grace, and grace to glory. Now our eminent Doctour undertaking to humble this proud nature, which they sought to raise to the prejudice of grace, and the bloud of our Saviour, gives many assaults, wherein he hath no other aim but to teach us this Prædestination, which he calleth preparation to grace, is not due to the merits of our free-will; but that God by his mercifull bounty poureth it into our hearts, to be the beginning of good works, to which he affordeth life eternal, crowning the favours himself inspired; and in this regard, he with S. *Paul* exalteth good works, which are productions of that seed of grace, which the Holy Ghost sowed in our hearts. Doth not the Apostle say (*a*) God prædestinated those he foresaw would be conformable to the Image of his Son; where four of the most famous Fathers of the Church S. *Cyril*, S. *Ambrose*, S. *Chrysostom*, and *Theodoret*, no otherwise understand this passage, but that prædestination to glory, followeth the prescience of good works? And what would S. *Augustine* affirm, when he said (*b*) the will of God could not be unjust, and that prædestination proceeded (besides the grace of God) by most secret merits, which were discovered to this divine eye, that discerneth all the actions of men?

S. Augustine onely pretendeth to ruin the opinion of Pelagians.

(a) Quos præscivit & prædestinavit conformes fieri imagini filii sui. Rom. 8.

Aug. de prædest. Sanctor. c. 3. Antequam faceret nos præscivit nos, & in ipsa nos præscientia; cum nondum fecisset bona.

Aug. l. 13.

(b) Quæ voluntas Dei injusta esse non potest: venit enim de occultissimis meritis. Apud Mag. l. 1. dist. 41.

4. Is there a soul so replenished with contradiction, which averreth not, That what God doth in a certain time, he determined to do it in his eternity? Now Faith teacheth us, he in that time by him determined, rendereth life eternal to the just for reward of their merit, as himself pronounceth in S. *Matthew*: (*c*) And therefore it is necessary to confess, God before all Ages was resolved to give the Crown of glory, not indifferently, but in consideration of good life, and laudable virtues. And for this it is to no purpose to say, the end of our intentions goeth before the means, whereby some infer, God first decreed beatitude, which is the end, then considered good works, which are the addres to this end: For I answer, when the end possesseth the place of salary, as this here doth, the merit is always presupposed before the recompence. And although the Master of a Tourneament wisheth the prize to one of his favourites, yet his first intention is, he shall deserve it by his valour. God taketh the like inclinations in this great list of salvation; he wisheth all the world palms, but willeth it to them, who well know how to make use of the helps of his grace.

Manifest reason.

(c) Matth. 25. Answer to objections.

Thus the most ancient, and graveſt Fathers of the Church thought; this sentence they agreed on before the impostures of *Pelagians* in the golden Age of the Church through a most purified ray. And to this purpose *Tertullian* said: (*d*) *God, who is very good of his own, was ever just of ours.* And S. *Hilarie* said most perspicuously: (*e*) *That Election was not an effect of judgement indiscreet, but that from the choice of merit, proceeded the distinction made for glorie.* S. *Epiphanius* expressed the like opinion, *That there was no exception of persons in the proceeding of God, but that it passed according to the merit, or demerit of every one.* Behold what we may gather from the soundest tradition of the Church.

The doctrine of the most ancient Fathers concerning prædestination.

(d) Tertul. de resur. carnis. Deus de suo optimus, de nostro justus.

(e) Hilar. in Psal. 64. Non res indiscreti judicii electio est: sed ex delectu meriti discretio est.

(*f*) But if we now weigh the second Article whereon we insist, which is the glory of God; it is an easie matter to see this opinion, which appropriateth a certain fatality of divine decrees, without other knowledge of cause, agreeth not with this immense bounty of God, nor the sincere will he hath to save all the world:

(f) The second point of reasons. That God is glorified in that he hath our works for prædestination to glory.

world: It is not suitable to his justice, nor to his promises or menaces he makes to virtues, or vices: besides it tormenteth minds, weakens the zeal of souls, and throweth liberty and despair into manners.

The complaint a Reprobate may make.

Why should not a miserable reprobate have cause hereupon to say: Ah, my Lord! where are the bowels of goodness and mercy, which all pens testifie, all voices proclaim, and laws establish? Is it then of honey for others, and of worm-wood for me? How cometh it to pass without any knowledge of merit, you drew this man from the great mass of corruption, to make him a son of your adoption, a coheir of your glory, and have left me as a black victim, marked with a character of Death? What importeth it me, that in this first choice you made, you did not condemn me without knowledge of cause? to think no good for me, was to think ill enough for me. Was I then able to row against the torrent of your power? Could I intrude into your Paradise, which you have fitly disposed like the Halcyons nest, whereunto nothing can enter but its own bird? You have built your Palace of a certain number of chosen pieces, in such sort, that the account thereof being made, and proportions valued, one small grain might not be added to encrease the number. What could I do in this dreadfull exclusion, but accuse your bounty, and deplore my unhappiness?

Aug. de verbo Apost. ser. 11. *Si posset loqui pecus, & dicere Deo, quare ipsum fecisti hominem, ut pecudem?* Answer to objections. *Gloss.* in Daniel.

Behold what a reprobate soul may object: and it were bootless to answer, that a bruit beast might complain in this fashion, that God had not made it a man, or the like might be alledged for infants, who die without Baptism: For as concerning beasts, nothing is taken from them, rather much given, when from nothing, being, and life, is afforded them with contentments of nature; and as for little infants, they endure no evil, and are no more disturbed to be deprived of the sight of God, than was *Nebuchadnezzar* for the Scepter of *Babylon*, when he in his infancy was bred among shepheards, thinking himself the son of a Peasant, and wholly ignorant of his Royal extraction. But to say, A man who dies at the age of discretion, and is delivered over to eternal flames, was condemned by God, without any other fore-sight of his works, is it not a cruelty, not worthy of ought but Calvinism? as if a father might be excusable in marrying one daughter richly, and cutting the others throat, to set her on a pyle. He who would judge wisely, must flie the very shadow of an opinion so damnable, and all which may seem to favour it.

The fruits of Gods glory derived from our Maxim.

6. Now as concerning the Doctrine which establisheth Prædestination upon grace and prevision of good works, it seems to stretch far towards the point of Gods greatest glory. It discovereth us his science, in attributing unto him an infinite survey over all the actions of *Adams* children before all Ages, by which it seasonably fore-saw all that was to be done, by all particulars, in so great a revolution of times: It in an instant affordeth us this most innocent knowledge, seeing we learn by the same way, that the prescience which God hath of our works, is no more the cause of our happiness, than my memory of the fireing of *Rome*, which happened under *Nero*; or than mine eye of the whiteness of snow, and fresh verdure of meadows by its simple aspects. Nothing happeneth, because God fore-saw it, but God fore-saw it, because it should so happen by motion of our free-will, and not by the laws of necessity.

Qui non est præscius omnium futurorum non est Deus. Aug. de civit. Dei l. 5. c. 9.

Moreover, the Justice of the great Master is very eminent in this action; for we do not say he works at random, and seeks to make boast of his power in the misery of mortals: but with the Scripture, that he separateth light from darkness with a diamond, to wit, a most strong and resplendent knowledge of the merit, and demerit of men. What sense is there to make a power, which takes its glory from ignorance, and is potent in contempt of reason? Is not this to make all terrible, even to its own favours? What sense is it to appoint a Judge to satisfie the whole world according to desert, and to make him sign Decrees irrevocable in favour of some one, before knowledge of all merit? Cannot we make him potent, unless we make him unjust?

Notable passage. *Adamante divit lucem, & tenebras.* Eccles. 16. 14. Secundum 70

Adde also, that in the feeling we have of Prædestination, the mercy of the most mild Father shineth with visible marks. For we do not make him to damn him through a negligence of thoughts, and coldness of affection, which cannot be in a God so active, or a heart so loving: but we believe his goodness extendeth to *Cain* and *Judas*, and would they have endeavoured, they had the means to gain beatitude, which never fails any man, if he want not correspondence.

Goodness of God.

In the end, we likewise acknowledge in this point the most prudent government of God, who will have nothing idle in nature, nor grace. He could enlighten us without the Sun, and afford us fruit without the earth: but he will his creatures operate, and that one unfold the rays of his substance, another supply with the juice of its bosom. In like manner, he is pleased we make his grace to profit us, to raise our riches out of his favours, and derive our glory from his bounty. He will give a title of merit to our happiness, to advance the quality of his gifts. He will crown in us, what comes from himself, as if it were wholly ours. Why shall we shut up the eyes of his wisdom? why tie up the hands of his liberality? An Ancient said, He more esteemed the judgement of certain men, than their proper benefits. God will, we value both in him, that we enjoy his bounty by favour, and his judgement by merit. The actions of the Sovereign Monarch are free from controul, as his gifts from repentance.

Si voluisset Esau, & cucurrisset, & Dei adjutorio pervenisset. Aug. ad Simp. l. 1. q. 2.

Third point. Repose of Conscience.

I will leave you now to conclude, what quiet we may have in our consciences upon the matter of Prædestination. I leave you to think whether a good soul have not cause to say: O be the Divine Providence praised for evermore, since it so worthily hath provided for me. I cannot adore its counsels, unless I love its goodness. It sweeteneth my pains, it comforteth my cares, when it teacheth me, my eternal happiness depends on him and me; on him, who loveth me tenderly, and on me, who cannot hate my self, unless I derogate from my essence, after I have failed in all virtues. Courage then, we roul not under this fatality which writeth laws on diamonds, and ties us to inevitable necessities. The fodder is not cast, we have yet the mettal boyling apace in hand; we may appear on the mould of virtue, we may make our selves such by the grace of God, as to put our salvation in assurance, our life into repose, and death into crowns.

I cannot fear God with a slavish fear, since he is nought but goodness: but I will ever dread my works, since I am frailty it self. Let us hereafter live in such sort, as we would be judged. Let us consecrate our life to innocency, and banish all sin. Let us undertake piety, humility, obedience, alms, and devotion towards the Blessed Virgin, which are most assured marks of Prædestination. Let us not presume of our own forces, nor despair likewise of Gods mercy. If we stand upright, let us still fear the declining of nature, which easily bendeth to evil, and if we stoop, let us quickly raise our selves again, making all avail to our salvation, yea, our proper falls. We have a great Advocate in Heaven, who openeth as many mouthes for us, as we have inflicted wounds on his body. We have inflicted them through

cruelty, and they will receive us through mercy, serving us towards Heaven for a chariot of triumph, as they were to us on earth a mirrour in life, and a sepulcher in death.

Drawn out of *Simeon* of *Constantinopl.*

The sixth EXAMPLE upon the sixth MAXIM.

Of the secret Power of Prædestination.

PROCOPIUS.

Marvellous secret of Prædestination.

PRædestination is an admirable secret, wherein experience teacheth us, there is nothing which the happy ought not to fear, nor any thing the miserable may not hope. Stars fall from the firmament, to be changed into dung-hills, and dung-hills of the earth mount to Heaven, to be metamorphosed into stars. The graces of God insinuate themselves by secret ways, and the impressions of the will are extreamly nice: all that past, is a dream, and the future a cloud, where thunders murmur in the dark.

Historia Patrum orientis, & *Radenus.*

We tremble when we read in the History of holy Fathers, that an Hermit, grown white in the austerities of Religion, understanding a notable thief had gained Heaven, by a sigh he cast forth in the instant of his death, was much displeased, and presently became nought, because God was good, blaming his mercy, to trie his justice: For one sole censure made him loose forty years of penance, and drew his foot out of Paradise, to deliver his soul to hell. I purpose here consequently to produce a singular conversion, that you may admire, and fear the secret ways of God. *Simeon* of *Constantinople* is the Authour of it, who enlarged it with many words, but I will abbreviate it into good proportion, which shall render it no whit the less effectual.

Actor. 12.

The Emperour *Diocletian* having pacified *Ægypt*, sojourned sometime in *Antioch*, of purpose to destroy the name of *Jesus Christ*, in the same place where the faithfull began to be called *Christians*. *Theodosia*, a great Ladie, came to him, bringing her son along with her, named *Neanias*, in very good equipage, with purpose to prefer him in Court, and satisfie her ambition. To make her self the more acceptable, she freely protested, her deceased husband died a Christian, that she had often attempted to work him to forsake this superstition, adverse to Gods and men, and that being unable to prevail upon his inveterate obstinacy, she had manured this young plant, (speaking of her son) carefully training him in the service of the gods and Prince, with infinite detestation against Christianitie.

Procopius presented to Diocletian.

Diocletian, who was much delighted with such accidents, loudly praised the Ladie, and casting his eye on *Neanias*, he found him of handsom shape, good presence, understanding, and valiant, whereof he conceived great hope he might prove hereafter a principal instrument of his desires. That which also pleased him the more, was, that putting him on the discourse of his education, he said his father did all he could to win him to Christianity, but that he ever stuck to his mothers side; not enduring the impertinencies of a Religion, which professeth a son as old as his father, a mother without a husband, a childbirth joyned to virginity, a God crucified, a Cross divinized, and such other extravagancies, whereat he set himself a jeering with so much tattle, that he gained the Emperours heart.

Scoffing dangerous.

Scoffs have this proper in them, that they penetrate very far into jocund minds, and though they proceed from a soft spirit, they often make more impression, than iron. The Emperour so well liked his humour, that he gave him a charge in the Citie of *Alexandria*, with two Companies to forrage round about, and cleanse the Countrey from the sect of Christians. The mother conceived much joy thereat, and the son, who seemed already to touch Heaven with a finger, put himself into action, for accomplishment of his Commission.

Admirable Conversion.

But, O the bottomless depth of Gods judgements! Behold he going about to surprize, is surprized, and of a Lion is become a Lamb, and of one victorious, a victim. He being near the Citie of *Apamea* in *Syria*, the earth shook under his feet, the air was enflamed with lightening, and thunders roared in the clouds, a voice came from Heaven, which said unto him: Neanias, *whither goest thou, and to what purpose is this equipage?* He, although much astonished, answered it was for the Christians. The voice replied, *Is it then to me you go?* But he, having the hardness to ask it, *who are you*, saw a Cross in the air, and heard these words: *I am* Jesus *the Crucified, Son of the living God, and you shall hereafter be a vessel of election for me.* This vision beat him down, to raise him like S. *Paul*, and of a persecutour, in a moment made him a Confessour. He secretly sent for a Gold-smith, and causing him to make a rich Cross, he embraced it, he kissed it, and carried it hanging about his neck, to engrave it in his heart.

In stead of persecuting the Christians, he turned his arms against a race of *Sarazins*, who over-ran the Countrey, and ravished maids, to satisfie their bruitishness, which filled houses with terrour, and tears. The Cross gave great success to his arms, and in short time having chased away this pernicious faction, he went to the Citie of *Antioch*, being already fully instructed in the points of his religion.

Inter-view between Procopius and his mother.

The mother, who knew not what had passed in this maatter, entertains him with much joy, not satisfying her self either with his sight, or in congratulating his triumphs. But he, who no longer cared for any thing under God, said: "I have obtained other victories which you know not. And what? *replied the mother.* Madam I have vanquished my self by the grace of God, and departing hence a Pagan, am returned a Christian, desiring nothing more in the world of you, but since you gave me birth, you will take example from me. How, my son (*sayes the mother*) you are disposed to be merry. *No*, replies he, and drawing out his Cross, *behold*, said he, *the marks of the Religion I profess.* She much amazed, drew him aside into her closet, and asked him, who had recommended this abomination to him, and whether he were become a fool? "There are none but fools (*said he*) who with reverence look after deaf, and dumb gods, the time is come these feeble Deities must be abjured, and all the works of darkness: and speaking this he ransacked his mothers closet, which was very sumptuous, breaking and throwing down the golden and silver idols, and withal saying, these silly entertainments were onely good to make money of, to distribute among the poor.

Revenge of Theodosia.

Theodosia was so offended at this act, that without any regard of bloud, and nature, she went to the Emperour, and related all had passed, resolving rather to deliver her sole son to executioners, than to loose the satisfaction of her revenge. *Diocletian* as much surprized with astonishment, as enflamed with anger, having praised the mother for her zeal, wrote to *Justus* Governour of *Palestine*, and commanded him to seize on the person of *Neanias*, and to seek by all means to reduce him to obedience, and in case of refusal, to take away his sword, and proceed against him with all the rigour of punishments ordained for Christians.

The Governour having received the Emperours Mandate, went with his Guards to the house of *Neanias*,

Neanias, and signified the tenour of his Commission, withal delivering into his hand the Emperours Letters, wherein perceiving some blasphemies against our Saviour, he tare them in pieces, and said to *Justus*: *Execute your Commission. I have a bodie to suffer, but not a soul to betray my Religion.* The other conjured him by all the ways of friendship, to take pitie of his age, and not become an enemy to his own life and fortune, adding, timorarious counsels are sources of irrecoverable evils. But the valorous Champion drawing out his sword, threw it at the Judge's feet, professing he was wholly gained to *Jesus Christ*, whereupon he fettered him, and led him to *Cæsarea*.

Constancy of Procopius.

His sufferings for Religion.

In few days he was brought to the Palace, to answer upon accusations objected, which he most freely averred, persisting in the confession of his faith with admirable constancy, which was the cause, the Judge proceeding according to ordinary forms exercised against the faithfull, made him cruelly to be beaten with rods, in sight of all the world. *Diocletian* thought by these shamefull and barbarous ways, to stifle Christianity: but these outrages practised upon men of quality, enkindled the courage of Christians, and sowed seeds of Martyrs. Many Pagans were seen, who deplored this punishment, beholding a young Lord whom they had lately seen triumphant in courtesie, in arms, and valour, delivered into the hands of hangmen, to be used like a thief. The Martyr perceiving the peoples tears, said: *Fathers, and Brethren, bewail not my sufferings, lament your own errours; my pains will pass away, but the torment of infidelitie shall be everlasting.* Then lifting his eyes to Heaven, he fervently besought God to fortifie him in his combats, to whom he resigned the total glory. *Justus* seeing him more courageous than he wished, sent him back unto the prison, where he was comforted with the sight of Angels, and it is said, our Saviour himself appearing, baptized him with his own hands, and gave him the name of *Procopius*, and heartened him, bravely to finish his combats.

The next day he came forth of prison, like the Sun out of clouds, his body reflecting lustre and majesty, when they thought him spent with excess of torments. The whole Citie was filled with rumour, and many souldiers secretly coming to the Bishop *Leontius*, were converted to faith, whereof the Governour advertised, made them presently to be beheaded, fearing to exasperate the Bands, if he longer deferred their execution. *Procopius* having once again been tormented, before he was brought back to prison, recommended these first victims to Heaven by his prayers, whose example was quickly waited on by twelve Ladies, full of honour, who made open profession of faith. *Justus* thinking it was a feminine heat, which would be quenched when torments were applied to their bodies, caused them cruelly to be tortured, commanded their sides and arm-holes to be burnt, yet they persevered, singing and praising God in the ardour of the most exquisite torments.

Theodosia mother of our Martyr, being present at this spectacle, felt her self touched to the quick: for the spirit of God entered powerfully into her. It suddenly took off the film, which in her had clouded the light of reason, making her see into the bottom of her soul, at which she conceived much horrour.

Change of Theodosia.

"Alas then, *said she*, within her self, who ever "lodged a heart so barbarous as thine, in the body of "a woman? All the bloud thou seest shed, distilleth "now to satisfie a revenge thou conceivedst against "thine own bloud. Thy son is in prison all rent and "torn, and if he yet have not rendered up his soul, he "keeps it on his lips, expecting (perhaps) thy last "words. If thou art not yet satisfied, go bathe thy "self in his wounds, and pull away that little life na"ture gave him by thy means, and which cruelty "taketh from him by thy practises. Ah *Theodosia*, "the most rigorous of women, and the most un"fortunate of Mothers, though thou hast abjured "nature, renounce not the God of nature. Hear the "voice which speaketh in thy heart, and render thee "to that *Jesus*, who begins to resign thee up to thy "self. Why wilt thou not do, what they act before "thine eyes? They have neither hearts of steel, nor "bodies of brass, more than thou: but more resolu"tion, because far greater faith. And why shouldst "not thou be faithfull, by imitating their example. "If thou hast provoked Gods mercy, thou hast not "wasted it. Let us go to Heaven by the purple way, "since the Providence of Heaven presenteth it unto "thee. The bloud of thy poor son yet speaks to "thee in so many tongues, as there are drops of it "shed in the streets. Let us follow him, and never "think that done too late, which soon shall work thy "eternal salvation.

She feeling the combat of these cogitations in her heart, suddenly cried out as in an extasie: *I am a Christian.* The Judge, who feared this act, gave semblance to hear nothing of it, but she redoubled her voice so loudly, and made so solemn a profession, that it was impossible for him to dissemble it: So that seeing she would not desist from this resolution, he was enforced to send her into the prison, where her son remained.

Procopius beholding her to come fettered with other Ladies, was infinitely joyed at this spectacle, and cried out aloud:

"Madam, my dear mother, who brings you? *To "whom she answered:* Loving son, the cause which "put you here, brought me hither to be the compa"nion of your death, since I am the murderess of your "life. I have betrayed bloud and nature, and deli"vered my bowels to executioners, to satisfie passion. "Virtue and honour being lost, nought else remains "for me, but the happiness to die with you for *Jesus "Christ*. It is Son, at this instant, I must accomplish "the words you spake to me at your return, that I "should take example from you, as you birth from "me. O God, most honoured Mother, behold here "a great touch from Heaven, (*said Procopius*) I have "nothing more to wish in the world, since I this day "behold you the precious conquest of *Jesus Christ*. "It is at this time when being a mother by nature, "you shall likewise be a mother to me by the example "of your piety: You are come to the point whither "God would have you, and all that is past, was but "to augment the glory of your conversion. Let us "go by the way of bloud, to the place where the soul "of your good husband, and my dearest father, expe"cteth us.

His imprisonment and martyrdom.

These two hearts wholly dissolved into the love of God, spake in thought, having not language enough to express their affection. *Theodosia* being in a short time after baptized by *Leontius*, was led to execution with the twelve Ladies, where she appeared as the singular ornament of this holy Quire, leaving her head in the place, where she had first confessed *Jesus Christ*, with a constancy so heroick, that she drew tears from all the world. *Procopius* having been tumbled up and down at divers Sessions before the Tribunals, whipped, roasted, broyled, salted, torn in all his body, the strength of his courage no whit shaken, stretched out his neck to the executioner, and yielded up his fair soul to God, learning in the conversion of his mother, and his own, the divine power of this great Prædestination.

VII. MAXIM.

of the Divinitie of JESUS.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That God will be served in any kind, and that every sect hath reason in its Religion.

THis Maxim of the Prophane Court, is an old dotage of obsequious spirits, who having no zeal for faith, and likewise less courage against impiety, do in apparence approve all Religions, and follow none. That is it which made *Symmachus* say, God was a great secret, and that it was no wonder every one sought after it, and spake according to his weak endeavour of it, some in one fashion, and some in another: That is it also which made *Maximus Madaurensis* write, He was too great to enter whole and entire into the understanding of man; but must be taken piece-meal, every one contenting himself to adore some Symbol of God, which seemed most convenient unto him.

Behold the shortest way can be taken to arrive at gross impiety; for it is to make a *Roman* Pantheon of Religion, where you shall have a thousand imaginary Divinities, without one least glimmer of the knowledge of the true God. Lies for some space accord together, although they spare not to oppose one another; but true Religion hath this property, to tend wholly to Monarchy, and if you speak to it of tolerating other sects, as if they were reasonable, it is to thrust thorns into the feet, and put straws into the eyes of it.

2 Cor. 6. *Jesus* hath nothing to do with *Belial*, the faithfull with the unfaithfull, nor the Temple of God with the synagogue of devils. All religions which wander from the ray of Christian and Catholick verity, are but chymæraes of piety, spectres of wisdom and flames, which lead these souls into an abyss of fire and darkness. There is but one Redeemer, to whom are due all services and adorations. And it is my desire for your comfort to shew you, that the Authours of all Sects, having in the end appeared so monstrous, it onely appertained to the Eternal Son of the Father celestial, to bear the testimony of all creatures for the homage of his Divinity.

THE HOLY COURT.

That none but Jesus *is Authour of truth and salvation, to whom all creatures bear witness of his Divinitie.*

harmony, which hath manifested the Word Eternal to the world, involved in times, and the increated Wisdom, included in the body of an infant. If we will look into signs from Heaven, I may say, that at the approach of this Nativity, the Sun appeared encompassed with a marvellous rainbow, willing thereby to give notice, the time of reconciliation was near, and that the great Mediatour, who should reunite all things in his Person, came to sanctifie the world by a universal peace. *Oros.* l. 6. c. 20. *Suet.* in *Aug.* c. 95. *Senec.* Lat. qq. *Dio.* l. 45.

I might alledge what was witnessed by *Eutropius* in his sixth book, and by *Eusebius* in his Chronicle, how three Suns were seen to shine at one time, afterward united and incorporated in one sole globe; in my opinion, so to denote three substances, to wit, of the Word, the soul, and flesh conjoyned in the sole person of our Saviour. I could say, how at that instant the Sun was environed with three circles, the one whereof bare a coronet of ears of corn, to testifie the plenty, which the Word Incarnate should bring into the world. I could adde what *Albumazer* the *Chaldæan* wrote in his Introduction, sixth Treatise, and first Definition, touching the apparition of a Virgin, in the first aspect of the sign *Virgo*. But let us rest satisfied, that Heaven spake aloud, making use of a new star, as of a tongue to declare the living God, and that this apparition became so famous, that even Infidels had authentick testimonies thereof, as we may see in the narration of *Chalcidius*, a Platonick Philosopher. And it is strange, that *Plinie* (a) himself speaketh of a certain star with silver rays, infinitely resplendent, which shewed God in a humane figure. Three suns. *Plin.* l. 2. c. 37. (a) Plin. c. 25. l. 2. *Fit & candidum comtes argenteo crine refulgens, at vix contueri licet, facie humanæ Dei efficiem in se ostendens.*

If we speak of the air, know we not it was illustrated with a great and divine light, which S. *Luke* called (b) *the glorie of God*. If we speak of waters; tradition teacheth us, a fountain was seen to spring in a poor stable, which was honoured first with the birth of the Son of God (c). If we speak of the earth, hath it not contributed to the revelation of the Word, when it made some of its trees bow, to adore the Saviour (d)? Did it not bear flowers visibly imprinted with the most noble characters of the living God, as *Rovillius* depainteth the Granadil? The birds of the air have rendered their homage by the means of a dove, which appeared in the Baptisms fishes in that, which served as a Steward, and Cashmaster to *Jesus Christ*. Four-footed beasts were remarkeable in the crib, because we have learned from the Prophet *Isaieh*, *the Ox hath known his Master, and the Ass the crib of his Lord*. (b) *Gloria Domini circumfulsit eos.* (c) Baronius. (d) Sozomen. l. 5. c. Rovillius de plantis. Joan. 1. 32. Matth. 17. 27. *Agnovit bos possessorem suum, & asinus præsepe Domini sui.* Isaiah 1.

of the revelation of the WORD INCARNATE, *and how all creatures bear witness of his Divinitie.*

THe great God, whom the Prophet *Isaiah* called, *the hidden God*, and who according to the saying of the Psalmist, had spread round about his throne a veyl of darkness impenetrable to mortal eyes, was unscarfed in the crib in the first of his days, in such sort, that you need lift up but simple clothes to know him. The Word Incarnate so visibly replenisheth all the world with its knowledge, that a man must be blind not to see its lights, and stupid to resist its love. We will content our selves at this time, to express three proofs: The one drawn from the voice of insensible nature; the other from reasonable nature; and the third, from divine reasons.

Voice of nature. It is an admirable thing to see, that Heaven and the elements have been willing to bear a part in the great

2. (e) If we pass from the voice of nature, to voices divinely humane, as are predictions; what is there more admirable than the universal consent of prophesies? He who should tell us, that a most beautifull statue of white marble had been seen in a Temple, all framed of pieces laid together, made by sundry artizans in divers Ages; in such sort, that one began the head of this statue, having no other determinate design; the other not seeing the head which was made, nor knowing it to be done, made a body, another an arm, (e) Voice of prophesie.

arm, another a hand, another a leg, another a foot, in the end, every one made his part, pursuing the same course; none of these excellent Masters knowing ought of his companions works: Notwithstanding, that all these pieces, wrought in sundry Ages, by so many several hands, and in Provinces so far distant one from another, being set together, it was found every piece was so curiously composed, and fitted to the entire body of the statue, that it might be said, All these Sculptours had long agreed together for the accomplishment of such a work.

If then this discourse in the Idæa's of men, have any place in the truth of Histories, as many have thought, must we not say some Intelligence governed the minds of all these Artizans, to cause them insensibly to consent in all the dimensions of this Master-piece so excellent and exact?

Let us here say the like, when we behold the great model of the Word Incarnate, which God placed in the frontis-piece of his works, to be admired and adored by all intellectual Nature. We find Prophets divided one from another, the distance of many hundred years, different in age, humour, condition, style, invention, order, and connexion, who could neither see one another, nor agree together in any kind, as were *David*, *Daniel*, and *Isaiah*: yet all without mutual knowledge laboured in the History of the great Saviour of men; one speaketh of his birth, another of his life, another of his doctrine, another of his manners, another of his miracles, another of his death, another of his victories and triumphs. When we take pains to gather together, and consider all these pieces, we find them measured and fitted with such proportion, that we are enforced to affirm, it is not a work of mortal hands, but an enterprize of the Spirit of God.

Excellent prophecies touching our Saviour. 49. Genes. *Non auferetur sceptrum de Juda, &c. Donec veniat qui mittendus est.*

Who inspired the Patriarch *Jacob*, that prophesied so many years before all Prophets, that the Messias, who was the hope of all Nations, should come, when the Scepter of *Judea* was taken out of the hands of *Judah's* race: which was fulfilled punctually in the time of *Herod*, who put the true Heirs of this Royal Line to death, to satisfie his ambition, and content his tyranny? Who dictated to the Prophet *Daniel*, (a) that after the Edict of King *Artaxerxes*, granted in favour of the re-establishment of the Temple, there should be seventy weeks to the birth of Christ, that is to say, the space of 490. years, which was found true by calculation of the best Historians. Who made the Prophet *Aggeus* speak with this thundering majesty, and worthy the lips of the God of Hosts, WITHIN A SHORT TIME I WILL MOVE HEAVEN, EARTH, AND SEA; THE DESIRED BY AL NATIONS OF THE WORLD SHAL COME, AND I WIL REPLENISH THIS HOUSE WITH GLORY? Was it not the same Spirit, which afterward wrought those great mysteries we see; who then shewed them to his faithfull servants? It is he who guided the pen of *Isaiah*, when he proclaimed the Messias should be born of a Virgin: he, who revealed to the Prophet *Micah*, this birth should happen in *Bethlehem*: he, who opened the eyes of *Zacharie*, to see him in the triumph he afterwards made in *Jerusalem*: he, who deciphered to *David* all the particularities of his passion in the second Psalm. This great consent of Prophets without design or art, astonished the *Jews*, who had the Scriptures in their hands, and could reckon up all the versicles of their Bible. They well saw, it was the uncontroulable voice of Prophets, but their vanity had so blinded them, that they rather wished to have no Messias, than to acknowledge him poor according to the world; although his very poverty had been reckoned by the Prophets in the number of his greatnesses.

(a) Dan. 9. 26.

Agg. 2.

Isaiah 7.

Micah 5.

Zach. 9.

Psal. 2.

Strange testimony of Gentilism.

3. Perhaps it will appear to be less strange, that the *Hebrews*, who were a chosen people, had so many revelations touching the Word of God. But who will not be rapt with admiration, to consider the words, which the wisest, the greatest, and most glorious of Gentilisin, left to posterity, concerning this mystery? I speak not of *Trismegistus*, of *Pythagoras*, of *Numenius*, nor of others, whose writings may be called in question. I speak of *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Cicero*. How came that into *Plato's* mind, which he so eloquently afterward couched in the fourth book of his laws? to wit:

(a) *That God should be to men the rule and measure of all things, and principally if it were so, or ought to be so in any part of the world, that there were a Man-God.*

(a) Ὅτι δὲ ἀνθρώπων χρημάτων μέτρον καὶ πολὺ μάλιστα τῶν τοιούτων ἀρχὴ ἁρμοττόντως ἂν εἴη. Plato l. 4. de legibus.

From whence think you came it, that *Aristotle*, who proceeded so advisedly in all his Maxims, let this word fall:

(b) *That it was no unbefeeming thing for the Gods immortal, to reveste themselves with humane nature, to destroy the errours, which were crept into the world?*

(b) *Non esse Diis immortalibus indecorum hominis induere naturam, quo ab erroribus seiocentur mortales.* Celius refert. l. 17. c. 34.

Who suggested to *Cicero*, one of the wisest Politicians that ever was amongst men, what he wrote in his Book of a Common-wealth?

(c) *That the time would come, there should be no other law at* Rome, *than at* Athens: *but that amongst all Nations, and in all times, there should be one same, eternal, and immutable law, one common Master, and Emperour over all, which should be God himself, the inventour, teacher, and introducer of this law: and that he who obeyed him not, should flie from himself, as a despiser of his own nature. But in this alone that he would not obey, he were grievously chastised, although he might escape all other punishment.*

(c) Cicer. l. 3. de Rep. *Nec erit alia lex Romæ, alia Athenis, alia nunc alia posthac: sed apud omnes gentes, & omni tempore una lex, Deus ille legis hujus inventor, disceptator, lator, &c. Jam nova progenies cœlo dimittitur alto. Te duce si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri, irrita perpetuus solvent formidine terras.* Virgil.

It were a thing superfluous, to alledge here the verses of the *Sybils*, which it is known were so expresse, that many of the principal of the Gentiles were converted to Christianity, by reading the testimonies these divine women rendered of the Word Incarnate.

We all likewise know, God to make this argument the more visible, permitted a little before the Nativity of our Saviour, that *Virgil*, the most eminent of all Poets, composed that his excellent work, where he expresseth in Latin verse the conceptions of *Sybilla Cumæa*, and speaketh plainly of a child which should be sent from Heaven to pardon the sins of men, and fill the earth with blessings. And to shew this was not alone in the minds of particulars, we read that towards the reign of *Augustus*, *Julius Marathus* foretold, Nature should bring forth a King for the worlds Empire. Which so amazed the Senate, according to the relation of *Suetonius* (d) the Historian, that they forbade to breed up children which should be born within the time this Southsayer had prefixed. Doth not *Josephus* (e) also make mention of the prediction, which said: *Nations came from* Judea *should become Masters of the universe?* The *Romans* understood not this language, but applied it, some to *Augustus*, others to *Vespasian*, until such time as truth drew aside the curtain, and made the accomplishment of these predictions, perspicuously appear in the Person of our Saviour.

(d) *Sueton.* in Aug. 54.

(e) *Joseph* l. 7. c. 11. de bello Judaico.

Nay not so much as *Porphirie*, yea *Mahomet*, and devils, but give some Elogie of honour to *Jesus*. *Porphirie* in the Treatise he made of the blessings of Philosophie, saith: *It is a great matter that devils themselves have spoken in favour of* Jesus, *confessing him to be endowed with singular pietie, for which cause he entered into possession of most happie immortalitie.* And *Mahomet*, *That the spirit of God bare record to* Christ *the Son of* Mary; *that the soul of God was given him; that he is the Messenger, Spirit, and Word of God, that his doctrine is perfect, and enlighteneth the Old Testament.* O God of the universe, how powerfull is verity, to derive testimonies in favour of his Word from the very lips of the most prophane!

Porphyrius. περὶ ἰδίου φιλοσόφ.

Alcoran. Azoar. I. 4. 11. 13.

4. Let us adde also some divine reasons in this brevitie,

Reasons of seemlinesse.

vitie, whereunto we have voluntarily confined our selves. Who sees not that humane understanding, constrained by the consideration of mysteries, doth homage also to the Incarnation of the Son of God? Where is that darkness which can hinder the bright day of faith? What can Infidels say? That this mystery is impossible? Impossible, how? Either on Gods part, or mans, or from the repugnance of humane understanding with such like propositions, because by their saying they involve contradictions. How, would it not be possible to God, he being Omnipotent, Immense, Infinite? How, according to the confession of ancient Philosophers, can he repleniſh all the world with his Divinity, and is not able to accommodate himself with enough of it to divinize his holy Humanity? Is it because we say it is united to the Word in this mystery, in a quite other fashion, than the Spirit of God is with the world? I admit it: For the union of it is truely personal. But must it not be confessed, the Word in this divine Essence, as under title of efficient cause, it hath an influence infinite over all the effects of the world, and as under title of final cause, it hath a capacity to limit and measure all the inclinations of creatures; so under title of substantial bound, it may confine and accompliſh by its personality all possible Essence? Why shall we tie the hands of Divine bounty in its communications, since it binds not our understanding in its conceptions?

Is it not a shamefull thing that man will estimate, and set a value upon the Divine Essence? If God please not man, he shall not be God. Should we say, man is incapable of this communication? And how is it, that the holy Humanity resisted the Omnipotency of God, to the prejudice of his own exaltation, since it is found as soon in the union of the Word, as in the possession of Essence? See we not in nature, that the rays of the Sun draw up vapours from the earth, and incorporated with them, do create Meteors in the air, not any one making resistance to his exaltation? What contradiction can there be in our understanding against such a maxim, seeing it appears the most famous Philosopher said, This union of God with man, might be very fit, and *Plutarch* also speaking of the communication of the Creatour with the creature, pronounced these words, *That God was not a lover of birds, nor other living creatures, but a lover of men; and that it is a very reasonable matter that he communicate himself to his loves, and delights?* But this would seem to abase the Divinity. Hear what *Volusianus* said: *I wonder, that he, to whom this whole universe is so small, can be shut up within the bodie of a little child, having a mouth open to crie, as others.*

Plutarch. in Numa. Θαῦμα δ' φιλορνιε, δ' φιλόθηρ ἄλλα φιλάνθρωπον.

Volusianus. *Miror si intra corpus vagientis infantiæ latet, cui parva putatur universitas, &c.*

What uncomelinesse is there, if God be united to a little body? Have not *Plinie* (a) and *Seneca* (b) said, That nature was ever so admirable as in little bodies, and that it was a slavery in Great-ones, to be unable to be little? *I wonder the Sovereign Lord of all things is so long absent from Heaven, and that all the government of the World is transferred to so little a creature.* From whence proceedeth this amazement, but from the baseness of our thoughts? If we said, God being made man, ceased to be God, and were despoiled of his Empire, Greatness, Essence, there would be somewhat wherewith to question this Mystery: but when we say God came to Man by inclination of a Sovereign bounty and mercy, not leaving himself, when we say humane nature is received into the Word, as a small source into a huge river, and not loosing its Essence, is fixed upon the personality of the Word it self, is it not to honour the power, majesty, and wisdom of God?

(a) Plin. *Natura nusquam magis quàm in minimis tota est.*

(b) *Servitus magnitudinis non posse fieri minorem.* Senec.

Homo quippe ad Deum accessit, Deus à se non decessit. Auguſt.

5. In what were the Divinity abased? Can it be in doing a work so noble, so singular, so divine, that it deserveth to entertain the thoughts of men and Angels, through times and eternity? What is more specious, and more sweet, than to represent to ones self the Person of our Saviour, who in himself makes an alliance of all was most eminent in spiritual and corporal nature, to wit, of God, and man; verily, say I, one composed of an unheard-of composition, to render the majesty of his father palbable, and visible, to the hands and eyes of mortals? What dignity, to behold in the world a Man-God, become a part of the world, to possess the Spirit of God from all eternity, who proposed this person as the end of his communications, the bound of his power, the first-born of all creatures; who held all Ages in breath for him, all hearts in desires, all minds in expectation, all creatures in prophesies? *The Book of God hath written me in the beginning of its first page*, said the Word with the Psalmist.

In capite libri scriptum est de me. Psal. 39. 8.

All creatures of this great universe, all predictions and conceptions of these two great books, the world, and the Bible, tended to the accomplishment and revelation of this God-Man, who should set a golden head upon all nature intelligent, sensitive, and vegetative. All creatures were but leaves, and flowers that promised the great fruit which the Prophet calleth, *The fruit of earth sublime.*

Isaiah 4. 20.

We must religiously speak what deserveth to be heard with reverence: It is for this incomparable man that God created the world; and all creatures are but as silly rays from the Diadem of glory, which covereth his head.

Religiosè dicendum, reverentèr audiendum est, quia propter hunc hominem sibris & honore coronandum Deus omnia creavit. Rupert. l. 13. de glor. Trinit. & proceſ. Spiritûs Sancti.

What a spectacle to see them all wound up as the strings of a harp, to praise and declare unto men the Name of God, to behold the nine Quires of Angels enter into this consort, and every one of them to honour this first Essence, by so many distinct perfections; notwithstanding all to confess their ability, cannot reach that degree which the Divine greatness meriteth? And thereupon behold here the Word Incarnate, which passing through all the spheres of nature, grace, and glory, enter into the new sphere of the hypostatical union, where it appears as a rainbow imprinted with all the beauties of the father; he manifesteth them to men, and making himself an adoring God, a loving God, an honouring God, he adoreth, he loveth, he honoureth God, so much as he is adorable, amiable, and honourable, through all Ages for evermore.

Let us unfold our hearts in the knowledge, and love of the Word revealed. Let us adore this great sign, this eternal character of the living God, for whom all signs are. Let us make a firm purpose not to pass over a day of our life, wherein we afford him not three things due to him, by titles so lawfull; Homage, Love, Imitation. Homage by adoring him, and offering him some small service directed according to times, in acknowledgement of the dependence we have of him, by an entire comformity of our wils to his: Love, by loving all he loves, and hating all he hates: Imitation, by ever bearing some mark of him upon our flesh, according to the Apostles precept, who said: *Glorifie, and bear God upon your bodie.* And to conclude, let us often say:

Feed (O Lord) thy poor begger with continual influences of this Divinitie, I ask and desire with all my heart, thy love may penetrate, repleniſh, and transform me wholly into thee. Bloſius.

The

The seventh EXAMPLE upon the seventh MAXIM.

The triumph of JESUS, *over the Enemies of Faith.*

JULIAN the Apostate.

Recedentes a te in terra scribentur. Jer. 17.

ALl those who forsake the Word of God are wretched men, blotted out of Heaven, to be written on earth, and whose names the earth it self being unable to preserve, abandoneth to forgetfulness, or contempt, and very often to execration. This is manifested by many sensible proofs in the examples of the Emperour *Julian*, who betraying his Religion, and dishonouring the character of Christianity, made himself one of the most miserable Princes that ever was under Heaven, leaving his soul as a prey for devils, his enterprizes to ill success, his life to a most bloudy death, his person to the scorn and hatred of men, and his memory to the detestation of all Ages.

Qualities of Julian, which shew, that without true Religion all is unprofitable.

Notwithstanding he wanted no eminent qualities, which might have raised him; had he not forsaken the source of height and glory. Birth gave him *Constantius*, brother of great *Constantine*, for father, *Basilina*, a most noble Princess for mother, an Emperour for uncle, three for cousin-germains, *Constantinople* for his native soil, and to serve for a Theater of great actions. He had a good wit, strong body, tongue eloquent, conversation pleasing, and courage masculine. There was not any science in the world whereof he had not some tincture, he most prosperously mingled arms with letters, and appeared as courragious in the front of Armies, as in learned Schools.

He very little esteemed his body, so much was his soul divorced from his flesh: worldly riches were nothing at all in his hands, nor did he value them, but to give them. He said, It was for those who had no spirit to beg praise from the body, that he was ever handsom enough who was chaste, and that if Painters made fair faces, chastity beautifull lives. His counsel was, to avoid love as an enraged Master, according to the saying of *Sophocles*, to live in the command over proper passions, and free enjoying of himself. The Gentlemen of his chamber, and all domesticks, who most nearly looked into his life, gave assurance, never was any thing more chast. He slept little, fed very soberly, continually afflicted his body, accustomed it to travel, in such manner, that he was seen in the snows of *Germanie*, and broyling ardours of *Persia*, perpetually in the same state.

After indefatigable toyls of the day, he betook himself by candle-light to studies of the night. He almost never lay but on the bare boards, and waked at an hour prefixed, not needing any one to give him notice. He expected so little service about his person, that being at *Paris*, which he called *His well-beloved Citie*, in the time of a sharp winter, when the *Seine* was frozen, scarcely would he suffer a fire to be made in his chamber, so discourteously he used himself. He hated not, superfluities, Bals, and Comedies, and if needs he must sometime permit them, it was more to reprove, than behold them. He afforded good and speedy justice, his heart was patient, and temperate towards the people, whom he freed what he could from tributes, making his impositions accord with the ability of particulars, and saying, He would leave his treasures to be kept by his good friends, which were his subjects.

Is it not a lamentable case, that so great a man was so miserably lost, with so many excellent parts, for want of preserving the best, which is piety. It is true, that almost all our Historians have written of him with much rigour, dissembling what was good in him, to render him the more odious; but for my part, I am of opinion, the greatness of Christianity more appeared therein, if having shewed the ornaments of nature which this Prince had, we make you plainly see, all that very ill succeeded with him, and that we cannot find any other source of his misery, but his infidelity.

The causes of his corruption.

The judicious Readers shall here observe the cause of his ruin, and consider the first education of children is an impression very tender, which being not well mannaged in the beginning, filleth the whole life with disorders. Tutours are the fathers of spirits, said S. *Irenæus*, as having more influence over the resemblance of souls, than carnal fathers over bodies. Ill luck would have it, that little *Julian* being left young in the guardianship of his uncle *Constantine*, was recommended to *Eusebius* of *Nicomedia* to be instructed in faith. Now this *Eusebius* was a wolf in a lambskin, who counterfeiting to be very Catholick, ceated not by his credit, to advance Arianism: so that this young Prince fashioned at first by so ill a hand, could not entertain belief and reverence towards the Person of our Saviour. Heresie is the key of Atheism, and when a soul is disposed to contempt of its gracious Mother on earth, it easily learns no longer to acknowledge a Father in heaven.

Tutours are fathers of spirits.

Ecebolus an hypocrite.

He being so ill grounded in the elements of faith, was put under the discipline of a Rhetorician, named *Ecebolus*, who turned with all winds, and admitted Religion according to the times. For when he saw Christian Emperours reign, he for ceremony seemed a Christian. If Pagans swayed, there was none more insolent than he. If Empire returned again to Christians, he placed himself in Church-porches, beseeching every one to tread on him as a thing contemptible. He above all hearkened to, and honoured *Libanius*, one of the greatest Sophisters of his time, but a Pagan till death. He had a spirit mild, and very indifferent upon articles of Religion, he equally received Christians and Pagans into his school, and permitted S. *Basil* himself to preach to his schollars: but omitted not silently to contrive the means how to reestablish the Altars and Temples of the Gods. He reflected on *Julian* as the Palladion of Gentilism, and bound him fast to his own person, by the charms of his eloquence, to apply him to his counsels.

School of Julian.

All the little piety which *Julian* might have learned from a man who had none, began to wither away in a school where all was known but God. *Apollo* there possessed the name of *Jesus*, *Diana* of *Mary*, *Aristotle* & *Plato* were the *Prophets*, *Isocrates* the Preacher, and the names of *Tritons* were there better understood, than of S. *Peter* and S. *Andrew* the fisher-men. This new disciple took such a tast of eloquence, that it made him forget devotion: he would have given a whole Province for an Epistle of *Libanius*, and it seemed to him, he who was King of words, might become a King over hearts, and Empires. His spirit of fire took nourishment on all sides, and devoured as well cedars as thorns. He as yet retained some affection towards the knowledge of sacred things, but curiosities predominated in his mind. He penetrated all he could, into the secrets of sciences, to loose the mystery of faith.

It is the beginning of infidelity, to deifie a man by the tongue, and to think the Kingdom of God consisteth in words. Who hath not faith and virtue, satisfying himself with learning and sciences, resembleth those *Indian* trees, which bear muskie Pears, whose smell is very oderiferous, and tast pleasing; but yield a pestilent juice, wherewith they use to envenom arrows.

Julian

How he became depraved.

Julian ſtill manuring his ſtudies, and neglecting piety, became very vain, greedy of ſlighteſt applauſes, a great talker, a profuſe ſcoffer, extreamly curious to know things future, doubtfull in faith, temerarious in ſearch of things divine, wedded to his own opinion, obſtinate in his errours, and laſtly an enemy of Chriſtianity.

Judgement of S. *Gregorie Nazianzen.*

S. *Gregorie* ſaith, he then obſerved in him an inconſtant wit, a fickle head, a wandering eye, unſteddy ſhoulders, roaming feet, vehement laughter, garbs and countenances immodeſt, queſtions ridiculous, anſwers much worſe, and many other things which promiſed nothing good in him. *Maximus*, a Pagan Philoſopher and a Magician, concluded his corruption, pouring into the bottom of his ſoul the blackeſt impiety that might be.

He was twenty years a Chriſtian, and ten projecting the change of his Religion, ſtill much tottering; yet never daring to let it break forth, for fear of the Emperour *Conſtantius* his couſin, who was very ſuſpitious, and one who never would have ſuffered this alteration of Religion in him. He kept him much under, without train, officers, money; ſaw him very ſeldom, and uſed him with ſeverity: ſo that *Julian* feared the Court like fire, and never durſt lift up his eyes before *Conſtantius*, whom he called the hangman of his family.

Fear, which is an ill Miſtreſs of duty, held him in under the maſk of Religion whileſt the Emperour lived, who nothing at all miſ-doubting his wicked purpoſes, aſſociated him to the Empire very ſolemnly. For, having in a great aſſembly of his States pronounced a brave Oration upon the choice he made of him, he with his own hands gave him the Purple Robe, calling him *Brother*, and conjuring him to ſet his ſhoulders equal with his, to ſupport the burden of Empire; and to knit this amity with a ſtronger knot, he gave him his ſiſter *Helena* in marriage, who was not long liv'd. All ceremonies of dignity and wedlock done, he ſent him to govern the *Gauls*, where he performed many brave feats of arms againſt the *Almaignes*.

He is a Chriſtian for policy, and was an Infidel in his ſoul.

Then was the time when in ſo great liberty he was uttterly depraved, yet ſtill ſo reſerved, that although already a Pagan in ſoul, he durſt not paſs great feſtivals without going to Church, and performing all the ceremonies of Chriſtian Religion, as he did on the day of *Epiphanie* whileſt he was in *France*, according to the obſervation of *Ammianus Marcellinus*. He vaunted in an Epiſtle he wrote to the *Athenians*, that he had three times paſſed the *Rhene*, pacified the *Gauls*, ſubjugated all the rebellious towns, delivered twenty thouſand priſoners out of the hands of Barbarians, and ſent much matter of triumph to *Conſtantius*. But whether it were that vanity, by which he extolled his ſlighteſt proweſſes, made him odious, or whether ſuch as envied his glory, did him ill ſervice with the Emperour, all he did, had not that great ſplendour which he paſſionately deſired in all his actions.

Marcel. l. 21. Proweſs of *Julian* among the *Gauls*.

Conſtantius, who ever dreaded this his nature, much like a ſtanding water, cauſed him to be narrowly looked into at firſt by truſty men; but he by little and little ſhook off this yoke, and made himſelf to be beloved, as much as he might, among the *Gauls*, as well the natives of the countrey, (who were pleaſed with the freeneſs of his humour) as the ſouldiers, whom he ſecretly won with fair promiſes and large hopes.

Subtility of *Julian* to invade the Empire.

In the end, whileſt the Emperour, who was an heretick, began the perſecution of the Eaſtern Church, this man prepared a faction againſt him in the Weſt. For imagining he was already ſtrong enough, he cauſed himſelf to be proclaimed Emperour by ſecret practiſes, feigning otherwiſe to refuſe all he deſired. He began to play this goodly game with impatient ardour, being then at *Paris*, for there it was where the legions of ſouldiers, encompaſſing him at the ſhutting in of evening, called him *Auguſtus* with loud cries: whereupon he at firſt made a ſhew he would flie, and hide himſelf: but at break of day he appeared, gently reprehending the ſouldiers for what they had done, and apparently ſeeming to refuſe the title of Emperour. They, who were hired to undertake this attempt, cried out ſo much the louder, as he the more denied the honour offered him. He in the mean time, to omit nothing in this diſſimulation, held forth his hand like a ſuppliant, and intreated this might not be, wherewith they ſeemed offended, unleſs he ſpeedily embraced what they preſented. He was requeſted, that to content the Legions, he would inſtantly grace himſelf with a diadem. He anſwered, It was an ornament he never thought upon, nor regarded it at all. Some thereupon cried out aloud; he might do well to put his wifes dreſſings upon his head. But he replied, It were no good preſage to adorn a *Cæſar's* head with womens attires. Whereupon ſome ſaid, he muſt then make uſe of rich horſ-trappings to counterfeit a diadem. But *Julian* oppoſing it, ſaid: *He neither would be a woman, nor a horſe.*

The Count *Maurus*, who had the word, pulled off his chain, and put it over his head, the ſouldiers redoubling their acclamations with much alacrity. When altogether unable ſufficiently to diſſemble this jugling, he not onely accepted this diadem, but promiſed to each ſouldier five crowns of gold, and a pound of ſilver, and then preſently diſpatched an Embaſſadour to the Emperour with expreſs letters to this purport:

Embaſſage of *Julian*.

That the ſouldiers had ſaluted him Emperour, which in the beginning he much diſliked, endeavouring to repreſs them as well by authoritie, as fair ſpeeches, but they perſiſted ſo obſtinate in their enterprize, that he ſhould have incurred the peril of his life, had he not given them ſatisfaction. Behold the cauſe, wherefore he was enforced to take the diadem, with all poſſible repugnance. But that he more eſteemed the judgement and approbation of Conſtantius, *than all the Empires in the world, and beſought him not to hearken to envious ſpirits, who laboured to embroil them, to advance their own ends; but that regarding his birth and loyaltie, he would confirm him in the honour conferred, proteſting to be nothing the leſs pliant to his commands, and that the period of his obedience, ſhould be the end of his life.*

Conſtantius fell into ſuch a fury upon this news, that he deigned not ſo much as to ſee his Embaſſadour, but ſent him preſently a letter of diſclaim, which he deſired might be read to the Army, commanding forthwith to lay down the title of *Auguſtus*, unleſs he would leave his life. *Julian*, who already had paſſed the Rubicon, hazardeth the buſineſs, and advanced towards *Italie* with his troups: wherewith the Emperour infinitely irritated, made an Oration in the midſt of his Army, ſhewing to the ſouldiers the treaſon and wickedneſs of *Julian*, in terms very preſſing, and ſaying, He went to require a ſpeedy ſatisfaction, well knowing, *God condemneth the ungrateful with an everlaſting judgement.* Hereupon every one cried out, he muſt needs march on to fight with the traitour and rebel: and verily the Emperour haſtened thither by great journeys, at which time he felt himſelf ſeized by a feaver ſo ardent, that he burnt like an oven, and was beſides ſo troubled all night with dreams and horrible viſions, which told him his good Angel had forſaken him, and that it was time to leave life and Empire: which he did, being chaſtiſed by God for his cruelty towards Catholicks, and by his death, left *Julian* in full poſſeſſion of all. He inſtantly pulled off the maſk, and cauſed the Temples of the gods to be opened, perſecuting Chriſtians, not ſo much by the bruitiſhneſs of *Diocletian*, as with ſubtile wiles of a wiſe Politician.

Numen parcendi ſuffragio damnati ingrati.

Death of *Conſtantius*.

But behold the invincible force of our Religion, and how unhappineſs is neceſſarily tied to all their deſigns,

Puniſhments of *Julian* remarkable.

deſigns, who forſake the true God. He was reſolved to ſhut up the name of Chriſtian within a narrow nook of the earth, calling us by the name of *Galileans*. But God limiting the enterprizes of this impious man, and not confining his own name, hath covered with the beams of his own glory and knowledge, all the parts of the habitable world, and contrariwiſe the name of this deplorable Prince is ignominious: For although Emperours the moſt bloudy againſt our religion, are named without addition, never almoſt is *Julian* pronounced, but that for a note of eternal infamy, the *Apoſtate* is added. He ſet out an Edict, by which he deprived Chriſtians of the knowledge of letters. Yet God hath permitted millions of Writers to ſpring up in Chriſtianity, whileſt other ſuperſtitions, as Judaiſm, Gentiliſm, and Mahometiſm, being now fallen into extream ignorance, there is none but Chriſtianiſm, the mother of ſciences, and miſtreſs of mankind.

He reſolved to re-edifie the temple of *Jeruſalem*, and having given the commiſſion thereof to *Alipius*, balls of fire were ſeen to iſſue from the foundations, as faſt as they laid them, which made the deſign as frivolous, as the place was inacceſſible. He extreamly affected honour, yet change of religion made him ſo contemptible, that the moſt abject people mocked at him, ſaying, he muſt ſhave his beard to make halters, and that he ſpent ſo much in ſacrifices, that he would unfurniſh the world of ſheep and oxen. He ſought to give himſelf authority, yet were his laws ſpiders webs, continually broken by his ſubjects. In the end, to imitate *Alexander*, he would undertake a war againſt the *Perſians*; but after infinite many toils, he was there ſtrucken by a blow from Heaven, which quickly concluded his life, and ſhut up his mouth by the blaſphemy we have heard, when, filling his hand with bloud, which diſtilled from his body, he threw it againſt heaven, and ſaid: *Thou, O Galilean, haſt vanquiſhed.*

This miſerable Prince, who thought by the help of his falſe Gods, to command the waves of the ſea, and to walk upon Stars, being pulled from the Empire at the age of thirty and one year, and the firſt of his reign, was carried on a beer, as a ſad ſpectacle for all thoſe who adored his fortune. His death was waited on by the bone-fires of *Perſians*, and joy of Chriſtians, whoſe chains this day were diſſolved, his memory was buried in execrations and horrours, nor were there any, yea, of pens the moſt facred, who had not gall for him: ſo true it proves, that a man who hath defiled his ſanctification, and ſets *Jeſus* aſide, findeth hell every where, as in all things he ſought to oppoſe the Divinity.

VIII. MAXIM.

Of the Perfections of JESUS, *which make him amiable.*

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That we ſhould love things viſible, not troubling our ſelves with inviſible.

ALl the greateſt evils in the world do ordinarily proceed from the ill manage of love, which exceeding the limits preſcribed by God, cauſeth every where a deluge, to occaſion afterward diſaſters. Senſual men perſwade themſelves, one cannot love but by the eyes: And verily they are thoſe, who according to the ſaying of *Clemens Alexandrinus*, *begin the ſkirmiſh in all the battels of worldly love.* And if we follow the opinion of the Prophet *Iſaiah*, we ſhall term them *The feet of the heart*, ſince by them it goeth to objects of bodies; to which it inclines.

Διὰ τοῦτο λαμβάνουσι τὰς ἀφορμὰς ἐκ τῶν αἰσθητῶν. Clem. Alex. *Natibus oculorum ibant.* Iſaiah 3.16. Baſeneſs of worldly loves.

But, O good God, how wretched are theſe loves of things viſible! ſince they idolatrize a little skin, and reſemble the people called *Aſtomes*, who are clothed with leaves, and live on ſmoke. The carnal man, who daily crucifieth himſelf upon ſo many croſſes, as he entertaineth thoughts for the creature he loveth, is taken by the eye, with a little exteriour skin, called by the Phyſitians *Epidermis*. Pull that away from this body, which gives him ſo many martyrdoms, he would think that a monſter, he now adoreth for a Goddeſs. Is not this a ſtrange weakneſs of judgement, and muſt we not confeſs the eyes ſo enflamed in their purſuits, are very ſcanty in their fruition, reſerving to themſelves no other object, than thin colours, which put upon them ſo many illuſions, to occaſion ſo many flames?

Aſtomorum Gens veſtita frondium lanugine, halitu tantum vivens.

Love of inviſible things moſt penetrating.

I hold, every judicious man will be enforced, through the ſole conſideration of nature, to affirm the moſt noble loves, yea, the greateſt are employed on things inviſible. For behold, a woman, who with a moſt lively and fervent affection loved her husband, be he taken away, and carried to a tomb in the flower

THE HOLY COURT.

That all love is due to *Jeſus Chriſt*, by reaſon of his incomparable excellencies.

of his age, and greateſt ſplendour of his fortune, ſhe preſently becomes paſſionate at it, more through neceſſity, than election: It is not (to ſpeak truly) the body ſhe loveth; for ſhould that be left to her diſcretion, it would in a ſhort time become inſupportable. What is it then ſhe eſteemed moſt in this perſon? The ſpirit, which imprinted the character of its beauty, and vigour upon this mortal fleſh: yet that notwithſtanding ſhe ſeeth not at all, nor ever did, which maketh us believe, her love was of a thing inviſible.

We love excellent men, though ſeparated from us by ſo many lands and ſeas, yea, by death it ſelf, becauſe we have ſeen ſome ray of their wits upon paper: We love virtues, which have neither bodies, nor colours; yea, the Amoriſts of the world, confeſs they often feel vehement paſſions, not for the nobility, riches, or beauty of ſuch women as they court; well imagining, there are other of them much more accompliſhed in all kind of perfections, who notwithſtanding make no impreſſion upon their minds. What is it then they love? That, which they cannot ſee, ſpeak unto, nor think on; ſo true is it, that the moſt penetrating arrow of love, proceedeth from things inviſible.

But if that be acknowledged in natural objects, how much more by juſt titles, ſhould it be in things divine, which have attractives ſo much the more noble and entire, as they have qualities more ſolid and eminent. I will here ſhew, God hath ſet a *Jeſus* compoſed both of viſible and inviſible, upon the frontiſ-piece of the Temple of Eternity, as a lively Image of his greatneſs, to draw to himſelf the love of Angels and men.

Excellencies in the Person of our SAVIOUR.

Works of Great men. 2 Reg. 18. 18. *Vocavitque titulum nomine suo, & appellatur manus Absolom.*

1. GReat-ones naturally delight to do works, wherein they heap together the most visible marks of their power. So *Absolom*, made a proud monument to preserve his memory, which he called *The hand of Absolom*. So *Solomon* made a magnificent throne all of ivory, covered with plates of gold, environed with statues of Lions, very gracefully set out, and the Scripture assureth us, there never was such a piece of work through all the Kingdoms of the world.

3 Reg. 10. 18. *Non est factum tale opus in universis regnis.* *Baron.* Annal. *Just.* 31. Cedr. l. 4. c. 30

So *Justinian* the Emperour made the Altar of Saint *Sophie* of gold, silver, and precious stones, out of all the rarities in the world, which he caused to be melted, and incorporated into one mass; a wonder never till then known, nor used. So we have many times heard talk of the seven wonders of the world, which are at this time, but seven silly Fables upon a piece of paper.

Singular work of God. A God Incarnate.

I now demand of you, if mortals, who can do nothing immortal, do notwithstanding endeavour to leave contracted works to posterity, for witness of their greatness; what should the Father of glory and sovereign Monarch of the whole world do? Were it not a thing very reasonable, and befitting his Majesty, that having distended the rich pavillion of the Heavens over our heads, which is notwithstanding no other than the works of his own hands, (as the Scripture speaketh) he made a monument, wherein he might employ the strength of his arm, and assemble together all the most delicious attractives of his beauty, and the most conspicuous characters of his power? And this verily is it he did in the mystery of the Incarnation, affording to the earth, a Man-God, of whom we cannot discourse, but must say what S. *Hilarie* did: *My understanding feareth to touch the discourse of this great Word, and I have not a word which trembleth not to be uttered before such a divine light.* Let us imitate those sacred creatures of the Prophet *Ezechiel*, which clasp their wings, when they hear the voice of God in the firmament: Let us hearken, and say with reverence, what Saints did of the excellencies of the Person of *Jesus Christ*.

Hilar. 2. de Trinit. *Filium mens veretur attingere, & trepidat omnis sermo se prodere.*

Excellent qualities of *Jesus Christ*. Isaiah 9. *Candor lucis æternæ.*

2. If we seek his name in the Prophet *Isaiah*, he teacheth us, he is called ADMIRABLE. If we look for his beauty in the writings of the *Wiseman*, he instructeth us, it is THE BRIGHTNESS OF ETERNAL LIGHT. If we consider the band of two natures in the Person of the Redeemer, and so much riches and treasure arranged in good order, we shall find the Prophet *Zacharie* compareth them to a Pomegranate. If we reflect on his Divinity, it is THE ANGEL OF THE FIRST FACE, according to the Evangelical Prophet. If we weigh his continuance, HE IS THE ELDER OF THE DAYS, AND FATHER OF AGES. If science, HE IS THE INTERPRETER, AND ORACLE OF DIVINE MYSTERIES. If the harmony of his wisdom, HE IS THE HARP OF THE LIVING GOD, in the thirty sixth Psalm. If his office, HE IS THE ETERNAL BISHOP OF SOULS, in S. *Peter*. If his effects, HE IS THE RESTORER OF AGES. All lips are opened with singular prerogatives in honour of the Saviour, and are all dried up in the abundance of his praises.

Zach. 12. *Adrademmon, malogranatum.* Κατὰ. 70. Isaiah 64. *Revelator secretorum.* Genes. 41. Ægyptiis. 1 Pet. 2.

It seems *Constantinus Manasses* said well in his Ecclesiastical Annals, when he named the Word Incarnate, *the universalitie of perfection*: For it is there where God hath engraven as on gold, the last draughts of his love, power, wisdom, consummation of his designs and counsels over men. And it is that, which, according to my opinion, moved the grave Authour *William* of *Paris*, to say, it was *the Face of the last beautie*. Now know, that to understand this title, it is necessary to consider an axiom of Saint *Thomas*, which saith, The great diversitie of creatures in all the orders of the world, hath no other aim but to represent the Divinitie by some image whatsoever. And in so much as the Sovereign Essence is infinite, it was expedient to produce many things, that the one might supply the others defects, and all conspire to express some character of Divine perfections. So that God beholdeth himself figured in such varietie of beauties, as appear from earth to Heaven.

Jesus a concurrence of all perfections. παγκάλως. *Facies ultimæ pulchritudinis.* Guil. Paris. 1. p. de univer. p. 1. c. 26.

Divina assimilatio est causa diversitatis in rebus. S. Thom. opusc. 2. c. 102.

But all these beauties being unable to pourtraict him to the life, he painted himself in the mysterie of the Incarnation, which is his true table, his design, his work, wherein he included his Essence, and all his Excellencies, and in which he bounded, and limited himself, it being impossible to make any thing more worthy, or greater, than a God humanized, and a man deified.

He is the visible Image of a God invisible, the first-born of all creatures, because in him, and by him, all things were made, and it pleased the heavenly father, that in his Person alone a plenitude of all perfections should inhabit.

Colos. 1. 15. *Imago Dei invisibilis primogenitus omnis creaturæ, quoniam in ipso condita sunt universa, in ipso complacuit omnem plenitudinem inhabitare. Per eum & in eo scire vult Deum, & cœli.*

The *Valentinians* said, God the Father of the universe, is in his Paradise as in the midst of a garden enamelled with flowers, and that these flowers were the Intelligencies, whom he enlightened with his lights, sanctified with his virtues, animated with his aspects, and quickened with his own life. That he beheld himself in all, and saw therein some draughts of his beauty very well expressed: yet notwithstanding they being most insufficient in comparison of the first Essence, it pleased the Eternal Father to make a Man-God, to be the King of all these Intelligencies, which they termed, *Aeons*; and for this purpose they added, That having taken the most exquisite beauties from all the flowers of this divine garden, he fitted and enchased them in the great work of the Word Incarnate. It were too prophane Theologie to take it outwardly by the letter, and it is no wonder if *Tertullian* mocked at it, objecting to them they made *Æsop's* Jay, or *Hesiodus* his *Pandora*, of the Redeemer. But if we speak according to true Divinity, we say, this God-man containeth in eminency all the virtues and beauties of Angels, to the end he may, in, and through all, hold the primacie. But to give at this time some limits to a discourse, which of its nature runneth as it were into an infinity, we say, that as the first *Adam* falling, was infected with sin, darkened with ignorance, ruined in power; so the second *Adam* bearing himself as the restorer of humane nature, took three eminent qualities upon him, wherein all his excellencies conclude, which are sanctity, wisdom, and power.

Tertul. Apolog. c. 2. Invention of *Valentinian.*

Ut sit in omnibus primatum tenens. Colos. 1. 19.

Three excellencies of Jesus, wherein all other are concluded.

His sanctity.

And to begin with sanctity, we find the word, Holy, was heretofore properly given to three sorts of people. First, to those who were purified by the bloud of the Hoast, wherewith they were sprinkled, for so were the expiations of the old Law performed, to figure the effusion of the bloud of *Jesus Christ*: *Saints were anciently those who were chafed and sprinkled with bloud of the victim, immolated in the Sacrifice*, say school Divines. 2. This name was appropriated to those who alienated themselves from secular life, and affairs, to serve God. 3. Such as in this separated life, lived much purified from the dregs and contagion of sensuality. This being so, who seeth not, the excellent title of sanctity wholly appertaineth to *Jesus Christ*, because he purgeth all the Mass of mankind, not onely by the sacred effusion of his bloud; but likewise being sequestered, and separated from his mothers womb, to the honour of his Heavenly Father, he led a life in the most eminent height might ever be imagined. His sanctity hath three incomparable Prerogatives. First, it is a sanctity not of participation, but of essence, to wit, of necessity, and inde-

Exod. 24. 8. *Ille verò sumptum sanguinem respersit in populum, Hic est sanguis fœderis quod pepigit Dominus nobiscum.* *Sancti quasi sanguinantes.*

independencie, sanctity being as intimate to God, as his Divinity: That is it S. *Dyonisius Alexandrinus* would say in the disputation against *Paulus Samosetanus*, that the sanctity of S. *John Baptist*, and all other Saints, was the work of God; but this in *Jesus*, was the nature of God himself. Secondly, that it is the original and exemplar cause of all sanctities in the world, which borrow all lustre of lights from the first sanctity. Thirdly, that it hath been through all times in freedom from sin, as well because the created sanctity of *Jesus Christ*, was governed by the increated sanctity, as for that it was moistened with sources of capital Graces, and inseparably tied to the beatified vision. O Eternal Word! how worthy art thou to be called by thy Prophet *Daniel*, The Holy of Holies, worthy the Seraphins should sing for thee eternally the Trisagion, *Holy, Holy, Holy*, worthy to bear the seal of Sanctity, and to imprint thy characters upon all the Saints. *I will establish thee* (saith the Scripture) *as the true seal of the world, because I have chosen thee.*

ἁγαγὼ μὲν ἅγιον ἅγιων ἀνωνόμασε, ἅγιον ἅγιος ἐφώνει.

Ungetur Sanctus Sanctorum. Dan. 6.24.

Posuit te quasi funiculum, quia te elegit. Agg. 2. 2.

4. The great and eminent wisdom is united to sanctity: for as very well saith S. *Bonaventure* t *As all plenitude of Grace was in* Jesus Christ, *so there was a plenitude of wisdom by a necessary association.* It was a wisdom increated on the part of the Divinity, a wisdom beatifying, capital, infused, experimental in the holy Humanity, acquired unto it from treasures of infinite sciences; in such sort, that it had knowledge of all things created, past, present, future, possible, impossible, discovering the most small Atomes from the highest Heaven, to the lowest depths.

His wisdom. *Sicut in Christo fuit omnis plenitudo gratiæ, ita & omnis plenitudo sapientiæ.* S. Bonavent. Theol. verit. c. 15. l. 4.

The Word of the celestial Father, God of God, light of light, wisdom of wisdom, knoweth all the Father knows: but knowledge cometh to him from the Father, as well as Essence. It is the river Tygris whereof the Scripture (*a*) speaketh, which overfloweth in the beginning of seasons; the river which spreadeth it self into divers channels to moisten all the wise, which are the plants of his garden. His thoughts are of larger extent than the sea, and his counsels far deeper than abysses.

Verbum Dei Patris, Deus de Deo, lumen de lumine, sapientia de sapientiâ novit omnia, quæ novit Pater, sed ei nosse de Patre est, sicut esse. Aug. l. 15. de civit. c. 14.

(*a*) Eccl. 24. *Tygris in diebus novorum, fluvius Dionysius. A mari abundavit cogitatio ejus, &c.*

The two Testaments, as well Old as New, behold *Jesus Christ*, as the Cherubins did the Propitiatory: but there is as much difference between the Old and New, as between the grain of corn, and the ear, according to the saying of *Job* the Monk, in *Photius*. The doctrine of *Jesus Christ* surpasseth all other doctrines, because it hath its force and root in the Cross, as S. *Hierom* speaketh (*b*): *Jesus fortified all his doctrine, by the merit of his Passion.*

(*b*) *Omnem doctrinam suam patibulo roborabat.* Hier. ad Aglasiam.

Adde, that as wisdom is observed in the order and oeconomie of great affairs, when they are well proportioned to their ends, so there cannot be a matter either more important, than that of the eternal salvation of men, or which hath been mannaged with more choice, order, and success, or which hath succeeded by means more distant from the tracks of humane wisdom. The science of *Jesus Christ* hath enlightened the most ignorant with the knowledge of secrets unknown to Philosophers, and his word hath been as the eternal seed of so many sundry books, as were hitherto published, and which will encrease to the consummation of the world. And although the most able Philosophers, had they been persecuted by Tyrants, would not willingly have lost a tooth for defence of their Maxims, yet the wisdom of our Saviour is such, that having possessed the heart and hands of those who profess it, causeth them to pour out all the bloud of their veins, and to use so much courage for preservation thereof, as it afforded them lights in its establishment.

His power. *Data est mihi omnis potestas in cælo, & in terrâ.* Matth. 28. 18.

5. From thence consider, it is his absolute power over all things, and note, if you please, that it is manifested principally in three Articles. First, the facility of prodigies and miracles, which appeared in *Jesus Christ*. For this large house of nature, which we call the world, had no other motion but from his will, and he therein commanded so universally, that he seemed to hold the Heavens and elements under hire, to be instruments of his wonders. He lighted new stars at his birth; he eclipsed the ancient Sun at his death, he walked on waters, as on marble pavements, he caused the earth to cast up the dead four days after. We find many of *Pharaoh's* Magicians have done false miracles; but it was, saith Saint *Augustine*, by speedily applying active natural things to passive. We find Saints have done true miracles, but in the quality of Ministers. It onely appertaineth to *Jesus Christ* to do them with an original power, which hath its source in his bosom; with an absolute command, which receiveth not any modification in all nature; with a simple will, which needeth no other instruments. It onely belongeth to him to do them for the full mannage of the worlds government, and to transmit them into the person of Saints, to the consummation of Ages.

In the second place, I say this power marvellously shineth in the great Empire of the Church, which his Heavenly Father hath put into his hands to build it, raise it, cement it with his bloud, illuminate it with his lights, nourish it with his substance, to make laws in it, establish Sacraments, eternize sacrifices, create Pastours, and Priests, and invisibly to rule in it by a visible head, a power not to be shaken even unto the gates of hell; to exercise a jurisdiction over souls, to bind them, to unloose them, pardon sins, change hearts, ordain their predestination according to his will. Finally, this great power appears, in that he first of all opened Paradise, his soul being exalted from the first day of his creation, to the vision of Gods Essence, and afterward passing through all the Heavens, to place himself at the right hand of his Father, and put his Elect into the possession of the Kingdom he had purchased by his bloud. Have not we cause to crie out thereupon, and say: *O happy be, whom you have chosen, to raise him to the Hypostatical union! He shall dwell in the Palace of the Divinity, and we shall be filled with the blessings of thy house. Thy Temple, which is his sacred Humanitie, is infinitely holy.*

Beatus quem elegisti & assumpsisti, habitabit in atriis tuis, replebitur in bonis domus tuæ: sanctum est templum tuum, mirabile in æquitate. Psal. 64. Temple of Justinian.

It is said, *Justinian* having finished the magnificent Church of S. *Sophie*, which he built with so much industry and charge, such numbers, and such a general contribution of endeavour, of riches, and power of the whole Empire, placed therein a statue of *Solomon*, who seemed to be astonished, and to hide himself through shame and confusion, to see his Temple surpassed by that of the Emperour. It was a vanity of a worldly Prince: But we in verity, would we represent what passeth here, should paint both *Moses*, and all the Prophets absorpt in a profound reverence, in the consideration of the Temple of the Church, and the wonders of *Jesus Christ*.

6. Let us for conclusion of this discourse, adore that which we cannot sufficiently comprehend, and endeavour to bear an incomparable love to the Person of our Saviour, for the excellencies we have expressed. But if you require the practise of this, I say it is reduced to three heads, which are to *adhere*, to *serve*, and *suffer*. The first note of faithfull affection appears in a strong adherence to the thing beloved, so as the Scripture speaking of love, says, it causeth one soul to clasp unto another. If you begin heartily to love *Jesus Christ*, you will find you shall think upon him almost insensibly every moment, and, as saith S. *Gregorie*, every time you fetch your breath, there will come a pleasing idea of God to fill your soul with splendours and affection. You will feel a distast and unsavourines of heart against all earthly things; so that it will seem to you, that the most pleasing objects of the world, are mingled with gall and wormwood. You will seek for your *Jesus* in all creatures,

Practise of the love of *Jesus* reduced to 3. heads. 1. To adhere. *Conglutinata est anima ejus cum ea.* Gen. 34. 3.

Numquid quem diligit anima mea vidistis. Cantic.

you will languish after him; all which beareth his name and memory will be delightsome to you; you will speak of him in all companies, you will have an earnest desire to see him honoured, esteemed, acknowledged by all the world. And if you perceive any contempt of his Person, which is so estimable, you will think the apple of your eye is touched. Your solitude will be in *Jesus*, your discourse of *Jesus*, *Jesus* will be in your watchings, and in your sleep, in your affairs, in your recreations, and you will account it a kind of infidelity to loose sight of him but an hour. Love is a great secret, very well understood by *Abbot Moses*, in Cassianus, *Let our soul* (saith he) *sigh and think it self sequestred from the sovereign goodness, so soon as it looseth never so little sight of the divine presence, accounting it a spiritual fornication to be separated one sole moment from beholding* Jesus.

Suspiret, ac toties se a summo bono anima nostra sentiat recessisse, quoties se ab illo intuitu deprehenderit separatim, fornicationem judicans, vel momentaneum a Christi contemplatione discessum.

Siquis diligit me, sermonem meum servabit. Ioan. 14.

For the second degree, as it is not enough in worldly amities to have affections, languors, and curious lip-complements, but you must necessarily come to some good effects, and considerable offices, which are the marks and cement of true affection; so you must not think the love of *Jesus* consisteth in slight affectations of idle devotion. He must serve who will love; his will must be wedded, his command entertained and executed, his liveries put on, and we wholly transformed into him by imitation of his examples. S. *Augustine* to confound the weakness of our love towards God, pertinently maketh use of the practise of prophane loves. Behold (saith he) these foolish and dishonest Amourists of the world. I demand, whether any one surprized with the love of a woman, attyreth himself any otherwise, than to the liking of his Mistress. If she say, I would not have you wear such a cloke, he puls it off: I command you in the midst of winter to take a sommer garment, he had rather shiver with cold, than displease a miserable creature. But yet what will she do if he obey not? Will she condemn him to death? Will she send him executioners? Will she thrust him into a dungeon? Nothing less, she will onely say, if you do not this, I will never see you more. This word alone is able to make a man tear himself in pieces in the endeavour of complacence, and service. O foul confusion of our life, and prostitution of spirit! A God, who makes a Paradise of his aspects, and a hell in his separation from us, promiseth never to behold us with a good eye, unless we keep his commandements: nor can his menaces but be most effectual, since he hath sovereign authority in his hands. He deserves to be served above all things: service done to him is not onely most pleasing, but after this life gaineth recompence. In the mean time we rather choose to live the slaves of creatures, and dwell under the tyranny of our passions, than to embrace the yoke of God. Were it not fit we hereafter order the small service we do to God, as well in our prayers, as actions, in such sort, that there be neither work, word, nor thought from morning till night, which hath not all its accommodations, and is not squared within the rule God desireth of us, with intentions most purified, and indefatigable servours?

Augustin. serm. 19. de verbis Apost. *Inhonestos amatores ostendite. Siquis amore feminæ lascivientis, vestit se aliter quàm amatæ placet. & illi dixerit nolo te habere tale birrhum; non habebit: si per hyemem illi dicet, in lacinia te amo, eligit tremere quàm displicere. Numquid illa tamen damnatura est? Numquid adhibitura tortores? Numquid in carcerem mittet? Hoc solum ibi timetur, non te videbo, faciem meam non videbis.*

Finally, the last character of love is to suffer for *Jesus*, the father of sufferings, and King of the afflicted. The Kingly Prophet said: *I shall be satisfied when thy glory shall appear to me.* Another translation importeth, *I shall be well pleased, when I shall behold my self marked with the characters of thy sufferings.* Jesus Christ in the great sacrifice of patience made in the beginning of Ages, supplyes the person of a great Bishop, putting on flesh wholly imprinted with dolours, a heart drenched in acerbities, a tongue steeped in gall: Round about him are all the most elevated and courageous souls, who all wear his livery, and both constantly and gloriously dispose themselves to this great model of dolours. Would we at the sight of so many brave Champions lead a life lazy, languishing, and corrupt? Know we not all creatures of the world groan, and bring forth, that all elements are in travel, and in a ceaseless agitation? The air it self, (say Philosophers) is perpetually strucken with the motion of heaven, as with a hammer or whip, that this benummed mass may not hatch any poyson. Rivers are cleansed, and purified by the streaming current of their waters. The earth is never in repose, and the nature of great things, is generously to suffer evils. The clock goeth on by the help of its counterpoise, and Christian life never proceedeth in virtue, but by counter-ballance of its crosses. *Our souls are engaged by Oath to this warfare, so soon as first we enter into Christianity*, said the noble *Tertullian*. Suffering is our trade, our vow, our profession. Love, which cannot suffer, is not love, and if it cease to love when it should bear, it never was what it professed.

3. To suffer. *Satiabor cum apparuit gloria tua.* Psal. 16. *Satiabor cum affluxerò ad similitudinem tuam.*

Animus nostra authorati, in hac pugna accessimus. Tertul. ad Scap.

A lover said in *Olympius*, that when he was onely some little moment absented from the creature he most loved in the world, all the best seasons were irksome, all discourses troublesome, and the greatest delights turned into bitterness. Flower-deluces seemed cole-black in the meadow, when he beheld them in his pensive solitude, roses the most vermillion, grew pale, gilli-flowers lost their lustre, the very bay-trees which resist winters cold, could not withstand the sadness caused by this absence; but in a moment they all appeared quite withered to him. Viands with him had no relish, wine tast, nor sleep repose. But so soon as this creature returned, all was animated by her presence. Flower-deluces became white again, roses resumed their vermillion, gilli-flowers their beauty, lawrels their verdure, wine and viands their tastfulness, and sleep its contentment. But if there happened any harsh and painful accidents, which he must bear for her sake, they seemed a Paradise.

Olympius. *Te sine, væ misero mihi, lilia nigra videntur Pallentesque rosæ, &c.*

All worldly loves speak the same; yet are we unwilling to say, or do any thing for this excellent Word of God, which is endowed with a beauty incomparable, exalted above all the beauties of the sons of men. This *Jesus*, who maketh a Paradise spring from his eyes; This *Jesus*, who distilleth honey from lips of roses, for the comfort of his elect; This *Jesus*, who causeth Nations to tremble under the force of his word, as under flaming arrows, and is attired with the conquest and tropheys of souls.

Behold him on the bright empyreal Heaven, crowned with a diadem of honour, and revested with celestial purple, who regardeth us, who beholdeth us, and never ceaseth to draw us unto him. So many brave spirits have followed him, amongst torrents, thorns, and flames, which they found replenished with a sweetness, that charmed their pain in the sight of their best beloved.

It is this sweetness turned the stones of S. *Stephen* into flower-de-luces, and changed the burning coles of S. *Lawrence* into roses. For it, S. *Bartholomew* despoiled himself of his skin as freely as of a garment, and S. *Catharine* hastened to the wheel armed with keen rasors, S. *Tecla* to Lyons, S. *Agnes* to the wood-pile, S. *Cicely* to the sharp sword, and S. *Appollonia* suffered her teeth to be torn out with as much ease, as the tree suffers his leaves to fall away from him. O the sweetness of *Jesus*, who makes all the valiant, and knoweth how to turn doves into eagles of fire! Shall we never understand, what it is to love him, towards whom all generous hearts sigh, and for whom all charities are crowned with immortal garlands?

The

The eighth EXAMPLE upon the eighth MAXIM.

Drawn from the Eccleſiaſtical hiſtory.

Of the admirable change of worldly love into the love of Jeſus Chriſt.

S^t. BONIFACE.

IT is a thing very rare, to ſee worldly love ſuddenly tranſported from the viſible to the inviſible, from the temporal to eternal, from errour to truth, and from wretched paſſion to perfect charity. Notwithſtanding Hiſtories furniſh us with ſome examples, and we often obſerve, thoſe who were very ſenſible in worldly affections, when they found a good object, were more fervent and couragious in the love of God. Such were the heart of Saint *Auguſtine*, ſuch likewiſe of generous *Magdalene*. For both of them knew ſo well to make uſe of their loſſes, that they ſeemed to have ſerved their apprentiſhip unto creatures, to learn how the Creatour ought to be beloved.

Worldly lovers being converted, are the moſt fervent in the love of God.

A goodly compariſon.

Architects, when they build vaults and arches, make certain counterfeits of wood, which they call *Centries*, to ſerve as preparatives for their deſigns: but ſo ſoon as they thereon have raiſed true and ſolid works, they deſtroy fiction to admit veritie. Much ſo it happeneth to ſouls as yet ſenſual; they are taken with ſleight affections, which many times are not diſhoneſt, but ever light, and far diſtant from perfection. Yet therein is to be learned what we ſhould do for a God immortal, ſince we undertake ſo much for a mortal man. But *Jeſus* inſenſibly building his architecture in theſe loving hearts, ruineth all theſe feignings of amity, there to eſtabliſh his love.

Aglae a noble dame.

This which I ſay, is evidently to be ſeen in the perſon of *Aglae*, and S. *Boniface*, whoſe acts I will here produce to give inſtruction how to ſanctifie worldly love by the love of *Jeſus Chriſt*. This *Aglae* was a *Roman* Dame, of prime quality, having a delicate wit in a beautifull body, and powerfull paſſions in a great fortune. She had been married, but becoming a widow in an age as yet furniſhed with verdant freſhneſs, grace, and beauty, ſhe had not buried all her affections in the tomb of her husband.

She is a worldly widow.

After ſhe had a little wiped away the firſt tears, which nature exacteth as tribute in ſuch like accidents, ſhe quickly plaid ſo much the Courtier in her ſlight ſorrow, that ſhe ſeemed greatly to deſire, as ſoon as might be, to finiſh what ſhe had never well begun. She failed not to be ſought unto by many gentlemen, who ſaw her to be accompliſhed with all parts deſired in an eminent marriage; and although ſhe denied not to like their ſervices, yet making no reſolution to marry, ſhe was all for her ſelf, and for none elſe; ſo much ſhe feared to take a maſter, inſtead of a husband.

Superfluities of widows.

It is nothing commendable in a Chriſtian widow, to make a ſhew no longer to have a heart for the world, ſo to draw all the world into her heart, to change a moaning life into perpetual chatter, & turn her widow-hood into a petty Empire. *Aglae* was not yet entered into vice, but pleaſed her ſelf ſo much to afford the love of her perſon, and receive none, that ere aware ſhe was ſurprized, and having diſdained maſters, ſaw her ſelf become the ſlave of a ſervant.

Boniface Aglaes Steward.

His ſweet behaviour.

She had a Steward in her houſe named *Boniface*, a witty man, and of a good preſence, who manna-ging the affairs of his Miſtreſs diſcreetly, forgat not his own. He ſo well knew how to pleaſe her, to conform to her humours, to feed her with glorie, wherof ſhe was very ambitious, to free her from cares, and fill her heart with joy, that he already poſſeſſed no ordinary place in her favours: beſides that, he was handſom, he had a ſingular grace in jeſting without offence to any, to utter good conceits, and entertain his Miſtreſs with all the delightfull occurrents of the Citie. Love entereth in very far by this gate. It is not always beauty which ſurprizeth, for if it be not joyned with promptneſs of wit, and diſcourſe, it is a bait which floats on the water without a hook.

Diſpoſitions to love ſhould be avoided.

Familiar converſation with an Officer ſo pleaſing, was no ſlight ſnare in the houſe of a young widow, who lived eaſily, and loved pleaſure. It is not without cauſe Saint *Hierom* would not endure to ſee about widows, ſervants ſo frizled and quaint, fearing leſt love might render them Maſters over their proper Miſtreſſes. *Aglae* began with pretty love-tricks, which are the little idols of affection, not obſerving, that all theſe gentle daliances in a carriage too free, ſtill thought to be conſtant in innocency, are not without danger. But by ſucceſs of time ſhe felt her paſſion ſo much enkindled towards this Steward, that ſhe neither thought, ſpake, nor lived but for him, not daring to diſcover her fancies, ſo much is vice aſhamed of its own conſcience.

Aglae in love.

Boniface, who had an intelligent and ready wit, well enough imagined from whence theſe extraordinary favours proceeded, which he received from his Miſtreſs, but the more he ſaw her grow paſſionate for him, the more he perſiſted in his duty; whether that he in the beginning would divert this affection, which he perhaps thought not firm enough, or whether he was willing to kindle the fire by a ſlight reſiſtance. His Miſtreſs beholding him more ſerious in this matter than ſhe wiſhed, let him plainly enough underſtand, that having had the ſtewardſhip of her eſtate, he ſhould have the like of her heart, and entertained him with more courteſie, than was fit for a man of his employment and condition.

Diſorder of love.

She in the beginning mannaged her affections with ſome diſcretion, following the adviſe of *Boniface*, who knew how to hide the matter; his fortune not making him looſe the rememberance of what he had been, nor paſſion, providence in what he might be. Notwithſtanding, it being a thing very difficult long to reſtrain fury, all compoſed of fire and violence, the favours of *Aglae* ſo plainly appeared, that they no longer could be hidden from the world, which is a hundred-ey'd *Argus*. She occaſioned ſpeech of her even to infamy, with ſo much noiſe and ſcandal in the Citie, that it much abaſhed all ſuch as had relation to her. But being of a haughty humour, which rather uſeth to irritate paſſion by cenſure, than amendeth manners, ſhe neglected what was ſaid of her, ſince ſhe ſtood free from controul: For love, which had bereaved her of innocency and gravity, deſpoiled her likewiſe of the care of reputation, (one of the greateſt miſeries may happen to a wretched ſoul.) She well ſaw her kinred neither had the will or power to hinder her pleaſure, which made her change cloſe affection into manifeſt whoredom.

Love is weakned by too much eaſineſs

Love ſometimes is weakened by over-much eaſineſs of entertaining of it. It is like the *Polypus*, which finding nothing to oppoſe nor devour, eateth it ſelf by gnawing its feet, and fins. So this paſſion finding no more reſiſtance, with which it ordinarily is cheriſhed, leſſened, and loſt it ſelf. *Aglae* began at firſt to be weary of the frequency of this infamous familiarity, then recalled again into her heart the ſenſe of honour, next of virtue, and laſtly, God more fully touching her ſoul, ſet her in open view to her ſelf, and made her entertain a great diſtaſt of this inordinate life.

Boniface on the other ſide, felt his conſcience much galled, and thought on nothing but to break his chain, which he often begged of God, giving many alms in the height of his uncleanneſs. *Aglae* called

Admirable conversion.

him to her in this disposition, and said: *She was resolved to make an end of the exorbitancies of her life, that it was in conclusion to wearie heaven and earth too much by her sins, and that if love had wounded her, repentance would cure her, God having left her no other remedie upon evils past, than sorrow to have committed them. As for the rest, as he had followed her with so much facilitie in wickedness, it was no reason he should forsake her in the way of repentance. That she was a woman, he a man, that his sex obliged him to take at the least so much courage as her self, in a matter which concerned eternal salvation, and that desiring to equal him in this resolution, she should have the happiness above him to have prevented him.*

Boniface replied, *She might confidently do what she thought good, he would ever account it his glorie to wait on her in so good a purpose, and that God could not do him a greater favour, than to change the commandments of his Mistress into precepts of salvation.*

Devotion of *Aglae* in enquiry after Martyrs.

The Ladie answered, She found nothing more necessary than to implore the mercy of God by the bloud of his Martyrs, and therefore he should take a voyage into the Province of *Cilicia*, where daily many such were made, and bring her thence some relicks. The Steward, who could not forget his sweet nature, said unto her: Madame, you would much wonder, if from the Countrey of Martyrs I return a Martyr, and that my body be brought back to serve you for relicks. *Aglae* replied, Mock not, but do speedily what I tell you, and think your self most happy to be at the feet of so many glorious Confessours.

He failed not to put himself quickly on the way with men, and money, handkerchiefs, and perfumes for performance of his purpose, and handled the matter so, that he was speedily in the Citie of *Tharsus*, at that time the Theater of Martyrs. Scarcely was he arrived, but he heard twenty Christians were led forth into a publick place to be martyred, and being already changed into another man, who breathed nothing at all but the glory of God, he stole from his company, and went presently into the open place, where perceiving the Martyrs, he brake through the throng, hastened to kiss their chains and wounds, moistening his eyes with their bloud, and earnestly beseeching them to pray unto God for him.

Boniface martyred.

The President *Simplicianus*, seeing this young stranger meddle so far in a matter whereunto he was not called, commanded him to withdraw: but he speaking with a generous confidence, and publickly professing what he was, he caused him to be apprehended, and to be put to the torture, where he was roughly handled: for the executioners not content to have pulled off his skin with iron pincers, thrust slivers of pointed reeds between the flesh and nails, which caused most exquisite torments. Notwithstanding the valorous Champion had no other words in his mouth in the extremity of his torments, but:

My Saviour Jesus, *I give thee thanks for the favour thou hast done me to day, by letting me suffer for thy sake. It is good reason the bodie which hath so much offended thee, bear somewhat for thee. If executioners encrease my torments, augment the assistance of thy grace, and crown my combat with a faithfull perseverance.* He spake with so much fervour, grace, and devotion, that those present were much moved thereat, which the Judge perceiving, commanded molten lead to be poured into his mouth, to enforce him to a cruel silence: but that not succeeding as he imagined, the people mutined, and brake down an Altar, set up there for sacrifice to Idols, whereat the Provost was somewhat astonished, and thinking it not fit at that time any further to incense them, he sent all the Martyrs back into prison.

The next day he went to the place with more violence and terrour, and thinking to terrifie *Boniface*, he shewed him a cauldron of hot scalding pitch, threatening withal to burn him, if he obeyed not the Emperours Edicts. To which the Martyr answered, There was neither fire, sword, nor any horrid torture able to separate him from *Jesus Christ*; he then shewing himself very resolute, without leisure given to say any more, was plunged into the cauldron, from whence he by miracle came forth entire, to the admiration of all the world, which began to work great conversions among the people.

Simplicianus fearing a second sedition, caused his head speedily to be cut off with an ax, and to consummate a glorious Martyrdom. In the mean space they who were of his company, sought round about for him, at which time they heard there was a young Christian stranger to be executed, who had shewed very much constancy in his punishment. They thinking nothing less than of him, said, it was not their *Boniface*, who ever would more readily be found among Courtisans, than the executioners of *Tharsus*. Yet coming to the place for curiositie, they found his head upon one side, his body on the other, extreamly amazed at what was passed. They bought his body for five hundred liures, and having it in their hands, they asked him mercy with weeping tears, for the rash judgement they had given to the prejudice of his virtue.

Upon this, they had nothing so much in their desires, as to carry back the body to their Mistress *Aglae*, supposing they could not give her any relicks, either more undoubted or acceptable. The holy woman had already had a revelation from the mouth of an Angel of the glory of *Boniface*, and being on the way to encounter him, so soon as she met him, she prostrated her self before his body, and said:

Speech of *Aglae* to *Boniface*.

My dear Boniface, *I shed not tears over thee, they would fall too low to bewail such a death, as thine. Thou wentest out a penitent from me, and returnest a Martyr, thou art become a Master from the first day of thy apprentiship, thou hast vanquished, ere scarce seen, the enemie; yea, the Crown wherewith thou soughtest to glorifie other Martyrs, is fallen on thy own head. Ah, how many bloudie gates were to be opened to thy generous soul, to afford a large passage to its triumphs. Iron hooks which have dissevered thy holy members, have united thy heart to* Jesus. *Reeds thrust under thy nails, have confirmed thy constancie. Boyling cauldrons found in thy heart a love more fervent than their flames, and the ax which separated the head from thy bodie, placed a Crown on thy head. I behold thee with an eye wholly rapt with the beauties of thy glorie. I a thousand times kiss thy wounds, and take part in thy tropheys, and sanctifie my self by loving thee, as a Martyr of* Jesus Christ. *What then remains, O blessed soul, but that I imitate thee, and though executioners forbear my bodie, never to spare my pains? That all my life may be but a martyrdom, and that there be not any part in me, which serves not as a victim to the sacrifice of my patience.*

Aglae, having performed her duties, and caused a Church to be built, dedicated to God in memory of the Martyr S. *Boniface*, entered into a Monastery, and perfected her self in the glorious travels of penance, finishing her course near her well-beloved, and entombing her ashes at his feet.

THE

THE SECOND PART OF MAXIMS of the HOLY COURT.

THE DESIGN.

WE have directly looked towards God in the first Part, deducing Maxims which most nearly concern the Divinitie. I now descend in this Second, to those which touch the direction of this present life; and consider them in three respects, whereof one tendeth to the service of God, the other to our neighbour, and the last stayeth upon our selves. In the first, I treat of Pietie, against all counterfeit devotion. In the second, I shew we must carry our selves towards our neighbours with justice, sinceritie, and sweetness, excluding our own ends, dissimulation, and crueltie. In the third, I entertain what concerns the ordering of our selves in prosperitie against Epicureans, *and in adversitie against impatience, upon accidents of humane life: wherein I endeavour throughout effectually to observe the disorders which* Plato *and* Aristotle *noted, were the causes of the destruction of Families, Cities, and Empires.*

THE SECOND PART.

Touching the Direction of this present Life.

IX. MAXIM.

of DEVOTION.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That if Devotion must be used, we should embrace that which is in fashion, accommodating it to our ends.

IT is a matter very considerable, that Devotion is subject to many more illusions than all other virtues, of which we have proof enough from our own experience, although we could find no other foundation in reason. But if the judicious Reader desire to know the cause, I will tell him, that as nothing hath been so much turmoiled and counterfeited as Religion, which hath in all Ages been disfigured by such variety of Sects: so it is no marvel if Devotion, which is according to S. *Thomas*, as the branch of this tree, find the like contrarieties.

The cause wherefore Devotion is subject to so many illusions.

Bodies most delicate, are soonest corrupted by extream impressions: so this virtue, which is of a temperature very subtile, since it is as it were the cream of charity, may easily be perverted by the evil manage of it. Adde, that the wicked spirit seeing this exercise is very necessary for us, seeks to envenom it

THE HOLY COURT.

That we must be devout for God, and that if Devotion be not solid, it is no longer Devotion.

in its sources, to the end we may draw poison from those things which might be our remedy.

Besides, men either through superabundance of idleness, presumption of ability, through love of their own conceits, or desire of novelty, multiply their inventions upon this matter, and many make golden calves to themselves in *Bethel*, in stead of the Cherubins of *Jerusalem*. The *Lacedemonians* ever attired their gods according to the fashions and humours which then swayed in their Citie: Every one delights to dress up devotion by the pattern of his passions.

Goldé calves taken for Cherubins. The practice of the *Lacedemonians*.

I affirm one cannot worthily enough praise the practise of so many devout souls, which live in singular purity, either in Religious or Civil life: And I may say, it is an Host of the living God, as terrible in his mildness, as he is sweet in his terrours. I honour all the bodies, yea the particulars, with the honour their deserts have acquired. But as the strong-

eſt truths fail not to be invaded by ſome obſcurities, ſo it is no wonder, if in the ordering of virtues, ſome defects creep into the life of particulars, which ſhould no way prejudice the integrity of the general.

Of Dark Devotion.

Groſs and afflicting Devotion.

THere is a dark Devotion, which is rude and ſtupid, another nice, a third tranſcendent, and a fourth ſincere and ſolid. I call a ſtupid devotion that, which eſtabliſheth all virtue in indiſcreet and immoderate auſterities, which very often kill the body, and extinguiſh the total vigour of the mind: that, which without any obligation of the Church, or of ſome particular Order, or ſage direction, ties it ſelf to ſtraight and rigorous obſervations, rather for ſatisfaction of ſelf-will, than through any other ſenſe of piety, and which placeth in this act all Chriſtian perfection, not minding ſo many other duties, which ſtrictly bind us to matters more conſiderable.

We have heard the Idolaters of the Eaſtern parts kill themſelves with recital of a fearfull number of prayers to their Idols, roul in the ſcorching ſands, clog themſelves with fetters, and laſh themſelves with razors, thinking by theſe ways they may arrive to the top of ſanctity. Nor can we likewiſe be ignorant what is ſufficiently declared unto us by holy Scripture, that many of the Ancients were much enclined to theſe ſuperſtitious devotions, eſtabliſhing therein all the order of ſpiritual life, in ſuch ſort, that they perpetually afflicted their bodies, and in the mean time ſuffered their hearts to ſway in empty vanities, burning avarice, rigours, and cruelties towards their neighbours wholly inſupportable.

Such was the devotion of *Phariſees*, ſo often rebuked, and condemned herein by the lips of the eternal Truth. For when you ſaw them walk in publick, you beheld men lean and disfigured, who bare ſcrowls of parchment on their heads, wherein they wrote ſome ſentence of the Law of God, and tied thorns to the border of their gowns, to prick and torment their heels; whileſt the heart uncontroulably committed all diſorder. Such alſo was the devotion of certain ſuperſtitious, reproved by the Prophet *Iſaiah* in the 58. Chapter, where God ſpeaketh, ſaying unto them: *Who ever hath gone about to exact ſuch faſts from you, and ſuch devotion as you practiſe? to afflict the bodie a whole day together, bow the head, lie on ſackcloth and aſhes? Is this then that which you call faſting, and can you think days and times ſpent in ſuch actions are very acceptable to God? I will teach you another kind of faſt: Break off thoſe bargains you have made with ſuch iniquity, tear in pieces the bundles of unjuſt and inſupportable obligations, let the poor go at libertie, who are overwhelmed with wants. Take the yoke from them which they can no longer bear, give food to the hungrie, lodge pilgrims, and wayfarers in your houſe, cloth the naked, and diſdain not your fleſh.*

Iſaiah 58.

Diſſolve colligationes impietatis, ſolve faſciculos deprimentes.

Three blemiſhes of anxious devotion

3. This dark Devotion hath three things, which make it much to be ſuſpected, and are the cauſe it is not well proportioned to the manner of life of ſolid ſpirits. Firſt, when it is extreamly ſubject to novelties, ſingularities, and pride, which proceed from fooliſh confidence in ones own judgement. Many, who are wiſe according to their own way, reſemble the Bat, which employeth the chriſtalline humour of his eyes, to make large wings to himſelf, but yet very uſeleſs: ſo they conſume all the lights and inſpirations of God, to create wings of pride and vanity, which onely ſerve them to flie in the night, and ignorance of themſelves. Now, it is well known to all, that the moſt fatal plague in matter of religion and devotion, is the deſire to ſeek direction from ones own opinion, which the learned *Gerſon* very well obſerved, when he ſingularly well ſaid: (a) *If you ſee one walk in the way of proper judgement, although he had already one foot in Paradiſe, take this foot and withdraw it. For it were better to walk in the ſhades of death under the conduct of humilitie, than to have a Paradiſe in the pleaſures of proper fantaſie. Drunkenneſs is taken by wine* (ſaid the Prophet) *and pride by its own opinion.*

The Bat employeth her eyes to make her wings.

(a) An excellent ſpeech of Chancelour *Gerſon*. In vitis patrum libro de diſcretione, littera S. fol. 171. citatus a *Richardo Allo.*

Such there are, who after infinite many pains paſſed over in religious Orders, have miſerably loſt themſelves, following the curſed *ignis fatuus* of their own opinion. Had penſive devotion no other blemiſh, it were always much to be feared: but beſides I affirm, that as fiſher-men fiſh in a troubled water, ſo the devil fiſheth in the melancholy of a perplexed ſoul, principally when it is tied to ſuperiours, which govern conſcience. We know by the Scripture and Fathers, the importunities and ſmooth practiſes of the evil ſpirit to undo us. Satan every where hath laid his nets before us, the whole earth is nought but a ſnare; ſnares in riches, ſnare in poverty, ſnare in meat, ſnare in drink, ſnare in eating, ſleep, words, workes, in all our actions: but we muſt confeſs there is no ſnare more miſerable, nor of greater force, than ſadneſs and melancholy: becauſe it is that which bloweth out the candle, which puts out the light of the mind, and by this means makes ſport for the enemy of our felicity.

Ecce tetendit ante pedes noſtros laqueos infinitos, & omnes vias noſtras variis replevit deceptionibus ad capiendas animas noſtras: Ecquis effugiet? Laqueos poſuit in divitiis, &c. Aug. ſoli.

Doth not *Caſſianus* obſerve, that an Hermit named *Heron*, who had ſweat for the ſpace of fourty years under the habit of religion, and grown white amongſt ſo many glorious palms, yet ſuffering himſelf to fall into a devotion dark, anxious, and ſolitary, was ſo deceived by the ſubtility of Satan, that at the latter end of his days, he threw himſelf into a pit, from whence he was drawn half dead, nor was it poſſible to make him ſay, he had done ill in this act ſo exorbitant and deſperate: proper judgement having ſo bewitched him in this ſadneſs, that all his own reſolutions ſeemed oracles unto him?

Caſſian. collat. 2. de diſcretione.

Horrible iſſue of a hollow devotion.

And although a ſoul ſeldom falleth into ſuch extremities, notwithſtanding for a third inſtance, we may bring a proof taken out of S. *Thomas*, who ſaith, That ſeeing ſadneſs is the moſt venemous of all paſſions, becauſe it gnaweth the root of the heart, which conſiſteth in a certain alacrity and largeneſs, ſpreading it ſelf from the fountain of life through all the members, it is impoſſible that any man who ties himſelf to a penſive and melancholy devotion, can long perſevere in the way of virtue.

S. *Thom.* 1. 2. q. 37. art. 4.

Gilbertus a great Doctour, writing upon this ſentence of S. *Paul*, drawn out of the firſt to the *Corinthians*, ſixth Chapter, *Gloriſie, and bear God in your bodie*, hath theſe notable words: *You muſt bear* Jeſus Chriſt, *not drag him. He dragg eth him, who is ſurcharged with him, and who indiſcreetly afflicteth himſelf in the ſervice he doth to the Divine Majeſtie, not conſidering* Jeſus *is the flower of the field, or the poſie of myrrhe between the breaſts of the ſpouſe, and not a load of hay, under which you muſt needs groan like a wheel ill greazed.*

Gloriſicate, & portate Deum in corpore veſtro. Notable adviſe of Doctour Gilbertus.

Portari vult Chriſtus non trahi, non eſt ſanum Chriſtus ſed ſtus campi, & faſciculus myrrhæ inter uberæ ſponſe.

4. On theſe ſame grounds ſuperſtition is raiſed, which through errour feareth all it ſhould love by virtue, and ſcarcely knoweth God, but by violating his clemency through a falſe preſumption of his ſeverity. What ſenſe is there to enter into devotion, as if one were lifted upon a rack to be tortured, and to think there is no piety in the world, if the bodie be not torn, and the ſpirit beaten down.

Superſtitio ſemandos timet, quos colit, vitat. Senec. Epiſt. 114.

One muſt be crucified in his thoughts by vain apprehenſions, infinite many ſcruples muſt be nouriſhed, ſins imagined which never were ſins, and conceits fed, that if one have walked on ſtraws a-croſs, a great ſacriledge is committed. Some impoſe a thouſand fantaſtical obſervations upon themſelves, ſome inflict volun-

voluntary tortures, and you shall find of them, who leading a life wholly innocent, make themselves hells in their own consciences, watchings wither them, dreams terrifie them, and if the leaf of a tree wag, it is a spirit which comes to surprize them, nay, if some fatal bird croak in the obscurity of night, it is the voice of a dead man, who bids them prepare to pass into another world.

Out alas! Is it possible a soul which hath never so little feeling of the Divinity, can think God, infinitely mercifull, is as a *Minos* and *Rhodamant*, mentioned in Fables, who spitefully comes to prie into all our actions, to number all our steps, takes pleasure to prepare punishments for us, and to raise his tropheys on our ruins. Is it so hard a matter to believe a good directour, who perswades the contrary, as that for want of a little instruction, labours in religion should be undertaken without relaxation, disturbances without repose, and miseries without comfort?

Affected Devotion.

Quaint Devotion.

Effeminate and nice Devotion is of another strain. For it hath not learned to kill the body for the life of the spirit; but seeketh out witty ways to accord God and the world together, and under pretext of piety, to take those pleasures which may flatter the most refined sensuality. We now adays see many women of quality, who engross this second order, and who being little interiour, open themselves with profusion to all, whatsoever hath in it exteriour ostent. Some fall into it for satisfaction of their own wills, others by servile imitation and complacence, to the humour of powerfull persons, who like the great Orbs of heaven, draw along the lower planets; some through interest of fortune, others for colour of piety, and the rest by amusement. I know some who therein proceed sincerely, and did the wicked and Libertines understand the purity, excellency, and sanctity of so many good souls, who handle devotion as it should be, of which the Church is at this present furnished with a good number, they would be ravished with sight of the interiour, and take their lives to be a perpetual miracle. But we must confess, there are many devotes, who wander from these purer paths, to run after a fantasm of piety: and although I here note defects, I would have virtuous souls know, my censure no more toucheth them, than thunder the stars in heaven.

All exteriourly.

The first endeavour of this sophisticate devotion, consisteth in making an Oratory, or little houshold Chappel, in building a little magazin of relicks, begged on all sides, with more curiosity than Religion, setting candlesticks and pictures in order, in providing rich ornaments, in inventing new fashions of crewets, in weaving girdles, and dressing up a little mercery of trinkets. And though these actions which concern the care of Altars are very laudable, yet are they often very much perverted, both by the intention, which is vain and execution, most indiscreet. We many times find in these cabinets so religious and curious, a *Venus* with our Lady, a *Cupid* near S. *Michael*, and a pair of beads hanging on the toes of some little giddy marmouzet. This is to renew the practise of that Lady named *Marcellina*, of whom Saint *Augustine* speaketh in the book of heresies, who mingled the pictures of our Saviour, with those of *Pythagoras*. Furthermore these places, which seem dedicated to piety, so follow the humour of their Mistress, as they are accommodated to all: and if they in the morning have seen a Priest celebrate Mass, they will make no difficulty to entertain a Ball that very evening. All this devotion is pompous and proud in its furnitures, there is not so much as hair-cloths, and disciplines but are made of silver, rather to see the bright lustre of it, than feel the smartings. It hath mysteries and marvellous intrications, which many times look on the earth under a veil of skie-colour.

Aug. lib. de hæres. c. 7.

The pomp, and practises of it.

It seems to many, the aim of piety is nothing else, but to seek out all its petty accommodations and contentments in the world, to have liberty to do all, game-courtship, costlinesse of apparrel, a caroach to ones self to flutter through the streets; whilst the essential parts of marriage are contemned, affairs of the house neglected, and a husband enforced to murmur, who doth expresse more impatience in an hour, than the other gaineth devotion in ten years.

If question be made of choosing a ghostly Father, there are of them, who much delight in change, and if *Seneca* said, that *Roman* Ladies in the time when divorces were permitted, reckoned their husbands by the number of Consuls, who altered every year; one may more justly say, that some devotes measure their Confessours by the course of moons, by taking almost every moneth a new. Other stick so close to one, and set him in so high account above all humane things, that according to their opinion, he alone hath the grace, Sacraments, and bloud of *Jesus Christ* in his hands. But if they must be deprived of him, there is no more piety nor religion for them in the world: the paths of *Sion* mourn, Churches and Altars are but wildernesses, and the hope of salvation hath lost its lustre.

Senec. lib. 3. de benefi. cap. 16.

Such services and diligence must be used to a slight conscience, as if it were a huge Common-wealth. After the tediousnesse of a confession, which maketh those to loose patience, who were most resolute to attend it, you must give and receive frequent visits, spin out discourses, and eternal prattle: one cannot suppose they are all of God, who is more honoured by silence; one would hardly believe a soul should need such polishing, which appeareth not to be so much refined in the knowledge of things divine. One thinks, this devout creature through superabundance of charity, beareth all the sins of the house, another, that she tells all the tales in the Citie; and those, who easily suspect what themselves do without difficulty, imagine there are other ties, which I had rather conceal.

This devotion is not foolish according to the world; but having learnt to make an arrow of any wood, to hit the mark of its interests, she maketh use of a Confessour, pliant and mercenary for this purpose. If any be found in the world who stretch their conscience, who teach to withhold goods ill gotten, to sooth humours, entertain libertines, and lodge sin almost in the bosom of Theologie, these are sanctified spirits, and Prophets in fashion.

There is enough done, if there be outward shew enough. If some small alms be drawn out of those great treasuries of gold and silver; and that she communicate often. For since some Priests are satisfied with saying Mass but once a year, it is come to pass that certain devotes, as if they meant to supply their defects, take almost so many Communions as there be days in the year. God forbid I should blame an exercise so holy, which cannot be too much recommended, but it troubles me they go to it without any feeling of that awfull Majesty, and seek access to God as unto fire to make it tractable. Frequent Communions, which ought not to be permitted but with great discretion, as a reward for the most solid virtues, are turned into pillage, according to the greedy humour of a spirit, giddy and inconstant. There needeth but the want of some small circumstance to stay a Priest, and hinder him from saying Mass; but these devotists pass all over, and some of them have found the way, to accord the Communion and a Comedy, upon one and the same day.

What will ensue of this, but that such women may draw water from the fountains of our Saviour, like the *Danaïdes* in the hell of *Poets* with a sive. They often

often beat profanation to Altars, to bring back vengeance; and know not the many evils which assail them, proceed from the contempt of holy things.

Callipedes. After so many Communions, these souls profit in spiritual life, no more then a Cavalier shewed at *Rome*, who labouted much in running in a wheel, and at the end of his travel, had gone no further than when he began. What was it that a dozen of Communions have taken from them one hair of vanity? Are they less pompous, less powdered, less frizled, more reserved, more chast, more discreet? You see to come from thence wily spirits, who perpetually byass all to their own ends, who busie themselves in affairs, who betray the most holy amities, who practise little furies of choller, who render themselves inexorable in the most civil requests, who have hearts of ice towards the miseries of mankind, who make tribute of all, and deifie all in themselves, yea, their own follies. I speak this, to make the solidity of solid devotions the more appear, which are practised in the Church, answerable to treatises written by blessed *Sales*, and my Lord Bishop of *Bulley*.

Reasons of the nullity of this devotion 6. You may easily judge by such proceedings, how weak and frivolous all these manners of serving God are. But if you thereunto will apply the lights of reason, you shall observe, that any thing is so much the more solid and firm, as it hath foundation and support upon the Divinity; because Eternity onely appertaineth to the Divinity, which rendereth things lasting. Now this Eternity, which is in God as in its source, distilleth by participation into those things which adhere, and are most perfectly united unto him. Behold the reason why we must conclude, that true devotion, which hath much union with God, hath so much the more subsistence. Bees bred of the body of a Bull, bear upon them a little resemblance of a Bull, and the tree in the seed, whereof you shall have some characters engraven, will many times represent them in its leaves and fruits. Every thing naturally tendeth to the imitation of its original. What marvel then, if true devotion which is derived from the Eternity of *God*, being unable to have eternity of it self, as a creature, hath at least a band strong and durable: whereas quite contrary, this apish devotion being meerly terrene, hath no true root in God, nor can draw any nourishment from thence, whereupon ensueth, it must drie up and wither. *Every plant which my heavenly Father planted not, shall be rooted out*, said our Saviour in S. *Matthew*.

Omnis plantatio quam non plantavit Pater meus, eradicabitur. Matth. 15.

A soul solidly Christian, resembleth the Palm, which beateth its strength on the top: it hath all its vigour in God, and of God. He is the source and end of all good works. And if God chance to fail it, the whole fabrick of salvation falls to the ground. Besides, this devotion becomes ruinous, because it wholly depends on consolations derived from creatures mutable, short, unable to content a soul onely made for God. Every creature proceedeth from nothing, and if you disengage it from the preservation of the first being, behold it is forthwith in its nothing, it cannot furnish you with any thing but wind, to feed you like a wretched Chameleon, which is the cause the creature that flicketh unto it, remains ever hungry. And this is it which S. *Augustine* hath divinely spoken: *My God, my life, and my happiness. It is fit I confess my miseries unto thee, after so many silly trifles of temporal consolations have separated me from thee, who art an eternal and an immutable good, I am dissolved, and have been powred through the conduit-pipes of my senses, parted and divided into such and so many objects, and I have every where found hunger, thirst, and penury in plenty it self. For nothing was able to fill me, since I could not perceive in my self a Good, solid, singular, inseparable, which contenteth all desires, and satisfies all appetites.*

Deus in omni opere fons, & finis. S. Paulinus.

Aug. solil. 13. *Et tu Domine vita mea beata, fac ut miseriam meam confitear tibi, &c.*

Isaiah 36. 5. *Ecce confidis super baculum arundineum.*

Adde, that in searching for petty sensual consolations, they are not always had, but one often meets with repulse, with affliction and gal, from whence comes to pass, that false piety, which is tied to these curious nicecies, as they fail, it looseth all support and vigour.

All these kinds of devotion resemble the bird called by the Grecians *Clotide*, a counterfeit swallow, which doth nothing but chatter with such loudness, that she deafens all the world: she much loveth the warm and clear air; but so soon as she feels the first approch of winter, she is stark, creeps along, and hangs the wings as half dead: she will pass the seas with other swallows to seek out heat, & yet she flies scarcely one day but repents it. To return back, she is ashamed, follow she cannot. It remains she become prey to some unhappiness. Behold justly the image of this plaistered devotion. If the false swallow be a chatterer, this devotion is often nought else but babble. If she seek for warmth, this is nourished with temporal prosperities and sensual comforts. If the one be so quailed with cold, the other bears the least adversity with strange impatience. If the one making shew to follow, the rest stays in the way, how many souls see we, who not having well run their race in matter of devotion, nor taken God for their scope, rest in inconstancies, agitations, troubles of mind, and in the end break with God.

Plin. l. 1. c. 25.

Of Transcendent Devotion.

Transcendent Devotion. 7. I Pass to the third kind, called Transcendent Devotion, which practiseth to pursue unusual ways, and to refine all other devotions by subtility of wit. Common things, which are often the best, are not for its purpose. It can abide nothing uniform and temperate; but must of necessity raise much noise and ostent, to make it self known. It affecteth unheard-of observations, extracted methods, chymerical words: you would say, it is a rich trader, who hath a shop of spirituality, and huge magazins stored with specious titles; but when you come to look narrowly into it, you shall find there so many leaves and bark, so much vanity and empty merchandize, that this which at first so affrighted the simple, serves afterward for an object of scorn to the wisest.

Sublime prayer. We are not ignorant there are kinds of excellent ways to treat with God, reserved to souls the most eminent, and that it were a rash attempt to condemn mystical Theologie, wherein so many worthily religious have prosperously proceeded. We know the exercise of prayer goeth by degrees, and that according to *Richardus de Sancto Victore*, the first is thought, the second, meditation, and the third, contemplation. Thought ordinarily is inconstant and indeterminate; Meditation is confined and limited to certain points; Contemplation flieth like an eagle with more liberty, and picks up (as saith *Synesius*) the flowers of increated light, to colour and illuminate it self the more. Thought is a simple impression on things divine, Meditation is a more exact search into the Maximes of our faith; but Contemplation is an immoveable aspect of this first Verity, which feedeth and satiateth the soul with the sweetnesses of God.

Rich. l. 1. *de contempt. c.* 3.

Synesius hymn. 4. *vbi quæ?*

Divers degrees of contemplation. This Contemplation also is divided into divers degrees. For there is one ordinary, which maketh use of imagination and of sensible species drawn from the sight of objects, though it subtilize and purifie them by the help of the understanding. There is another termed immediate and perfect, which goes directly to God, without any mixture of fantasies or aid of creatures; but if it be much discharged from all things create, it is called dark contemplation, because the soul being in it wholly dazeled, and (as it were) blinded with rays of the divine Essence, frameth not to it self any sensible idæa of God, but beholdeth him by the way of negation, banishing all representations

tations and resemblances of creatures, the more firmly to adhere unto the simplicity of the first Being. But if it proceed in a superiour manner, then it mounteth to the contemplation, termed the most eminent, which is the whole-sister of the beatified vision, and the last heaven whereunto S. *Paul* was rapt, a sphere totally enflamed with seraphical love, where the use of sense and exteriour man, seems quite annihilated, and the spirit transported to the ineffable conversation with the Divinity.

S. Ambros. l. 3. de virginibus. Influentibus divinis corporeus peregrinatur affectus, & usus ille exterioris hominis exolescit.

S. Thomas in 3. dist. 52.

Now we must observe upon this discourse, what the learned S. *Thomas* said, That whilest our life is shut up in this mortal body, its manner of actuating proceedeth by simple and ordinary ways, which conduct us to the Creatour, by contemplation of creatures: and if any one understand spiritual things in this sublime nakedness, which is discharged of images, it is an admirable way, and surpasseth all humane things. First, it is necessary to have a pious affection to matters divine. thence we pass to meditation, from meditation to ordinary contemplation, which is attended by admiration, and admiration by a certain spiritual alacrity, and this alacrity by a certain fear with reverence, and fear by fervent charity diffused into the exercise of good works. These are the most assured ways to walk in spiritual life.

The ordinary manner of proceeding in things divine.

But these transcendent souls will in the beginning lift a man up from the earth, and make a Seraphin of him from the first day of his apprentisship. To meditate well, is nothing else but to make a review of our self and actions, to adapt them to the commandments of God, and counsels of *Jesus Christ*. You must flie fervently even to the third Heaven, and remain there rapt, without knowledge whether one be on this side or that side of the world. But alas! how many times happeneth it these Eagles descend from this false emperial heaven, to fish some wretched frog in the marsh of this inferiour earth?

Illusions of this transcendent devotion.

After all these large temples of prayers, gilded with so goodly words, we see in the Sanctuary a pourtraict of a Rat, a soul faint and pusillanimous, shut up in self-love, tied to petty interests, imperiously commanded by so many tumultuous passions, which play their prize, whilest the spirit slumbers in this mystical sleep, and living death.

They will in the beginning go equal with the seraphical souls of Saints, who arrived at this purity of prayer by great mortifications, and most particular favours from God. But they imitate them so ill, that in stead of being suited with great and solid virtues, they retain nought but ostentous forms, and a vain boast of words.

What importeth it a devote, who cannot tell how to govern her house, to know the retire, introversion, extroversion, simplification, dark prayer, mystical sleep, spiritual drunkenness, taste, fire, quiet, the cloud of glory, and so many other kinds, which serve to disguise devotion? Know we not many spirits of young women loose themselves herein, and seeking too much to refine ancient piety, have made it wholly to vapour out in smoke, finding themselves as void of humility, as they were puffed up with presumption? From thence often proceeds the curiosity of matters ravishing and extraordinary, to gain to themselves the reputation of great spiritual persons, and to sooth themselves with the opinion of a false sanctity. When one is once gained by a false pretext of errour, it is no hard matter to be perswaded all we think on is a vision, all we say is a prophesie, and all we do is a miracle. The evil spirit finding souls drunk with this self-love, hath played strange pranks, which may be read in *Epiphanius* and *Cassianus*, and whereof it would be an easie matter to produce many examples, were it not much better to deplore than recount them.

8. This vanity not satisfied to harbour in the mind which bred it, extendeth to the chairs of Preachers, where the curious and phanatical spirits of Auditours would willingly hatch chymæra's for such, as are yet but young beginners in the mystery. One will have, that use be made of thoughts transcendent and extraordinary, and many times extravagant, entangled with a perplexity of periods, which leave nothing but noise in the ear, and arrogance in the mind: the other, who is most ignorant, startles at this quaint Theologie, and seeks to wrest mysteries, and disjoynt mens judgements, thereby to draw upon all sorts of people, discourses of the Trinity and Incarnation, involved in visionary imaginations, and turned about on a counter-battery of affected antitheses; and if this be not as ordinary in all sermons, as was the Delphick sword, which heretofore served for all purposes in sacrifices, it is to be ignorant in the ways of souls elect. The other delighteth in doctrines unheard-of, in a vast recital of Authours, and forreign tongues, as if he went about to exercise devils, and not instruct Christians; some one boasts to alledge neither Scripture, Fathers, nor any passage whatsoever, for fear of marring the plaits of his periods: he makes trophey to take all within his own fancy, and to borrow nothing of the Ancients, as if Bees, who rob flowers in the garden to make honey of them, were not much better than spiders, who spin their wretched webs out of their own substance. There are of them, who desire to bundle up an endless train of fantastical conceptions, without Scripture or reason who seem to tell wonders and rarities most ravishing, but if any man will weigh them in an equal ballance, he shall find vanities, onely big with noise and wind. They who have the itch of ear, are devoted to the beauty of language, and bestir them rather to talk than speak in a sermon. They adore discourses replenished with a youthfull eloquence, and devested of wisdom, having no sinews for support, and less sting to transfix a heart.

The word of God altered in chairs, by the extravagant opinions of hearers.

Sapientiæ, atque facundiæ caupones. Tertul. l. de anima. c. 3.

Good God! how knowing would Preachers be, did they understand (as saith S. *Paul*) how to speak, both on Gods part, before God, and in *Jesus Christ*, as being shut up within the Word, before they bring forth a word; and Auditours should be well instructed, if they all heard (as saith S. *Paulinus*) with the ear through which *Jesus Christ* entereth. To preach God, hatred of vice, and love of virtue, with a discourse firm and rational, and first of all to perswade himself, what he wisheth others may practise; this is the mark whereat all preaching should aim. We have cause to praise God that he hath rendered our Age very fruitfull in men able and sufficient in this kind, to whom I bear such respect, and whom I so much admire, that I seek not to censure them. It were to be wished the younger sort would rather frame themselves by their examples, than to be surprized with an itch to please certain ears, and so many unjoynted judgements.

All such as judge of Preachers onely by the garb and exteriour shew, use to deifie their vices; and it is a note one doth not always please God when he seeks over-much to please those who like nothing but extravagancies. Care must be had of Citie-bruits and vulgar opinions, as the Eagle regardeth flies. Light never blushed to be despised by rear-mice, and a prime spirit is not troubled at the finister judgements which the ignorant make, so that he learn to cast up his reckoning with God, for whom he laboureth. Onions hinder the attraction of the adamant, and all these popular opinions do nothing but disturb a spirit on which they make impression.

Solid

Solid Devotion.

9. LEt us diſ-involve what we may, the devotion of Sacraments, books, and ſermons from theſe ſophiſticate forms, which varniſh the luſtre of it, and let us learn to ſeek it in the pureſt ſources and fountains of our Saviour.

True devotion. 1 Cor. 13. Ὁ φρονεῖν τῶν θεῖα μὰ ἐν μὲν ἀνθρ. Hermes.

True Devotion, if you deſire to know the condition of it, beareth the ſame liveries which S. Paul *gives to Charitie: It is patient, it is not offended with any thing, but that which tendeth to the diſpleaſure of God; it digeſteth all acerbities, turning them into its colour and taſt; it is ſweet and benign; it hath no emulation, but for virtues; it doth nothing unſtily; it hath not any thing to do with the puffings of vanitie, nor ambitions, which invade worldly ſpirits, it ſeeks not its own ends, it is not moved with anger to ſee it ſelf deſpiſed, it thinks no ill, it rejoyceth not at iniquity, but enlargeth it ſelf chearfully in the truth, it ſuffereth all, it believes all, it hopeth all, it endureth all. It is a devotion always joyfull, always content, ever active in its dutie, not prying through curioſitie into others affairs. It hath thoughts innocent, an eye ſimple, hands clean, little noiſe, and much fruit. A Devotion which complaineth of none, is troubled at nothing, which ſpeaks little and doth much, which hath more good effects, than ſlight complements, more ſilence than eloquence, more humilitie in the interiour, than oſtent in the exteriour, which flieth on all the actions of life, as a Bee on flowers, and converteth them all into honey. Oh what a Treaſure of peace, what a treaſure of love, what a treaſure of glorie is this devotion.*

There needs but one great word to expreſs great things. Diſquiet not your ſelf upon the multitude of precepts and books, to know how you may arrive to this excellent virtue, which ſoweth the ſeeds of perfection in the heart. The firſt ſtep you muſt make towards it, is the knowledge of the will of God. Know what he would have of you, what you of him, in what manner he expecteth it, and what deſire you have to pleaſe him.

That man offendeth in ſerving, who underſtands not how he ſhould ſerve, and it is ever a main part of obe-
An Epiſtle to *Demetrius*, written by an Ancient, and tranſlated by a great perſonage of this Age. dience, to learn how you muſt obey. There are things forbidden, and things commanded, ſome permitted, others adviſed. God forbids the evil, commandeth the good, permits the indifferent, adviſeth the perfect.

Who puts himſelf in a way of devotion, puts himſelf in a way of perfection: but who flieth above nature, ought not for all that to deſtroy the law of nature. To ſay one is devout, and fails in the duties of common charity, which commandeth us to do to our neighbours, what we would have done to our ſelves, is to have fair titles, and feeble actions.

That man is not exempt from the law, who would do above the law, and there is not any more obliged to avoid things not permitted, than he, who for the love of God denieth himſelf ſuch as are permitted. Devotion is not practiſed to excuſe ſins, but to perfect virtues.

A ſoul truly devout, hath three aſpects, which repleniſh the whole capacity of the duties it profeſſeth; one upon God, another on it ſelf, the third upon a neighbour. It ſerves in common piety, and above common piety: that applieth it to all the ordinary actions of our Chriſtianity, and the other diſpoſeth it into a more ſublime commerce than the common, yet contemns not the common. It hath its retirement, its prayers, its meditations, guided and digeſted, not for ſatisfaction of will, but edification. It keeps all the ſenſes well governed in great equality, the tongue under the rule of diſcretion, the heart in a ſecure peace, and towards a neighbour carrieth honey in the mouth, charity in the hands, and example in all its actions, which make it live in all the antipaſts of Paradiſe.

As there is no corporal riches comparable to health, ſo there is not any ſpiritual wealth in the world, that comes near the alacrity which God diſtilleth into a heart truly and ſolidly devout, freely unlooſened from earth, to be reſigned to Heaven.

Non eſt ceniſio ſuper cenſum ſalutis corporis, non eſt delectamentum ſuper cor lis gaudium. Eccleſ. 30.

The oyl of conſolations (ſaid *Hugo*) drieth up in worldly veſſels, but as for the conſolation and joy which is drawn from Devotion, it is ſo exuberant, that there is no veſſel here below able well to contain it. It is neceſſary the heart break into ſighs, and diſſolve into deſires for the preſence of God. I call your conſciences (O devout ſouls) to witneſs, that I were eloquent if I could make to paſs through my pen, what you feel in your hearts. I affirm, that if there be any life in the world, which is able to nouriſh and foment the joy whereof I ſpeak, it is the Chriſtian life, holily and purely led according to the rules of the Word of God, and I borrow the proofs of what I ſay, from the great wit *Tertullian*, who in the Book he compoſed of games and ſportive entertainments, ſheweth by lively and urgent reaſons, there is no game nor recreation in all the world, can be compared to the ſoul of a Chriſtian, whoſe conſcience is a portative Theater, where inceſſantly are preſented many admirable ſhews. All which is powerfull and energetical to glad a well-compoſed ſoul, and to entertain it in eternal delights, is eminently found in the exerciſes of piety. If the chief ſource of peace and alacrity, be to be throughly reconciled to God, is it not in this Angelical Devotion, is it not in piety, that an entire reconciliation is made with our Maſter, that the ſtool, the ring, and ſhoes of hyacinth, are put on to walk in the paths of his commandments? If there be nothing ſo majeſtical, ſo delicious, ſo pleaſing, as the contemplation of truth, whereon our ſoul liveth, as the eye on colours, the Bee on dew, and the Phenix (as it is ſaid) on the thinneſt vapours of the air; is it not here, where after ſo many errours, ſo many fantaſies, ſo many illuſions, which turmoyled our minds in the diſturbances of the world, we enjoy in purity and plenitude the conſideration of the moſt noble Maxims of ſpiritual life? If it be a ſweet and ſenſible repoſe, having obtained remiſſion of ſins of the life paſt, to return into the peaceful harbour of a good conſcience; is not here the rock where ſo many waves are broken, where ſo many little curs, which ceaſe not to bark in the bottom of a troubled conſcience, are appeaſed, and where the ſoul becomes a calm ſea, beautified and curled with the rays of an enamoured and ſmiling Sun? Finally, if there be no greater pleaſure in the world, than to deſpiſe temporal pleaſures, and to trample under foot the vanities which Monarchs themſelves have ſet over their heads; where are they deſpiſed, but in this ſchool of virtue, where mortification of paſſions is learned, and the exerciſe of goodly and heroick actions, which give the ſoul an antipaſt of Heaven in this mortal life, and an enfranchiſement from fear of death? How can a devout ſoul which lives amongſt ſo many helps, ſo many remedies, ſo many comforts give the leaſt advantage to one black and cloudy thought of the world? What can we find out able to contriſtrate us amongſt ſuch ſuccours and lights? O a thouſand times happy ſoul, which having chaſed away all theſe illuſions of vanity, beholdeſt with a clear ſerene eye the ever to be adored rays of this verity!

Remit conſolari anima mea, memor fui Dei, & delectatus ſum, & exercitatus ſum, & deficit ſpiritus meus. Pſal. 76.

Tertul. de ſpectaculis. Hæc ſpectacula ſancta, perpetua, gratuita. Quid jucundius quàm Dei patris, & Domini reconciliatio, quàm veritatis revelatio, quàm erroris cognitio, quàm tantorum retro criminum venia &c.

The ninth EXAMPLE upon the ninth MAXIM.

Of Solid Devotion.

SOlid Devotions reſemble thoſe rivers which run under the earth; they ſteal from the eyes of the world, to ſeek for the eyes of God, they ſtudy ſolitudes and retirements, they are wholly ſhut up within themſelves, and it often happens, that thoſe of whom we ſpeak leaſt on earth, are the beſt known in Heaven.

I verily think, among all the great examples which may be produced of piety in Courts, there will not any one be found more ſincere, or more ſtrong, than that of S. *Lewis*, as it appeareth by all the acts of his life, namely, that which was written by his Confeſſour. It is an eaſie matter to judge his was a moſt holy life, becauſe the moſt diſ-intereſſed, he having no other aim, but to diſſolve his perſon, his Kingdom, his wife and children, into the will of God, to make the world no longer to be ought elſe, but a Temple of the Divinity.

S. *Lewis* the true Table of the moſt ſolid Devotion.

The Divine providence drew him out of his Kingdom with an *Abraham*'s faith; gave him among ſo many lands and ſeas, the conduct of a *Moſes*, and to ſet a ſeal on him of all his greatneſs, cauſed him to end his life with the patience of *Job*. We find many Princes who embraced piety, one after one faſhion, another after another, and who have covered great vices with great virtues; but it is a very hard matter to find one either more univerſal in all actions of virtue, or more free from blame in the point of innocencie, than our S. *Lewis*. *David* ows all he is more to pennance, than to innocency. *Conſtantine* the Great, before he was a Chriſtian, ſaw himſelf moſt unhappily ſtained with the bloud of his allies. *Theodoſius* the elder, was enflamed with choller, which coſt many people of *Theſſalonica* their lives. *Arcadius* perſecuted S. *Chryſoſtom*, at the ſolicitation of the Empereſs his wife. *Honorius* his brother, who was very pious and innocent, had nothing warlike in him, and ever better knew what the white cock named *Rama* did, in whom he took pleaſure, than the capital Citie of the world, whereof he was Emperour. *Theodoſius* the younger, entertained love or hatred according as his Eunuchs and women dictated.

Beliſarius, one of the braveſt Captains which the earth ever bare, had a very commendable ſouldier-like piety; but did all at the will of *Theodora* the Empereſs, obſerving her paſſions, even to the taking the Pope, and putting him into priſon by her command. *Narſes* who ſucceeded him, did wonders, and ſubdued *Totila*, the moſt valorous King which ever reigned among the *Goths*, he was very devout to the Bleſſed Virgin, to whom he attributed all his victories, but withal ſo inſolent, that to be revenged for a word of diſdain, which his Miſtreſs the Empereſs of *Conſtantinople* ſpake, he gave *Italie* over as a prey to the *Lombards*.

Finally, to conclude this Relation, and to ſpeak of that which more nearly concerneth us, *Charlemaigne* was the greateſt Emperour of the world in matter of religion, valour, policy, liberalitie, ſweetneſs and affability; but the love of women, though expiated by ſharp pennance, ſet blemiſhes on this Sun, which the memory of enſuing Ages, hath much ado to waſh off. It is a ſtrange thing, that God chaſtiſed the ſins of the father in his own daughters, who had very little care of their honour, through too free an education and indulgence of the Emperour, who ſpared the puniſhment of his own ſins in another.

There hath not been almoſt in all the Monarchies, but one S. *Lewis*, who was ſo like to virtue, that if it upon one ſide appeared incarnate to mortal eyes, and on the other ſhewed this great King, there would have been much ado to know which were the copie, and which the principal. He had three things very recommendable in him, religious wiſdom in the brighteſt luſtre of the world, humility planted even upon the rubies and diamonds of the Royal Crown, courage and valour invincible, in a devotion incomparable.

Who would ſee a manifeſt token of his wiſdom, let him behold how his ſpirit in the greateſt concuſſions of worldly accidents ſtood ever in the ſame poſture, without any whit forgoing the ordinary exerciſe of his piety. One ſole action of his life, which was his taking in *Ægypt*, made what I ſay well to appear. This good King having loſt a great battel, which ruined all his affairs, ſaw the wide fields covered with the bodies of his ſervants, and *Nilus* overflowing with the bloud of his *French*, himſelf ſurprized and taken by his enemies, and led into the *Sultan*'s Tent among clamours, out-cries, infernal countenãces of *Sarazens*, and all the images of death, able to overwhelm a ſoul of the ſtrongeſt temper: notwithſtanding, though his heart were ſteeped as a ſponge in a ſea of dolours and compaſſion, ever making uſe of reaſon, he entered into the *Barbarians* pavillion, not at all changing colour, and as if he had returned from his walk in the garden of his palace, he asked his pages for his book of prayers, and taking it, diſpoſed himſelf to pay the uſual tribute of his oraiſons in a profound tranquility of mind; which I conceive to be very rare, ſince there needeth oftentimes but the loſs of a triſle, to ſtay devotion, which is not yet arrived to the point of ſolidity.

But if you therein ſeek for a perfect humility, conſider what paſſed in the Councel of *Lyons*, and ſee how he laboured to depoſe the Emperour *Frederick* the ſecond, who was ruined in reputation in the opinion of almoſt all the world. Other Princes who have not always their hands ſo innocent, but that they readily invade the goods of others, when ſome religious pretext is offered them, would have been very ambitious to be enſtalled in his place whom they meant to deſpoil; but the univerſal conſent of great men, judged this throne could not be worthily ſupplied, but by this great King: yet he notwithſtanding declined it, as a wiſe Pilot would a rock, and thought better to chooſe the extremity of all evils of the world among *Sarazens*, than to mount to the Empire by ſuch ways.

But that which is moſt conſiderable in the matter we handle, may be obſerved in his valour, never weakened by his great devotion: for he was one of the moſt couragious Princes in a cold temperature & with reaſon, that was then under Heaven. It was courage, which taking him from the ſweet tranquility of a life wholly religious, cauſed him to leave a Kingdom repleniſhed with peace, contentment, and delights, to go to a land of *Sarazens*, & live in all incommodities imaginable to nature. It was courage, which cauſed him ſo many times to expoſe his royal and valiant perſon, not onely to the toyls of a deſperate voyage, but to the ſtrokes alſo of moſt hazardous battels: witneſs, when at his arrival in *Ægypt*, the coaſt being all beſet with *Sarazens*, very reſolute to hinder the paſſage of his ſhip, he threw himſelf firſt of all from the ſhip into the water, where he was plunged up to the ſhoulders, with his target about his neck, and ſword in hand, as a true ſpectacle of magnanimity to all his Army, which encouraged by the example, came to the land, as the King had commanded. The greatneſs of the ſun is meaſured by a ſmall ſhadow on the earth, and there many times needeth but very few words to illuſtrate a great virtue. So many excellent pens have written upon his brave acts, and made them ſo well known to all the world, that it were to bring light into day, to go about to mention them.

Divers Ladies excellent in piety.

If some say, He is to be a pattern for Kings and Lords; Ladies, who should manure devotion as an inheritance for their sex, shall never want great lights, and worthy instructions, if they will consider those, who being more near to our Age, should make the more impression upon their manners.

See the reverend Father *Hilarion* of Costa.

If we speak of the endeavour of prayer, look upon *Barbe Zopoly* Queen of *Polonia*, who continuing days and nights in prayer, all covered over with sackcloth, affixed good success to the standards of the King her husband, and for him gained battels.

If account be made of the chastity of maidens, and sequestration from worldly conversation, reflect on *Beatrix du Bos*, who being one of the most beautifull creatures of her time, and seeing the innocent flames of her eyes too easily enkindled love in the hearts of those who had access to her, put her self upon so rough a pennance for others sin, that she was fourty years without being seen, or to have seen any man in the face.

If you speak of modesty, let wanton Courtiers behold *Antonietta de Bourbon*, wife of *Claudius*, first Duke of *Guize*, who after the death of her husband, was clothed in serge, and went continually amongst the poor with her waiting-women, to teach them the practise of alms.

If charity be magnified toward persons necessitous, cast your eye upon *Anne* of *Austria*, Queen of *Poland*, who accustoming to serve twelve poor people every munday, the very same day she yielded her soul up to God, when she had scarcely so much left as a little breath on her lips, asked she might once more wait on the poor at dinner, and that death might close her eyes, when she opened her hands to charity.

If the instruction of children be much esteemed, fix your thoughts upon *Anne* of *Hungarie*, mother of eleven daughters, and admire her in the midst of her little company, as the old Hen-Nightingale, giving tunes and proportions of the harmony of all virtues, and so breeding these young creatures, that they all prospered well with excellent and worthy parts.

If you delight in the government of a family, which is one of the chiefest praises of married women, take direction from *Margaret* Dutchess of *Alencon*, who governed the whole family with so much wisdom, that order, which is the beauty of the world, found there all its measures, and that if the domestick servants of other Lords and Ladies are known by their liveries, she caused hers to be known by their modestie.

If you desire austerities, look with reverence on the hair-cloth and nails of *Charlotte de Bourbon*, the Kings great Grand-mother; and behold with admiration *Frances de Batarnay*, who during a widow-hood of three-score years, was twenty of them without ever coming into bed.

If you praise chast widows, who can pass without an Elogie, *Elizabeth* widow of *Charls* the ninth, who in a flourishing youth, being much courted by all the great Monarchs of the world, answered, *That having been the widow of a* Charls *of* France, *she had concluded all worldly magnificencies, and that nothing more remained for her, but to have* Jesus Christ *for a spouse.* And verily she spent the rest of her days in a conversation wholly Angelical, amongst religious women, whom she had founded.

If constancy in the death of kinred have place, let the lesson be hearkened unto, which *Magdalen*, wife of *Gaston de Foix* gave, who having seen the death of a husband, whom she loved above all the world, and afterward of an onely son remaining the total support of her house, made her courage to be as much admired among the dead, as her love was esteemed among the living.

And what stile would not be tired in so great a multitude of holy and solid devotions, and who can but think the choise becometh hard by abundance? unless we will say, such as have been the most persecuted, were the most eminent. Where it seems it is an act of the Divine Providence, to have many times given to vicious and faithless husbands, the best wives in the world, as *Mariamne* to *Herod*, *Serena* to *Diocletian*, *Constantia* to *Licinius*, *Helena* to *Julian* the Apostate, *Irene* to *Constantinus Copronymus*, *Theodora* to the Emperour *Theophilus*, *Theodelinda* to *Ithar*, *Thira* to *Gormondus* King of *Denmark*, *Charlotte de Albret*, to *Cæsar Borgia*, *Catherine* to *Henrie* of *England*. This Ladie was infinitely pious, yea, beyond limit. It is good to be devout in marriage, and not to forget she is a married wife, much way must be given to the humours of a husband, much to the care of children and family, and sometimes to loose God at the Altar, to find him in houshold cares.

Good wives of bad husbands.

Katherine of England. Flor. Remond.

But this Queen onely attended the affairs of Heaven, and had already so little in her of earth, that she shewed in all her deportments to be made for another manner of Crown, than that of *Great Brittain*. She for the most part shut her self up in the Monasteries of Virgins, and rose at mid-night to be present at Mattins. She was clothed from five of the clock, not decked like a Queen, but contented with a simple habit, saying, *The best time should be allowed to the soul, since it is the better part of our selves.* When she had the poor habit of Saint *Francis* under her garments, which she commonly ware, she reputed her self brave enough. The Fridays and Saturdays were ever dedicated by her to abstinence: but the Eves of our Ladies feasts, she fasted with bread and water, she failed not to confess on wednesdays and fridays, and in a time when Communions were very seldom, she had recourse thereunto every sunday. In the fore-noon she continued six hours in prayer; after dinner she read two whole hours the lives of Saints, and speedily returned to Church, from whence she departed not till night drave her thence. This was to eat honey and Manna in abundance, in a condition which had too strong ties for the earth, to be so timely an inhabitant of Heaven.

Whilest she led this Angelical life, her husband, young and boyling, overflowed in all sorts of riot, and in the end came to this extremity, as to trample all laws, both divine and humane under foot, to repudiate his lawfull wife, who brought him children, to serve as pledges of marriage, and wed *Anne* of *Bollen*.

Since this love, which made as it were but one tomb of two parts of the world, never have we seen any more dreadfull. The poor Princess, who was looked on by all Christendom as a perfect model of all virtue, was driven out of her Palace and bed, amidst the tears and lamentations of all honest men, and went to *Kimbolton*, a place incommodious and unhealthy, whilest another took possession, both of the heart and scepter of the King. So that here we may behold virtue afflicted, and a devotion so constant, that the ruins of fortune, which made all the world tremble, were unable to shake it. She remained in her solitude with three waiting-women, and four or five servants, a thousand times more content, than had she lived in the highest glory of worldly honour, and having no tears to bewail her self, she lamented the miseries she left behind her. There is yet a letter left, which she wrote to her husband a little before her death, plainly shewing the mild temper of her heart, and the force of devotion, which makes the most enflamed injuries to be forgotten, to procure conformity to the King of the afflicted, who is the mirrour of patience, as he is the reward of all sufferers.

My King, and dearest spouse, Insomuch as already the hour of my death approcheth, the love and affection I bear you, causeth me to conjure you to have a care of the eternal salvation of your soul, which you ought to prefer before mortal things, or all worldly blessings. It is

for

for this immortal ſpirit you muſt neglect the care of your bodie, for the love of which you have thrown me head-long into many calamities, and your own ſelf into infinite diſturbances. But I forgive you with all my heart, humbly beſeeching Almightie God, he will in Heaven confirm the pardon, I on earth give you. I recommend unto you our moſt dear Mary, *your daughter and mine, praying you to be a better Father to her, than you have been a huſband to me. Remember alſo the three poor maids, companions of my retirement, as likewiſe all the reſt of my ſervants, giving them a whole years wages, beſides what is due, that ſo they may be a little recompenced for the good ſervice they have done me, proteſting unto you in the concluſion of this my letter and life, that my eyes love you, and deſire to ſee you, more than any thing mortal.*

Henrie the eight, notwithſtanding his violence, read this letter with tears in his eyes, and having diſpatched a Gentleman to viſit her, he found death had already delivered her from captivity.

X. MAXIM.

of PROPER INTEREST.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

Every underſtanding man ſhould do all for himſelf, as if he were his own God, and eſteem no Goſpel more ſacred, than his Proper Intereſt.

THis Maxim of the Prophane Court, is the ſource of all evils, the very plague of humane life, and one may ſay it is the *Trojan* horſe, which beareth fire and ſword, ſaccage and rapine in its entrails. From thence proceed *ambition, rebellion, ſacrileage, rapine, concuſtion, ingratitude, treacherie, and in a word, all that which is horrid in nature.*

Diſloyalties that ſpring from this maxim.

Self-love, which ſhould be contained within the limits of an honeſt preſervation of ones ſelf, flieth out as a river from his channel, and with a furious inundation covereth all the land, it overthrows all duty, and deep drencheth all reſpect of honeſty. Men, who have renounced piety, if they peradventure ſee themſelves to be ſtrong and ſupported with worldly enablements, acknowledge no other Gods but themſelves. They imagine the *Jupiter* of Poets was made as they: they create little *Sultans*, and there is not any thing from whence they derive not tribute, to make their imaginary greatneſs encreaſe. When this blindneſs happeneth in perſons very eminent it is moſt pernicious; for then is the time, when not being awed by the fear of a God Omnipotent, they turn the world upſide down, to ſatisfie miſerable ambition. And ſuch Princes there have been, who have rather profuſely loſt the lives of thirty thouſand ſubjects, than ſuffered ſo much land to be uſurped upon them, as were needfull for their tomb.

Practiſe of worldly men. Ingratitude.

Others, whom birth hath not made Cæſars, extend their petty power what they may. They obſerve men, ſound their means, their abilities, their capacities, their wits and diſpoſitions. They accommodate all to their own pretenſions, they pull a feather from one, a wing from another; they flatter, promiſe, charm, and deſcend even to ſlavery, to mount up to the honours they aim at, no more afterward regarding their fortune who holp them, than a nightly dream.

The world is repleniſhed with ungrateſull, and barbarous ſouls, who cannot ſo much as endure the ſight of thoſe, who formerly ſpent themſelves in their ſervice, thinking their preſence a reproach of their crime; and there are ſuch to be found, who will make no ſcruple to ſacrifice the bloud of their

THE HOLY COURT.

That proper Intereſt is a tyranny framed againſt the Divinitie, and that a man who is the God of himſelf, is a devil to the reſt of the world.

beſt ſervants at the Altar of their Fortune. Others, who cannot reach to the height of worldly ambition, bend themſelves with all their ſtrength to money, whereof they make a Deity, and run with full ſpeed to the gainfull hopes of houſes. For this, friends diſſolve the moſt ſtable amities; for this, allies tear one another, families divide, Cities and houſes burn: and when I more nearly conſider it, I find it is a bleſſing from God, that women do not often bring forth twins, for they would perpetually contend in this world, yea, in their mothers bellies, who ſhould have the moſt land, even before they enjoyed air to breath in.

Kingdom of particular intereſt.

Of ſo many noble ſciences manured by our Anceſtours, there almoſt remains nothing for us, but wretched images. There is an induſtry eſteemed in the world above all other, called the *ſleight of hand*, which ſhews how to draw all to ones ſelf, to be enriched with the ſpoils of others, and to devour many little ſerpents to become a huge dragon, as ſaith the *Greek* ſentence. Now obſerve here three principal points, which conclude the perverſeneſs of this Maxim, the firſt whereof is tyranny, the ſecond ſacrileage, and the third diſaſter.

φῶτε, ἰς μὰ φῶλα ὄφιν ἑλκύσαν ὄφις γένηται.

Reaſons againſt this Maxim, and firſt its tyranny.

Firſt, it is a manifeſt thing, that tyranny, which invadeth the ſtate and juriſdiction of the living God, is moſt impious and audacious: yet the ſect which makes profeſſion now-adays to ſerve God with exteriour ceremonies, and proper intereſts in the interiour of the heart, tyrannically uſurpeth a right upon the eternal power of the Sovereign Maſter, which is to reflect upon ones ſelf in all things, as his end and ſovereign good. From whence you may very well conclude, his undertakings cannot be but tyrannical. Yet more to enlighten our thoughts and ſtrengthen reaſon, know there is an axiom of Divinity, that God, as he can know nothing beyond himſelf, love nothing but in himſelf; ſo he doth nothing but for himſelf. For in doing for himſelf, he doth all for us, ſince we have not any thing which tendeth not to him as to the ſcope thereof, which ſubſiſteth not in him as on its baſis, which repoſeth not in him as in its center. So doth S. *Thomas* underſtand that notable word of *Triſmegiſtus*, *Unitie hath produced*

unitie, that is to say, God onely, Sovereign, and absolute, created one world, not many, *and thence reflected his fervour upon himself*, making all for his love and glorie. Wherein he ceaseth not to oblige us, since we have neither love, grace, glory, greatness, or contentment, which cometh not from him. I find the interpretation of this passage much more reasonable than theirs, who made *Mercurie* more skilfull in the Trinity, than all the Prophets: which is confirmed by the Author of the Ægyptian Divinity, who in the fifth Book, fifth Chapter hath an excellent Maxim: *The first Agent acteth not for any end, having nothing more able than himself, for which he can act.*

Agens primum propter finem non agit, quod eo nobilius non sit propter quod possit agere.

It is not so with man. For if he will well rectifie his actions, he must act for an end, and for the Sovereign End, which, as saith the worthy *Boetius* in the first Book of the Trinity, is not composed of This, or That; but is simply what it is, without any dependence: and pursuing this end, it is necessary he proportion the means to the butt he aimeth at; for from thence resulteth that which they call good election, which is a science the most rare and necessary of the whole world. Now this wretched Maxim overthrows order so divinely established, and mortifieth what it may in the mind of man, the consideration of the dependance he hath on God. It will enjoy that it ought to use, never to enjoy the Divinity. It diverteth all creatures from the mark to which Divine Providence directeth them, and draws them from the use agreed upon in Heaven; to appropriate them on earth, to the prejudice of the Creatour.

Quod non est ex hoc, sed tantum est hoc, illud vere est id, quod est. Boet. l. 1. de Trinit.

All which is most excellent in creatures, is not for creatures who possess it. Light is in the Sun, but not for the Sun; waters are in the Ocean, but not for the Ocean. God, who gives brightness to the one, and rivers to the other, would that both tend to the commodity of men, thereby to pass on to the glory of the Sovereign Being. The Creatour (said an Ancient) made all the most noble creatures for to give themselves, so much hath he banished worldly avarice. Kingdoms are not so much for Kings, as Kings for Kingdoms; for they are made to do them good, and to preserve them, as the goods of God himself. So soon as one is born with fair and worthy parts, he is born for the publick, and he who would retain to himself what Providence gave in common, commits a sacriledge in the great Temple of the God of nature: if he perpetually reflect on himself in all things, and draw all to himself, as if all were made for him, he opposeth his Judge, and makes himself a corrival to Sovereign Majesty.

Besides, ponder here the greatness of this first Being which is invaded, the better to understand the violence of this tyranny. To whom would you compare God? (saith the Prophet *Isaiah.*) God, who graspeth the vast extent of seas in his fist. God, who weigheth Heaven with all its globes in the hollow palm of his hand: God, who supporteth the heavy mass of earth with three fingers of his power: God, who poizeth mountains in his ballance: God, before whom the world, with all the huge diversitie of its Nations, is no more than a drop of dew, or the cock of a ballance in the hand of a gold-smith: God, before whom all Monarchies are but dust, and men but silly grashoppers. Were all mountains like to *Lybanus* on fire, and turned into victims for his sacrifices, it would be nothing in respect of his Majestie.

Qui appendit tribus digitis molem terræ, & librávit in pondere montes, & colles in statera, &c. Isaiah 40.

Since then, you little worldling, you politick spirit, will side against God, divide his Empire, raise an Altar against his, preferring your ends to his prejudice, what do you call it, if not tyranny, since it is to enterprize upon the goods of your Sovereign, who hath not any thing indispensable from his laws, no not so much as nothing it self?

Nay, if you afforded God some honourable association (though that were tyrannical) it would be more tolerable; but you allow him a wicked petty interest of honour, of gain, for companion, which you plant in your heart, as on an Altar, and daily present it the best part of the sacrifice. It is to injury a superiour, to compare an inferiour with him. It is said, the very feathers of the Eagle are so imperious, they will not mix with the plumage of other birds, if they do, they consume them with a dull file. And think you to mingle God who is an incomparable Wisdom, a riches inexhaustible, a purity infinite, with feeble pretensions, which have frenzie for beginning, misery for inheritance, and impurity for ornament?

2. Reason. It is a great sacrilege to make a Divinity of proper interest.

Feathers of the Eagle imperious. *Plin.* l. 11. c. 3.

The most barbarous Tyrants, as the *Mezentiusses*, found out no greater cruelty than to tie a dead with a living body; and you fasten thoughts of the world, dead, and languishing, with God, who is nothing but life. This is not a simple tyranny, but a sacriledge. The Civil Law saith, you must not appropriate to your self sacred gold or silver, nor transfer to prophane uses, what hath been dedicated to God; the like whereof is expressed in Laws Ecclesiastical. According to which axioms, S. *Augustine* said to *Licentius*, if you had found a golden challice, you would give it to the Church. God hath granted you a spirit of gold, and I may likewise say, a heart of gold, when he washed and regenerated you by the waters of Baptism: and now so far are you from rendering to your Sovereign Master what is due to him, that you make use of that heart as of a vessel of abomination, to sacrifice your self to devils. One sacrificeth to love, another to revenge, a third to worldly vanity. As for you, behold you are altogether upon particular ends, which take all the victims from God, to throw them into the gulf of avarice.

Χρυσὸν ἢ ἄργυρον ἐγκατασθίειν μηδὲν ὁφείλοντα. Authent. Justinia. Jus canonicum. *August.* ad Licentium.

Osea 5. *Victima declinástis in profundum.*

A man who hath conceived this Maxim in his brain, that his affairs must be dispatched at what rate soever, hath nothing of God but for ceremony; he hath created a Temple to a little devil of silver, who sits in the middle of his heart. It is the object of all his thoughts, the bayt of all his hopes, and scope of his contentments: there is his Tabernacle, his Oracle, his Propitiatory, and all the marks of his Religion. I wonder why in *Ecclesiastes*, where the common Translation saith, *All obeyeth money*, another very ancient letter, and derived from the Hebrew phrase, hath, *Money rendereth all oracles*, for that is it which properly the word *respondere* signifieth. But I cease to admire, when I consider the course of the world; for in truth I see money is like a familiar spirit, such as heretofore Pagans and Sorcerers kept in secret places, shut up in a casket, or in some broken head, or the body of a serpent: when they became any thing irresolute, they consulted with their Idol, and the devil counterfeiting voices through wood and metal, gave them answers.

Lignum offensionis est aurum sacrificantium. Eccl. 31. 17.

Χρήματα πάντα ὑπακούει. *Pecuniæ obediunt omnia. Pecuniæ respondet omnia.* Eccles. 10. 19.

Now adays the Devil money is in the coffer of the covetous, as in a Chappel dedicated to his name: and the Infidel, if he have any business to perform in his family, thinks not at all to take counsel of God upon it, nor to appeal to conscience; but refers all these enterprizes to the devil of silver, who gives him forth crooked Oracles. Shall I buy a Benefice for one of my sons, who hath no propension to the Church, but it must be provided, in what sort soever? The little devil answers, *Buy, seeing you have money.* Shall I corrupt a faithless Judge, whose soul I know to be saleable, to gain an evil spirit? *Do so, since you have money.* Shall I be revenged upon such a man, whom I hate as death, by suborning false witnesses, and engaging them by strength of corruption in a bad cause?

cause? *Yea, since money gives thee this power?* Shall I buy this Office, whereof I am most incapable; for never was I fit for any thing, but to practise malice? *Yea, since it is money, which doth all.* Shall I take *Naboth's* vineyard by force and violence, to build and enlarge my self further and further, upon the lands of my neighbour, without any limits of my purchases, but the rules of my concupiscence? *Yea, since thou mayest do it by force of money*: Shall I carry a port in my house-keeping, which is onely fit for Lords, sparing nothing from expence of the palate, nor from bravery, in such sort, that my lackeys may daily jet up and down, as well adorned as Altars on sundays? *Yea, since thou hast the golden branch in thy hand. Finally, this is to say very little, but if thou hast readie money, desire all thou wilt, it shall come to pass. For thou hast* Jupiter *shut up in thy coffer*, (said the Satyrist.) See you not much infidelity, a great contempt of God, plain Atheism? Moreover, that which likewise makes this manner of proceeding more detestable is, that besides its Empire incompatible with God, it insinuateth with such subtilities and pretexts of religion, as if it were most devout. Black souls of sorcerers, given over to all manner of execration, make open war against God: they say they are altogether for *Beelzebub*, and keep the sabbath to yield him homage, and have renounced all the functions of Christian piety: in recompence whereof they raise mists in bright mornings, by the power which the evil spirits gives them, that hearbs and trees may die, or such like, for their witch-craft extends but to bodies: But this furious passion of interests which now adays so powerfully swayeth, besides that it sucketh the bloud and marrow of the people, and bewitcheth souls which come near it with manifest contagion, appears with semblances of religion and true Christianity although it be impossible to serve two Masters, according to the words of the Saviour of the world, and to accord the devil of proper interests with the Maxims of *Jesus*.

Parva loquor, quibus nummis præsentibus opis, eveniet, clausum possidet arca Jovem. Satyricon. Pet. 3. Reason. False pretext of interests.

Enemies the most dangerous are ever the most covert, it were better almost to fall absolutely into disorder, than to be flesh and fish, hot and cold, to halt sometimes on *Baal's* side, another while on the Temple of *Solomon's* part, and never to serve God, but with a shoulder; yea, with all manner of hypocrisie. *I wish thou were hot or cold, but insomuch as thou art luke-warm, being neither hot nor cold, I will vomit thee out of my mouth.*

Utinam frigidus esses aut calidus, sed quia tepidus es, & nec frigidus, nec calidus incipiam te vomere ex ore meo. Apoc. 3. 4. Reason.

To all objections of Scripture and Saints, framed against this Maxim, we have but one onely answer: *It is the world, we cannot live otherwise, the goat must browze where he is tied. He who would live as an honest man, and not be according to the fashion, shall ever be poor.* To which I answer, It is so far otherwise, that one cannot be rich, persisting in integrity, that who will well examine families and houses, shall find riches the most stable, most honourable, and delightfull were ever on virtues side, as we may see in the examples of *Abraham*, *Jacob*, and *David*, if we will not learn it by our own experience. *The blessing of God make the rich, and drives affliction from them.*

Benedictio Domini divites facit, nec sociabitur ei afflictio. Proverb. 10.

But quite contrary, the fortunes which proceed by crooked and sinister ways, bring most dangerous effects along with them, for before their coming, they cause toyls and unspeakable anxieties; but being arrived, they expose a man to publick scorn, in stead of making him worthy of regard; since they insensibly are consummate, and in the end, always reserve to him who possesseth them, treasures of anger and vengeance. Would you see the proof of all I have said? Look on the travel bestowed in purchase of ill gotten goods, and you shall find it was for that, the Saviour of the world called riches, *thorns*, because thorns bear a fragrant flower; but the fruit is very bad, and which is more, they serve for a retreat to vipers. A silly gain, which in the beginning smiles to the eye, is the flower of the thorn; but when it is swallowed with great convulsion of mind and body, it proves an ill fruit, as likewise being involved in an impure conscience, it is as the viper among thorns. Will you therein observe publick scorn and indignation? When you behold a man of base condition, who by unlawfull ways is come to great fortunes, he is looked on as the flea, which an artificer fettered with a chain of gold, to make matter for gazers. O the flea (said one) it is well for her, she wears a golden chain: the basest of vermine, bears the best of mettals! Is she not very miserable, to have her liberty so enthralled? Why was she not content to be a flea, and not to become a Ladie? Yet was this silly creature innocent: but whosoever excessively raiseth his estate by injustice, deserves he not well to be the object of all the arms of slander, and the anger of God? *Our Lord* (saith the Scripture) *shall wither up the roots of proud Nations.*

Simon Majolus.

Radicem superbarum gentium arefaciet Dominus. Eccles. 10.

Will you see the progression and conclusion thereof: The Grashopper, according to the saying of the Prophet *Joel*, hath a share herein, to wit, in bravery and riot of apparel; the other part falls to the glutonous flie, which is the superfluity of diet; and the last is eaten by rust, so are unprofitable treasures of the covetous, who almost all resemble the fountain of *Jupiter Hammon*, so cold in the day time, one cannot drink of it, and so hot by night they dare not touch it. In the day of prosperity, they have bowels of ice for the miseries of the poor, and in adversity their goods are all on fire, pillaged, burnt and carried away, by those who least deserve to enjoy them.

Residuum locustæ comedit bruchus, & residuum bruchi comedit erago. Joel. 1. *Plin.* lib. 2. cap. 103.

Finally, the day of Judgement must be undergone, to expiate many times by long torments the goods we can no longer enjoy. Do we not understand how the God of vengeance speaks to the rich of the earth, who are rich in iniquity? To thee I come, thee great Dragon, who lodgest in the midst of rivers of *gold* and *silver*, and sayest, These rivers are mine: I will put a bridle into thy mouth, and will fasten to thy scales so many little fishes, as thou on every side hast entrapped by so many injustices, so many concussions, so many falshoods, and I will take thee out of thy element, out of thy honours and riches, which thou hast abused, and I will thrust thee into the desert on the sand, reproachfull as thou art, faint, and despoiled, nor shall any man compassionate thy misery. *Oh, how poor are they always, who are rich with iniquitie.*

Ezech. 29. *Ecce ego ad te Draco magne qui cubas in medio fluminum & dicis meus est fluvius, ponam fræna in maxillis tuis, & agglutinabo pisces fluminum tuorum squammis tuis, & extrahame te & proiciam te in desertum.*

(*a*) But what if serving God faithfully in his vocation he must be poor? O poverty, which didst receive the Son of God born, as between thine arms, in a wretched stable, and who saw'st him conclude his innocent life in so great nakedness, that it had no other veil to cover it but the bloud which gushed from his wounds; must it needs be that having been so much honoured by the King of Monarchs and all Saints, who waited on him, thou here below shouldst be reputed as the dregs of nature, the scum of the world, the fury of humane life; must Christians come to that pass, rather to desire to be esteemed crafty, robbers, and excommunicates, than poor? No man (saith *Minutius Fælix*) how poor soever, comes to the poverty wherein he is born; we should possess all, had we learned to desire nothing: but the rage now adays frequent, to appear in the world what one is not, the madness which maketh frogs desire to swell like bulls, is the cause many stile a reasonable fortune with the title of poverty, whilest a thousand and a thousand who live in the world, in the midst of extream miseries, had they hit upon thy fortune, would think themselves equal in point of felicity to *Cæsars*.

(*a*) 5. Reason. Against too much horrour of poverty, which nourisheth the fervour of interests.

Nemo tam pauper potest esse quam natus est, omnia si non concupiscimus, possidemus. Minut. Fælix.

One esteems himself poor, if he have not thirty, fourty, fifty thousand crowns to buy an Office; which is a fearfull exorbitance of our Age. One accounts himself poor, if he have not five and twenty thousand

crowns to give with a daughter in marriage, when the daughters of *France* had not heretofore above six thousand. One imagineth he is poor, if vails of an Office make not thirty or fourty thousand livres of rent, when the Chancellours of *France* had not in former time seven thousand. O insatiable avarice, the Cerberus, and gulf of mankind! whither hast thou transported our manners and understanding? No, no, there is not any man truly poor, who is furnished for necessities, without which, life is intolerable to nature: and that which affrighteth (say you) is the gnawing care of house-keeping, which shorteneth your days, and drencheth your life in gall and tears.

Against the pusillanimous.

Weak and faithless that you are towards the Divine Providence, do you not yet behold your distrust, your humane respects, your impatience is the source of all the evils which engulf you? Little birds that flie in the air and clouds; silly butter-flies which flutter through the meadows, painted with the enamel of flowers, and flowers themselves which are but hay, repose with all sweet satisfaction, under the royal mantle of the great Providence that covers all. Birds by his help, find grain fit for them. Butter-flies suck out the dew and juice of flowers; and flowers which live but one day, unfold themselves with beauties, that nothing yield to *Solomon*'s magnificencies. There is not any creature so little in the world, which lifteth not up its eyes to the paternal hand of God, distilling dew and Manna, and is never frustrated of its hopes. There is none but you (O wretched creature) who having a reasonable soul, stamped with the image of God, suffer your discretion to contribute to the excess of your miseries; do you not well deserve to be poor, since God is not rich enough for you?

Whose are the children which give you occasion of so much care? Is it you (O mothers) who have stretched their sinews, spun out their veins, numbered and knit their bones in your entrails? God hath made them, God will direct them, God will bear them on the wings of his providence, God will dispose them where you imagine not. But you would not have them suffer any thing; why then did you produce them into the number of men, if you be unwilling they should participate in the burdens of men?

Resolution of great courages in poverty.

If you and they fal'ing from a flourishing estate, should be reduced to beggery, could you imagine you might be forsaken by the providence of God, yea, although you under-went the strokes of warfare, which his beloved Son did here on earth? What shame would it be for you, if even those who have been in the world as great as Monarchs, are come to this estate? *Belisarius*, who thunder-struck three parts of the world by the lightening of his arms, who had possessed all which a great virtue might deserve, all which a great fortune might give, having seen himself engraven on gold & silver, almost equal to the Emperour *Justinian* his Master, came to that pass through extream disfavour, as to stretch out his hand for alms, yea, did it couragiously, braving his unhappiness by an abundance of virtues: And you, who are much short of his quality, deject your spirit in a slight humiliation befallen you. *Rusticiana* wife of *Boetius*, one of the most glittering beauties of *Rome*, in publick miseries saw her self reduced to such poverty, that she was clothed as a countrey woman, no whit therewith dismayed; yea, appeared before the face of Kings in defence of her husband massacred: & you cannot endure to be seen at the Church in a modest habit, or a plain neck-kercheff. Alas your opinion, and your curiosity, is the greatest part of your evils!

Were it not better to undergo all the miseries of the world, in the fidelity we offer to God, than through disordinate love of proper interests, to become a devil? For what fitter title deserves he, who doing all for himself, looks on himself as a Divinity, accounts other men who are under him, as flies and catterpillers, tyrannizeth over inferiours, tormenteth equals, striketh at superiours, breaketh laws both divine and humane, to hasten unto gain or honour, and to anticipate his punishments, makes to himself an hell in his own conscience. If these truths perswade you not sufficiently the way of duty, consider a man of interest in the following example, and see by his success, that there is no greater unhappiness in the world, than to be fortunate contrary to the rules of a good conscience.

The tenth EXAMPLE upon the tenth MAXIM.

Of liberalitie, and unhappiness of those who seek their own ends by unlawfull ways.

ANTIOCHUS the GOD.

I Resolved to present unto you in this History *Antiochus* the God, who made a God of himself, a man as much perplexed as unhappy in his aims; to oppose him against *Ptolomeus Philadelphus*, who was free and generous, to the end these Princes, as contrary in qualities, as different in their successes, may make you the more sensibly see the truth of this excellent Maxim. When a great fortune and a prompt will meet together, they produce excellent effects of liberality. This *Ptolomey* of whom we speak, had one by nature, the other from love. For he was naturally disposed to magnificence, and the greatness of his condition seconded his purposes. The revenue he received from *Ægypt*, might then amount to fourteen thousand eight hundred talents, which were the matter of his bounty, but the form rested in his heart. He thought nothing to be his, but what he could give, and was willing gold should be drawn from his treasures, to relieve mens necessities, as water out of the streams of his *Nilus*. To know how to give well, is a great science. It belongs not to all (said *Socrates*) to mannage the Graces well. There are some who give so ill, and to such as merit so little, that the Graces being Virgins by condition, are made prostitutes through the sottishness of their usage. But this Prince was as wise in choice of persons, as liberal to distribute favours. He willingly did good to those who made profession of true piety, and loved learning, well knowing it was to sow seeds in a land not ungratefull. It is observed in all times, that Princes and men of quality, who have disobliged the Religious and learned, have had ill success in their affairs, and given their reputation as a prey to posterity. That is it which lost the miserable *Antiochus*, surnamed the Illustrious: for though his father had shewed him an example to oblige the *Hebrews*, who then stood most eminent in religion and divine knowledges, he unhappily engaged himself to torment them, and by this means heaped after his life a thousand disturbances, and darkened his name in an eternal History.

Drawn from the Prophet *Daniel.* 11. *S. Hieron.* upon *Daniel. Polyæn. Appian.*

Magnificence of *Ptolomey.*

Socrat. apud Stobæum. τὸν πλοῦτον χαρίτων ἱερὸν οὐ πόρνον ἀνάγκης.

It is very dangerous to disoblige pious and learned men.

Much otherwise *Ptolomey* favoured the people of God, with al sorts of courtesie. For not satisfied to have grãted liberty to more than a hundred thousand *Iews*, who were in his Territories, even to the redeeming slaves at his own charge from Masters who possessed them, he bestowed most costly gifts on the Temple of *Jerusalem*. From thence distending his benefits to men of learning, he furnished that incomparable Liberary, wherein in the end were numbered seven hundred thousand books, and having given the charge of it to *Demetrius Phalereus*, he caused to be brought thither, as we find in so many histories, the books of the law, with the seventy two Interpreters, who translated them into Greek, to be a singular ornament of his Liberarie.

Ioseph. l. 12. c. 1. Liberary of *Ptolomey.*

berarie. All this passed over with ceremonies, magnificencies, and the wonders which so many Authours recount, the King wept for joy, such affection he bare to things divine, in comparison of which he no more esteemed gold, than dirt. By which means he gained the affection of all men, causing himself to be beloved and adored by the whole world.

Manners of *Antiochus.*

But *Antiochus the God*, being as the Antipodes, opposite in manners to him, esteeming himself as a Divinity, thought upon nothing but to satisfie his ambition, augment his revenues, and seek his own ends, to the prejudice of equity, and all the most holy amities. Which was the cause, that undertaking a wicked design of invading the Kingdom of *Ægypt*, he set a huge

War against *Ptolomey.*

Army on foot against *Ptolomeus Philadelphus*, of whom we speak, without any pretext, but the satisfaction of an enraged ambition which possessed him. *Ptolomey*, who for the love of books abandoned not the sollicitude of war, had put his Kingdom into such order, that he was able to bring into the field two hundred thousand foot, and twenty thousand horse, besides he had two thousand carriages for the war, four hundred Elephants, an hundred and fifty tall ships. So that *Antiochus* coming with all the strength of *Asia* to surprize him, found one ready to talk with him: for the *Ægyptian* without any incommodity to himself, tyred and supplanted all his endeavours, which were grounded more upon passion, than good discretion. This man loth to return with so much shame, being unable to get a Kingdom, sought to win a wife. He passionately courted *Berenice*, daughter of *Ptolomey*, whether he were in love with her, or whether he would make use of this marriage, to give some colour to peace, which could not be concluded without leaving on his face the marks of his temerity. *Ptolomy*, a Prince very peaceful, readily inclined to the resolution of matching his daughter with him, that he might quit his Territories of him; but it was understood he had been already married to *Laodice*, by whom he had children, which seemed to make this matter meerly impossible. Notwithstanding this unhappy Prince, who betrayed God and men without reflecting on any thing in his designs but proper interest, sware deeply to give assurance, that he kept not *Laodice* in the quality of a wife and Queen, but of a concubine, whom he would dismiss so soon as the love of a lawful wife should possess his heart. They who desire are ordinarily credulous. It was wished peace might be purchased for the wearisomness of war, and this Princess must be sacrificed as a victim, without consideration, that as faith and treachery upon one side were incompatible in the person of *Antiochus*, so on the other *Laodice*, a Princess much like her husband, would not suffer another to lodge in her bed.

It was ended by a marriage

Notwithstanding, the marriage is concluded, *Berenice* is conducted to *Damietta* by her own father, who gave huge treasures with her in marriage, she is put into the hands of this false husband, who carried her to *Babylon*, the capital City of his Kingdom.

Berenice daughter of *Ptolomey* entereth into *Babylon.*

This beautiful Queen, who had all attractive graces on her cheek, and the *caduceum* of *Mercury* in her hands, by reason of the peace she made between two puissant Nations, was received with much applause. Besides there went along with her a great number of mules laden with gold, silver, and all the most splendid riches of *Ægypt*. For the father, who was so liberal towards strangers, had made spare of nothing to his daughter. The solemnity of marriage was performed with extraordinary pomp, there was nothing but games, theaters, publick joys; Heaven smiled, and the earth assisted in these Hymeneal rites. There was

Laodice repudiated.

none but *Laodice*, who being repudiated, looked on these triumphs with an owl-like eye, and a countenance surcharged with the vapours of her envy, which hastened to raise a tempest.

She failed not to flie out in the beginning, and to speak whatsoever a desperate jelousie could suggest to her, to embroil affairs, and stir up the Kingdom: but finding her self not throughly seconded, she covered her discontent under silence, and the fury of her revenge, under an apparance of sweetness, supposing craft might afford that which force had bereaved her of.

Beholding her self far distant from Court, and put into a condition wherein she could not disturb any thing, she with a malicious prudence dissembled all that which lay on her heart, feigning to have no other pretence upon the Kings marriage, but that she onely desired to gain from him some solace, to sweeten the change of her fortune.

Forthwith she wrote a letter to King *Antiochus*, very cunningly excusing her self of all had passed, and shewing:

Her cunning.

That if she at the beginning spake a little too boldly touching the alteration he had made in his Kingdom, it was a folly pardonable, since it onely proceeded from the love she bare him. That the disfavour she suffered by being deprived of a God, seemed at first so harsh unto her, that she could find no means to digest it: But that time had shewed her some part of her duty, and her evil fortune daily taught her the humility, she could never learn in Empire. That she acknowledged it was not for her to controul his affections, but observe them, and rather to entertain admiration for her who hath the honour to enjoy his love, than envy it. That she now hath no care to think on thrones and scepters, but that the sovereign happiness, wherein she desires to breath out the remainder of her miserable life, is to approach near his person, more dear than all the world, and to behold with an eye more innocent than she had done, the prosperity of his affairs.

Antiochus was very well satisfied with Queen *Berenice*, and already had by her a fair son, who was as the seal of marriage: yet touched at the beginning with some compassion to see *Laodice* so humbled, he gave her leave to come nearer him, which *Berenice* all made of goodness, and over-credulous, never sought to hinder.

She returned with shews of humility, pretext of amity, and admirable conformity. *Antiochus* saw her, and readily entertained her with discourse and witty merriments, thinking her unable to re-enkindle his affection: but she still had a commanding beauty accompanied with a wily wit, and a voluble tongue of power to win love; which the other very easily laid hold of, though he ever mannaged it to his own ends.

The Chronicle of *Alexandria* hath a remarkeable passage, telling, that *Perseus* looking on the head of *Medusa*, which he had cut off took in poyson from it, whereof he became blind. We must not too much trust these beauties and loves, which after a long course of sway seem dead, when they but disappear. Flames sometimes break out of wrinkles and ashes, to inflame hearts they had heretofore possessed.

Antiochus quickly felt the sting of this *Gorgon*, whose insolence he thought he had vanquished. For having formerly surprized him by slight daliances, she renewed her battery, and by force of her continual conversation, began to possess him as much as heretofore. *Berenice* retained nothing in all this great pomp of her fortune, but countenances and shews; whilst the other became Mistress of his heart, and had so bewitched the soul of this God, as to make him become a beast. The wicked woman staied not there, but infinitely desirous to place her son *Seleucus* in the throne of the *Antiochuses*, and fearing the mutable condition of this unfortunate lover, prevented his inconstancy, and gave him (as saith S. *Hierom*) not the Nectar of Gods, but the poison appointed for offendours, to send him speedily unto the other world. Presently after she caused

her ſon to be proclaimed King by the ſubtile practiſe of two powerfull Favourites, who aſſiſted her in this affair, and at the ſame time laid hold of the little ſon of *Berenice*, and gave him unto two murderers, to butcher him.

Behold whither the miſchief of a woman, abandoned by God, reaſon, and all humanity goeth, when inceſſed love, and blind ambition have let looſe the reins to diſorder. The poor Queen extreamly overtaken by this diſloyalty, came forth in publick with her great ſorrow, conjuring all the world with tears and ſighs, able to rent rocks aſunder.

To take pitie of a poor ſtranger, their lawfull Queen, and who had never ſought any thing, but their good: whileſt ſome not content to poiſon the King her husband, had murdered the little innocent, who was lawfull heir to the Crown, and would for full accompliſhment of cruelty, ſerve the mother ſo: Then ſhewing her boſom, added, She was readie to receive therein the bloudie ſword, which had cut off the life of her moſt precious child, in an age ſo tender and lamentable, if the people thought it might be for the Kingdoms good; but what could it benefit them to ſee a deplorable Queen torn in pieces before their eyes, who had no other crime, but her integritie towards them?

The people were ſo moved with this diſcourſe, that they cauſed *Berenice* to ſave her ſelf in the beſt fortreſs of the Citie, and inſtantly demanded their young Prince might be brought forth. The murderers (as *Polyenus* affirmeth) already miſdoubting the peoples fury, had prepared a ſuppoſitious child, who marvellouſly well reſembled the young Prince, and preſently producing him clothed in his garments, they for ſome time appeaſed the ſedition. The wicked *Laodice*, ſeeing her buſineſs ſucceeded not to her mind, feigned much to deſire a reconciliation with *Berenice*, and by practiſe of the miniſters of her fury, found means to get ſome companies to ſteal into the Cittadel, whither ſhe was retired, who cut the centinels in pieces, and killing all the Queens officers, came to her chamber to murder her. It was a pittifull ſpectacle to behold the poor maids, who were about her perſon; for ſtanding in defence above the ſtrength of their ſex, they pulled the weapons out of the ſouldiers hands, running up and down amidſt ſwords and partiſans, like Lioneſſes, until many all bloudy fell at the feet of their good Miſtreſs, leaving an eternal monument of their valour and fidelity. The poor *Berenice* was amongſt the dead, unworthily maſſacred on the bodies of her ſervants. Three maids ſurvived this aſſaſſinate, who bathing the Queens body with their tears, and humbly kiſſing all her wounds, clothed her again with Royal garments, and laid her on the bed, invoking Heaven and its powers to their aid. The people flocking with the bruit of this great murder, enthroned the Caſtle, and put the murderers to flights, who durſt not then boaſt to have committed this execrable aſſaſſinate.

The Queens maids on the other ſide carried themſelves very diſcreetly among ſuch extream dolours: for as yet forbearing to publiſh *Berenice's* death, for fear of giving advantage to *Laodice's* plots, they ſhewed themſelves at a window, and told the people their Miſtreſs had been wounded by the cunning practiſes of *Laodice*, but that (thanks be to God) the wound was not mortal, ſhe onely ſtood in need of ſome little reſt, and good attendance, to take breath and be cured, to the end ſhe might acknowledge their good ſervices. *Polyenus* ſaith, that the buſineſs being drawn at length, and the people deſirous to ſee the Queen, the maids put a counterfeit into the bed, dreſſed up for the purpoſe, and framed ſome words, feigning a low and mournfull accent of their Miſtreſs. This cunning held the ſubjects in obedience, and the enemies in fear, whileſt a Courtier diſpatched to *Ptolomey* the ſon of *Philadelphus*, advertiſed him of all had paſſed. He failed not to haſten ſpeedily to *Babylon* with a potent army, where he ſurprized the Conſpiratours, affrighted with the image of their crime. *Callinicus* fled, and was afterward ſlain by a fall from his horſe. The wicked *Laodice* was taken and led to puniſhment, where the people underſtanding the death of *Berenice*, and the dreadful exorbitancies of this wretched woman, meant to have torn her in pieces, loading her memory and aſhes with maledictions. The Kingdom was for a time reduced under the obedience of the King of *Ægypt*, who carrying away infinite riches, and eſtabliſhing Governors in Provinces, returned to his own country. One may ſee by this hiſtory, that men of intereſt deſirous to ſwallow all by ways unlawfull, looſe their fortunes, honours, and lives, leaving their ſouls to the pains of hell, and their memory to the execration of poſterity.

XI. MAXIM.

of CRAFT.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That the life of curious wits is not governed but by fiction, and that the deceiver ſtill finds ſuch as will be deceived.

Diſſimulation

CRAFT, one of the prime Maxims of an ill Court, is now adays become the leſſon of all Ages, each ſex, and condition; and it ſeems to many, that to proſper well in ſubtilities, is the flower of wiſdom, and utmoſt period of felicity. All are not fit for arms, learning picks out wits with too much adviſe, arts are painfull, and require in thoſe who profeſs them ſome ability, which is not produced but by time and much induſtrie.

But in the myſtery of counterfeiting, diſſembling, and guil, every one perſwadeth himſelf he therein can quickly acquire ſome skill, and be able to triumph over ſimple ſilence; and if he muſt labour in it, to ſtrike the beſt ſtrokes by the help of the tongue.

From thence it cometh to paſs, that children are framed to this exerciſe almoſt from their cradle. Women, yea, they who make account to refine in devotion, keep now adays ſhops of counterfeiting: the great-ones think it is their trade; the mean, who are as their ſhadows, take the ſame courſe. The world becomes a Theater of fictions, where truth hath much ado to be known, ſo many falſe viſages are put

Diſſimulation reigneth every where.

THE HOLY COURT.

That Sinceritie is the Queen of virtues, and that the deceiver is taken in the ſnare he prepareth.

put upon it. To ſpeak truly, one would ſay the earth had changed its nature, and were now become a Sea, where the ſimple, like poor creeping worms, are abandoned to the malice of the moſt ſubtile. It was a worthy ſpeech of the Prophet, who ſaid to God, *Alas, Lord! have you then made ſo many mortals, like ſilly fiſhes, and wretched worms, which have no government? Deceit hath ſowed its ſubtilities every where, it hath every where ſpred nets and ſnares, and never ceaſeth to drive, take, and entrap: and it ſeems would catch the whole world with its book. It rejoyceth at its own crime, as if it were a virtue, and maketh ſacrifices with the inſtruments of miſchief. It judgeth of happineſs by the multitude of preys, and acknowledgeth no other God, but its own good fortune.*

Habac. 1. 14. *Facies hominem quaſi Piſces maris, & quaſi reptilia.*

2. Now as for you, who are perſwaded in this Maxim, that to proſper in converſation with men and affairs of the world, neceſſarily the fox's skin muſt be put on, ſimplicity being too ſottiſh and diſarmed to bear any ſway in humane life. I pray at leiſure conſider ſome reaſons which I intend to preſent, and rather weigh them in the ballance of judgement than of Paſſion. Firſt know, that in the inſtant you reſolve to be crafty, to be a lier, a deceiver, you proclaim war againſt a great Divinity, which will follow you ſtep by ſtep all your life time, which will diſcover you when you ſhall not know it, even to the bottom of your thoughts, which will overthrow all your pernicious intentions, and hold the ſword of God's vengeance over your head, even to the gates of hell.

1. Reaſon againſt counterfeiting, the blemiſh of truth.

The power of truth.

This puiſſant adverſary againſt whom you undertake reſiſtance, if you as yet know it not, is truth, the moſt ancient and admirable of all virtues, which hath ever been, and which ſhall never end; nay, could you make your thoughts penetrate into an abyſs of time, and could you flie through ten millions of Ages, there ſhould you find truth. But if you ſay, it was not before Heaven and earth, and that in pronouncing this word, you had ſome reaſon (which cannot be) at the leaſt denying verity, and ſpeaking truth, yet muſt you find truth; ſo neceſſary is its being. It runs through time (ſaith S. *Auguſtine*) not being under the laws of time; it paſſeth through all, and ſhifteth not place; it is hidden in night, not obſcured by night, it is in the ſhadow, not ſhut up in ſhadows; it is not ſubject to ſenſe, ſince it ſwayeth over underſtandings. It is always near us, nay, let us rather ſay, It is within us, or we live in it; and although it do not occupie place, it poſſeſſeth all place in its Empire. It exteriourly giveth notice, it appeareth inwardly, it turneth all into the better, and is not changed by any into worſe. Of it, unleſs belied, one cannot think ill, and without it, unleſs by flattery of ſelf preſumption, we cannot enough diſcern. What then ſhall we ſay more, ſince God himſelf is Truth, verity of Eſſence, verity of Reaſon, verity of Speech, as Theologie teacheth us. All virtues are truly for him, but he is not called by their names, as he is by the title of truth (a). It is the apple of his eye, his heart, his ſolace, his delight, his power, his wiſdom, his throne, and dignity. All what God is, is nothing but verity. It penetrateth all virtues, as fire and light do all the parts of the world. There is not any thing ſo victorious or triumphant in all greatneſs; for it never ceaſed ſince the beginning of the world to cruſh heads which rebel againſt light. It hath untwiſted ſo many webs, ſcattered ſo many wyles, overthrown ſo many lies, brought to nothing ſo many ſects, deſtroyed ſo many humane powers, trampled under foot ſo many dragons. And you who pretend to be the cunning and refined ſpirits of the time, renounce it; you take up arms againſt it, and are not afraid of it; you think to avoid it, but it will avoid you, and the firſt of your afflictions ſhall be to looſe ſight of it. O my God, what a bold enterprize is it to draw a ſtrong adverſary upon us, and to provoke thy juſtice, when we may enjoy thy Clemency!

Auguſt. l. 2. de liber. arb. Non peragitur tempore, non migrat locis, nec nocte intercipitur, nec umbra includitur, nec ſenſibus corporis ſubjacet: omnibus proxima, omnibus ſempiterna, &c.

(a) *Ego ſum via, veritas, & vita.* Joan. 14. 10.

Remember you the ſon of *Cyrus*, who cloſely attempted on *Æthiopia* with his arms, and prepared to make war againſt it? But the King thereof to ſtay him, was pleaſed to ſend him his bowe, and cauſed to be ſaid unto him, *Ad hunc venis*, that is, you come againſt the Maſter of this bowe. He was ſo amazed at the ſight of this armory, that he ſurceaſed from the temerity of his counſels, to provide for the ſafety of his perſon. Now had you ſeen the arms of truth, which from ſo many Ages have quailed ſo many monſters, and gained ſo many victories, you would fear to conteſt with ſuch a Princeſs. She will never forſake you, if you renounce untruth, and if you do it not on earth, you will be enforced to do it in hell. *Hyppocrates* gave the eyes of a ſtar to truth, but ſhould he have ſeen her face more uncovered, he had ſaid it was a Sun, which illuminateth by its light, animateth the beſt ſpirits by its vivacity, as it diſſipateth the miſts of lies by virtue.

A notable Act of a King of Æthiopia. *Herod. l. 3.*

Hippoc. ep. 10.

3. Beſides, not content with this, when you in this manner undertake diſcourſes of ſilk, and promiſes of wind, to reveal a ſecret, to lay ſnares for the ſimplicity of a man, to ſatisfie your paſſion, or ſerve your ends, you commit another crime moſt pernicious to humane ſociety; for you ſeek by theſe ſleights to ruin all belief and fidelity. The Ancients made ſo much account of humane faith, which is conſtancy and ſtedfaſtneſs of words conſonant to the heart, and performance of promiſes, that the *Romans* placed it in their Capitol, cloſe by the ſide of their prime Divinity, and one of their Poets durſt ſay, Faith was before *Jupiter* himſelf, and that without it the world would not be, and that it was a Divinity which had a Temple in the hearts of men, the moſt purified and beſt worthy of God. If with one ſingle glance of an eye, you might ſee the world as a huge Theater, you therein ſhould behold Empires, arms, laws, Cities, Provinces, ſciences, arts, riches, infinite magnificencies, you would be enforced to ſay, the baſis which ſupporteth all this great majeſty of Common-wealths, is fidelity, without which, Cities would rather reſemble Cyclopean caverns, than Temples of peace and juſtice. But if you deſtroy it, not by improvidence or frailty, but by the form of a ſetled life, and by example cauſe others to imitate you, is it not to overthrow all that which is beſt eſtabliſhed, and to profane whatſoever is moſt holy?

2. Reaſon. Diſſimulation ruineth humane faith.

Excellency of fidelity. Cato Cenſorius. Silius. *Ante Jovem generatum eſt tantum in pectore Numen.*

4. You perhaps will ſay, publick virtues little concern you, ſo you may advance your particular intereſts. I will not tell you, this anſwer better becomes the mouth of a *Tartar*, than a Chriſtian; but I dare well aſſure you, theſe ways of craft and deceit, which ſo much pleaſe you are moſt prejudicial to your honour, and moſt fatal for your ruin. For firſt of all, ſay you be a man of quality, you are not ſo unnatural, but you have ſome ſenſe of honour. Now reſt aſſured nothing ſo much villifieth you as to be reputed a crafty man, who carrieth labyrinths in his heart, and ſnares in his tongue. *Dyon Chryſoſtomus* judiciouſly obſerved, that nature gave ſubtility as an inheritance to creatures, the moſt feeble and abject, as to Apes, Foxes, Cats, and Spiders: but the moſt generous, as Eagles and Lions, know not what ſlights and wiles mean. We muſt likewiſe affirm, all the moſt eminent and divine ſpirits are very naturally inclined to ſincerity: and that it onely belongs to inferiour ſouls, and ſuch as diſtruſt their own ability to amuſe themſelves in ſearch of inventions and tricks, to involve thoſe, who treat with them by the way of ſincere freedom.

3. Reaſon. Craft ſhameful to the author of it.

Debaſement.

See you not, mirrours render forms when they are leaded? & think you natively to repreſent the draughts of verity, unleſs your ſoul be ſolid and ſtable, ſupported by its proper weight, on conſtancy and magnanimity? *Seneca* noted, that women the moſt deſtitute of

Subtile women.

Seneca in Octavia. Petius instruxit dolis, sed vim negavit.

of strength, are most inclined to fraud and doubleness of heart, (what I speak, nothing concerneth the prudent and generous, who know how to correct infirmities of sex by virtue) but our daily experience teacheth us, that there are of them very crafty, and such as under a pure and delicate skin, with a tongue distilling honey, often hide the heart of a panther, all spotted over with subtility, as the skin of this beast with diversity of mirrours. Their throat is more slippery than oyl, (said the *Wiseman*) but in the end you find effects more bitter than worm-wood, and more penetrating than a two-edged sword. What sense is there that a Noble man, who would in all things seem more than a man, should take upon him the vices of women, and inclinations onely fit for silly creatures?

Novissima illius amara quasi absinthium, & acuta quasi gladius biceps. Prov. 5. 4.

Sincerity preserved in the light of nature.

It is a strange thing to see what the light of nature dictated to the souls of infidels, so alienating them from all manner of deceit, that they made scruple to treat with their enemies by way of dissimulation. We learn in *Titus Livius*, that one called *Philippus*, giving an account to the Senate, what he had negotiated in the Court of the *Macedonian* King, declaring particularly the course he took to entertain *Perseus*, under pretext of peace, and to feed him with fair words; the old Senatours stood up, and aloud protested much to disavow such proceedings, as matters opposite to *Roman* generosity. Violence (said that great Captain *Brasidas*) though it seem unjust, is always more excuseable in a man of authority than craft, which secretly contriveth some black business under colour of amitie. What could there be more odious in nature, than a man, who to deceive the world, might have the art to change faces every hour, and seem sometimes white, sometimes black, sometimes gray, another while grizly, sometimes hairy, another while beardless; in such sort, as to be meerly unknown to those who should treat with him? Now what deceivers cannot do on their faces, they act in their souls, through a strange profanation of Gods Image, they take upon them a thousand countenances, and a thousand impostures, to train a poor victim into the snare. They flatter, they promise, they swear, they protest, they call Heaven and earth to witness; you would take all their words for eternal truths: but if you speak to them an hour after, and that it be time to pull off the mask, they with a brazen brow will deny all they said, they will mock at all they promised, and disavow all they have done, with the same lips which before contrived it. What Behemoth, what Leviathan was ever beheld so prodigious in nature?

Tit. Liv. l. 2. Decad. 5.

Thucid.

Hatred and horrour of doublenesse.

Phot. Bibliot. p. 67.

I know *Ctesias* among the great rarities of the *Indies*, makes mention of a Martichore, a beast which hath the face of a man, and the body of a Lion, who counterfeiteth the sound of flutes to charm passengers, and then entrappeth and kills them with the tayl of a scorpion, all brittled with pricks, and which is more, makes the same serve for bowe, arrows, and quiver. Needs must this be terrible but to see it before our face, is to have one beast for an enemy, which may by prudence be avoided, which may by force be vanquished, and with weapons mastered: but in a faithless man, you discover under a smiling brow, a thousand plagues, a thousand Centaurs, a thousand Geryons, infinite many Charybdes, and Syrens, who lay snares for you, who undo you, who ruin you, who strangle when they seem to embrace you. Can you then admire, if among the six abominations of the heart of man, deceit be one of the first? Laws have not severity enough, arms terrour, nor scaffolds punishments to chastise, affright, torment a man with a double tongue and heart, who persecuteth truth, killeth faith, poisoneth friendship, and many times plotteth effects of death even in a banquet, the solace of life.

Linguam mendacem, cor

machinam cogitationes pessimas. Prov. 6.

5. All this is to no purpose, will some *Polyphemus* say, so that one prosper in the world, either by treason or craft; little heed must be given to the judgements of certain men, who are onely able to bark at our fortune, not to hinder our felicity. Here now is the knot of the business, wherein we must consider, that besides that the ways of treachery are laborious and shamefull, they always carry along with them the confusion, misery, and ruin of those who embrace them. Who diggeth a pit (saith the *Wiseman*) shall fall into it, and the stone shall return back on his head who threw it. The reputation of honesty is so necessary in the mannage of affairs, that such as lost integrity of manners, sought to retain the bark, to cherish a renown amongst men, swoln up with smoke and imposture. A deceiver fears nothing so much as to be discovered, and to lay open the face of designs which he closely worketh for the ruin of others. Judge now how hard a matter it is, to practise at this present in the world with such proceedings, in an Age most vigilant, and where little children are almost grown wise. What a trouble is it to hide your jugling in a Court, where are so many *Argus* eyes, who perpetually watch upon all actions. If one be surprized before the act, he must expect to be flouted even by foot-boys, and used like one who cannot hit upon it to be wicked, although this trade be very easie, and who having sold his conscience to devils, knows not how to evict payment, unless he plead it in hell. But if a man some one time come to the point of what he projected, which he can hardly keep from breaking through the ears of others, they who are deceived, seldom wanting eloquence either in themselves or their own ashes, were they dead, to decrie treachery; yet must he hereafter for one trick of craft, loose reputation and credit, two pillars of discretion. All the world will avoid you as a rock or a monster, what ever you do, you have but one heart, and one tongue, to invent and tell lies: but you shall raise a thousand against you by it: For all those who know you practise this trade, and that you make it your endeavour to deceive, will bend all their sinews and strength, to entrap you in the same snares you laid for others, in such sort, that you shall become a prey aimed at (if it were possible) by all the world.

4. Reason. Craft pernicious.

Qui fodit foveam incidet in eam, & qui volvit lapidem, revolvetur ad eum. Prov. 26. 27.

Troubles & miseries of dissimulation.

Where have we ever seen a deceiver to prosper in all his enterprizes to the very end? You may as well number the waves of the sea, and leaves of trees, as recount the lamentable and tragical events of all these common cheaters, who never had the power to avoid God's vengeance. The pernicious *Machiavel*, who taught the art to deceive, produceth the example of an infamous Prince, whose impostures succeeded so ill, that by mistaking, he drank the poison prepared by himself for another in a banquet, and ended his detestable life. Is not this man abandoned by religion, wit and reason, to seek to perswade treachery with so weak examples? If he will work this way, let us oppose both against him, and the like experience of passed Ages, to set (as it is said) the Sun in full splendour before their eyes.

Dreadfull events of deceivers.

The

The eleventh EXAMPLE upon the eleventh MAXIM.

of Craft.

VIce many times hath a ſhop near unto Virtue (as ſaid *Origen*) and deceives Merchants under colour of ſelling good commodities. Craft readily counterfeiteth wiſdom, and ſome there are alſo, who make the wiſe to paſs for ſubtile. But there is ſo much difference between them, as between glaſs and diamond. Craft is a falſe prudence, which maketh uſe of ſubtilities againſt right and juſtice; but true wiſdom, though it be ſubtile, is never crafty: For it pretends nothing at all againſt equity and good conſcience.

The wittie conceit of *Theodora. Zonara* in *Theophilo.*

If you deſire to know wary wiſdom, and to diſtinguiſh it from craft, look upon what the Empereſs *Theodora* did, one of the worthieſt women of her Age. She was married to the Emperour *Theophilus*, an Heretick, and a capital enemy to the honour of Images, which he forbade to be kept or eſteemed, upon pain of death. Notwithſtanding this pious Princeſs, who maintained Religion in the Empire what ſhe might, and ſweetened with much wiſdom the wild humours of her husband, ſpared not to have in private pictures and holy Images, affording them ſingular veneration. It happened one day, that *Dender* the Emperour's fool, who played this part at Court, rather through natural blockiſhneſs, than diſſimulation, came (as he was roaming up and down) into the Empereſſe's chamber, and found her reverencing thoſe Images. He failed not in dinner-while to give the Emperour notice of it, at which time he uſed to entertain him with a thouſand merriments, ſaying aloud, He found *Manna* (ſo he called the Empereſs) with her babies, and that ſhe was ſuddenly ſurprized with it. *Theophilus* preſently doubted it was Images his wife honoured, and at the riſing from the Table, he ſought her out all foaming with anger, and asked, where thoſe puppets were ſhe adored in the preſence of *Dender?* Truly we muſt confeſs, devout women have ſometimes a marvellous dexterity to excuſe a buſineſs; for ſhe ſuddenly hit upon a handſom evaſion, which freed her from the importunity of her husband. For inſtead of ſeeming troubled and overtaken, ſhe ſmiled very ſweetly, having therein an excellent grace: Behold Sir (ſaith ſhe) verily one of the prettieſt knacks happened in your Court of a long time. This fool *Dender*, who ſtill doth ſomewhat worthy his name, came into my chamber, as I ſtood before my looking-glaſs with my women, and confuſedly ſaw our faces repreſented in the glaſs, he thought they were images, ſo ſubtile wittied he is. Is not this an excellent jeſt? Then cauſing the fool to be taken by the arm, they ſet him before the looking-glaſs, ſaying: *How now* Dender, *are not theſe thy babies?* The Emperour was ſo ſurprized with the wittie conceit of a diſcreet Princeſs, that he believed ſhe had reaſon, and all the matter was inſtantly turned into laughter.

Stratagem of *Chares.* Polyenus. l. 2.

I term not this example a piece of craft, but a prudence, as the ſtratagem of a Captain called *Chares*, who enjoyning his ſouldiers ſome labour upon his fortifications, and ſeeing they undertook it coldly, becauſe they feared to marre their garments, which were handſome enough, he preſently commanded every one ſhould uncloth, and take the apparrel of his fellow. That done, and all the ſouldiers being perſwaded their caſſocks would not be ſpared by thoſe who put them on, they wrought in good earneſt, and very quickly performed the task impoſed upon them.

This ought to be ſtiled with the name of wiſdom, rather than any other title. But if we obſerve what paſſeth in the world, we ſhall find there are two ſorts of crafts. Some are politick addreſſes and ſubtilities, which proceed not fully to injuſtice; but which notwithſtanding aim at intereſt, at reputation and glory, by ways not ſincere.

Baro. de aſtutiâ. Craft of the world.

So there are men who reſemble thoſe houſes, which have goodly gates, and moſt magnificent ſtair-caſes, but never a fair chamber: they have ſome ſweetneſs of ſpirit, ſome readineſs and prattle, which is never wanting, but no depth nor capacity, yet will ſeem able among company: which is the cauſe, that not daring to examine or ſolidly debate a point of doctrine, or a buſineſs, they preſently flie to the concluſion, and find handſom evaſions. Others have admirable tricks to ſeem wiſe, by making uſe of another mans labour, and like droans eating the honey which the Bees gathered. Other, in handling affairs, and ſeeking to get diſpatches, amuze and dazzle with variety of diſcourſe, ſuch as they negotiate with, to the end to entrap them. Other, to croſs a buſineſs, cauſe it to be propoſed in the beginning by a man, who underſtands nothing thereof, of purpoſe to give ſome ill impreſſion of it. Other, break off a diſcourſe they began upon ſome matter, to draw on the more appetite. Others, make a ſhew to have nothing leſs in their thoughts, than what they moſt deſire, and let their main texts creep in the manner of a gloſs. Other, have tales and hiſtories in ſtore, wherein they can enfold in covert terms, what they will not openly affirm. Other, in things important cauſe the foord to be ſounded by men of leſs note, and many (as it is ſaid) pull the cheſt-nuts out of the fire with the cats foot.

Theſe are ſleight merchandizes taken from the ſhop of worldly policie, which proceed not ſo far as to great injuſtice. But there are black and hydeous ſubtilities, which tend to the ſubverſion of humane ſociety, and deſerve to be abhorred by all living men.

Such were thoſe of *Tryphon*, (of whom it is ſpoken in the Book of *Macchabees*) which were moſt fatal to the people of God. This wicked man, being the Tutour of young *Antiochus*, ſhewed himſelf in the beginning very zealous in al which concerned the good of his ſervice, and having a deſign to ſubdue *Syria*, he would firſt have ſurprized the *Macchabees*, who were then very eminent in arms. But when he ſaw *Jonathas* come towards him with an Armie of fourty thouſand men, the fox played his ordinary pranks, he received him with a pleaſing countenance, and overwhelmed him with heaps of courteſies. He told him he deſired to live with him as a faithfull brother, and that he accounted it too heavie a charge, to keep ſo great an Army on foot in full peace, which could not but be prejudicial to the repoſe of the people. That he might walk confidently every where how he pleaſed, without any other armour, than the amitie of King *Antiochus*, which was an aſſured buckler for all thoſe who would make trial of his protection. This crafty companion not content with meer complements, carried *Jonathas* into all the places of his charge, with ſuch honour and reſpect, that he cauſed him to be attended as himſelf, making ſhew, that whereſoever he ſet foot, there roſes and lillies ſprang. Never doth any man take with a ſnare, until he have ſome bayt ſuitable to the appetite of him who catcheth at it. *Jonathas* a little loved honour, and his ſenſes were dazeled with the luſtre of pomps, and charmed with the ſweetneſſes of converſation in this ſubtile fellow. He believed, he truſted, his whole Army was caſhiered by the perſwaſion of a man who wiſhed him not well. He onely kept a thouſand men with him to be as a Guard, and entered with *Tryphon*

1 Macch. 12.

phon into the Citie of *Ptolemais*, where he presently saw himself arrested, and his souldiers cut in pieces. The Impostour, desirous to extend his plot further, wrote to *Symon* brother of *Jonathas*, that he should not be troubled at what was past, and that his brother was onely detained for some money due to the King, which being satisfied, he should have liberty, onely let him send him a hundred talents of silver, with the two sons of *Jonathas* in hostage, to bring the busines to the period he desired. The poor *Symon* who doubted the plot, had more wisdom to know him, than force to avoid him. For, fearing left the people might murmur if he accepted not the ways of accommodation proposed, he sent the money and children, whereof the one was despoiled, the other massacred with their father, by the command of the treacherous *Tryphon*. This factious and cruel man pursued his plot to the usurpation of the Diadem, and dispatch of his pupil. But in the end, after a reign of two years, Heaven, elements, and men conspiring against him, he was knocked down like a ravenous beast, and buried in ruins and publick desolations.

I would willingly know, to whom hath treachery ever been fortunate? Was it to *Saul*, who after he had so many times promised *David* the safety of his person, yet not ceasing to persecute him, was reduced to such necessity of affairs, that he slew himself with his own hands, leaving finally his spoils to him whom he meant to beguile? Was it to the unhappie *Ammon*, who using treachery to draw his sister *Thamar* into his chamber and dishonour her, was afterward murdered at the table by his brother *Absolom*? Was it to *Joab*, who moistened with his bloud the Altar whereunto he fled, after he had slain *Amasa* in saluting him? Was it to *Amasis* King of *Ægypt*, who lost both Kingdom and life, for having foisted in another daughter than his own, whom he feigned to give in marriage to *Cambyses* King of *Persia*?

2 Reg. 12.

Herod. l. 2.

Impostours surprized.

So many Impostours there have been, who in all times sought to usurp Scepters and Crowns by admirable inventions: were they not all shamefully ruined in the rashnes of their enterprizes? *Smerdes* the Magician who had possessed the Kingdom of *Persia* by tricks and incomparable sleights, was he not torn in pieces as a victim by *Darius*, and other Princes? The false *Alexander*, who rebelled under *Demetrius Soter*, after some success, was he not vanquished under *Nicanor*, and slain in *Arabia*? *Archelaus*, who called himself the son of great *Mithridates*, overcome by *Gabinius*? *Anduscus* a man of no worth, who falsely boasting himself to be descended from *Perseus* King of *Macedonia*, and durst confront the *Romans* arms, was he not subdued by *Metellus*?

Val. l. 9. c. 16.

Ariarathres, who affected the Kingdom of *Cappadocia* by the same ways, sent to punishment by *Cæsar*?

Nicet. l. 3.

The false *Alexius*, who durst aspire to the Empire of *Constantinople*, slain by a Priest with his own sword, under the reign of *Isaacus Angelus*?

False *Alexander* discovered.

Josephus relateth, that pursuing the same ways, there was a young Jew who had been bred at *Sydon*, with the freed-man of a *Roman* Citizen, who having some resemblance of *Alexander* the son of *Herod*, whom the father had cruelly put to death, feigned he was the same *Alexander*, saying, Those to whom *Herod* had recommended this so barbarous an execution, conceived such horrour at it, that they resolved to save him, yet to secure their own lives upon the command imposed, they promised to conceal him till after the death of his father; which was done, he remaining unknown in the Citie of *Sydon*: But that he was now returned as from the gates of death, to demand his right, as being the indubitate and lawfull heir of the Kingdom. This Impostour had gained a subtile fellow, a servant of *Herod*'s household, who taught him all the particulars of the Court, the better to colour his counterfeiting. He led the Bear through all the Citie with good success, and great applause of the people, who embraced this false *Alexander*, as a man returned back from the other world. For besides that the Jews were credulous enough in any thing which flattered them, they were ever much inclined to the race of poor *Mariamne*, whose son this man counterfeited to be: under this pretext he was very welcome into all the Cities where there were any Jews, and the poor Nation freely impoverished themselves, to afford some reasonable support to this imaginary King.

When he saw himself strong in credit and coyn, he was so confident as to go to *Rome*, to question the Crown against *Herod*'s other sons; there wanted not those, whereof some countenancing him by credulity, others through the desire they had of alteration, bare him to the throne. He failed not to present himself before *Augustus Cæsar*, the God of fortune and distributour of Crowns, shewing he had been condemned to death by his own father through false rumours, but was delivered by the goodnes of the God he adored, and the mercifull hands of the ministers of execution, who durst not attempt on his person; beseeching him to pitie a fortune so wretched, and a poor King, who threw himself at his feet, as before the sanctuary of justice and mercy. Every one seemed already to favour him: But *Augustus*, a Monarch very penetrating, perceived this man tasted not of a Prince, for taking him by the hand, he found his skin rough, as having heretofore exercised servile labours. Hereupon the Emperour drew him aside, saying: Content thy self to have hitherto abused all the world; but know thou art now before *Augustus*, to whom thou must no more tell a lie, than unto God. I will pardon thee, on condition thou discover the truth of this matter; but if thou liest in any one point, thou art utterly lost. This man was so amazed with the lustre of such majesty, that prostrating himself at his feet, he began to confess all the imposture. *Augustus* perceived by the narration, he was none of the most daring in impostures, and said: Friend, I give thee thy life, on condition thou ransom it in my Galleys; thou hast a strong body, and canst well labour, the Scepter would have been too full of trouble; I will have thee take an Oar in hand, and live hereafter an honest man, without deceiving any.

As for the Doctour, who had been Tutour to this counterfeit *Alexander*, the Emperour observing him to be of a spirit more crafty, and accustomed to evil practises, caused him speedily to be put to death. One might make a huge Volume of such Impostours, as have been entrapped in their tricks; but satisfie your self with experience of Ages, and if you dare believe me, take in all your affairs a manner of proceeding noble, free, sincere, and true, throughly perswading your self, what the Wise-man said, That he who goes forward with simplicity, walketh most confidently.

XII. MA-

XII. MAXIM.

of REVENGE.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That it is good to reign over men like a Lion, and take revenge, not permitting freſh favours to aboliſh the memorie of old grievances.

THis maxim of the prophane Court more properly proceeds from the throat of Tygres and Lions, than the lips of men: but being harſh in execution, it is ever direfull in it's effects. The experience of *Tiberiuſes*, *Caligulaes*, *Neroes*, *Domitians*, *Herodes*, and ſo many other, who have purſued this with events ſo tragical, and lives ſo monſtrous, are fit leſſons to convince a heart, which yet retaineth ſome humanity.

How this maxim oppoſeth common ſenſe.

All power imployed onely to hurt is ever pernicious, and having made havock, it reſembleth the ruins of buildings, which overwhelm not any, but ſuch as they oppreſs by falling on them. Man is a creature more tender than any other, and muſt be handled with much reſpect: Nor is there any bloud ſo baſe, which ought not to be ſpared, as much as juſtice and reaſon may permit.

Notable verities.

The moſt part of men in theſe miſeries and weakneſſes of nature, ſeldom hit upon innocencie, but by paſſing through many errours. He who cannot tolerate ſome one, baniſheth all virtue. He muſt neceſſarily excuſe many things within himſelf, who pardons nothing in another. If he think himſelf a God, his nature ought to be mercie, and if a man, the experience of his own faults ſhould render him more favourable to the like in another.

It is a ſtrange folly to think greatly to proſper by rigour. For all done through fear being forced, cannot be of long laſting, unleſs the courſe of humanity fail. The ſavage beaſt is then much to be dreaded, when he ſees the knife on one ſide, and rails on the other. There is no ſtrength ſo feeble, which becomes not fierce upon the defenſive, within the limits of neceſſity. A man who menaceth every one with blows of a cudgel, ſword, or fire, ſhould remember he is not a *Briareus* with an hundred hands, and hath but one life. Now becoming cruel and inexorable, he makes himſelf an enemy of all mankind, which hath ſo many hands and ſo many lives. Such an one thinks he is well accompanied in revenge, who ſhall find himſelf all alone in peril.

The ſcope of the diſcourſe.

Then let us here ſay, there is nothing ſo Sovereign for the government of men, as the love of a neighbour, clemency, and pardon, and that the character of an excellent nature is to forgive all other, ſo much as reaſon may permit, and to pardon nothing in himſelf.

Excellencie of love.

Love is the firſt law of nature, and laſt accompliſhment of our felicity. Love from all eternity burneth in the boſom of the living God: and if he breath with his Word, as he doth with a reſpiration ſubſtantial, he breaths nought but love. He reſpiteth this love by neceſſity within himſelf, he inſpireth it by grace out of himſelf, and laſtly draws all to himſelf by love. The worthy S. *Dyoniſius* in the book of Divine attributes, diſtinguiſheth three ſorts of love, one is called circular, the other love in a right line, and the third oblike. Circular love properly is that which carrieth the ſoul with full flight into the boſom of God, and there holds it, as in a ſweet circle of raviſhing contempla-

Diviſion of love.

ἀνάλογος, ἰυφὸς, ἐλλιποὲς. S. Dyoniſ.

THE HOLY COURT.

That mildneſs and pardon is the beſt revenge.

tions, which tranſport it from perfection to perfection, never finding end or beginning in the Divinity. Love in a right line is that which tends directly to creatures, by wayes not onely lawful and lawdable, loving them for God, of God and in God, but wayes likewiſe eaſie, and yielding to natural inclinations. Oblike love is that, which holdeth of both the other, and which imitating the Angels of *Jacobs* ladder, climbs to God by creatures, and deſcends to creatures by the love of God. But behold a love of enemies commanded by God, which ſeemeth not comprized in this diviſion, ſo much it ſeeketh out wayes alienated and inacceſſible to nature; yet I intend to ſhew, it may be found in the third part of this liſt, and that it is a love, which by the love of God deſcendeth unto the love of man to love him according to God: A love which I maintain to be poſſible, glorious, and neceſſarie in three proofs that ſhall make three heads of this diſcourſe.

Three proofs of this diſcourſe.

First reaſon, poſſibility of the love of enemies.

2. To deny the poſſibility of the love of enemies, is to bely the Goſpel and reaſon; the Goſpel which commandeth it, reaſon which fortifieth the juſtice of the commandment. The words ſpoken by our Saviour, *Love your enemies*, is not a counſel but a commandment: ſo explicateth the Councel of *Carthage* the fourth, chap. 93. the Councel of *Agde* Can. 22. and all holy Fathers, who lent the light of their ſtile to the firſt light in the Goſpel. Now to ſay God commandeth a thing impoſſible, is to make a tyranny of the Divinity, and to make a God like to the cruel duke of *Muſcovia* named *Baſilides*, who commanded from his ſubjects a tribute of ſweat and of nightingales in the midſt of winter.

Diligite inimicos veſtros.

Right of nature.

Reaſon dictateth to us this commandment is not onely of Divine right, but of nature; ſo far is it from being contrarie to nature, that to ſpeak naturally, we judge that ſhould be done to our neighbour, we would have done to our ſelves: and we deſire to be beloved by all the world, yea, by thoſe whom we have offended; we then neceſſarily conclude, we are bound to love thoſe who have done us ſome injury. Beſides, we well ſee, that to ſeek revenge by proper authority is to deſtroy the right of nature, and to make of a civil life, the life of a *Cyclop*, which were to have no other reaſon than ſtrength, nor limit but the ſword.

Anſwer to an objection.

Some will ſay it were good, could love as eaſily be put on as a ſhirt, but if we have much ado to love things indifferent, how can we affect bad and offenſive? Love ever purſueth good as the ſhadow the body, and God who made both love and nature, will not that it ſettle it ſelf unleſs there be ſome attractive or appearance of good, which inviteth it to love. Now what is lovely in an enemy, in whoſe perſon all is odious, yea, the very name? Behold how carnal Philoſophy with ſtrong paſſions, and weak reaſons, ſtrikes at the eternal Word; as if in the worſt man in the world, there could not ever be found ſomething which may be an object of reaſonable love. We are not commanded to affect him with a love of tenderneſs, but of reaſon. It is not

Omne animal diligit simile sibi, sic & omnis homo proximum sibi. Eccl. 13. 19.

said, you must love him as vicious, you must endear him as injurious or wicked, for that were to force nature; but we are commanded to love him as a man, to love him as a Christian, to love him as the work of God, and as a creature capable of life eternal: All things in the world (said an Ancient) have two handles, and two faces. Take a good hold-fast, look on the good countenance, and you shall find that easie, which you thought impossible.

Amicabilia ad alterum sumuntur ex amicabilitate ad se. Arist. Ethick l. 4. c. 8. *D. Tho.* 2. 2. q. 26.

Let us also pass with Divinity to a reason more eminent, and say, it is not a thing against nature to love above nature, by the commandment of him who made nature. It is asked, whether a creature can naturally love God more than it self, since all that nature loveth, it loves as a thing united to it self, according to the saying of Philosophers: & all well considered, the most learned Divines answer, that the soul of man remaining within the lists of natural reason, should love the Creatour, more than its own life; because naturally the will well rectified hath a strong inclination to its end, which is the Sovereign Good, and the understanding necessarily judgeth the subsistence of essence increate and independent, which ought rather to be preserved than that of essence create. And if that be done by ways of nature, how may one say it is against nature to love an enemy, when there is the commandment and honour of God in it?

A remarkable consideration.

Nay, it is so much otherwise, that I will adde a reason, which perhaps may seem strange, but it is undoubted true. I say, it is much more hard to love ones self well, than an enemy. For I beseech you, why was it that the Son of God so much spake, laboured, wept, and bled, if not to teach how we should aptly love our selves? And wherefore were so many Saints, fifty, yea, threescore years at schoole in desarts, but to learn this hard lesson? And who hath ever thought any thing more difficult to be represt than self-love, which powerful in fury, and impotent within it self, forgetful of God, & still mindful of its own interests, ever gluttonous and still hungry, swalloweth like a gulph, sweepeth along like a torrent, beateth down like thunder, and in the end is buried in the ruins it made?

Self-love very hard to be represt.

If well to love ones self, this monster be necessarily be to tamed; who sees not there is much difficulty therein, and that on the other side there is nothing to be done but to love the gift of God in man, which cannot be ill but in your imagination? Why create we so many impediments in the love of an enemy, and find none in the love of our selves? Were it not natural, why in the Law of nature did *Cato* smilingly wipe away tough phlegme, which an enemy spit on his face when he pleaded a cause? Why was *Socrates* content, having received a blow on the cheek from an insolent man, to set over his head the scroul used on ancient tables, *Lycus faciebat*? Why did *Augustus* in an absolute sovereign power of revenge, tolerate with so much courtesy a certain writer named *Timagenes*, who perpetually barked against him? Traytours that we are to nature, so to cover our neglect and weakness with the pretext of nature.

Effects of the love of enemies in the Law of nature. *Senec.* l. 3. de irâ c. 38.

Second point of proofs drawn from the glory of pardon.

3. Let us yet adde more force to truth, and more scope to our pen. Let us enter into the second point of this discourse, which teacheth us the greatness and glory of a man, who knows how patiently to suffer an injury. The maxims of the world cease not to persecute us, and say: *That by tolerating a first affront a second is provoked, that mildness and mansuetude serve as matter of mirth to insolency, and that a man never so much undervalueth himself, as by publishing his little courage in the revenge of an affront.* Behold goodly propositions, which so oft have drawn bloud out of the veins of *France* in these detestable duels, nourishing afterward covert hatred and everlasting aversions. O ignorant that we are of Gods greatness, and ever unfaithful to his word! We fear by pardoning to be contemned, when the onely reason which God useth in the Gospel to perswade us unto pardon, is the excellency and glory derived from this action: for he saith. *It is the means to become the children of God, who causeth his Sun to shine upon the good and the bad, who lets his showrs fall as well on the offenders, as the innocent.*

Ut sitis filij Patris vestri qui in cœlis est, & qui solem suum facit oriri super bonos & malos, & pluit super justos & injustos. Mat. 5.

What beauty, what lustre, what splendour to enter into the number of the children of God! What elevation to be transported with full flight into conformities with the Omnipotent! The Prophet *Isaiah* saith, God measureth the waters with his fist, and poizeth the heavens in the palm of his hand; to signify, he goeth with a shut hand to punishments, signified by the waters, but proceeds with the whole extent of his goodness to reward, represented by the heavens. The rain-bow which God hath taken for the simbole of his reconciliation with man, environeth the throne of his Majesty in the Apocalips; and it is a bow without arrows (saith S. *Ambrose*) to instruct us, this divine Majesty is sweet and peaceful. So in the Prophet *Ezechiel*, after the description of this terrible cloud, which serves as a chariot for the God of Hoasts, you read these words: (a) *And upward a face smiling with light*; where *Theodotion* (as saith S *Hierom*) hath translated: (b) *The west hath the highest place with the Creatour*, meaning, the mildness of western winds, and coolenes from scorchings, is in the pavillion of glory, where this Sovereign Monarch inhabiteth. O wonder! God, who is a Sovereign Majesty, Sovereign Greatness, and Sovereign Justice, shewed himself in all times so patient to suffer men, who are the worst of all evils, that he had rather we doubted his Divinity, than make any question of his mildness: he had rather that by so patiently tolerating such infidels & sinners, the lips of blasphemers should receive encouragement to say *there is no God*, than by taking revenge on every sin in the heat of crime, it should be truely said there is a God, but he is ever armed with lightnings, & is inaccessible to the miseries of men, as those mountains, which all flaming cast out their entrails.

Ambros. 16. de arc & Noe. 17. *Arcus contemtum ut cæret: sagitta magis terrere vult quàm ferire.* (a) *Et sursum quasi aspectus splendoris.* (b) *Aura in supernis Dei.*

Non est Deus.

O Prodigie! God maketh it so great a matter to pardon an injury, that he rather permitteth his essence to be touched, than his clemency; his title of God to be taken away, than the glory of pardon: Shall we then place greatness in revenge?

Tertul. de pat. c. 2.

How many Pyrates are there, to whom God daily openeth seas? How many Idolaters, for whom he causeth stars to give light, fountains to stream, corn to grow, harvests to become yellow, and vines to ripen? How many ungrateful children, who take benefits from him as hogs do acorns, by grumbling against the tree which gave them, and never casting an eye to heaven? God notwithstanding suffereth them, and confounds their ingratitude by continually conferring favours, in an absolute power of revenge.

What answer we to that? Shall we make it our glory to do like the silly mouse, which bites that which pincheth her; or rather imitate the perfections of God, who never appears so great as in pardoning great injuries? What may we hope in revenge, but to enter into the community of a bruitish life? That is it bears do, tygers, serpents, and so many other creatures, which imploy their teeth, horns, poyson, and all the arms they have from nature to pursue revenge: Yet many times they measure it by the necessity of their defence: but to pardon an ungrateful man and an enemy, is to go out of our elements, and the base dross of earth, to enter into a sphere of glory and light, ranked in the number of sovereign beauties, to be an associate with so many noble and illustrious souls, who have in all Ages placed their glory on actions of mildness and patience.

Goodly company of courteous.

Let us, I pray you, enter into it with a firm footing & a bright forehead. There shall we see *Moses* at the feet of the Tabernacle to pray, & almost bind up the hands of God, to stay the course of his revenge against those, who persecuted him even to the Tabernacle.

There

There shall we see an *Aaron* in the majesty of his Priestly habit, bearing all the world, with the incensory and Sacrifice in hand, to appease the anger of God against his persecutours, when heaven was all on fire over their heads, and the earth became a gulph under their feet to swallow them. There shall we see a *David* bear honourable wounds, which the envenomed tongue of *Shimei* had thrown on his reputation, and to mount to the throne of *Saul* by the steps of patience witnessed in suffering *Saul*. There shall we see all the Martyrs laden with torments, opening as many mouths as they had wounds, to beg pardon for those who persecuted them, and in the midst of all the Martyrs, *Jesus*, the great and faithful witness, quickning by effusion of his bloud, even those who shed his. There finally shall we see *Constantine* laughing at his statues they stoned, a *Theodosius* pardoning such as dragged his an *Andronicus*, who at the taking of a Citie, embraced in sight of all the world him, who most eagerly had opposed him with all manner of outrage.

Let us now judge which is most glorious, either to enter by pardoning into the most noble and generous society, or in seeking revenge, to become of the number of certain wranglers, ruffians, men of the damned crew, and lastly creatures the most bruitish in the world, wholly inclined to revenge.

Third point of reasons, drawn from necessity. *Dimitte nobis sicut dimittimus. Vade prius reconciliari fratri tuo, & tunc veniens offer munus tuum.*

4. Let us conclude finally with the third reason, and withal say, that to pardon injuries is not so much an election of virtue, as a necessitie of salvation, since God will not we hope remission of our sins, but on condition we banish the resentment of injuries. Necessitie of salvation, since prayer and sacrifice, essential parts of our salvation, cannot subsist without the pardon of our neighbour. And pursuing this precept, we have a tradition from the *Hebrews* which saith: He who being entreated to pardon, after warning given before competent witnesses, if he shewed himself inexorable, was surnamed as with a title of infamy the *Sinner*, and held as one excommunicate, as a rotten member, and cut off from the society of the faithfull. I likewise say, necessity of salvation, since according to S. *Augustine*, without this virtue all devotion is but hypocrisie, all religion blasphemy, & all faith infidelity.

Augst. super Joan. homil. 10. *Quid prodest quis credit & blasphemat? Adam illum in capite, blasphemus in corpore, &c.*

To what purpose is it (saith this Prelate) *to believe and blaspheme, to adore God in his head, and blaspheme him in his members? God loveth his body which is his Church; if you dissever your self from his body, he will not for all that forsake his own members. Hear you not the head which speaketh to you from heaven, saying: O Man, it is in vain thou honourest me, hating thy neighbour? If any one, whilst he is giving thee low obeysance with his head, tread on thy foot, thou wouldst in midst of all his complement cry out: Sir, you hurt me.*

The horrour, and confusion of revenge.

What is there either more powerfull or persuasive, than these reasons? Yet notwithstanding among so many lightnings and thunders which encompass us on every side, there are to be found infinite many black souls in the world, which practise hatred, some in secret, some in publick, & make vaunts to eternize their revenge in the everlastingness of their punishments. What a horrour is it to see a man, who besought and entreated with all earnestness to pardon a brother, who hath offended him, answereth with disdain, furious and intolerable, he will never agree nor hold correspondence with him, no more than with a *Turk* or *Moor*? Ah Barbarian! Shut up that mouth, unhappy creature, and never open it, at least never open it before the wounds of Christ which bleed against thee. Thou wilt embrace no other friendship with thy brother but such as may be found between *Turks* and *Moors*. Lyer that thou art, seek yet out words more out-ragious to express the gall of thy passion: For, if thou knowest it not, *Turks* and *Moors* retain the amities and sense of man, whereof thou art despoiled. *Turks* even in the general desolation of *Moors*, entertained them into their Countreys, and afforded them helps, which thou hast denied thy flesh and bloud. If that seem worthy of thee, take a turbant, and become a *Turk*: But when thou hast put it on, yet shalt thou find laws which will oblige thee to love a man. The *Turks* have their Behiram, a feast, wherein they pardon all injuries; and wilt thou turn *Turk* to retain an injury? Out of God's Church, out of the society of men, out of nature, bloudy monster as thou art. Whete wilt thou any longer find place in the world, when thou once hast pulled down the Altars of clemency?

That also which is spoken in choller and hasty precipitation, might seem pardonable in repentance, were it not there are some, who in cold bloud foster suits, and immortal pertinacities, and which is worst, many times in publick shewing a fair face, in secret they transfix the heart of a poor man, like unto witches, they rip up the bowels of wife and children, to satisfie a revenge. Barbarous man, eat, rather eat the miserable heart, than pierce it perpetually with thy infernal bodkins. I would in the rest be silent, if there were not women, who being infirm in all things, get diabolical strength for revenge. What may we say of a creature of this sex, who being very slightly offended by another of the same sex, whilst she, advised by her Confessour, disposed her self to all duties of satisfaction, the other looked on her with a *Gorgons* eye, and foaming with anger, spitefully reviled her with bloudy words, so that nothing now remained but to take her by the hair, and drag her on the floar; which violence reproved by other, she repeated the burden of the old ballad, That she wished her not ill, but would never see her again. Inhumane and furious creature, a *Megera*, not a woman, what mouth will you hereafter bring to the Altars, which you seem to honour? Have you any other than that, by you polluted with this poisonous choller? What heart remains in you for God? Is there any part of it not steeped in gall? What expect you at the hower of death, and in the instant of your souls separation, but that God repeat unto you your own words: I wish thee no ill, I will not put thee upon the wheel nor the rack, I have neither rasors nor flames to torment thee; but thou never shalt see my face? Wilt thou then cherish quarrels, maintain sides, spread rumours either true or false, secretly undermine the fortune of men, and make thy self as inexorable to reconciliation, as thou art inflexible to reason? Lord have mercy on us, a cruel Angel will be sent against thee, an ill suit commenced, a ruinous business, a tedious sickness, a loss of goods, a confusion of understanding, and then shalt thou see, whether fire being in the four corners of thy house, thou still retainest the itch of revenge.

Semper jurgia quærit malus, Angelus autem crudelis mittetur contra eum. Proverb. 6.

But, you generous souls, march on by union to the chief of unities, and think the onely revenge, is well to be revenged on your self. If as I have shewed, pardon be possible, glorious, and necessarie, why foment we our curiosities to enflame our feavours? Let us take away these silly humane respects, this slender pride, which often broodeth under silken devotions, and which is the cause, that God is daily beheld and adored upon both the knees, by those who will not see nor speak to any that have committed some slight indiscretion, whilst feigning to honour God the Master with lips, the servant within the heart is strangled.

Goodly considerations to pacifie the mind.

Say (O Christian) say to thy self: Am I more powerfull in my small family than God in the universe? He daily endureth so many injuries, not threatening mortals with his thunders; what am I, who have ears so tender? Many have forgiven their deaths, and I cannot pardon a cold countenance, a silly word, a slender negligence. Is it a child, is it a young man hath offended? age excuseth him; is it a woman sex; a stranger? liberty; a friend? familiarity. He hath offended, he hath displeased thee once, and how many other times hath he done thee good offices? But this is not the first time; so much the better shall we bear, what we already have suffered.

Vid. de I

Custome of injuries is a good Mistresse of patience. He is a friend, be did what he would not; if an enemy, be hath done according to the world, what be ought. If be were wise, be hath not done it without reason; if simple, be deserves compassion. Who ever bit a dogg because be was bitten by a dogg? Or who ever entered into a combat of kicking with a Mule? If be did it in anger, let us give him leisure to come to himself, and be will correct himself without our trouble to give assistance. If it be a superiour or man of eminent quality, let us suffer that which God hath set over us; if a person of base condition, why by striving against him, shall we make him our equal? What pleasure hath a woman whose hands are so delicate, to seek to foul them with crushing flies and catterpillers? Let us reflect on the carriage of humane things, we are all faulty, and live among errours. There is no wise man whom some indiscretions escape not. We shall never live content, if we learn not to excuse in another what our selves are. Are we not ashamed to exercise in a life so short eternal enmities? Behold death comes to separate us, although we forcibly hold one another by the throat: let us give a little truce to our reason, light to our understanding, and rest to our ashes. JESUS *in his last words recommended forgiveness to us, moistned with his tears, and bloud: Go we about to tear his Testament, that we afterward may pull his Images in pieces? The bloud of Just* Abel *still bubleth on the earth, and is unrevenged; shall we then seek to revenge it? O my God, we utterly renounce it with all our hearts, and are ready to seal peace with our bloud, that by thy bloud thou maist sign our mercy.*

The twelfth EXAMPLE upon the twelfth MAXIM.

of Reconciliation.

CONSTANTIA.

THere is nothing more certain than that he, who seeks revenge, shall find the God of revenge. It followeth those who pursue it, and when they think to exercise it on others, they feel it falling on their own heads. It is onely proper to base and infamous spirits to endeavour to glut themselves with bloud, and to delight in the miseries of mortals, but souls the most noble, are ever beautified with the rays of clemency.

Zonar. Theophilus. a bloudy Emperour.

Theophilus, one of the most bloudy Emperours that ever ware the diadem, an enemy both of heaven and earth, of Saints and men, as he had lived on gall, would end in bloud. He felt his soul on his lips flying from him, and saw death near at hand, which he could not escape. It was time, he should now yield up life to others, when it appeared he could no more take it from them: But this wicked man, holding at that time *Thephobus*, one of his prime Captaines imprisoned in his own Palace, upon certain jealousies conceiv'd he was too able a man, and well worthy of Empire, commanded a little before his death, to have his head cut off; and causing it to be brought to his bed side, he took it by the hair, held it a long time in his hands, so much was he pleased with this massacre; then seriously beholding it, he cried out: *It is true I shall no longer be* Theophilus, *nor art thou any more* Theophobus. And many times repeating these words, he yielded up his damned ghost like a ravenous wolf, which passed from bloud to infernal flames, although certain revelations spake of his deliverance. Behold how having taken in his youth evil habits of cruelty and revenge, he persevered in them to his death, being besides most unfortunate and infamous in all his enterprises.

But contrariwise it is observed, all great-ones disposed to clemency, have been very glorious and most happy before God and men. I could here reherse very many, yet pursuing our design, I rest contented with relation of a notable pardon given by a Queen to a Prince, on a Friday in memory of our Saviours Passion.

It cannot be said, but so much the greater and more outragious injuries are, so much the more difficult is their pardon, especially when one hath full power of revenge in his hands. Now the injury whereof we speak, was the death of poor *Conradinus*, which well considered in all its circumstances, rendereth this clemency whereof I intend to speak much more admirable. Know then this Prince, son of the Emperour *Conradus*, went into *Italy* with a huge army to defend the inheritance of his Ancestours, pretending it to be unjustly usurped by the wily practises of *Charls* of *Anjou*: He stood at that time in the midst of his armies, sparkling like a star, full of fire & courage, when Pope *Clement* the fourth seeing him pass along with so much Nobility, said: *Alas, what goodly victims are led to the Altar!* His valour in the tenderness of his age, was as yet more innocent, than wary, and he had to do with a Captain, whom warlike experience had made more subtile in this profession. *Conradinus*.

Charls being ready to give him battel, resolved it was best to weary out this young vigour, & to afford him the bait of some success in appearance, the more easily to draw him into his snare. He gave the leading of one part of his army to a Captain of his called *Alardus*, commanding him to bear all the royal ensigns, as if he had been *Charls* of *Anjou*'s person. *Conradinus* thinking he had nothing to do but to conquer what he saw before his eyes for decision of the difference, advanced his troups, which falling like a tempest upon the enemies, quickly dispatched *Alardus*, who was slain in the battel, as some histories record, carrying from all this ostent of regallity, a fatal glory into a tomb. He gave battle to *Charls* of *Anjou*.

This young *Mars*, supposing the war ended by the death of his Adversary, presently proclaimed victory, at which time *Charls* of *Anjou*, who lay hidden in a trench with the activest troups, as yet very fresh, came suddenly upon him. He did all that for his defence, which a brave spirit might in an evil fortune. But his army being cut in pieces, he was enforced to save himself, after the loss of twelve thousand dead in the place.

His calamity caused him to change the habit of a King, into that of a horse-keeper for his greater security, so much he feared to be known by those, who would decide the dint of war by his bloud. He embarked with his cousin *Frederick* of *Austria*, to pass unto *Pisa*, committing himself in this disguised habit to a Pilot, who much importuned him for his hire. He had not then about him either bread or money, so that he was constrained to pull off a ring, and leave it in pledge to the Pilot to assure the debt. He seeing these young men of a graceful garbe, and considering this jewel was not a wealth suitable to their habit, doubted some trick, and gave notice to the Governour, a crafty man, who complying with the times, laid hold of the Princes, and put them into the hands of the Conquerour. His taking.

Charls of *Anjou* much fearing this young Lion, forgat all generosity to serve his own turn, and did a most base act, detested by all understandings that have any humanity: which is, that having kept *Conradinus* a whole year in a straight prison, he assembled certain wicked Lawyers to decide the cause of one of the noblest spirits at that time under heaven, who to second the passion of their Master, rendered the laws criminal, and served themselves with written right, to kill a Prince contrary to the law of nature, judging him worthy of death, in that (said they) he disturbed the peace of the Church, and aspired to Empire. A scaffold was prepared in a publick place, all hanged with red, where *Conradinus* is brought with other Lords. A Protonotary clothed after the ancient fashion, mounteth into a chair set there for the purpose, and aloud pronounceth the wicked sentence. After which His sentence and death.

Conradinus

Conradinus raising himself, & casting an eye ful of fervour and flames on the Judge, said: *Base and cruel slave as thou art, to open thy mouth to condemn thy Sovereign.*

It was a lamentable thing to see this great Prince on a scaffold, in so tender years, wise as an *Apollo*, beautiful as an *Amazon*, and valiant as an *Achilles*, to leave his head under the sword of an Executioner; in the place where he hoped to crown it. He called heaven & earth to bear witness of *Charls* his cruelty, who unseen beheld this goodly spectacle frō an high turret. He complained that his goods being taken from him, they robbed him of his life as a thief, that the blossom of his age was cut off by the hand of a hang-man, taking away his head to bereave him of the Crown; lastly throwing down his glove, demanded an account of this inhumanity. Then seeing his Cousin *Frederick's* head to fall before him, he took it, kissed it, and laid it to his bosom, asking pardon of it, as if he had been the cause of his disaster, in having been the companion of his valour. This great heart wanting tears to deplore it self, wept over a friend, and finishing his sorrows with his life, stretched out his neck to the Minister of justice. Behold how *Charls*, who had been treated with all humanity in the prisons of *Sarazens*, used a Christian Prince: so true it proves, that ambition seemeth to blot out the character of Christianity, to put in the place of it some thing worse than the Turbant.

This death lamented through all the world, yea, which maketh Theaters still mourn, sensibly struck the heart of Queen *Constantia* his Aunt, wife of *Peter* of *Arragon*: She bewailed the poor Prince with tears, which could never be dried up, as one whom she dearly loved, and then again representing to her self so many virtues and delights, drowned in such generous bloud, and so unworthily shed, her heart dissolved into sorrow. But as she was drenched in tears, so her husband thundred in arms to revenge his death.

Collenutius histor. Neapol. l. 5. c. 4. & 5.

He rigged out a fleet of ships, the charge whereof he recommended to *Roger* de *Loria*, to assail *Charls* the second, Prince of *Salerno*, the onely son of *Charls* of *Anjou*, who commanded in the absence of his father. The admiral of the *Arragonian* failed not to encounter him, and fought so furiously with him, that having sunck many of his ships, he took him prisoner, and brought him into *Sicily*, where Queen *Constantia* was, expecting the event of this battle. She failed not to cause the heads of many Gentlemen to be cut off in revenge of *Conradinus*, so to moisten his ashes with the bloud of his enemies. *Charls* the Kings onely son was set apart with nine principal Lords of the Army, and left to the discretion of *Constantia*. Her wound was still all bloudy, and the greatest of the Kingdom counselled her speedily to put to death the son of her capital enemy, yea, the people mutined for this execution: which was the cause, the Queen having taken order for his arraignment, and he thereupon condemned to death, she on a Friday morning sent him word, it was now time to dispose himself for his last hour. The Prince, nephew to S. *Lewis*, and who had some sense of his uncles piety, very couragiously received these tidings, saying.

The son of *Charls* of *Anjou* taken.

That besides other courteses he had received from the Queen in prison, she did him a singular favour to appoint the day of his death on a Friday, and that it was good reason he should die culpable on the day, whereon Christ died innocent.

This speech was related to Queen *Constantia*, who was therewith much moved, and having some space bethought her self, she replyed:

An excellent passage of clemency.

Tell Prince Charls, *if he take contentment to suffer death on a Friday, I will likewise find out mine own satisfaction to forgive him on the same day, that* Jesus *signed the pardon of his Executioners with his proper bloud. God forbid I shed the bloud of a man, on the day my Master poured out his for me. Although time surprize me in the dolour of my wounds, I will not rest upon the bitterness of revenge. I freely pardon him, and it shall not be my fault, that he is not at this instant in full liberty.*

This magnanimous heart caused the execution to be staied, yet fearing if she left him to himself, the people might tear him in pieces, she sent him to the King her husband, entreating by all which was most precious unto him, to save his life, and send him back to his Father. *Peter* of *Arragon*, who sought his own accommodation in so good a prize, freed him from danger of death, yet enlarged him not suddenly. For his deliverance must come from a hand wholly celestial.

Sylvester Pruere writes, that lying long imprisoned in the City of *Barcellon*, the day of S. *Mary Magdalen* aproaching, who was his great Patroness, he disposed himself to a singular devotion, fasting, confessing his sins, communicating, begging of her with tears to deliver him from this captivity. Heaven was not deaf to his prayers. Behold on the day of the feast he perceived a Lady full of Majesty, who commanded him to follow her, at which words, he felt as it were a diffusion of extraordinary joy spread over his heart. He followed her step by step, as a man rapt, and seeing all the gates flie open before her without resistance, and finding himself so cheerful, that his body seemed to have put on the nature of a spirit, he well perceived heaven wrought wonders for him. The Lady looking on him after she had gone some part of the way, asked him where he thought he was; to which he replied, that he imagined himself to be yet in the Territory of *Barcellon*. *Charls* you are deceived (*said she*) you are in the County of *Provence*, a league from *Narbon*, and thereupon she vanished. *Charls* not at all doubting the miracle, nor the protection of S. *Mary Magdalen*, prostrated himself on the earth, adoring the power of God in his Saints, caused a fair Church to be built to this most blessed woman, and a Cross to be erected in the place where she left him, which was called the Cross of the place: Thus was God pleased to ratifie by so great miracles the pardon *Constantia* had given to Prince *Charls*.

I will shut up this discourse with a passage of so rare clemency of a Monarch, offended in the honour of a daughter of his, by a mean vassal, as it seems could never have fallen but into the heart of a *Charlemaigne*.

Curio l. 2. *rerum Chronologicarum.*

It is to this purpose recounted, that one *Eginardus*, who was Secretary to the Prince, having placed his affections much higher than his condition admitted, made love to one of his daughters, which was in mine opinion natural; who seeing this man of a brave spirit, and a grace suitable, thought not him too low for her, whom merit had so eminently raised above his birth. She affected him, and gave him too free access to her person, so far as to suffer him to have recourse unto her, to laugh, and sport in her chamber on evenings, which ought to have been kept as a sanctuary, wherein relicks are preserved. It happened upon a winters night, these two amorous hearts, having inwardly so much fire that they scarcely could think upon the cold, *Eginardus*, (ever hastening his approches, and being very negligent in his returns) had somewhat too much slackened his departure. The snow mean while raised a rampart, which troubled them both when he thought to go out. Time pressed him to leave her, and heaven had stopped up the way of his passage. It was not tolerable for him to go forward. *Eginardus* feared to be known by his feet, and the Lady thought it not any matter at all to see the prints of such steps about her door. They being much perplexed, love, which taketh the diadem of majesty from Queens, so soon as they submit to its tyranny, made her do an act for a lover, which had she done for a poor man, it would have been the means to place her among the great Saints of her time. She tooke this

Goodness and indulgence of *Charlemaigne.*

Gentleman upon her shoulders, and carried him all the length of the Court to his chamber, he never setting foot to the ground, that so the next day no impression might be seen of his footing. It is true which a holy Father saith, that if hell lay on the shoulders of love, love would find courage enough to bear it. But it hath more facilitie to undertake, than prudence to hide it self, the eye of God not permitting these follies should either be concealed or unpunished. *Charlemaign*, who had not so much affection in store for women, that he spent not some nights in studie, watched this night, and hearing a noise opened the window, and perceived this prettie prank, at which he could not tell whether he were best to be angrie or to laugh.

The next day in a great assembly of Lords, and in the presence of his daughter and *Eginardus*, he proposed the matter past in covert tearms, asking what punishment might a servant seem worthie of, who made use of a Kings daughter as of a Mule, and caused himself to be carried on her shoulders in the midst of winter, through night, snow, and all sharpness of the season. Every one gave hereupon his opinion, and there was not any who condemned not this insolent man to death. The Princess and Secretarie changed colour, thinking nothing remained for them, but to be flayed alive. But the Emperour looking on his Secretarie with a smooth brow, said: *Eginardus*, hadst thou loved the Princess my daughter, thou oughtest to have come freely to her father, who should dispose of her libertie, and not to play these pranks, which have made thee worthy of death, were not my clemency much greater than the respect thou hast born to my person. I now at this present give thee two lives, the one in preserving thine, the other in delivering her to thee, in whom thy soul more survives, than in the body it animateth. Take thy fair portress in marriage, and both of you learn to fear God, and to play the good husbands. These lovers thought they were in an instant drawn out of the depth of Hell to ascend to heaven, and all the Court stood infinitly in admiration of this judgement. It appears by the narration, what was the mild temper of *Charlemaign* in this point, and that he followed the counsel of S. *Ambrose*, who advised a Father named *Sisinnius* to receive his son with a wife he had taken for love. For receiving them both (said he) you will make them better, rejecting them, render them worse. The goodness of these great hearts for all that, justifieth not the errours of youth, which grievously offendeth, when it undertaketh resolutions in this kind, not consulting with those to whom it oweth life.

Epist. l. 8. ep. 64. *Si bonam duxit, acquisivit tibi gratiam: Si erravit accipiendo meliores facies, refutando deteriores.*

XIII. MAXIM.

Of the Epicurean life.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That the flesh must be daintily used, and all possible contentment given to the mind.

THE HOLY COURT.

That life without crosses, and flesh void of mortification, is the sepulcher of a living man.

EXperience teacheth us, there is in the World a sect of reformed *Epicures*, who do not openly profess the bruitishness of those infamous spirits, which are drenched in gourmandize and lust, but take Maxims more refined, that have (as they say) no other aim, but to make a man truly contented. For which purpose, they promise themselves to drive all objects from their minds, which may bring the least disgust, and to afford the bodie all pleasures which may preserve it in a flourishing health, accompanied with grace, vigour, and vivacity of senses.

The Philosophie of Epicurus swayeth in the world.

Here may the judicious observe, that such was the doctrine of ancient *Epicurus*. For although many make a monster of him, all drowned in ordure and prodigious pleasure, yet it is very easie to prove, that he never went about to countenance those bruitish ones, who through exorbitance of lusts ruin all the contentments of the mind and bodie: But he wholly inclined to find out all the pleasures of nature, and to banish any impediments which might make impression on the soul or bodie. For which cause I think *Theodoret* mistook him, when he made him so gluttonous, as to contend with *Jupiter* about a sop, and that *Nicetas*, who representeth him so licourish after honied tarts, well understood him not: For *Tertullian*, S. *Hieron*, *Laertius*, and *Seneca*, who better noted his doctrine, assure us he was a very sober man, and speaketh not in his writings but of pulse and fruits; not for the honour he bare to the virtue of temperance, but for that it seemed he found himself better disposed in this frugality, than in superfluities, the tormentours of health. Yet notwithstanding he is ever greatly reprehensible, in that he so deifieth the contentments of nature, and this kind of life free from bodily pain and minds unquiet, that he makes a Sovereign God of it, honouring and adoring it as a Divinity.

Theodor. l. 2. *Therap.* *Nicet.* 2. *Thesau.* c. 1. *Tertul.* apol. c. 38. *Hieron.* 2. in *Jovin.* *Laertius.* lib. 10. *Senec.* l. de *vitâ beatâ.*

From this principle he derived conclusions, which led to a life wholly replenished with easeful idleness, much prejudicial to civil society. For he would not have a wise man intermeddle in state-affairs, nor undertake designs for the good of Common-wealths, for fear of troubling the repose of his mind, and give a most infamous advise, to tast the pleasures of marriage, without taking care for the education of children, because it was painfull: whereupon *Arianus* in *Epictetus* reprocheth him, that his father and mother would have smothered him in the cradle, had they known such pestilent words should come from his lips.

Arian l. 4. c. 20.

He now-adayes is waited on by many, who take other wayes than he did, to arrive at the practise of his Maxims. For they use their bodies to such effeminacie, that they seem single in their kind, and feed their minds what they can with tender thoughts, free from any care or affair, which may divert contentment, so that they suffer themselves with all endeavour to be dissolved in an easie truantly life, wholly to enjoy themselves.

2. Now you, who incline to this Sect, by ill habits taken in the great service you daily do your bodies, I beseech you consider how far it is alienated both from reason and Christianity. First, see you not that to imagine here on earth a life without pain, is to frame chymraes in your mind; since the world is a soil as natural for thorns, as barren of violets. All the sons of

1. Reason against this Maxim of riot. *Occupatio magna creata est omnibus hominibus, & jugum grave su-*

per filiis Adam. Eccl. 40. Isle of amber, felicitie of Epicurus. Garcias.

of *Adam* (saith the Scripture) have trouble enough to carrie their yoke. Where find you this perpetual quiet of mind, this freedom from bodily disturbances which you figure in your thoughts? It is in my opinion not unlike the little Island of amber-greece, whereof *Garcias* speaketh, which was perceived by certain merchants, who sayled along on the Ocean. But they much labouring to take it, in such proportion as they advanced towards it, it recoyled back, and when they thought to touch it, it was lost in the waves. I dare affirm you pursue an Island more imaginarie than that, running with full speed after the false pleasures of *Epicurus*. It is a fantasie that mocketh you, and which amuzeth you on the surges of this life, to make you perish, seeing according to *Clemens Alexandrinus*, sensuality is the shipwrack of spiritual life.

Clemens Alex. Pædag. l. 3. c. 7.

A man must not be born of a mother to escape worldly molestations, since the Scripture, which cannot lie teacheth us, travell is as naturall for the children of women as flight for birds. How could there be pleasures of bodie without pain, since pleasures would never be pleasures if they had not been preceded by some incommodities? It is a witty reason of the Philosopher *Simplicius*, which was well considered by S. *Bernard*. (*a*) Take away hunger (saith he) and there is no pleasure in viands; take away thirst, and the most chrystal fountains would be unto you but as marishes. Hot things must be had to seek for coolnes, and cold to be delighted with heat. If you take away evil and necessitie, you take away the most active spur which sensualitie hath over nature.

Homo nascitur ad laborem, & avis ad volatum. Job 57. Reason of *Simplicius*.

(*a*) S. Bern. tract. de gratia, & lib. arbitrio. *Tolle famem, & panem non curabis; Tolle sitim & limpidissimum fontem quasi pabulum respicies, umbram non quærit nisi æstuans; solem non curat, nisi algens.*

The world which is so old, the earth so fertile, experience so knowing, and histories so curious, could not this day produce one sole man absolutely happie and content. The great Genius of nature *Plinie*, who searched into all the corners of the world to meet with a man, such as *Epicurus* framed in his idæa, assureth us, that after a very long enquiry, he found but one, a Musician named (*b*) *Xenophilus*, who was said to have arrived to the age of an hundred and five years, free from disquiet or sickness. This is a *Rodomontado* of *Greece*, which went about to make him brave it on paper: But might we have penetrated into his heart, and taken all the parts of his life asunder, I am perswaded we might presently find somewhat, for which he should be banished out of the imaginarie Palace of felicitie. I can as soon believe *Xenophilus* came into the world free from original sin, as imagine he went out of it exempt from any dolour. It were as easie to sayl prosperously amidst the tempests of the Ocean, having no other vessel but a tortoyse shell, as to live in the world without suffering. We are condemned to it before we are born, and our tears teach us this decree before we issue from our mothers womb.

(*b*) Plin. l. 7. c. 50. One sole man happie.

Bern. l. 2. de consid. c. 3. *Quid enim calamitate vacat nascenti in peccato? fragili corpore, mente sterili, cui infirmitas corporis fatuitas cordis, cumulatur tradux fortis mortis additione.* The whole world an enemy of curiositie.

What remaineth (sayes S. *Bernard*) *to finish the description of man, and to make him a true picture of calamity, since he entereth into the world by the gate of sin, with a bodie frail, a mind barren; weakness of mortal Members, and stupiditie of heart being given him as a portion of his birth, and a necessitie of his condition?* The miserable *Epicurus*, who was the first Authour of this lazie life, and who sought by speculation and practise into all he could imagine, bending all his thoughts and actions to this purpose, found he satisfaction in this search? Histories tell us, this great father of the happie had a stone in his bladder, which infinitly pained him: and this being a time, that knew not the operations now in use to deliver mortals from these vexations, he carried his affliction to the grave, dying with enraged dolour. Upon this you shall observe, that it seems God, nature, elements, and men conspire to torment one, who seeks with over-much curiosity, and too seriously the contentments of his bodie, and the ease of his mind.

3. But, that I may here produce a second reason, although you were permitted to please your sensuality throughout the whole latitude of your desires, and the capacitie thereof, what should you elis do, but serve a miserable bodie, and tie your self all your life time to the preservation of a fool and sick man? *If you live according to the flesh, you shall die*, said the Apostle to the *Romans*. All great spirits, who have a feeling of their extraction, the beauty and nobility of their souls, take not the necessities of life but with some shame and sorrow. They regard the flesh as the prison of a spirit immortal, and think to flatter it, is to strangle the better part of themselves, which resteth in the understanding. The Philosopher *Plotinus*, who was renowned as the worlds Oracle, could not endure to have his picture taken, saying, he had trouble enough to suffer a wretched bodie, without multiplying the figures thereof by the help of painting; and you imagine it is a virtue of the times to adore it, and afford it submissions which pass to the utmost period of servitude. How much the more we profit in the libertie of God's children, so much the more we proceed in disengagement from sense, and enter as into the sanctuarie of souls, there to consult on truths, and understand reasons, which vindicate us from the dregs of the world, to give us passage into the societie of Angels.

2. Reason.

Rom. 6. Great spirits enemies of the flesh.

Plotin. Porphiry upon his life.

It is a strange matter, that the subtile Divine *Scotus* thinks, that to understand and know objects by sensible representations, passing through the gate of our sense, and striking our imagination, is a punishment from original sin. He finds it is a harsh subjection, to make application to the bodie; to derive colours, odours, and sounds from it, which notwithstanding seemeth as innocent as the purchase of bees, who suck honie out of flowers: and shall we think there can be any felicitie to plunge our judgement into all the voluptuous pleasures of flesh?

Discourse of *Scotus*, concerning sense. *Scotus* locis disquisit. 1. indicatis.

Know we not, it many times doth to the soul, as the heron to the faulcon? He endeavoureth to flie above him, and to wet his wings with his excrements, to make his flight heavie, and render his purpose unprofitable. Alas, how many times feel we the vigour of our reason enervated by the assaults of concupiscence, which contracteth the like advantage from it's ordures, for the enthralment of the spirit! And why would we second it's violence by our weakness?

An observation of *Camerarius* concerning the heron.

I moreover demand of you, what can you hope from so punctually observing your bodie? You are not a *Geryon* with three heads and three throats: There needs but a little to fill you. For though your concupiscence be infinite, yet are your senses finite, & many times pleasure overwhelms them before they afford themselves the leisure of tasting them. If you resolve so curiously to attend the search of pleasures, you should desire the spirit of a horse, to enjoy them with the more vigour and liberty. But what sense is there to have the soul of a man, and seek to be glutted with the mire of the earth: as if one would feed a Phœnix with cartion, on which ravens live? when you have done all you can to make your self happie by diversity of worldly pleasures, beasts will ever have more than you. For their sensitive souls much sooner meet the height of nature; and as their pleasures are free from shame, so they drag not sorrow after them. They are not gnawn with cares by desiring things needless, they take what the elements afford them, and what the industry of man manures for them, & know not what it is to find poisonous maladies in the most ardent pleasures. sensuality may imagine. But admit you were resolved to become a beast with the disciples of *Epicurus*, yet ought you not for all that, according to your own limits, surpass the brutishnes of beasts. And I pray tell me, where is the beast which hath never so little generosity, would not think it self most miserable, if it were condemned to eat and

Instance upon the weaknes and miserie in service of the body.

drink perpetually, and grow lazy in an idle life? They frame themselves very willingly to the exercises nature appointed them for the service of man; and a man thinks it a great Philosophy to consecrate all the parts of his bodie to sensuality, no whit considering, he is made for the contemplation of things Divine, for the love and fruition of the first cause.

Avicenna lib. de primâ Philosoph. 9. c. 1. apud *Javellum.* Notable saying of *Avicen.*

Avicen, an excellent wit, by the unhappiness of his birth ranked in the sect of *Mahomet*, coming to consider this false Prophet had placed the beatitude of the other life in the injoying sensual pleasures, was so ashamed of it, that he shrunk from his Prophet, that he might not betray his reason. The law (saith he) which *Mahomet* gave us, considered beatitude and miserie within the limits of the bodie: but there are promises, and hopes of other blessings much more excellent, and which cannot be conceived but by the force of a most purified understandng. Which is the cause, wise divines ever set their love on the blessings of spirit, without any account taken of those of sense, in comparison of the felicitie we one day pretend to have in the union of our immortal spirit with the first Verity. What can our worldlings answer to this *Arabian*? Should they not blush with shame, to see a man bred in the school of *Epicurus*, gone out of it to teach us the Maxim of Christianity?

Felicitas est conjunctio cum primâ Veritate.

3. Reason. Tyranny of ryot.

4. Finally, to conclude this discourse with a third reason, although the service of the bodie were possible, and not shameful to you, do you not well see it is tyrannical, and that *Epicurus* himself, wholly bent to pleasure, cut off all he could from nature for this onely cause, which made him think over-much care of the body was extreamly opposite to felicitie? The *Platonists* said, our souls were of an extraction wholly celestial, and sent from heaven to serve God on earth, in imitation of the service Angels do to him in heaven, but that many of those poor souls forgetting their original, instead of going directly to the Temple of virtue, stood amuzed in the house of a Magician, which was the flesh, that enchanted them with his charms, & had cast them into fetters, where they were enforced to suffer a painful bondage, from whence there were but two passages, wisdom, or death. To this *Synesius* made allusion in his Hymns, complaining, his soul from a servant of God was become a slave of matter, which had bewitched it by wily practises. And verily who can sufficiently express the servitude a soul suffers, fast linked to flesh, and which onely endeavours to dandle it, hoping by this means to give true contentment to the mind? First, pleasures are not exposed now-adayes to all the world, as the water of a river: such an one there is, who hath sold himself for the life of a hog, who will never have his fill of hogs draft, as S. *Peter Chrysologus* said of the prodigal child. Men covetous of bodily riches would willingly make themselves horns and claws of iron, to speak with the wise *Plato*, of purpose to take and defend, the one his wealth, the other his loathsome pleasures. Many times iron gates must be broken to purchase a fruition, which draweth along with it a thousand disturbances. Behold how a man who is excessively enamoured of his own health, becomes suppliant and servile to his bodie. He fears his proper dyet, all kind of airs are dreadful to him; nor can he take but with distrust those very comforts which afford him life. He makes of his stomach a soyl of drugs; he perpetually consulteth with his Physicians; he tells his infirmities to all the world; he seeks out extraordinarie cures, as he often hath imaginarie diseases; he lives in an afflicting equality, & would many times rather transgress Gods ten commandments, than fail in one of *Hypocrates* aphorisms. I leave you to think, what death were not much sweeter, than health so religiously preserved.

Opinion of *Platonists.*

Αλλα μιμνήσκει ψυχὴν ἔνδυτος ἥλιος. Synes. hym. 3.

Miser qui porcum esurit, & defecit in saginam. *Chrysol.* serm. de prodigo. *Plato.* 9. de Rep.

Inordinate love of health.

Slavery of women. *Cultu magna sura, magna*

See now on the other side a worldly woman, who feeleth her beautie (that short tyrannie) already in the wain, and yet would cherish it in the opinion of men, who heretofore adored it; or of such likewise, who may be taken in the same snare. What doth not this silly creature to make her self to be esteemed fair? What time wasteth she not to seem slender, to wash, paint, to divide the white, well to mingle the red, to powder her hair, to make her self ey-browes, to preserve the whiteness of her teeth, to set a vermillion tincture on her lips, little patches like flies on her cheeks, choose stuffs, and think of new fashions. What torture inflicteth she not on her bodie with those iron stayes and whale-bones? How many turns maketh she dayly before a looking-glass? What perplexities of mind, what apprehensions, least her defects may appear? And what discontent, when after such torments so miserably ended, she sees her self despised by men, before she becomes the food of worms? What Captain of a Galley was ever so cruel to fettered slaves, as vanity, and love of the body are to the soul? Pursue the track of all other pleasures, and you shall find them painful and dolorous; and in the end you will be enforced to say, there is no worse bondage than that which is afforded to wretched flesh. The Prophet *Esay* speaking of punishments due to sinners & worldlings, saith, they are written on box, whereupon we may say with S. *Hierom*, it is to shew the lasting of it, since characters graven on such kind of wood, cannot so easily be taken off. But I here consider a secret, which teacheth me box bears no fruit, onely satisfied to produce a flower, which otherwise making a goodly shew, killeth bees that suck it. The Prophet in this figure presented to us a lively image of pleasure, which surprizeth the eyes by a vain illusion, whilest it conveieth poison into the heart. Rest then assured, you shal never meet with solid contentment of mind, but by the wayes the Saviour of the world shewed us on earth to transfer us to Heaven. The just are here below, as little halcyons on the trembling of waters, or nightingales on thorns. They find their joys amongst holy tears, and their delights in austerities of life. There is nothing so Sovereign, as early to accustom to depend little on your body, and quickly to forsake a thousand things by election, which you shall be enforced to abandon of necessitie. When a manner of virtuous life is chosen, and which hath some austerity in it, custom makes it sweet, grace fortifieth it, perseverance nourisheth it, and glorie crowns it. How many worldlings dayly putrifie in a miserable condition, who have from their tender age yielded all submission to their flesh, and how many delicate bodies in monasteries have we seen, which the whole world condemned to the beer from their entering into religion, to go out of hair-cloth, ashes, & fasts, as a Phœnix from her tomb? A life without crosses is a dead sea, which breedeth nought but stench and sterility: but austerity is like the *Ægyptian* thorn, which had an excellent grace in crowns. We are called to Christianity, to bear a God crucified on our flesh, and as it were impressed with the Characters of Divine love. Let us carefully preserve our selves from prostituting members to sensuality, made to be the Temple of the living God, and the ornament of Paradise. Holy *Job* was in state so lamentable, that those who beheld him could scarcely tell, whether it were a man reduced into a dunghil, or a dunghil into the shape of a man: Notwithstanding, in the midst of these smarting dolours, which over-ran all his body, and the afflictions which assailed his mind, he received so unspeakable comforts from God, that himself confesseth to have nothing so strange in his own person, as his proper torments. Behold the reason why he exalted himself on his dunghil, as upon a throne of virtue, he adorned himself with his wounds as with a royal purple, he took the Scepter in hand over all effeminacies of body, and pronounced Oracles unto us, which to all Ages shew, that there is neither evil nor affliction wherein God maketh not his miracles of our pains, and his glorie of our rewards.

virtutis in via. Cato Censorius.

Scribe ei super buxum. Isai 30. 8. Observation upon Esay. Flower of box.

Life of the Just.

Glorificate, & portate Deum in corpore vestro.

Mirabiliter me crucias. Job. 10.

Te

The thirteenth EXAMPLE upon the thirteenth MAXIM.

The Miserable event of Lust.

AMMON the Son of DAVID.

IT is not one of the least miseries, of the greatest of all evils, I mean sin, that the ill example which often accompanieth it, doth likewise survive it. It is, to say truly, a most bitter fruit of this direful tree, or rather a scien which it in growing produceth, and which being fed from it's sap, stands upright after the fall of it. Nor is it strange, that when once the mercy of God, (onely able for this great work) hath stifled the monster sin in the soul of parents, yet fails it not (though wholly dead) to infect their families, and poison their posteritie with the stench of it's ordure.

David that great Prince, that King according to Gods heart, had lost the affections and sweet indulgencies of it, by an adultery and an homicide. He afterward weepeth, he humbly prayeth, he lowdly cries, and God, who is willing to be moved, turneth his eyes from his crimes, and that he may no more hereafter see them, applies the sponge to cleanse them: yet behold long after *Ammon*, one of his children, who casteth an eye on these bad lessons, & though blotted out, fails not to read them, and to learn thence the science of his own ruin. This unhappy Prince scorns to reflect on the mild temper, the pennance and zeal of his father, to look on his exorbitancies. He cannot see this Sun but in eclipse, and not seeking to make choice among so many eminent virtues, which had made him happie, he will not follow his steps but in a path, where needs he must meet with ill adventures.

Although the holy Scripture speaketh not of the wicked deportments of this Prince until his incest, yet there is a great probability he began not at the end, nor mounted this tower of confusion by the top, but rather arrived thither by the degrees of a life irregular, effeminate, and freed from the care of the soul, wholly to resign himself to the service of the bodie and it's concupiscence. But in so much as loathing, which always waits very near upon the most exquisite pleasures, is wont every moment to put the levity of sinners upon new objects, and in that, besides the pride of those who hate thee, (O God supremely amiable) perpetually mounteth, until their giddiness precipitate them into the abyss. Behold here our wicked one, our *Epicure*, before there was an *Epicure* in the world, who rejecteth mean crimes, distasteth common pleasures, and projecteth an incest with his own sister, not considering how unreasonable it is to sacrifice the honour of the royal house, the tranquility of his father, his soul and salvation, to the distemper of his fancy.

Ammon plotteth incest with his sister.

He turneth his eyes from heaven, and from the God of heaven, whose wonders his father had so often sung unto him; he is wholly for passion which predominateth over him, nor entertains any other cogitations but to satisfie it. Already this feaver, which takes away his sense, hath enflamed his bloud, leaving him nought in his veins, but the fire of hel, which more and more encreaseth. The contagion of this unsound soul spreads over the bodie. Behold (saith the historie) he fals sick for the love of his sister, who hath nothing at all in her, which can displease him, but her chastitie; because that sets before him the great difficulties of his enterprize. He hath a friend, and this proves his main unhappiness; a worldly wise one, a flattering friend, a companion of his riots: but such amities which deserve not the name, resemble false fires, which seeming all enflamed, are nothing els but smoke very easily dissipated, and whose bright splendour onely serves to lead into precipices.

Jonadab counselleth *Ammon* to incest with his sister *Thamar*.

This was *Jonadab*, one of *David's* Nephews, who having searched into the change both of his countenance and humour, quickly understood the reason of it from his lips, so that too easily complying with his passion, he lastly gave him this counsel: Lie (saith he) on your bed, counterfeit sickness, the King doubtless will visit you, you shall beg of him that your sister *Thamar* may come to you to prepare your diet, and he without doubt will assent to it.

Cruel friend, nay rather soothing enemy, what doest thou? Thou well knowest that thus flexibly to serve the passion of this violent spirit, thou subjectest him to the extremitie of all unhappiness. Thou strangle'st this Prince whilst thou flatterest him, and in lieu of good offices, giv'st him a hand to lead him down into ruin. Were it not better to use fire and steel for the cure of this mad man, than to comply with his malady to render it incurable? Were it not better with a bitter, but charitable correction, to purge his bad humours, than to powr into him a pleasing poison?

There is nothing more faithfully or more readily executed, than an ill advise; quickly our amourist is in his bed, he entreateth *Thamar* of the King, who came to visit him; where behold the father, too good for so bad a son, grants what he demandeth. The poor virgin likewise obeyeth the commands of her father, and the suggestions of her own heart, which had but too much tenderness towards so execrable a brother. She runs like an innocent victim to the knife, which must cut her throat, she follows the bait not doubting the hook, and goeth fearless into a place, where she must loose all. This dissembling sick man at first refuseth the broths she had prepared to procure him an appetite, but having given command all should depart out of the chamber, desires his sister to bring them in: she who nothing doubted the practise, readily goes in, offers them to him, but the enraged creature seizeth on her, and requires to lie with her.

Ammon dissembleth sickness.

The poor Princess surprized in this attempt, seeks to temper him with sweet words. *Alas, dear brother* (saith she) *commit not such a violence upon me, remember with your self this abomination is without example in* Israel. *Banish such thoughts from you, and take heed you enterprize not an act, which will among the wise be esteemed an unspeakable folly. Whither shall I go after such a shame, or what will you do, when you have purchased so ill reputation? By all means speak to the King, he is a good father, he perhaps will freely afford you that, which you by violence would take.* The enraged monster will not so much as understand her, he forceth her, he finds himself to be the stronger, and makes use of this advantage for the satisfaction of a passion, nay rather of a fury, which even the most part of bruit beasts abhor.

Thamars advise.

It is a strange thing, how those who seek their contentment in the contempt of God and his ordinances, make an ill reckoning. They meet with worm-wood even in honey: their fingers are pricked whilst they gather roses, the odour of which so soon paineth them, and in a word they see, that loathing concludeth, what was begun by disturbances and impatience. This inconstant spirit promised himself pleasures without anxiety or period, but behold him foiled in the first fruition. This infinite love finds it's end in the beginning, or rather it's change into aversion & hatred.

Behold he presently despiseth his sister, yea, excessively: mark the Scripture: The hatred was much greater, than was ever the affection. He commands her to be gone, and she exaggerating the second offence committed by him, his so unworthy usage of her after such an outrage, he willeth one of his servants to drive her out, and shut the door after her. Who can describe the griefs and agonies of this afflicted creature, defamed by her brother, and thrust by a groom out of a house, wherinto she came not but to do him service? She cast ashes on her head, rent her garments, lifts her hands over her head, goes away weeping

Ammon despiseth his dishonoured sister.

weeping and lamenting like one distract, to seek out her brother *Absolon*, to give him an account of her dolours and to ask revenge.

Absolon close in his revenge.

This Prince (one of the most prudent and politick of his time) at the first dissembleth his resentment; to make it seasonable appear, he endevoureth to sweeten the acerbity of his soul by fair words, adviseth her to be silent, sheweth when all is done he is her brother, and that she should not take such an injury to the heart. Needs must the smoke of pleasure, turn the course of things into flames, and a momentarie contentment transmit sorrow and sadness over to posterity.

Behold *Thamar* lives in her brothers house, quite disconsolate, King *David* is enraged, nor can he appeased, and *Absolon* hides under the ashes of his dissimulation a fire not to be quenched, but with the bloud of this caitive.

Two years passed, and he spake neither well nor ill of this act, that he might not by his speech betray the desire he had to avenge it. In the end, at the time of his sheep shearing in *Balhazor*, he took occasion to invite all the Kings children to his house. He invited the King likewise, but he making excuse to charge him with so great a train, he entreats that at the least his brother *Ammon* might be his guest. He shrinks not back, not upon the first denial, he enforceth by the eagerness of importunitie, where behold the miserable man goes with his brothers, not knowing he must be the victim of a Sacrifice, prepared by the Justice of heaven, which hath ever undertaken the revenge of violated chastity. See in the midst of a banquet, when *Ammon* had taken in a little wine, and was full of jollitie, *Absolon* cries out, kill; and his servants following the direction he had given them, fell upon him, struck him, and left him dead in the place. The other brothers affrighted, rose from the table, got on horse-back, and came to *Sion*, where they satisfied the King, who thought his whole family had been massacred. They at their enterance cried out aloud, they wept with their father, who gave to the desolation of his house what remained of tears, after those torrents which had heretofore dropped from his eyes, and where his sins had happily made ship-wrack.

Ammon slain.

The murderer escapeth & forsakes the Kingdom, and *David* languisheth with sorrow for his absence, being unable to endure that one death alone should bereave him of two of his children. Lastly he comforted himself in it, and admired the judgements of God upon his house, who permitted that two of his sons were partakers in his crimes, and had surmounted his adultery and homicide, with an incest and a fratricide.

XIV. MAXIM.

of TRIBULATION.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That one must be evil to be happy, since the Just are most afflicted.

IT is a wonderfull thing how the Prophane Court dares propose this maxim, refuted by the experience of all Ages, observations of all histories, understandings of all people, and common voice of nature.

Camerarius in his Problems, wherein he pursueth the tracks of ordinarie life, without search into other considerations more Divine, makes a question, why those who are addicted to Religion, are alwayes most happy. And on the contrarie, from whence it is, that the wicked are most unfortunate: Affirming it to be observed throughout all histories. Now this Authour, who plainly sheweth in this Treatise he is none of the most Religious, gently toucheth some reasons, saying among other things, there is some power which pleaseth to depress the wicked, because ordinarily they are of a spirit fierce and insolent; as if impiety alone were not sufficient for their infelicity. The punishments of the wicked are so frequent in histories both Divine and humane, that in so great an Ocean of examples, which may take up more than fifty Ages, scarcely can we produce one sole notable felicitie, which felt not some great mishap. That we many times may have cause to make use of S. *Augustines* and S. *Eucherius* argument, who say, that although God punish not a crime in this life, he doth it to assure us there is a great tribunal, and a puissant justice in the other world. It were a thing superfluous at this time to oppose this maxim by effects, which are so evident, and whereof I think I have produced sufficient observations in preceeding Tomes: I had rather here employ reason, and shew all to be happy to the just, yea, tribulation.

THE HOLY COURT.

That all is happie for the Just, yea, even tribulation.

That the Providence of GOD excellently appeareth in the afflictions of the Just.

MEn curious in their censures, and distrustfull in their actions, have never ceased in all times to argue with Divine providence about the afflictions of the Just, but I with the assistance of heaven intend at this present to prove the eternal Wisdom maketh it self visibly appear, by the same things wherewith many think to overthrow it. Now I make it good by four reasons: the first whereof shall shew, worldly blessings cannot be great but by the experience of evils. Secondly, that tribulation is the nourshing-mother of all virtues. Thirdly, that there is no spectacle more glorious among the works of God, than an innocent afflicted for Justice, and patient in affliction. Fourthly, that it is a proof of beatitude.

We then deliver in the beginning of this discourse a notable maxim drawn out of *Æneas Gaza*, an ancient Authour, inserted in the Bibliotheck of the Fathers: Never do we sufficiently know the sweetness of good, without the trial of evil. *Joseph* mounted upon the triumphant Chariot of *Pharao* by prisons and fetters: *David* to the throne of *Saul* by many persecutions: And their great prosperities were much more sweet unto them, because they were fore-gone by sharp afflictions. We see the same in nature; where the Sun is more resplendent after it's eclipse, the sea more calm after a tempest, and the air much brighter after a shower, which made a great Statesman say: *Storms and tempests contribute to the clearness of the heavens, and the smoothness of the sea. The condition of mortals hath this proper, that adversities grow out of prosperities, and prosperities from adversities. God hideth from us the seeds both of the one and the other, and many times the*

Ἀγῶνες τῆς καλῆς γνώσεως τῆς καλῆς γίγνεται ἀπὸ.

Mario Calique temperiem, turbines tempestatesque commendant: habet hæc vices conditio mortalium, ut adversa secun-

the causes of blessings and evils are covered under one and the same appearance.

One may here object, that if we must alwayes have evil to tast good, we might infer the Angels were not sufficiently happy, because they arrived at beatitude without passing through tribulations, these being the flower-de-luces of God's garden, which neither wrought nor took pains to be clothed with the robe of glorie: we might conclude, God himself had some defect in his felicitie, since he alwayes hath a most accomplished beatitude, with exclusion of all manner of evil. I answer to that, there is very much difference between the condition of things eternal and temporal. Angels entered almost as soon into felicitie as into being, because they were placed in the upper region of the world, where miseries cannot approch, and who having besides a singular knowledge of God's favour, stood not in need to be aided by the counterpoize of adversities. But as for us, we are not onely born in a soil, which is as fertile in calamities, as forrests in brids, and rivers in fish; but besides, we are extream ignorant of God's grace, when we long enjoy prosperity; which is the cause that adversity, though necessarily tied to our condition, maketh us notably open our eyes to know the felicities which follow it, and to understand from what source they proceed. As for that which concerneth the Divinity, it cannot, to speak properly, endure any thing contrary by reason of the condition of it's essence, which is fully replenished with all sorts of beatitude. *God* (said Philon) *is incommunicable to tribulations, he is alwayes vigorous, ever free from dolour or pain, perpetually in action without wearinesse, still plunged in a sea of most pure delights, as being the height, end, and aim of felicitie.*

Thereupon unable to suffer, (as he is God) and and yet willing to undergo some special part in the great sacrifice of patience, which began with the world, he took a body, and in that body drank the cup of the passion, shewing evidently to all mortals, that tribulations by their darkness avail to the brightest rayes of glorie, which S. *Augustine* spake in very expres terms.

The onely Son born of the substance of the Father, and equal to the Father in Divine essence; the Word, by which all things were created, had nothing to suffer, as God, and is clothed with our flesh to participate in our punishments.

2. The second reason, which visibly sheweth the secret of Divine providence in the tribulation of the Just, is, that God being the Sovereign Sanctitie, was necessarily to procure and plant it in the souls of his elect, by all the most effectual wayes which his wisdom had ordained. Now there is not any shorter way to virtue, than a well mannaged affliction, and therefore it was necessarie to maintain adversity in the world, as the nource of great and generous actions of Christianity. *It was necessarie* (saith the Scripture) *to trie thee by tribulation, because thou wast acceptable to God.*

It is a matter almost impossible to preserve a great virtue in perpetual prosperity; one must be more than a man, and to have a double spirit: which is excellently well observed by S. *Augustine*, upon the words of *Elizeus*: *I intreat your spirit may be doubled in me. Elizeus* (saith he) begged the spirit of *Elias* might be double in him, because he was to live in the favour of Court and worldly prosperities, where the way is more slippery and dangers most frequent. His Master *Elias* had passed his life in many persecutions, wherefore a single spirit was sufficient for his direction, adversity being not so difficultly borne as prosperity. But insomuch as eminent fortunes are subject to deep drunkenesses, and supine forgetfulnes of God, the Prophet saith by an instinct of the Divinity: *Let your spirit be doubled in me.*

Prosperity under the shew of felicitie deceiveth us; tribulation is ever true: the one flatters us, the other instructeth us; the one tied up our senses and reason, the other unbinds them; the one is windy, empty, giddy, ignorant, the other sober, reserved, and prudent; the one withdraweth us from real good by the allurements of vanity, the other reduceth us by a wholesome way into the duty from whence we wandered. S. *Bernard* saith excellently: Prosperity is in weak and inconsiderate souls, as fire to wax, and the sun's rayes to snow. *David* was very wise, and *Solomon* much more, yet both charmed by the great success of affairs lost understanding, the one at least in in part, the other wholly. We must affirm, there is need of a strong spirit to subsist in adversity, without change of reason or constancie: but it is much more hard to tast very pleasing prosperities, and not be deceived. This is the cause why wise providence, ever to keep virtue in breath, ceaseth not to exercise it in this honourable list of great souls and we behold, that following these proceedings, it thence deriveth great advantages and many beauties. The Scripture noteth that *Job* (a) returning into the lustre of his former state, gave titles to his three daughters, much observed: for he called one by the name of *Day*, the other *Cassia*, or as some Interpreters say *Amber*, and the third *Amaltæas Horn*, so the Septuagint translate it. We must not think so holy a man would herein do any slight thing, or not to some purpose. But if we believe Holy Fathers upon it, he meant by these three names to signifie the three conditions of fortune. The first, (which was before his great adversities) is compared to the day rejoycing us with the natural sweetnes of it's serenity. The second, which was that of his calamity, to amber because it is properly in tribulation, where virtue diffuseth her good odours. It resembleth aromatick spices, which more shew their virtue when they are pounded and brought into powder in a morter; or incense, which never lets it so much appear what it is, as when it is cast on coals: so that this motto of the Wiseman may be attributed to it: (b) *A resplendent fire, and incense burning in the fire.* In the end issuing forth of tedious tribulations, and having been hardened and fortified under storms, it openeth it's bosom, and unfoldeth admirable fruits, which fitly make it to be called the *Horn of abundance*. Whereof we say with S. *Ambrose* (c) there is a certain beatitude in dolours, which virtue full of sweetnes and delight represseth, from whence it acquireth palms, and inestimable riches, as well for satisfaction of it's conscience, as the condition of glory.

3. For we affirm for a third reason, that God hath not a more glorious spectacle on earth; than a Just man afflicted and patient. Is it not that which God himself meant in the book of *Job*, where the Prince of darknes, telling he had gone round about the world, he said not to him: Hast thou seen the Monarchies and Empires, which bow under my Scepter, and circumvolve under my laws? Hast thou seen Palaces of Kings and Princes, whose turrets penetrate the clouds? Hast thou seen armies all enclosed with swords, making the earth tremble under the clashing of their arms? Hast thou beheld the theaters, beauties, and triumph of greatnes? Hast thou considered all the wealth which nature reserveth for me in magazins? He sayes nothing of all that. What then? (d) Hast thou looked on my servant *Job*, who hath not his like on earth? And what maketh him more admirable, than that which *Cassianus* (e) mentioneth? A man was seen abounding in all sorts of blessings, become very poor, having not so much as wherewith to cover his nakednes, fallen from a most perfect health into a prodigious malady, which disfigured his whole body, and having lost so many goodly

farms,

Diu, & adversis secunda nascantur. Occultat utrosque semina deus, & plerumque bonorum & malorum causa sub diversâ specie latent. Plin. in Panegyr. Trajan.

Quando hoc incautis non fuit ad disciplinam, quod ignis ad cerам, quod solis radius ad nivem vel glaciem. Sapiens David, sapiens Solomon, sed blandientibus nimis secundis rebus alter de parte, alter en toto desipuit. Magnus qui incidens in adversa non excidit vel parum a sapientia, ne minor cui præsens felicitas si arrisit, non irrisit.

(a) Job 42. Merserus in Job.

(b) *Quasi ignis refulgens, & thus ardens in igne.* Eccles. 50. 10.

(c) *Est ergo beatitudo in doloribus, quos plena suavitatis virtus comprimit, & coercet, ipsa sibi domesticis opibus abundans vel ad conscientiam vel ad gloriam.* Ambro. offici. l. 2. c. 4.

(d) *Numquid considerâsti servum meum Job, quod non sit ei similis in terrâ?* Job. 8.

(e) *Ex locuplete pauperrimus, nudus ex divite, ex valido tabidus, ex corporis sui sevissimus carnifex, tela radebat lanium & membrorum glebas, vermesque è profundis vulneribus manibus detrahebat.* Cassia. Coll. 6. de nece Sanctorum.

Unicus ille de Patris substantiâ Natus, æqualis Patri in formâ Dei, Verbum quo facta sunt omnia, non habebat ubi flagellaretur, ad hoc autem carne indutus est, ut sine flagello non esset. August.

Quia erat acceptus Deo, necesse fuit ut tentatio probaret te. Tob. 12. 13. Reg. 4. 2. 9. S. Aug. l. 2. de mirab. Scrip.

Obsecro ut fiat in me duplex spiritus tuus.

Fiat in me duplex spiritus. Boet. de consol. l. 2. prof. 8.

farms, reduced to the extremity of being the inhabitant of a wretched dunghil: But he out-braving his miseries, and shewing himself to be nothing curious, took a rough stone to wipe his wounds, and putting his hand far into the bottom of his ulcers, drew thence the corruption and worms, which made him honourable by the lights of his patience. Have we not cause to crie out with Tertullian: (f) *Oh what a trophey hath God erected in this holy man! O, what a standard hath he advanced in the sight of all his enemies?* I dare freely pronounce it, there is not any approcheth more near to God, than a man laden with afflictions, and become invincible in the arms of patience. And I ask of you what made *Tobie* to be called the *Good God* (g) but this admirable virtue? I say although many have been honoured with marks of the Divinity, by reason of their favours and benignities towards men, (there being nothing which so charmeth people as the profusion of benefits) yet interest was the cause great men were flattered with such titles above their deserts; whereas quite otherwise, praise rendered to patience is much more sincere, as being expressed by a certain veneration afforded to a virtue obsolutely heroick: which makes me conclude, that men, ravished with the sight of this notable patience which shined in *Tobie*, when having done well evil was retributed, surnamed him the *Good God*, not for any other reason but his admirable constancy, having this maxim well engraven in their hearts, that God hath not on earth a more perfect Image of his greatness, than a patient man. S. *Denis* (b) likewise plainly calleth patience the imitation of the Divinity, and adeth, *Moses* was honoured with the rayes of Divine vision for his singular mansuetude.

(f) *Quale in illo viro feretrum Deus de diabolo exstruxit! quale vexillum de inimico suæ gloriæ extulit?* Tertul. de pat. c. 13.

(g) ὁ ἄγγελος κυρίου πλήρης μακάριος. Clem. Alex. Pædag. 2.

(b) Θεομιμησία εἰς θεοειδίαν ἀξιοπρεπῶς. S. *Dionis.* Ep. 8.

4. Lastly I say tribulation confirmeth us in the faith of future things, as being a manifest proof of beatitude. For reasoning, though never so little by the light of nature, we judge if there be any justice in men, it is in God as in it's source, with an incomparable eminency, and therefore we cannot imagine a Divinity without the inheritance of goodness, and equity, which perpetually accompany it. Now when we see innocent men continually afflicted, who go out of this life by bloudy and horrible wayes, many times oppressed by the tyranny of men, and having none to revenge their ashes, we necessarily conclude, there is in the other life another justice, and another tribunal, where causes must be decided in a last Court of judicature. We say with S. Paul: (i) *The expectation of the creature looketh for the revelation of Gods children: For every creature is subject to Nothing, not of his own liking, but by the ordinance of him, who hath subjected him with hope of rising again: For creatures shall be delivered from the servitude of all corruption into the liberty of the children of God.* That was it, which comforted all the Martyrs in hydeous torments, when their souls were torn out of their bodies with incomparable violence. For although mortal members yielded to the sword of persecution, yet they beheld, though with an eye drenched in bloud and tears, the bright glorie which waited on them, and saw as in a mirrour the thrones of those prodigious sufferings disposed all into Crowns. There S. *Stephen*, saw his stones changed into as many rubies to serve for matter of veneration to pietie, and an exemple of courage for all posteritie. There S. *Lawrence* looked on his flames turned into roses and delights. There S. *Felicitas*, the mother of glories and triumphs, beheld seven sons, who received her with palms in their hands into the beautifull pavillions of heaven, where all torments made an end to give beginning to infinite comforts. That is it which animated all the just in so great a heap of tribulations, and which made them speak these words of Tertullian: k) *God is payable enough, in that he is the Arbiter and Feoffe, of your patience. If you commit an injury to him, be is the Avenger of it; if a loss of goods, be is the restorer; if a pain or malady, be is the Physician; since it makes God himself the debtor, who by the condition of his independent nature, being not accountable to any, doth notwithstanding particularly bind himself to patience.*

(i) *Expectatio creaturæ revelationem filiorum Dei expectat: vanitati enim creatura subjecta est, non volens, sed propter eum qui subjecit eam in spe: quia & ipsa creatura liberabitur a servitute corruptionis in libertatem gloriæ filiorum Dei.* Rom. 8.

(k) *Satis idoneus patientiæ sequester Deus, si injuriam deposueris penes eum, ubique est; si damnum, restitutor est; si dolorem, medicus est, si mortem resuscitator. O quantum patientiæ licet ut Deum habeat debitorem!* Tertull. de pat. 15.

Let us conclude with four excellent instructions to be observed in adversity, which are expressed in the book of *Job*; (l) for it is said: *He rent his garments, and having cut off his hair, and prostrated himself on the earth, adored and said: Naked I came out of my mothers womb, and naked I return into earth.*

(l) Job 1. *Tunc surrexit, & scidit vestimenta sua, & tonso capite corruens in terram adoravit; & dixit: Nudus egressus sum, &c.*

Note, that rising up he rent his garments, to shew he couragiously discharged himself of all exteriour blessings, which are riches and possessions, signified by garments. He cut his hair, which was a sign he put the whole bodie into the hands of God, to dispose of it at his pleasure. For as those Ancients sacrificing a victim first pulled off the hair and threw into the fire, to testifie the whole bodie was already ordained to sacrifice; so such as for ceremony gave their hair to temples, protested they were dedicated to the service of the Divinity, to whom the vow was made. In the third instance, he prostrated himself on the earth, acknowledging his beginning by a most holy humility. And for conclusion, he prayed and adored with much reverence. Behold all you should practise in tribulation well expressed in this mirrour of patience.

First, are you afflicted with loss of goods, either by some unexpected chance, or by some tyranny and injustice? Abate not your courage, but considering the nullity of all earthly blessings, and the greatness of eternal riches, say: My God, although I have endeavoured hitherto to preserve the wealth thou gavest me, as an instrument of many good deeds, yet if thou hast ordained in the sacred counsel of thy providence, that I must be deprived of them for my much greater spiritual avail, I from this time renounce them with all my heart, and am ready to be despoiled, even to the last nakedness, the more perfectly to enter into the imitation of thy poverty. Say with S. *Lewis* Archbishop of Tholouse: *Jesus is all my riches, and with him I am content in the want of all other wealth. All plenty, which is not God is mere penurie to me.*

Divitiæ meæ Christus, desint cætera. Omnis copia quæ Deus meus non est, mihi inopia est.

If you be tormented with bodily pain, by maladies, by death of allies, say: My God, to whom belongs this afflicted bodie? Is it not to thee? Is not this one of thy members? It now endureth some pain, since thou hast so appointed, and it complains and groaneth under the scourge: where are so many precepts of patience? where is the love of suffering? where conformity to the cross? S. *Olalla*, a Virgin about thirteen or fourteen years of age, as she was martyred, and her bodie torn with iron hooks, beheld her members all bloudy, and said: O my God, what a brave thing is it to read these characters, where I see thy trophies and monuments imprinted with iron on my bodie, and written in my bloud. A creature so tender, so delicate, shall she shew such courage in the midst of torments, such transfixing pains, and can not I resolve to suffer a little evil with some manner of patience? If it be the death of an ally, behold that bodie, not in the state wherein it now appears, but in the bright lustre of glorie, wherewith you shall behold it in the day of the Resurrection, wiping away your tears, say what *Ruricius* did: *Let them bewail the dead, who cannot have any hope of Resurrection. Let the dead lament their dead friends, whom they account dead for ever.*

Quam juvat hos apices legere qui tua Christe trophæa notant. Prudent.

Flent mortuos qui spem resurrectionis habere non possunt. Flent mortui mortuos suos, quos in perpetuum existimant interiisse.

In the third place arm your self with profound humility, and looking on the earth from whence your body came, say: My God, it is against my pride thy rod is lifted up in this tribulation. Shall such a creature as I, drawn out of the dust become proud against thy commandments, and so often shake off the yoke of thy Law? I now acknowledge from the bottom of my soul the abjectness of my nothing, and protest with

with all resentments of heart my dependence on thee. The little hearb, called *trefoyl*, foldeth up the three leaves it beareth, when thunder roareth, thereby willing to tell us, it will not lift a creast, nor raise a bristle against Heaven. Lightening also, which teareth huge trees asunder, never falls upon it. My God, I hear thy hand murmuring over my head in this great affliction, and I involve me within my self, and behold the element whereinto I must be reduced, to do the homage my mortality oweth thee. Exercise not the power of thy thunders against a worm of the earth, against a reed which serves for a sport to the wind. Lastly, take courage what you may, in the accidents that happen, and by the imitation of our Saviour, retire into the bosom of prayer, which is a sovereign means to calm all storms. *Jesus* prayed in his agony, and the more his sadness encreased, the more he multiplied his prayers. Say in imitation of him: *My God, why are my persecutours so encreased? Many rise up against me. Many say to my soul, there is no salvation for it in God. But Lord, thou art my Protecteur, and my glorie, thou art he who wilt make me exalt my head above all mine enemies.*

Factus in agonia prolixius orabat. Domine, quid multiplicati sunt qui tribulant me. Multi insurgunt adversum me, multi dicunt animæ meæ non est salus ipsi in Deo ejus. Tu autem Domine susceptor meus, &c.

The fourteenth Example upon the fourteenth MAXIM.

Of Constancie in Tribulation.

ELEONORA.

WE are able to endure more than we think. For there are none but slight evils, which cause us readily to deplore, and which raise a great noise, like to those brooks that purl among pibbles; whilest great-ones pass through a generous soul, as huge rivers which drive their waves along with a peacefull majesty.

Maffæus hist. Indicar. l. 16.

This manifestly appeareth in the death of *Sosa* and *Eleonora*, related by *Maffæus* in the sixteenth book of his history of the *Indies*. This *Sosa* was by Nation a *Portingale*, a man of quality, pious, rich, liberal, and valiant, married to one of the most virtuous women in the whole Kingdom. They having been already some good time in the *Indies*, and enflamed with the desire of seeing their dear Countrey again, embarked at *Cochin*, with their children very young, some gentlemen and officers, and with about six hundred men. The beginning of their navigation was very prosperous; but being arrived at *Capo de bona speranza*, they there found the despair of their return. A westerly wind beat them back with all violence; clouds gathered, thunders roared, Heaven it self seemed to break into fire over their heads, and under foot they saw nothing but abysses and images of death. If they would anchor, the Ocean tosseth them, if return to the *Indian* coast, contrary winds blow to stay their passage. Their sayls are torn, Mast crack'd, Rudder broken, their Ship shaken with surges, beginning to leak, industry of men fruitless, and all let loose to the sway of tempests. To conclude their unhappiness, another Southern wind violently thrust them into the port, where they met with ship-wrack. They must avoid this counter-buff, if they would not be buried in the waves. They cast anchor to stay the ship, and leaped into cock-boats, to recover shore with the more safety. *Sosa* first of all saved himself, his wife, and children, carried with him his gold, silver, and jewels, so much as so imminent danger would permit. The boats after a return or two, were scattered, the cable unto which the anchor of their ship was fastened, brake, the sides leaked, the keel opened, every man sought to save himself, many were drowned, other struggled with the Ocean, golden coffers, painted cabinets, and the goodly riches of the *Indies* swum with men half-dead, tossed by the waves amongst fardels and packs, and loosing life, lost not (as yet) the sight of that which made them live. Some became black with the buffets they received, others bedewed the sea with their bloud, yet all desired to reach the haven; so much desire of life possesseth us. Scarcely got they thither, but they saw their vessel sink down to the bottom, leaving them not any hope of return. The dead bodies of their companions, with the dolefull baggage utterly spoiled with sea-water, were cast up at their feet. On what side soever they reflect, nothing is seen but calamity. Here the dead which begged burial, there the living all drenched in water, laden with wounds, overwhelmed with toyl, worn with hunger, to arrive in a savage Countrey, where having nothing almost to hope, they have all to fear.

All that poor *Sosa* could do, was to kindle fire, and draw out some tainted victuals, wherewith to take refection; his heart was seized with apprehension of this disaster, in which he saw all he esteemed most precious involved, notwithstanding clearing his brow, he comforted this afflicted company, and said:

It was not time to think upon their losses, but to give God thanks he had saved their lives. That they were not so ignorant of the sea, as not to know full well, when one makes account to embark thereon, he must expect hunger, thirst, losses, ship-wracks, and all the miseries of mankind. And therefore when they happen, they must be regarded as things alreadie foreseen, and profit made of evils for expiation of sins. As for the rest, being so destitute of all things in a strange Countrey, there was no better riches than mutual correspondence, which would preserve the whole bodie adhering together, as discord infallibly ruineth divided members. He added (fetching a deep sigh) *They might behold their poor Ladie with their tender infants, in the extremitie of peril, and that although both sex and age required they should be somewhat assisted, he would neither spare himself nor his, for the common safety.*

All answered with tears in their eyes, he might confidently lead them where he pleased, and that they had no further hope of their lives, but in the obedience they resolved to yield to his commands. Having then remained thirteen days in this miserable Port, barricadoed with huge stones and coffers, left as remainders of their ship-wrack, to defend them by night from thieves and wild beasts, they put themselves in the way to bend towards the East, directly to a great river, which the *Portingales* had heretofore named the *Holy Ghost*. *Sosa* went for most with his wife, who shewed a masculine courage in a tender constitution: she had her little children by her sides, whom turn by turn every one carried. *Andrew de Vase* the Pilot, was in the same rank, bearing the standard of the Cross, attended also by about four-score *Portingales*, and an hundred servants who bare arms. Then followed marriners, poor creatures, and other inferiour people, who were not yet cured.

The good servants moved with compassion of *Eleonora*, whom they beheld walking on foot, framed her a kind of litter, and sought all they might to comfort her: but that lasted not long. Needs in the end must the poor Lady travel through places, where nothing was to be seen but wild beasts, and Cafres more inhumane than beasts; over rocks inaccessible, mountains which raised their heads above the clouds, valleys not to be looked down into without horrour, torrents swoln with showrs, marishes cloyed with mud, and which was most irksom, they must go at random through ways of which every one was ignorant, nor could any direct them, so that they made an hundred leagues of thirty. Their little store of victual failing, they eat first pieces of rotten whales, and other garbages of the sea, then wild fruits, leaves, and lastly spared not the carcales of beasts, which they found in the desert. From that they fell into a great scarcity of water, and if they would have any something tole-

rable, they muſt ſeek it among Moors and tygers, and buy it at eight crowns the pint. There were many, who overwhelmed with theſe hydeous diſaſters, left the ſpoil of their bodies to cruel *Æthiopians*, to birds and beaſts, bidding a ſad adieu to their companions, with the laſt words they deſired to be delivered to their friends and kinred. But the fears and preſent calamities of every one, made them to forget the dead with their requeſts. The unfortunate *Soſa* oppreſſed with ſorrow, conſidering ſo many miſhaps redoubled one upon another, and beholding his wife, who to comfort him, ſhewed her ſelf indefatigable both in mind and body, ſhe carrying her children in her turn, and encouraging all the reſt, it moſt ſenſibly wounded his heart to ſee a Lady ſo tenderly bred, endure with ſuch conſtancy the utmoſt of worldly miſeries.

At laſt, after four moneths travel, they came to the river of the H. G. ere they were aware, where a petty King commanded, who very courteouſly received them, partly moved with the ſight of ſo great a calamity, and partly alſo deſiring by this opportunity to make uſe of the *Portingale's* favour, whereof he ſtood in need for his affairs. He let them underſtand, as well as he could, his deſire of their ſtay with him, in expectation of the commodity of re-embarking. Otherwiſe, ſhould they hazard themſelves to proceed forward on their way in this miſerable equipage, they would be in danger to be robbed by a neighbour-Prince, one of the greateſt thieves in the Countrey.

The more this *Barbarian* King ſhewed himſelf courteous, ſo much the more *Soſa* grew ſuſpicious of his proceedings, and ſiniſterly judged, that ſuch ſweetneſs in a man unknown, was but the cover of an evil purpoſe. He thanked him for his favour, and very earneſtly beſought him to accommodate them with boats to paſs the river, which the other unwillingly did, ſeeing the peril whereinto they haſtened to fall. They went, there remaining not above ſix-ſcore of five or ſix hundred men, and having been five days on the river, they landed at adventure, rather conſtrained by night, than invited by the commodiouſneſs of place. The next day, they deſcried a ſquadron of about two hundred *Æthiopians*, who came towards them, which made them prepare for defence: but troubled at their arms, they ſhewing themſelves peacefull enough, the other by geſture and ſigns diſcovered their infinite miſeries. Theſe people wholly practiſed in tricks of deceit, and who would make benefit of this occaſion, let them with much ado underſtand, they might paſs along to the Kings Palace, where they ſhould be very well entertained; which they attempted, but approching to the Citie in arms, the King of theſe *Barbarians* timorous and wicked, forbade them enterance, and confined them to a little wood, where they remained certain days, paſſing the time in a poor traffick of knives and trifles, which they bartered for bread. But this treacherous Prince, who meant to catch them in the ſnare, ſeeing they had ſome commodities, ſent word to *Soſa*, he muſt excuſe him that he denied enterance into the Citie, and that two cauſes had put him from it. The firſt whereof, was the dearth of victual among his people, and the other, the fear his ſubjects had of the *Portingales* arms, they never, as yet, being accuſtomed thereto. But if they would deliver their weapons, they ſhould be received into his citie, and his people conſigned to the next towns, to be well entertained. This condition ſeemed ſomewhat harſh, but neceſſity digeſted all. They agreed with one conſent to ſatisfie the King, *Eleonora* onely excepted, who never would conſent to betray their defences in a place where they had ſo much need of them. Behold them diſarmed and ſeparated, ſome diſperſed into ſeveral villages here and there: *Soſa* with his wife, his children, and about twenty other brought to the regal Citie. Scarcely was he arrived, but all his company were robbed, beaten with baſtonadoes, and uſed that very night like dogs; whileſt himſelf had little better entertainment: For this Prince of ſavages took all his gold and jewels from him, and drave him away as a Pyrate, leaving him onely life and his poor garments. As they went out of this calamity, deploring their miſery, behold another troup of Cafres, armed with javelins, who ſet upon them, and let them know, they muſt leave their apparel, if they meant not to forſake their skins. They were ſo confounded, they neither had ſtrength nor courage to defend themſelves: behold the cauſe why they yielded, what was demanded, as ſheep their fleece. There was none but *Eleonora*, who preferring death before nakedneſs, ſtood a long time diſputing about a poor ſmock with theſe ſavages: but in the end, violence bereaved her of that, which modeſty ſought by all means to keep.

The chaſt and honourable Lady, ſeeing her ſelf naked in the ſight of her domeſticks, who caſt down their eyes at the indignity of ſuch a ſpectacle, preſently buried her ſelf in ſand up to the middle, covering the reſt of her body with her diſſheveled hair, and every moment having theſe words in her mouth, *Where is my huſband?* then turning towards the Pilot, and ſome of her Officers there preſent, ſhe ſaid to them with a ſetled countenance: *My good friends, you have hitherto afforded to my huſband your Captain, and to me your Miſtreſs, all the dutie may be expected from your fidelitie: It is time you leave this bodie, which hath alreadie paid to the earth the moitie of its tribute. Go think upon ſaving your lives, and pray for my poor ſoul: But if any one of you return to our native Countrey, he may recount to thoſe who ſhall pleaſe to remember the unfortunate* Eleonora, *to what my ſins have reduced me.* Having ſpoken theſe words, ſhe ſtood immoveable in a deep ſilence ſome ſpace of time, then lifting her eyes to Heaven, added: *My God, behold the ſtate wherein I came from my mothers womb, and the condition whereunto I muſt quickly return on earth, one part of me being already as among the dead. My God, I kiſs and adore the rods of thy juſtice, which ſo roughly, though juſtly, have chaſtiſed me. Take between thy arms the ſoul of my moſt honoured huſband, if he be dead. Take the ſouls of my poor children, which are by my ſides. Take mine, now on my lips, and which I yield to thee, as to my Lord and Father. There is no place far diſtant from thee, nor any ſuccour impoßible to thy power.*

As ſhe ſpake this, *Soſa* her husband came, having eſcaped out of the hands of theſe thieves who had robbed him, and finding his wife in this ſtate, he ſtood by her, not able to utter a word. The Lady likewiſe ſpake onely with her eys, which ſhe ſweetly fix'd upon him, to give comfort in the violence of the inſupportable afflictions. But he feeling his heart wholly drenched in bitterneſs, haſtened into a wood of purpoſe to meet with ſome prey, at leaſt to feed his little childrē, which were as yet by their mothers ſide. Thence he ere long returned, and found one of them already dead, to which with his own hands he gave burial, immediately after he went again into the forreſt, to hunt as he had accuſtomed, finding no other comfort. His heart was perpetually in *Eleonora's*, where he ſurvived more than in his own body, & coming to behold her once again 'or his laſt, he perceived ſhe was already deceaſed, with his other child, who died near her; there being onely left two poor maids, who bewailed their Lady, and made the wilderneſs reſound with their ſad complaints. He commanded them to retire a little aſide, then taking *Eleonora* by the hand, he kiſſed it, ſtanding a long time with his lips fixed unto it, & nothing to be heard but ſome broken ſighs. That done, with the help of the maids, he buried her near his two children, without any complaint or utterance of one word. In a ſhort ſpace after, he returned into the thickeſt of the forreſt, where it was thought he was devoured. So joyning his ſoul at leaſt to hers, who had tied her heart to his in death, with examples of her conſtancie.

THE

THE THIRD PART OF MAXIMS of the HOLY COURT.

THE DESIGN.

HAving in this Second Part deduced the principal Maxims which concern the direction of this preſent Life, we enter into the other, there to behold the power of death over mortal things, and the immortalitie of our ſouls in the general diſſolution of bodies. We conſider them in the ſeveral ways they take in their paſſage, and then ſee them re-united to their bodies, as in the Reſurrection. It is under thy eyes, Eternal Wiſdom, and by thy favour we enter into theſe great labyrinths of thy Eternities, therein hoping thy direction, as we intend thy glorie.

THE THIRD PART. Touching the State of the other World.

XV. MAXIM. *Of DEATH.*

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That it is to no purpoſe to think upon death ſo far off, and that it always cometh ſoon enough without thinking on it.

1. IT is a ſtrange thing that men, being all made out of one and the ſame maſs, are ſo different in beliefs, in reaſons, in cuſtoms, and actions, as the *Proteus* in Poetical fables. Our manners daily teach us a truth, which ſays: *There is not any thing ſo mutable upon earth, as the heart of man.* Diverſitie of men.

Yet we ſee in the world many honourable perſonages, and good men who travel apace to this triumphant Citie of God, this *Heavenly Jeruſalem*, looking on the bleſſings of the other life, with an eye purified by the rays of faith, and expecting them with a hope, for which all Heaven is in bloom. But there are an infinite number of black ſouls marked with the ſtamp of *Cain*, who conſider all is ſaid of the ſtate of the other world, as if it were ſome imaginary Iſland, feigned to be in the Ocean to amuze credulous ſpirits, and fill them partly with pleaſing dreams, partly with irkſom viſions. Opinion concerning the other life.

If theſe people could find ſome apparent proofs, they would eaſily perſwade themſelves there were no death; but their ſenſes convinced of the contrary from experience of all Ages, they believe that which they dare not think on, and commonly die after ſo bruitiſh a faſhion, that a man may ſay, They had converted the lights of an immortal ſpirit wholly into fleſh.

THE HOLY COURT.

That the beſt employment of life is to be wel prepared for death, and that good thoughts of death, are the ſeeds of immortalitie.

But you, generous ſouls, whom at this preſent I intend to guid through the hopes and terrours of the other life, obſerve this firſt ſtep you muſt make, to enter into a new world with conſtancy, not unworthy a ſoul ſenſible of its immortality.

2. Life and death are two poles, on the which all creatures rowl: life, is the firſt act moveable and continual of the living thing; death, the ceſſation of the ſame act. And as there are three notable actions in things animated, the one whereof tendeth to nouriſhment and increaſe, the other to ſenſe, the third to underſtanding, ſo there are three ſorts of lives, the vegetative, the ſenſitive, and the intellectual: the vegetative in plants, ſenſitive in beaſts, the intellectual, which onely appertaineth to God, Angels, and men. The intellectual life is divided into two other, which are the life of grace and glory. In Heaven (the place of things eternal) reign thoſe great and divine lives which never die and which are in a perpetual vigour, being applied to the firſt ſource of lives, which is God. But in the more inferiour rank of the world are dying lives, of which we daily ſee the beginning, progreſs, and end. Here properly is the dominion of death, and our onely myſtery is to die well. Some do Life & death the two poles of the world. Divers kinds of life.

it of necessity, others every day anticipate it by virtue. Now it is my desire here to shew you; That death in the state wherein the world is at this present, is a singular invention of Divine Providence, whether we consider the generality of men, whether we look on the vicious, or fix our thoughts on the just.

Providence of God concerning the sentence of death, in the generality of men.

3. Some complain of death, but you would see much other complaints, if in such a life as we live, there were no death. You would see men worn with years and cares, daily to charge altars with vows and prayers, men insupportable to all the world, irksom to life, inexpugnable to death, men old as the earth, incessantly calling upon the hour of death, and almost eating one another with despair. God hath herein (saith *Plato*) well provided; for seeing the soul was to be shut up in the body as in a prison, he hath at least made it chains mortal.

Plato in Timæo. *Pater misericors illis mortalia vincula faciebat.*

What makes you so much desire life? *I find* (saith the worldling) *it is a pleasure to behold the light, the star, elements, and seasons.* There will be much more delight to see them one day under your feet, than there is now to behold them over your head? Are there now so many years you have been upon the earth, and have you not yet sufficiently looked upon the elements? There were certain people among the Pagans, who by laws forbade a man of fifty years to make use of the Physitian, saying, It discovered too much love of life; and yet with Christians you may find at the age of four-score, who will not endure a word of the other world, as if they had not yet one days leisure to look into it. *But I must still perform the actions of life.* Have you not done them enough? See you not that to live long, is to be long in the entertainment of travel and misery, which extend their power over our heads, according as the web of our life lengtheneth? Do you not consider we are in this life as fish in the sea, perpetually in fear of nets or hooks? Will you not say, we live here in the midst of misery and envie, as between *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, and that to decline once perishing, we daily make shipwrack? Notwithstanding we are pleased with life, as if man were not so much a mortal creature, as an immortal misery.

Ambr. l. 2. de Abel & Cain. *Non advertitis senectutem hanc erumnarum esse veteranam, processionibusque ætatis miseriarum crescere stipendia, Scylleo quodam usu circumsonari nos quotidianis naufragiis?*

Revolution troublesom.

Do you not know life was given by God to *Cain*, the most wicked man on earth, for a punishment of his crime, and will it rest with you as a title of reward? There is great cause to desire life. Were there no other miseries, (which are but too frequent) this anxiety and turmoil of relapsing actions would tyre us. What is life but clothing and unclothing, rising and down-lying, drinking, eating, sleeping, gaming, scoffing, negotiating, buying, selling, masonry, carpentery, quarreling, cozening, rowling in a labyrinth of actions, which perpetually turn and return, filling and emptying the tub of the *Danaïdes*, and to be continually tied to a body, as to the tending of an infant, a fool, or a sick man? *That is not it which withdraweth me*, (say you) *But I must see the world, and live with the living.* Had you been all your life time shut up in a prison, and not seen the world but through a little grate, you had seen enough of it. What behold you in the streets but men, houses, horses, mules, coaches, and people, who tumble up and down like fishes in the sea, who have many times no other trade, but to devour one another, and besides some pedling trifles hanged out on stals? When I have seen all this but for half an hour, I say: O God, how little is the world? Is it for this we deceive, we swear, and make a divorce between God and us!

Baseness of the world.

But admit we were not interessed in this action, must we not rest on the law of God, who maketh life and ordaineth death, by the juridical power of his wisdom, ever to be adored by our wills, though little penetrable to understanding? Will you I pronounce an excellent saying of *Tertullian*: The world is the belly of Nature, and men are in it as children in the mothers womb: the birth of men are the world's child-bearings, death its lying in, and deliveries. Would you not die, to hinder the world from bringing forth, and unburdening it self by the way the Sovereign Master hath appointed it? We have seen Tyrants of all sorts, some invented exquisite torments and tryals, others forbade eating and drinking, some to weep, some caused children to be taken from the teat, to strangle them and cut their throats, as *Pharaoh* and *Herod*. But never was there any amongst them, who forbade women with child to be delivered. The world hath for a long space been big with you, and would not you have it to be delivered at the time God's counsels have ordained? Were it a handsom thing think you to see an infant presently to have teeth, and articulate speech, and yet (if it might be) would stay in the mothers womb, using no other reason but that there is warm being.

Verum natura. An excellent

Judge now, and take the even ballance; if the world be the belly of nature, if this good mother bare us the time Gods providence appointed, if she now seek her deliverie, that we may be born in the land of the living, in a quite other climate, another life, another light, are not we very simple to withstand it, as little infants who crie when they issue out of bloud and ordure, at the sight of day-light, yet would not return thither from whence they came.

Conceit drawn from the words of *Tertullian.*

Providence in the death of the vicious

4. Behold the Providence of God in that which concerneth death in the generality of all men. Let us see in this second point the like providence towards the wicked, the vicious, rich, and proud Great-ones, who spit against Heaven. We must first establish a most undoubted maxim, that there is nothing so unhappy as impunity of men abandoned to vice, which is the cause the paternal providence of God arresteth them by the means of death, dictating unto them an excellent lesson of their equality with other men.

Boet. l. 4. de consol. *Cum supplicio carent, ineo illis aliquid alterius mali, ipse impunitas.* S. Eucher. in parænes.

Mortals circumvolve in life and death, as Heaven on the pole artick and antartick, from east to west; the same day which lengtheneth our life in the morning, shorteneth it in the evening, and all Ages walk that way, not any one being permitted to return back again. Our fore-fathers passed on, we pass, and our posteritie follows us in the like course; you may say, they are waves of the sea where one wave drives another, and in the end, all come to break against a rock. What a rock is death? There are above five thousand years that it never ceaseth to crush the heads of so many mortals, and yet we know it not.

Masius in Josuah. Notable action of Noah.

I remember to this purpose a notable tradition of the *Hebrews*, related by *Masius* upon *Josuah*, to wit, that *Noah* in the universal deluge which opened the flood-gates of Heaven, to shake the columns of the world, and bury the earth in waters, in stead of gold, silver, and all sort of treasure, carried the bones of *Adam* into the Ark, and distributing them among his sons, said: Take children, behold the most precious inheritance your father can leave you: you shall share lands and seas, as God shall appoint; but suffer not your selves to be intangled in these vanities, which are more brittle than glass, more light than smoke, and much swifter than the winds. My children, all glideth away here below, and there is nothing which eternally subsisteth. Time it self which made us, devours and consumeth us. Learn this lesson from these dumb Doctours, the relicks of your grand-father, which will serve you for a refuge in your adversities, a bridle in your prosperities, and a mirrour at all times.

Moreover, I affirm death serves for a perfect lesson of justice to the wicked, which they were never willing throughly to understand, for it putteth into equality all that which hazard, passion, and iniquity had so ill divided into so many objects.

Birth maketh men equal, since they receive nought else from their mothers womb, but ignorance, sin, debility,

debility, and nakedneſs; but after they come out of the hands of the midwife, ſome are put into purple and gold, others into rags and ruſſets: ſome enter upon huge patrimonies, where they ſtand in money up to the throat, & practiſe almoſt nothing elſe throughout their whole life, but to get by rapine with one hand, and profuſely ſpend with the other. Some live baſely and miſerably neceſſitous. A brave ſpirit, able to govern a large Common-wealth, is ſet to cart by the condition of his poverty. Another becomes a ſervant to a coxcomb, who hath not the hundreth part of his capacity.

It is the great Comedie of the world, played in ſundry faſhions, for moſt ſecret reaſons known to Divine Providence; would you have it laſt to eternity? See you not Comedians having played Kings and beggars on the ſtage, return to their own habit, unleſs they day and night deſire to perſiſt in the ſame ſport? And what diſproportion is there, if after every one have played his part in the world, according to the meaſure of time preſcribed him by Providence, he reſume his own habit?

I alſo adde, it is a kind of happineſs for the wicked to die quickly, becauſe it is unfit to act that long, which is very ill done. And ſince they ſo deſperately uſe life, it is expedient, not being good, it be ſhort, that ſhortneſs of time may render the malice of it leſs hurtfull. If examples of their like, who ſoon die make them apprehenſive of the ſame way, and how ſeaſonably to prepare for death, it is a ſingular bleſſing for them. But if perſiſting in contempt, they be puniſhed, it is God's goodneſs his juſtice be underſtood, and that it commandeth even in hell.

5. But if at this preſent you reflect on the death of the Juſt, which you ſhould deſire, I ſay, God's Providence there brightly appeareth in three principal things, which are, ceſſation from travels and worldly miſeries, the ſweet tranquility of departure, and fruition of crowns and rewards promiſed.

The ſweetnes of the death of the juſt.

First, you muſt imagine what holy *Job* ſaid, That this life is to the juſt as a myne, wherein poor ſlaves are made to labour, that they may hit upon the veins of gold and ſilver. And *Tertullian* had the like conceit, when he ſaid, *The firſt man was clothed with ſkins by the hand of God, to teach him he entered into the world as a ſlave into a myne.* Now as theſe hirelings, who ceaſe not to turn up the earth with ſweat on their brows, tears in their eyes, and ſighs in their hearts, no ſooner have they met with the hoped vein, but they rejoyce and embrace one another, for the contentment they take to ſee their travels crowned with ſome good event: So after ſuch combates, ſuch rough temptations, ſo many calumnies, ſo many litigious wranglings, ſuch perſecutions, ſuch vexations and toils which choſen ſouls have undergone in the thraldom of this body, when the day comes wherein they by a moſt happy death, meet the veins of the inexhauſtible treaſure, whereof they are to take poſſeſſion, they conceive moſt inexplicable comfort. Then is the time they hear theſe words of honey: *Go confidently faithfull ſouls, go out of theſe bodies, go out with alacritie, go out in full peace and ſafetie: the Eternal Mountains, to wit, the Heavens, and all the goodly companie of Angels, and moſt bleſſed ſpirits which inhabit them, will receive you with hymns of triumph: Go confidently on, behold God, who is readie to wipe away your tears with his own fingers. There ſhall be no more death, no more tears, no more clamours, no more ſorrows, behold a ſtate wholly new, what repoſe, what ceſſation of arms, what peace!*

Iob 3. Qui expectant mortem, quaſi effodientes thesaurum.

Tert. de pallio. Homo pellitus orbi, quaſi metallo datur.

Iſaiah 38. In lectis egredientini, & in pace deducemini: montes & colles cantabunt coram vobis laudem. Apoc. 21. Abſterget Deus omnem lachrymam ab oculis eorum, & mors ultra non erit, neque luctus, neque clamor, neque dolor erit ultra: quia prima abierunt, ecce nova facio omnia.

Do you not ſometimes repreſent unto your ſelf theſe poor Chriſtians (of whom it is ſpoken in the acts of S. *Clement*) men of good place, baniſhed for the faith, who laboured in the quarreys of *Cherſoneſus*, with a moſt extream want of water, and great inconveniencies, when God, willing to comfort their travels, cauſed on the top of a mountain a lamb marvellouſly white to appear, who ſtruck with his foot, and inſtantly made fountains of lively water to diſtil? What comfort, what refreſhment for the drowthie multitude! But what is it in compariſon, when a brave and faithful Chriſtian, who hath paſſed this life in noble and glorious actions, great toyls and patience, beholds the Lamb of God Omnipotent, which calleth him to the eternal ſources of life? What a ſpectacle to ſee S. *Lewis* die, after he had twice with a huge army paſſed ſo many ſeas, tempeſts, monſters, arms, & battels for the glory of his Maſter? What a ſpectacle to ſee S. *Paul* the Hermit die, after he had laboured an hundred years under the habit of Religion.

Acta Clement.

Pſal. 35. Quoniam apud te fons vitæ, & in lumine tuo videbimus lucem.

The ſecond condition of this death, is great tranquility; for there is nothing at that time in all the world able to afflict, or by acts unreſigned to ſhake a ſoul firmly united to its God. *But what, ſay you: Juſt men if they be rich, do they not bear in this laſt agonie ſome affection to their riches and poſſeſſions?*

Nay, ſo far is it other wiſe, that they with alacrity go out of all worldly wealth, as a little bird from a ſilver cage, to ſoar in the fields at the firſt breath of the ſpring-tide. I pray tell me, that I may pronounce before you an excellent conceit of S. *Clement* the *Roman*, in the third of his Recognitions: If a little chicken were ſhut up in an egg, the ſhell whereof were guilded, and ſet out with curious and delicate paintings, and had reaſon, and choice given it either to remain in this precious priſon, or enjoy day-light with all other living creatures under Heavens vault, think you it would abide in a golden ſhell, to the prejudice of its liberty? And imagine with your ſelf, what are all the brave fortunes which have ſo much luſtre in the world? they are guilded ſhells, no way comparable to the liberty of Gods children. A good rich man dieth as *Abraham*, who ſays in *Origen*: *My God, if I have been wealthy, it was for the poor; I went out of my houſe, to become a houſe for thoſe who ſtood in need of it, and am perſwaded, that thou haſt made me a Steward of thy goods, to diſtribute them, and not to brood them, as the hen her eggs.*

Clementi Rom. Recognit.

Dives fui ſed pauperi; exortorio patria, domus neſcius, ipſe omnium fui domus, & patria: ſciens me non incubatorem, ſed diſpenſatorem divinæ largitatis.

But if the Juſt man die poor, he is by ſo much the better pleaſed to forſake wretched lodgings of ſtraw and morter, to go into an eternal Palace. *But doth it not trouble him to leave a wife, children, and allies?* He leaves all that under the royal mantle of the eternal Providence, and firmly believes, that he who hath care of the flowers in the field, birds, bees, and ants, will not forſake reaſonable creatures, ſo they reſt in their duty. But if they muſt ſuffer in this world, he will make of their tribulations, ladders and footſtools of their glory.

What ſhall we ſay of the body? Doth not the ſoul ill to leave it? The body is to the ſoul, as the ſhadow of the earth in the eclipſe of the Moon. See you not how this bright ſtar, which illuminateth our nights, ſeemeth to be unwillingly captived in the dark, but ſparkleth to get aloft, and free it ſelf from earthly impreſſions? So the faithfull ſoul readily untwineth it ſelf from the body, well knowing it hath a much better houſe in the inheritance of God, which is not a manufacture of men, but a monument of the hands of the great Workman. Repreſent unto your ſelf *Job* on the dung-hill, a great anatomy of bones covered with a bloudy skin, a body which falleth in pieces, and a ſoul on the lips, ready to iſſue forth as a leſſee from a ruinous dwelling. Think you he is troubled to leave his body? Nay, rather he dieth as a Phenix on the mountain of the Sun, in the odours of his heroick virtues.

2 Cor. 5. Scimus quoniam ſi terreſtris domus noſtra hujus habitationis diſſolvatur, quod ædificationem ex Deo habemus domum non manufactam, ſed æternam in cælis. Job 29. 18. In nidulo meo moriar, & ſicut Phœnix multiplicabo dies.

But that which maketh this death more ſweet and honourable than any thing, is the hope of beatitude, whereof I will ſpeak in the nineteenth Maxim. Note, that worldlings die here, ſome like unto ſwallows, others as ſpiders; the evil rich, paſs away as ſwallows,

who leave no memory of them, but a neſt of morter and ſtraw; for ſuch are all the fair riches of the earth. The ambitious periſh as ſpiders, who preſent wretched threeds, and ſome little flies in them; ſuch are alſo the ſnares, purſuits, and buſineſſes of the world. But the Juſt forſake us like the ſilk-worm. For this little creature, had it underſtanding, would be well pleaſed iſſuing forth of her priſon, to become a butterflie, to ſee the goodly halls of great men, Churches and Altars to ſmile under her works. What a contentment to the conſcience of a juſt man in death, to conſider the Churches adorned, Altars covered, poor fed, ſins reſiſted, virtues crowned, like ſo many pieces of tapiſtry, by the work of his hands! Hath he not cauſe to ſay: *I entered into the liſt, I valiantly fought, I have well ended my race, there remains nothing more for me, but to wear the Crown of Juſtice, which God keeps for me as a pledge.*

1 Tim. 4. *Bonum certamen certavi, curſum conſummavi, in reliquo repoſita eſt mihi corona juſtitiæ.*

6. I yet come again to thee, (worldly man) who ſo much feareſt this laſt hour. Learn from this diſcourſe to fortifie thy ſelf againſt theſe vain apprehenſions of death, which have more diſturbance for thee, than the Sea ſurges. Is it not a goodly thing to ſee thee tremble at thy enterance into ſo beaten a path, wherein ſo many millions have paſſed along before thee, and the moſt timorous of the earth have finiſhed their courſe as well as the reſt, without any contradiction? All that which ſeemeth moſt uneaſie in this paſſage, is much ſweetened by two conſiderations, the firſt whereof is, That God made it ſo common, that there is no living creature exempt; and the other, That to diſpoſe us to a great death, we every night find in our ſleep a little death.

Exhortation to ſuch nice people as fear death.

Wilt thou then ſtill doubt to ſet thy foot-ſteps firmly in the paths which the worlds Saviour, with his holy Mother, imprinted with their tracks? After thou haſt ſlept ſo many years, and ſo long paſſed through the pettie miſeries of death, ſhalt thou never come to the great? Why art thou ſo apprehenſive of death? Sickneſs and miſeries of the world will one day perhaps make thee deſire that, which thou now moſt feareſt. Were it not better to do by election, what muſt be ſuffered by neceſſity? Haſt thou ſo little profited in the world, that thou haſt not yet ſome friend, ſome one dearly beloved, who paſſed into the other life? Needs muſt thou have very little affection in ſtore for him, if thou feareſt the day, which ſhould draw thee near to his company.

What is it maketh all theſe apprehenſions ariſe in thy mind? Is it ſo *ill* with thee to forſake a world ſo treacherous, ſo miſerable, ſo corrupt? If thou haſt been therin perpetually happy, which is very rare, courageouſly ſet a ſeal upon thy felicity, and be not weary of thy good hap, which may eaſily be changed into a great misfortune. Many have lived too long by one year, others by one day, which made them ſee what they feared more than death. But if thou be afflicted and perſecuted in this life, why art thou not aſhamed when God calleth thee to go out faintly, from a place where thou canſt not ſtay without calamitie?

Deploreſt thou thy gold, ſilver, coſtly attire, houſes, and riches? Thou goeſt into a Countrey where thou no longer ſhalt need any of that. They were remedies given thee for the neceſſities of life, now that thy wounds ſhall be cured, wouldeſt thou ſtill wear the plaiſters? Bewaileſt thou loſs of friends? There are ſome who expect thee above, which are better than the worldly, more wiſe, more aſſured, and who will never afford thee ought but comfort.

Thou perhaps laments the habit of body, and pangs of this paſſage. It is not death then which makes thee wax pale, but life thou ſo dearly lovedſt. It hath been told thee in the laſt agonies of death, the body feeleth great diſturbances, that it turns here and there, that one rubs the bed-cloths with his hands, hath convulſions, ſhuts faſt the teeth, choaketh words, hath a trembling lower lip, pale viſage, ſharp noſe, troubled memory, ſpeech fumbling, cold ſweat, the white of the eye ſunk, and the aſpect totally changed.

What need we fear all that which perhaps will never happen to us? How many are there who die very ſweetly, and almoſt not thinking of it? You would ſay, they are not there when it happens. *Cæſar* the Pretour died, putting on his ſhoes, *Lucius Lepidius* ſtriking with his foot againſt a gate, the *Rhodian Embaſſadour*, having made an Oration before the Senate of *Rome*, *Anacreon* drinking, *Torquatus* eating a cake, Cardinal *Colonna* taſting figs, *Xeuxes* the Painter, laughing at the Picture of an old woman he was to finiſh, and laſtly *Auguſtus* the Monarch, performing a complement. But if ſomething muſt be endured, think you the hand of God is ſtretched out to torment you above your force, or ſhortened to comfort you? He will give you a winter according to your wool (as it is ſaid) ſufferings according to the ſtrength of your body, and a crown for your patience.

You fear nothing (ſay you) of all that I mention, but you dread Judgement: Who can better order that than your ſelf? Had you been the moſt deſperate ſinner in the world, if you take a ſtrong reſolution to make hereafter an exact and effectual converſion, the arms of God are open to receive you. He will provide for your paſſage, doubt it not, as he took care for your birth. He will accompany you with his Angels, he will hold you under the veil of his face, under the ſhadow of his protection, & if he muſt purge you by juſtice, he will crown you by his mercy.

The fifteenth Example upon the fifteenth MAXIM.

The manner of dying well, drawn from the Model of our LADIE.

ONe of the moſt important myſteries in the world, is to die well. It is never done but once, and if one fail to perform it well, he is loſt without recovery. It is the laſt lineament of the table of our life, the laſt blaze of the torch extinguiſhed, the laſt luſtre of the ſetting Sun, the end of the race, which gives a period to the courſe, the great ſeal which ſigneth all our actions. One may in death correct all the defects of an ill life, and all the virtues of a good are defaced, and polluted by an evil death. The art of dying well being of ſo great conſequence, it ſeems God permitted the death of his Mother, to teach us what ours ought to be. The death of the Virgin *Mary*, is the death of a Phenix, which hath three conditions, *reſolution*, *diſengagement*, and *union*.

I begin with reſolution of conformity to the will of God, which is the firſt quality ſhould be had to die well. That is to hold life in your hands, as a loan borrowed from Heaven, ever ready to reſtore it at the leaſt ſummons you ſhall have from the will of God. It is not perfection not to care for life through impatience, nor to have an ear not deaf to death, through faintneſs of courage. This reſignation was moſt excellent, and very admirable in our Ladie, for two reaſons. Firſt, the great knowledge ſhe had of beatitude. Secondly, the ineffable love ſhe bare to her Son. For I leave you to think, if our deſires follow the firſt rays of our knowledges, and if we be ſo much the more earneſt after a good, as we are the better informed of its merit, what impatience muſt our Ladie needs have of life, ſince ſhe received a ſcience of beatitude, ſtrong, powerful, and reſplendent above all other creatures, God giving her leave to ſee in Calvarie the abyſs of his glories, in the depth of his dolours.

1. Quality of good death, is the indifferency of time and manner.

Patience of our Lady to endure life.

It

It is no wonder we ſo very eaſily affect life, ſeeing we are as the little children of a King, bred in the houſe of a ſhepheard, as the gloſs upon *Daniel* reporteth, touching the education of *Nebuchadnezzar*. We know not what a ſcepter, Kingdom, or crown is, in this great meaneſs of a life, baſe and terreſtrial. But had we talked onely one quarter of an hour with a bleſſed ſoul, and diſcourſed of the ſtate of the other life, our hearts would wholly diſſolve into deſires. Which makes me ſay, It was an act of a moſt heroical reſolution in the bleſſed Virgin, in thoſe great knowledges ſhe had of Paradiſe, to have continued ſo many years in this life, and if you conſider the moſt ardent love ſhe bare her Son, who was the adamant of all loves, you ſhall find the holy Virgin, who had born all the glory of Paradiſe in her womb, more merited in this reſignation ſhe made, to ſee her ſelf ſeparated the ſpace of thirty years both from Paradiſe and her Son, than all the Martyrs did in reſigning themſelves to deaths ſtrange, bloudy, and hydeous.

Martyrdom of love.

There is nothing comparable to the martyrdom of love. It is an exhalation in a cloud. It is a fire in a myne; a torrent ſhut up in ditches; a night of ſeparation laſteth Ages, and all waxeth old for it, but its deſires. Now this holy Mother to be thirty years upon the croſs of love without repining, without complaint or diſturbance, peaceably expecting the ſtroke of her hour, what virtue, and how far are we from it.

Worldly irreſolutions of death. Boet. Carm. 1. Eheu cur dura miſeros avertis aure, Et flentes oculos claudere ſeva negas?

So now adays throughout the world you ſee nothing but mourners, who are loth to live, or faint-hearted that would never die. Some crie out: *Come to me, (O ſluggiſh death) thou haſt forgotten me; what do I here? I am but a living death, and an unprofitable burden to the earth? Ah (death) haſt thou ears of braſs, and diamond for me alone? Canſt thou not ſhut up mine eyes, which I daily drown in my tears?* Much otherwiſe, when we ſee one die young, freſh, flouriſhing, in honour, wealth, health, proſperity, we crie out upon death as if it were cruel and malicious. *To take* (ſaith one) *this young betrothed, this poor maid, this husband intended, this excellent man, who ſo well played the* Rhodomont: *to lay hold of one ſo neceſſarie for the publick, in the flower of his age! Why took it not away this cripple, this beggar, who hath not wherewith to live? Why took it not away this other, who daily dies, yet cannot die once?* O our manners! O dainty conceits! O fit language! Were it not ſome little humane reſpect, we would take Gods Providence by the throat.

Whom do we contend withal? The indifferency we daily ſee in the death of men, whereas ſoon the young is taken as the old, the happie as the miſerable, the Emperour as the porter, is one of the greateſt ſigns of Gods Providence to be admired. Why then complain we that God maketh us to leave life when he pleaſeth? It is not a puniſhment, but a wholeſom doctrine, by which we learn the power of the Divine Wiſdom. Firſt, when we entered into life, our adviſe was not required whether we would be born in ſuch or ſuch an Age, ſuch a day, ſuch a year, ſuch an hour; ſo when we muſt be gone from hence, there is no reaſon to ask our counſel. Let us onely yield up this laſt loan, and not murmure againſt the father of the family. Let us not ſay, *this man ſhould go before, and this after.* Who knows them better than God? You complain this miſerable creature lives ſo long, how know you whether he accompliſh the years of his purgatory? How know you whether God ſuffers him to become a ſpectacle unto you of his patience? Why gnaſh you your teeth for anger, that this man rich, that man fortunate, and that other ſo qualified, is taken hence in his flouriſhing youth? How know you the miſadventures and ſhipwracks which attended him, had he ſtill continued in the world? You ſay, he was neceſſary? why, God will ſhew there is not any thing neceſſary in the world but himſelf.

Uno avulſo non deficit alter aureus.

Poor eyes of a bat, which ſee nothing but darkneſs, you would give eyes to *Argus*, and light to the Sun. If you deſire to take part in the prudence of the juſt, handle the matter ſo, that for the firſt ſign of a good death, you be ever indifferent to live or die, according to our Ladies example. Daily expect death, ſtand perpetually on your guard. Do as the brave bird the Grecians call *Onocratalus*, which is ſo well practiſed to expect the Hawk to grapple with her, that even when ſleep ſhuts up her eyes, ſhe ſleepeth with her beak exalted, as if ſhe would contend with her adverſary. Know we are continually among rocks and dangers, that there needs but one hour to get all, or looſe all, that the day of Judgement comes with the pace of a thief, and that we muſt be ready to receive it, and reſolute to combat with death, to gain immortalitie. Hold this concluding ſentence of *Tertullian*, as an Oracle: Amongſt the rocks and ſhelves of this ſea, called life, Chriſtian faith paſſeth on, breaking the waves, filling the ſails with Gods ſpirit, ever aſſured, yet ever diſtruſtful, and perpetually fearleſs, yet ſtill carefull of the future. As for the reſt, it ſees under its feet an abyſs not to be paſſed by ſwimming, and inexplicable ſhipwrack for thoſe who are drenched, a gulf which ſuffocates all ſuch, as it once ſwalloweth.

Inſtinct of the *Onocratalus*.

Conſtancy of faith.

Tertul. Idol. c. 2. *Hoc inter ſcopulos velificata ſpiritu Dei fides navigat, tuta ſi cauta, ſecura ſi attonita. Cæterùm ineluctabile excuſſis profundum, inexplicabile impactis naufragium, irreſpirabile devoratis hypocriphium.*

The ſecond quality of a good death, is the ready and conſtant adieu given to the world, as did the Bleſſed Virgin, who was ſo diſengaged from it towards death, that ſhe touched not earth at all, but with the ſoles of her feet.

Second quality of good death.

Philo l. 3. de vita *Moſis* in fine.

Philo ſaith, God gave *Moſes* leave to live very long, perpetually in glorious actions, in contemplations, in lights, ſo that his body was worn, waſted, and almoſt wholly vapoured out into the ſubſtance of his ſpirit. By a much ſtronger reaſon may one ſay the like of the Mother of God. For it is certain her life was nothing elſe but a divorce from the world. But as Phyſitians obſerve, that the breath of ſtorks is purified and made ſweet in the proportion as they increaſe in age, in ſuch ſort, that becoming old, they yield forth moſt odoriferous exhalations: So the life of this holy Mother, which was ever hanging about the heart of her Son, ever in the contemplation of the great myſteries of our ſalvation, perpetually in the furnace of love, wholly transformed it ſelf into her well-beloved, as one wax melted into another, as a drop of water poured into a great veſſel of wine, as incenſe waſted into flames. O what ſweetneſs of breath! what odour of virtues in her old age! Her body ſeemed to be exhaled, and to vapour out all in ſoul; the ſoul, which is the knot of life, and which poſſeſſeth in us the moſt inferiour part of ſpirituality, diſſolved wholly into ſpirit, which is in the middle, and the ſpirit melted entirely into the underſtanding, which hath the higheſt rank in the ſoul, and which bears the image of the moſt holy Trinitie. Her memory in a ſilent repoſe was freed from all rememberances of the world, her will reſided in languiſhing fervours, and her underſtanding was wholly engulfed in great abyſſes of lights; there was not one ſmall threed of imagination, which tied her to earth. O what an adieu to the world! It is very well declared in the Canticles by theſe words: *Who is it that aſcendeth through the deſert, like a thin vapour compoſed of odours, myrrh, incenſe, and all the moſt curious perfumes.*

Notable ſpeech of *Philo* of *Moſes* his ſtate.

Ὅσος γὰρ ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἄνθρακα ἀναθυμιᾶται.

Harph. c. 49. libri de myſtic. Theol.

Cantic. 1. 6. *Quæ eſt iſta quæ aſcendit per deſertum ſicut virgula fumi, ex aromatibus myrrhæ, & thuris, & univerſi pulveris pigmentarii.*

Which ſaith in a word, the holy Virgin was wholly ſpiritualized, wholly vapour, all perfume, all ſpirit, and had (as it were) nothing of body, maſſineſs, or earth.

The three ties of the world. Geneſ. 12. *Egredere de terra tua, de cognatione tua, & de domo patris tui.*

O how many unreaſonably fail in this ſecond condition! When death comes to ſound his trumpet in our ears, and ſaith to us: *Let us go, thou muſt diſlodge from thy lands & inheritances, never to return again, from thy kinred, from the houſe thy father gave thee, to wit, thy bodie*; how harſh that is to ill mortified ſpirits,

and which hold of the world by roots as deep as hell, and as big as arms. *Go out of thy land.* O how hard is this first step, to go out of the land, to forsake the land, not at all to pretend to the land, to the gold, to the silver, to those jewels, that inheritance, to all that glorious glitter of fortune? See the first torment of worldly spirits. Such there have been, who seeing themselves in the last approches of inevitable death, have swallowed their gold like pills; other to eternize themselves on earth, have caused formidable sepulchers to be built, wherein they put all their wealths, as the *Ægyptian* King *Cheopes*, who prostituted even his own daughter, to raise unto himself a Pyramid for burial, so enormous, that it seemed the earth was too weak to bear it, and Heaven too low to be freed from its importunity. Besides, he caused to be engraven upon it, that the manufactures alone of this sepulcher, had cost six millions of gold in coleworts and turneps. Others caused to be buried with them dogs, horses, slaves, apparrel, dishes to serve them in the other world.

Desperate desire of worldly goods. *Joannes Nider.*

Anno 1544. Belforest. Goodly monument of the Empereis *Marie.*

Yea, it is not long ago, since there was found in *Rome* a coffin of marble eight foot long, and in it a robe embroidered with Gold-smiths work, which yielded six and thirty pounds of gold, besides fourty rings, a cluster of emeralds, a little mouse made of another precious stone, and amongst all these precious magnificencies, two leg-bones of a dead corps, known by the inscription of the tomb, to be the bones of the Empereis *Marie*, daughter of *Stilicon*, and wife of the Emperour *Honorius*, who died before consummation of marriage. About twelve hundred years were passed, after she was buried with all these goodly toys, which (no doubt) gave much ease to her soul. My God, how are we tied to earth! Tell me not, the like is not done now adays, for it is worse, since they were buried after death with their riches, and you (O mortals) alive as you are, build your sepulchers thereon. We see men, who having already one foot in the grave, if you speak to them of the affairs of their consciences, all the spirit yet remaining, is perhaps for two or three hours besieged by an infinite number of thoughts of worldly wealth. Death crieth out aloud in their ears, saying: *Go from thy land*, and you pull it to you as with iron hooks.

After that cometh kinred, allies, table-frends, friends for game, buffons, amourists, and all the delights of former companies. Some weep, others make shew of tears, the rest under a veil of sorrow, make bones-fires in their hearts, they seem all to appear about the bed, and to sing this sad song of S. *Augustine*: *Alas, do you leave us, and shall we hereafter meet no more together? Farewel pleasing amities. Adieu feasts, adieu sports, adieu loves. This nor that will any longer be permitted from this moment for ever.* Behold another very slipperie and dangerous step, notwithstanding you must leave it: Death hasteneth, and says: *Go from thy kinred.*

Aug. Confes. 6. 11. *Dimitis ne nos & a momento illo non erimus tecum ultra in æternum? Et a momento isto non licebit hoc & illud ultra in æternum?*

In the last, the body and flesh is presented, which seems to say: Ah my soul, whither goest thou? My dear hostes, whither goest thou? Thou hast hitherto so tenderly pampered me, so pompously clothed me, so wantonly cherished me. I was thy Idol, thy Paradise, thy little Goddess, and where will you put me? into a grave with serpents and worms? what shall I do there, and what will become of me? Behold a hard task, principally for such of both sexes, as have dearly loved their bodies, like the Dutchess of *Venice*, of whom Cardinal *Petrus Damianus* speaketh, who was plunged into sensuality with so much profusion, that she could not endure to lodge but in chambers full of delicious perfumes of the East, she would not wash her self, but in the dew of Heaven, which must be preserved for her with much skill. Her garments were so pompous, that nothing remained but to seek for new stuffs in Heaven, for she had exhausted the treasures of earth. Her viands so dainty, that all the mouthes of Kings tasted none so exquisite, nor would she touch her meat, but with golden forks and precious stones. God, to punish this cursed superfluity, cast her on a bed, and assailed her with a maladie so hydeous, so stinking and frightfull, that all her neareſt kin were enforced to abandon her, none staying about her, but a poor old woman already throughly accustomed to stench and death, yet could not this proud creature part with her infamous body but with sorrow. She was of those souls that *Plato* calleth *Philosemates*, which tie themselves to flesh as much as they can, and after death would gladly still walk round about their flesh, to find a passage into it again.

Damian. opusc. in instit. ad Blanch. c. 11. The prodigality of a Venetian Ladie, and her punishment.

Know you what is to be done to die well? Cut off in good time, the three chains which straightly bind foolish and sensual souls. For the first passage that concerneth earthly goods, seasonably dispose of your temporal. Entangle not your hands for so short a time as you are to live in great affairs, perilous, and uncertain, which will perplex you all your life, and throw you down to death. Do not like evil travellers, who stay to reckon and contend with their hostes, when it is already fair day-light, and that the guid wrangles and sweareth at them. Digest your little business, that you may leave no trouble in your family after death. Make a Will clear and perspicuous, which draweth not suits after it. Preserve your self carefully from imitating that wicked man, who caused all his gold and silver to be melted into one mass, to set his heirs together by the ears, who killed one another, sprinkling the apple of discord, and the object of their avarice, with their bloud. Say to your self, I brought nothing into the world, nor will carry any thing away, no not the desire of it. Behold one part of my goods, which must be restored to such and such; these are true debts that must necessarily be discharged. Behold another for pious legacies. Another for alms to persons needy and indigent, another for my servants male and female, and my poor friends who have faithfully served me. They have wasted their bodies and lives, to contribute all they might to my will; there is no reason I should forget them. Nay, I desire mine enemies have some part in my will. As for my children and heirs, the main shall go to them, they will be rich enough, if they be virtuous enough. Behold how the temporal should be disposed.

The way how to be well provided for death.

And for so much as concerneth kinred, give the benediction of God to your children, and all your family; leave worthy examples of contempt of the world, of humility, of patience, of charity: procure a full reconciliation with your enemies, entertain your friends with sage discourses, which may shew you gladly accept Gods visitations, that you die full of resolutions to prepare them a place, and that you expect from their charity, prayers and satisfactions for your negligence and remisness. If needs some small tribute must be paid to nature in two or three drops of tears, it is tolerable. But take away these whyning countenances, these petty furies, these mercenary weepers, who weep, not knowing why, nor for what they mourn.

As for that which toucheth the state of your body, it would be a goodly thing for you to bewail it, after you have had so many troubles in it. Go out of it like a Tennant from a ruinous house, go from it as from a prison of earth and morter: Go out of it as on the sea from a rotten leaky ship, to leap on the shore, and care not much what will become of it after death, so it be on holy land. Souls well mortified speak not of flesh, considering the state of sin, but with horrour. Yea, we find in the bequests of one of the sons of S. *Lewis*, Count of *Alencon*, these words: *I will the Tomb that shall cover my stinking flesh, exceed not the charge of fiftie livres, and that which encloseth my evil*

Modesty of a son of S. Lewis.

evil heart paſs not thirty livres. Behold how the ſon of one of the greateſt Kings in the world ſpeaketh of his body, and would you idolatrize yours?

The third quality of a good death.

Laſtly, for the third condition of a good death, it muſt have union with God, whereof our Lady giveth us a perfect example. For it being well verified by Theologie, that there are three unions ſupernatural, and as it were wholly ineffable, the firſt whereof is the ſacred knot of the moſt holy Trinitie, which tieth three perſons in one ſame Eſſence, the ſecond, is the tie of the Word with humane nature, which ſubſiſteth by the hypoſtaſis of the ſame Word, and the third, the intimate conjunction of a Son-God with a Mother-Virgin; I affirm, the Virgin being a pure creature cannot equal either the union of the Trinity, or the hypoſtatical union, yet notwithſtanding hath the higheſt place of all created unions; as ſhe who was united to God when ſhe lived in the world, in the moſt ſublime and ſacred manner, the ſpirits of the moſt exalted Seraphins might imagine, which was moſt divinely expreſſed by S. *Bernard*: *She entered into a deep abyſs of divine wiſdom, ſo that ſhe was united to light inacceſſible, ſo much as a creature might be permitted, not arriving to the perſonal union of God.*

Profundiſſimam divinæ ſapientiæ penetravit abyſſum, & quantum ſine perſonali unione creaturæ conditio patitur, luci illi inacceſſibili videatur immerſa. D. Bernard. ſerm. in ſignum magnum.

But ſaying this, I not onely ſpeak of the union ſhe had in quality of the Mother of God, being one ſame fleſh, and one ſame ſubſtance with her Son, but of the union of contemplation, devotion, and ſubmiſſion to the will of God, which alone was the center of her felicity, as witneſſeth S. *Auguſtine*: *My Mother whom you call happie, hath all her happineſs, not ſo much becauſe the Word was made man in her, as for that ſhe kept the Word of God, who made her, and who afterward allied himſelf to humane nature in her womb*; as he would ſay, Our Lady was more happy to have conceived God in her heart, and continually kept ſpiritual union with him, than to have once brought him forth according to fleſh.

Mater mea quam appellatis felicem, inde felix, quia verbum Dei cuſtodit, non quia in illa Verbum caro factum eſt, &c. Aug. tract. 10 in Joan.

We cannot arrive at this ſublime union of the Mother of God: but howſoever at leaſt in the laſt period of thy life, having bid adieu to the world, and drawn the curtain between thee and creatures, endeavour to be united as perfectly as is poſſible, to thy Creatour. Firſt by good and perfect confeſſion of the principal actions of all thy life, Secondly by a moſt religious participation of thy *viaticum* in preſence of thy friends, in a manner the moſt ſober, well ordered, & edificative thou maiſt. In the third place ſeaſonably receiving extream unction, thy ſelf anſwering if it be poſſible, to the prayers of the Church, and cauſing to be read in the approches of this laſt combate ſome part of the paſſion. Laſtly, by the acts of faith, hope, charity, and contrition.

I approve not the manner of ſome, who make ſtudied remonſtrances to dying men, as if they were in a pulpit, nor of thoſe who blow inceſſantly in their ears unſeaſonable words, and make as much noiſe with the tongue, as heretofore Pagans with their kettles in the eclipſe of the Moon. We muſt let thoſe good ſouls depart without any diſturbance in the ſhades of death. S. *Auguſtine* would die in great ſilence, deſiring not to be troubled with lamentations nor viſits, for ten days together, where having hanged ſome verſicles of Pſalms about his bed, he fixed his dying eyes upon them with a ſweetneſs moſt peacefull, and ſo gave up the ghoſt. It is good to ſay:

My God I believe, aſſiſt my incredulitie. I know my Redeemer is living, and that I ſhall ſee him in the ſame fleſh, which I at this preſent diſarray. Though I muſt walk into the ſhades of death, I will fear nothing, becauſe (Oh my God) thou art with me. What have I to deſire in heaven, and what would I of thee on earth? My fleſh and my heart are entranced in thee, O the God of my heart, and my portion for all eternitie. Wherefore art thou ſo ſad (O my ſoul) and why doſt thou trouble me? Turn now to thy reſt, becauſe God hath afforded thee mercie.

Credo Domine, adjuva incredulitatem meam. Marc. 9. *Scio quod Redemptor meus vivit, &c.* Job 9. *Si ambulavero in medio umbræ mortis non timebo mala, quoniam tu mecum es.* Pſal. 22. *Quid mihi eſt in cælo, &c.* Pſal. 72. *Quare triſtis es anima mea, &c.* Pſal. 83.

Behold how the Virgin, our Ladie died, behold how Saint *Lewis* died, behold how Saint *Paula* departed, of whom Saint *Hierom* (a) ſaid: The holy Lady rendering up her life, put her finger on her mouth, as deſirous to imprint the ſign of the Croſs upon it, turning the gaſps of death, and laſt breath of the ſoul, into the praiſes of God, whom ſhe ſo faithfully had ſerved.

(a) *Hier.* ep. 27. ad Euſtoc. *Digitum ad os tenens crucis ſignum pingebat in labiis. Anima erumpere geſtiens ipſum ſtridorem quo mortalis vita finitur in laudes convertebat.*

XVI. MAXIM.

of the Immortalitie of the SOUL.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

Little care is to be had of the Soul after death, ſo all be well with it in this life.

1. A Man who doubteth and queſtions the immortalitie of the Soul, ſheweth in the very beginning, that he almoſt hath no ſoul, & that retaining nought but the ſubſtance of it to ſuffer, he hath loſt the lights and goodneſs which might crown it. Never enter theſe thoughts into any man without making a tomb of fleſh for his reaſon, whileſt he ſo flattering his body, forgets all the excellencies of his ſoul.

We muſt here follow the counſel of ancient Sages; when a Libertine will impugn a verity known by the onely light of nature, it is not needfull to anſwer his abſurdities, but to lead him directly into the ſtall, and to ſhut him up with beaſts, ſpeaking unto him the ſentence which the Prophet *Daniel* pronounced againſt

THE HOLY COURT.

That we have an immortal Soul, capable of happineſs or unhappineſs eternal.

Nebuchadnezzar: Thou ſhalt hereafter be baniſhed from the companie of men, and thy abode ſhall be with beaſts and ſavage creatures.

Sentence againſt the wicked. *Ejicient te ab hominibus, & cum beſtiis feriſque erit habitatio tua.* Daniel 4.

All ſpeak, and all diſpute for the Maxim of the *Holy Court*, and although we ought to have full obligation to faith, which manifeſtly hath ſet this truth before us, thereunto affixing all the order of our life, and the principal felicity we hope for, yet are we not a little enlightened with ſo many excellent conceits which learning furniſheth us withal upon it, and which I will endeavour to abbreviate, comprehending much in few words.

2. I will then ſay for your comfort, that it hath happened that an Heretick loſt both of underſtanding and conſcience, having oppoſed the belief of Purgatory (hereſie being a beaten path to infidelity) came to this

this point of folly, as throughly to perſwade himſelf that death ended all things, and that theſe endeavours of prayers and ceremonies which we afford to the memory of the deceaſed, were given to ſhadows. He did all a wicked man might to tear himſelf from himſelf, and belie that which God made him: but it was impoſſible for him, as you ſhall ſee in conſidering the three chambers of juſtice wherein he was condemned. Firſt, he entered into the Court before the tribunal of Nature, and thought he ſaw a huge troup of all the learned men of the earth, and all Nations of the univerſe, who came to fall upon as a mighty cloud, armed with fire and lightening.

The belief of the immortalitie of the ſoul invincible.

Condemnation of impiety in the tribunal of nature.

My God, (ſaid he) what is this? The great *Tertullian* ſaid, and it is true, that verities which fall into the general underſtandings of all men, as acknowledged, avowed, and confeſſed by all ſorts of nations, ought to be believed as by a decree of Nature. The example thereof is evident. For all men in the world believe, that the whole is greater than a part, that the ſuperiour number exceedeth the inferiour. That the father and mother ſhould be honoured, as the Authours of life: That one muſt not do to another what he would not be done to himſelf. And becauſe every one underſtands and averreth this by the light of nature, he would be thought a beaſt or a mad man who ſhould contradict it. Now from whence proceedeth it, that the belief of the ſouls immortality, holds the ſame place with theſe general Maxims, although it be otherwiſe much tranſcendent above our ſenſe? If I regard the courſe of time, and revolution of Ages, from the beginning of the world, one cannot aſſign any one wherein this faith hath not been publiſhed by words or actions, correſpondent to the life of the other world. And if ſome depraved ſpirits have doubted it, they were gain-ſaid by publick voice, by laws, ceremonies, cuſtoms, proteſtations of Common-wealths, of Empires and Kingdoms where they took beginning. If I look upon all the Nations of the earth ſo far diſtant in climates, ſo divided in commerce, ſo different in diſpoſitions, ſo contrary in opinions, they all agree in this ray of the light of nature, that there is a life of ſeparated ſouls, that there are puniſhments and rewards at the going out of the body.

Quod apud multos commune invenitur, non eſt erratum ſed traditum. Tertul.

Tertul. de teſtimonio animæ.

It is the belief of *Hebrews*, *Chaldeans*, *Perſians*, *Medes*, *Babylonians*, *Ægyptians*, *Arabians*, *Ethiopians*, *Scythians*, *Grecians*, ancient *Gauls*, *Romans*, and that which is moſt admirable, after one hath roamed over *Europe*, *Africk*, *Aſia*, let him enter into the new worlds, which nature hath divided from us by ſo mighty a maſs of ſeas, ſhelves, rocks, and monſters, he findeth the faith of the ſouls immortality began there, ſo ſoon as men. It is obſerved to have been ſo publick with the ancient, that they carried the marks thereof on their garments, and inſcribed it on their tombs.

Plutar. probl. 71.

Men of the beſt quality of *Rome*, had little croiſſants on their ſhoes (ſaith *Caſtor*) to ſignifie their ſouls came from Heaven, and were to return to Heaven after the death of the body, and therefore there was not any thing in them which ought not to be celeſtial. The like alſo is found of tombs, where open gates were engraven on them, to ſhew that after death all was not ſhut up from the ſoul, but that it had paſſages into eternity.

Camerar.

All the moſt eminent Philoſophers, following the bright ſplendour of natural light, although diſtant by the courſe of Ages, parted into ſects, divided into ſo many different Maxims, agreed in this; as *Mercurie Triſmegiſtus*, *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, *Xenocrates*, *Seneca*, *Plutarch*, *Maximus Tyrienſis*, *Jamblicus*, *Themiſtius*, *Epictetus* and *Cicero*, as may be ſeen in ſo many excellent Treatiſes, which I might mention at large were they well enough known. But if ſometimes doubtfull paſſages occurre in *Ariſtotle* and *Seneca* hereupon, were it not much better to judge them by ſo many perſpicuous and illuſtrious ſentences, which they have upon the life of the other world, than to cenſure them by ſome words inſenſibly eſcaped in diſcourſe? In which if ſome thing repugnant to our doctrine may be diſcovered, it is to be underſtood of the ſenſitive and vegetative ſoul, not the reaſonable and intelligent, which theſe Authours ever ſet aſide, as being celeſtial and divine.

3. Never (ſaith *Plotinus*) was there a man of good underſtanding amongſt ſo many Writers, who ſtrove not for the immortality of the ſoul. But if any one among them hath impugned it, even in the darkneſs of Gentiliſm, it hath been obſerved, there ever was ſome diſorder and impurity in his life, which made him controvert his opinion, to divert the apprehenſion of puniſhments due to his crimes. That was it, which *Minutius Felix* ſaid: *I well know many preſſed with a conſcience guiltie of crimes, rather deſire to be nothing after their death, than to be perſwaded of it, for they wiſh rather wholly to periſh, than to be reſerved for their puniſhment.*

Enu. l. 7. c. 10. *Nec vult improbus animam immortalem eſſe, ne ad conſpectum Judicis æqui torqueatur veniat.*

Malunt enim extingui penitus, quam ad ſupplicia reſervari.

He ſhould make an annotation, not a diſcourſe, who would here alledge all the authorities of the ancients, which are very ordinary. I ſatisfie my ſelf with a moſt excellent paſſage of wiſe *Quintilian*, who in the caſe of an enchanted ſepulcher, comprized all the doctrine of Gentiles upon this Article, when he ſaid:

Our Soul came from the ſame place from whence proceeded the Eternal Spirit, Authour, and Father of all things, to wit, the true God, and that this ſoul could neither be corrupted, die, nay, nor feel the leaſt touch of mortalitie common to corruptible things. But at the paſſage out of the priſon of bodie, it was purged by fire, and after this purgation it aſcended to Heaven, there to live happie. Which is to be underſtood of good ſouls: for polluted and impious, are delivered to eternal torments, by the conſent of the wiſeſt Gentiles.

Animam inde venire, unde rerum omnium authorem, parentem, ſpiritum ducimus, nec interire, nec ſolvi, nec ullo mortalitatis effici fato; ſed quotiès humani corporis carcerem effregerit, & exonerata membris mortalibus levi ſe igne luſtraverit, petere ſedem inter aſtra.

Behold a man, who in few words heaped together the belief of more than fourty Ages which preceded him, touching the immortality of the ſoul. Paradiſe, Purgatory, hell, and that within the limits of the light of nature. (a) *Plato* ſaith the ſame:

(a) Plato 12 de Legib. ὑφῆσθαι ἀθανάτου.

That our ſoul wears the liveries of the eternal Father which make it incorruptible.

Algazel in the book of nature:

That our ſoul being ſeparated from the body, ſhall ſubſiſt with the firſt Intelligence.

Maximus Tyrienſis:

That that which we call death, was the beginning of immortalitie.

Dionyſius the Geographer forgat not in the worlds deſcription, the *White Iſland*, whereinto it was held the ſouls of Heroes were carried. πύρος λευκή.

Lawyers were not ignorant of it, for when there is any ſpeech of legacies to be diſtributed on the birth-day of the Teſtatour, they avouch them to be legacies which muſt be given in perpetuity, every year on the birth-day, by reaſon, *that by death we enter into another nativitie*, which is that of glory. To the very ſame, the law of ſepulchers hath relation, which ſaith: *We know, and our faith is not in vain, that ſouls diſcharged from bodies have underſtanding, and that the ſpirit which is celeſtial, returneth to its original.*

Marcel. in l. cum quidam. l. 23. de annuis legatis. *Theodoſii*, & valent. Novella de ſepulchris tit. 5.

From whence comes this conſent ſo great, ſo univerſal, ſo authentical, in a thing ſo ſublime, ſo alienated from ſenſe, ſo eminent, but from the ſpirit of God? Let us ſay with *Tertullian* in the book of the ſouls teſtimonie: *From whence proceeds it, that thoſe who will neither ſee nor hear Chriſtians, have the language of Chriſtians? I much ſuſpect the conſent of words in ſo great a diſagreement of converſation.*

Scimus nec vana fides eſt, ſolutas membris animas habere ſenſum, & in originem ſuam ſpiritum redire cæleſtem. Tertul. de teſtim. animæ.

4. I am condemned in this firſt Court of juſtice, (ſaid the Libertine.) But let us go along to the Tribunal of ſupernatural light, and ſee what the divine Wiſdom will affirm: Let us follow the counſel of

Sentence of God upon the immortalitie of the ſoul.

S. Am-

Ambros. in Symmachus. *Culi mysterium docent nos Deum ipse qui condidit. Cui magis de Deo, quam Deo credam?* Vide *Augus.* ep. 4. ad Vincent. *Cui veritas comperta sine Deo cui Deus cognitus sine Christo?* 3 Reg. 17. *Revertatur anima pueri ejus in viscera ejus.* Eccles. 26. 23. *Exultavit vocem ejus de terra in prophetia.* Tob. 4. 11.

S. *Ambrose*: *He who made heaven, teacheth us the mysteries of heaven: Whom shall I believe touching the verities of God, but God himself?* And verily, behold the advise God giveth us, to resolve us in doubtful cases, which is, to follow some great and powerfull authority, that may draw our spirits with a strong hand out of so many labyrinths. Without it (saith S. *Augustine*) there would neither be world, rest, light, wisdom, nor religion. And if a decisive authority must be chosen, where shall we find one more certain than that of a Man-God, whose words were prophesies, life sanctity, actions miracles, who by ways secret and incomprehensible, advanced the Cross on Capitols, and gave a new face to the whole world?

Now without speaking at this time of the Pentateuc, where the Word with his own mouth drew reasons for the immortalitie of the soul, against the *Sadduces*, I might alledge the book of *Kings*, where the soul of a little infant returneth into its body, at the words of *Elias*. I could produce the true soul of *Samuel*, which returneth from Limbo, and speaks to King *Saul*, as the Wiseman rendereth this apparition undoubted, which I will shew. I might mention the book of *Tobias*, which distinguisheth two places for souls in the other world, one of darknes, and the other of lights. But let us hear *Ecclesiastes*, since Infidels will make an arrow of it against us, where after the propositions of the wicked rehearsed in this book to be refuted (which must be well observed) the Wiseman decideth and concludes, *That the body returneth into the earth from whence it came, and the spirit to God who gave it.* Let us hear Wisdom where it is written: *That the soul of the Just are in the hands of God, and shall not be touched with the torment of death.*

Eccles. 12. 7.

Sap. 3. 1.

Daniel 12. 3.

Let us hear the Prophet *Daniel*, who saith: *The true Sages shall shine as the brightnes of the firmament, and that such as instruct many to justice, shall be as stars for ever.*

Last, let us hear our Saviour, who speaketh to us clearly and intelligibly in the bloud of all Martyrs: *Fear not those who kill the bodie, and cannot kill the soul.*

Mat. 10. 28.

Here will we hold this doctrine of the immortality from his own mouth, more than from any other reason: he caused us to make it an Article of faith, he establisheth upon it all our beatitude, why should we then argue and trie new conclusions after the decision of Gods Word?

Proofs drawn out of reason

5. I knew well (said the wicked man) this second Court would condemn me, but I am not yet satisfied. After nature and faith, I appeal to reason, I will enter into the bottom of my self, to know some news of my self. What a madnes is it to appeal from the decrees of God, to reason? And yet was this wretch condemned likewise by this tribunal. For asking his soul, whither wilt thou go? What will become of thee after the death of thy body? Wilt thou not accompany it in death, as thou didst during life? I die (replieth the soul) It is as impossible the light of the Sun become night, and fire ice, as the soul of man, which is the source of life and understanding, should be subject to death.

S. Thom. l. 2. contra Gentes, c. 79.

For from whence should this death and corruption proceed? If thou hast never so little reason, thou well seest what the great S. *Thomas*, and all the Sages of the world said: A thing cannot die, and be corrupted. but by one of three ways, either by action of its contrary; so heat, cold, moisture, and drougth corrupt our bodies, by their mutual counter-buffs and continual combates: or by the want of subject, which serves as a basis or foundation to it; so the eye dieth, when its organ is corrupted: or by defect of the assistance of the cause which hath influence into it; so the light faileth in the air, when the Sun retireth. In which of these three kinds wouldest thou corrupt me? Should it be by the action of the contrary. I am not subject to bodily impressions, but to those onely of the mind, which are rather to perfect than corrupt me. I am not composed of elements, I am not hot, cold, moist, nor drie, I admit no contrariety. But when I (a) comprehend in my understanding, white, black, water, fire, life, and death, I accord all contraries. Death (saith (b) *Lucretius*) is onely made for the things which have a collection of parts, and I am most simple.

Subsistentia intellectualis pa-

titur tantum intelligibiliter, qui motus potius est perfectivus quam corruptivus. S. Thom. l. 2. contra Gentes. c. 55.

(a) *Anima parvo continetur corpore continetq; res maximas.* Ænesius platonicus.

(b) Lucr. l. 1. *Mors eatum dissipat ollis.*

Wilt thou ruin me by defect of the body? I am of a nature different from body. It was sometime without me, and I shall be a long time without it, for I depend not on it, but by accident and chance, I take somewhat of it as an hostess in this life, but I govern it as a mistress for eternity. I make use of the organs of senses, but I correct senses, and when they tell me the Sun is but a foot broad, I prove to them by lively reasons, it is much greater than the globe of the earth. If I borrow fantasies from imagination, I make truths of them: and in matter of understanding, willing, and judging, which is my proper profession. I have properly nothing to do with bodies, as the Philosopher *Aristotle* hath well observed, saying, I could not be before body, but I might remain after the death of body, and be separated from it, as things eternal from corruptible, because I have an action disentangled from body, which is contemplation. All that which is idle perisheth in nature: but I have no death, because not idle. I make it my profession to understand, to will, and to love, which I now exercise in a body, but which doth not absolutely depend on body. I make use of my senses, as of my windows: when they shall be no more, and that the panes of my prison shall be broken, I shall not for all that loose sight, but shall see the more easily. Behold you not how even at this present, I never am more knowing, than when I sink into the bottom of my self, and separate my self from commerce of sense. For I am a Mistress (said S. *Augustine*) who see better by my own eyes, than by those of my servant. Wouldest thou destroy me by the want of an influent cause? Needs must God fail, if I should be so defective on that part, since God having created a thing, never reduceth the same to nothing. Material creatures are corrupted by changing themselves into another nature, and return into elements, but I who have no matter, subsist by necessity, absolutely entire, and wholly incorruptible, without suffering these changes.

Aristt. l. 2. de anima l. 2. text. 21.

Ask likewise thy understanding, and it will repeat the philosophical Axiom: The workman is known by the work; by the operation of every thing its nature is discovered: from whence ensueth, that if the manner which thy soul useth in its functions and operations be wholly spiritual, we may truly say, it is all spirit, all indivisible and wholly incorruptible. Now where is it, that it worketh not with a tenderness and admirable spirituality? First, in the separations it maketh of universal natures, in numbers, relations, proportions, orders, correspondencies, harmonies, in things eternal and divine. Secondly, in judgements, discourses, disputations, comparisons, applications, which it maketh on every thing. Thirdly, in the considerations and reflections it hath on it self, yea, over all its actions, almost in *infinitum*. If it did not work spiritually, how could it harbour in the memory, so many seas, rivers, mountains, valleys, cities and castles? How could it put so many places into one place, not holding any place? If it operated not spiritually and indivisibly, how could it be whole in each of its actions? The body, because it is body and quantitative, and divisible, what it doth with one part, it doth not necessarily with another, what it toucheth with the hand, it doth not necessarily touch with the foot; but the soul is all in its action. If the soul understand, all the soul understandeth. If the soul will, all the soul willeth. If the soul suffer, all the

Radix intellectualitatis est immaterialitas. Avicenna apud Capreol. *Modus operandi sequitur modum essendi.* The operations of the soul are admirable.

August. l. de spiritu & anima c. 19. Anima in quibuscunque sub motibus sui est.

the soul suffereth. For it is in an indivisible. That was it, which S. *Augustine* judiciously spake: *The soul is all in each of its motions.*

Manilius l. 4. Astron. Iam naturam naturæ luter, pervidimus omnem.

Mortal things can do nothing immortal. But our soul, to teach us its immortality, doth wonderfull works, which fear not the sithe of time, the wheel of inconstancy, nor power of death; it out-lives stones, mettals, *Egyptian* Pyramids, and the worlds seven wonders. It is a strange thing to see a humane spirit, which taketh away the veil from nature, and looketh into the bottom, and penetrateth into the very marrow. It entereth into these great labyrinths of essences, it defineth, divideth, distinguisheth, severeth, it appropriateth, maketh marvellous dissections, mounteth above the tracts of the Sun and time, scoreth out the course of the Heavens, the periods of the Stars. It deciphereth eclipses to an instant, and foregoeth by understanding those great celestial bodies, whose motions are more swift than wind or thunder. From thence it expatiateth into the air, there to hear the winds blow, rain pour down, tempests roar, lightnings to flash, rain-bowes and crowns arise. It descendeth into the deep caverns of the earth, there to medicate on the mettals. It floateth on the sea, it reckoneth the veins of the abyss, it keeps a register of so many birds and fishes, so many terrestrial creatures, so many worms and serpents, so many hearbs and plants. All this great frame of nature passeth through its consideration, from the cedars of *Lybanus*, to the hyssop. It createth sciences, it inventeth arts, it findeth out an infinite number of devices. It governeth the great bodies of Kingdoms and Common-wealths with passages of incomparable prudence. Arms and laws, cures of maladies, commerce, navigations, industries of mechanicks, and finally, a million of rarities are produced from the sources of the wit of man, who cannot yet understand his own worth.

Besides, what is more spiritual, more independent on matter, than the action of the will, than free-will, which beareth the beginning of its motion and elevation within it self, not borrowing it from any? What is more divine, than to see a heart more capable than abysses, which cannot be satiated with all the things in the world? The plant is contented with a little dew, the horse with a few oats and hay, because animal, and vegetative nature is limited to certain small quantities. But the immaterial soul, as it is in some sort infinite, bendeth to infinitie. (a) It speaketh of Heaven as of its mansion, and of God, as of the object of its felicity. It desireth to live ever, it taketh incomparable care for posteritie, it interesseth it self in the future, which it would never do, were it not its hereditary possession.

(a) *Omnibus fere ingenita est sume post mortem cupido. Et unde animus affectaret aliquid quod velit post mortem, si nihil de posteritate sciret.* Tertul. de testim. animæ.

Sleep, which tameth Lions, cannot overcome it. It learns its immortality even in the image of death, there it is where it incessantly worketh, travelleth by sea and land, negotiateth, converseth, sporteth, rejoyceth, suffereth, hunteth after a thousand objects both good and bad, and knoweth (says *Eusebius*) that having no end in its motion, it hath none in its life.

And to conclude in a word, what is there more admirable for the proof of our immortality, than this *synderesis*, this conscience, which is in the body, contrary to the body, and a perpetual enemy of sensual nature, which pleadeth, which questioneth, which strikes us with remorse upon the remembrance of sin? What is there less corporal than a soul, which can see its body burned, flesh pulled off with pincers, and members torn piece-meal one after another, to maintain and preserve a belief, which it judgeth to be true, as did the Martyrs? Never should we behold such a combat between the soul & body, were they not two pieces quite different, the one whereof is sublime, spiritual, immortal, the other low, frail, and mortal?

We likewise daily see, how the soul wholly retired within it self (as it happeneth in apprehensive speculations and raptures) is more strong and knowing than ever, being touched by some ray from commerce with Intelligencies, to which it hath so much relation. We find by experience, that upon the declining age when the body shrinketh, it hath much more vigour in counsels and judgements, which giveth us assurance it cannot any way participate of the corruption of the flesh. Who will consider the effects of the soul in three principal things, which are, Intelligence, Sanctitie, and Courage, shall find all therein is divine. And if the wicked, smothering these gifts of God, will put themselves willingly into the rank of bruit beasts, do they not well deserve the place of devils?

Eam decrescente corpore augeri maxime videmus Ennius. Ille sane hoc vitii melius, hoc sine istaque pejus. Claudius Marcus l. 2. de statu animæ. c. 2. Manifest conviction.

6. Finally, we say we have a soul immortal, because God both can and will make it such. He can, for he is Omnipotent, and it is not a harder matter for him to preserve souls he created, than to derive them from nothing: He will, because he engageth his Eternal word to give us this assurance; yea, he will, because it is manifested to us by the light of nature. One cannot believe a God, unless he believe him just: and it is impossible to think him just, without the belief of an immortal soul, as S. *Clement* reasoneth after his Master, the great S. *Peter*. For what a stupidity is it to imagine this father of spirits, who accommodated the most silly creatures with all the conveniencies of nature, hath neglected man so far, as to afford him a most lively knowledge, and a most ardent thirst of immortality, which principally appeareth in the most holy and worthy souls, to hold a heart in torment, never affording it any means to be satisfied, since in all nature, he never grants any inclination to any creature whatsoever, but that he provideth for its accomplishment?

Clemens. 3. Recogn.

But which is more, into what mind of a *Tartarian* can this imagination fall, that a sovereign Cause most intelligent, very good, and Omnipotent, should be pleased to burn virtue here with a slow fire, to tear it among thorns, to tie it on wheels, afterward to equal the soul of the most virtuous man of the earth, with that of murderers, *Sardanapalus* and *Cyclopes*: Never should these base thoughts take possession of the heart of man, if he had not villified his reason with great sins, and drowned his soul in the confusion of bodie?

Put these prophane spirits a little upon the proof of their opinion, and let them consider the reasons of *Plinie*, of *Lucretius*, of *Paterus*, and *Sorianus*; they are not men who speak, but hogs that grunt. They tell you, the soul is not seen at its passage out of the body, as if the corporal eye were made to see a soul spiritual. Doth one see the air, the winds, odours, and the sphere of fire, which our soul incomparably surpasseth in subtilitie? They ask, what doth this soul separated, where is its sight, its hearing, pleasure, taste, touching, and what good can it have without the help of sense? Spirits dulled with matter, which never gave themselves leisure to find out the curious operations of the soul in the understanding and love, whereupon it lives of its own wealth. They curiously enquire where so many souls may abide, as if hell were not big enough to contain all the Atheists.

Plin. l. 7. c. 55. *Ubi cogitatio illi? Quomodo visus, auditus aut quod sine his bonum? Quæ deinde sedes? Quæ malum ista dementia iterari vitam morte?*

Lastly they adde, it is to tyrannize over a soul, to make it survive after death. Who sees not it is the fear they have of God's judgement, causeth them to speak in this manner? And are not they well worthy of all unhappiness, since they so readily become the enemies of an eternal happiness?

Let us cut off the stream of so many other reasons, and say at this present, This should teach us to treat with the dead by way of much respect, and most tender charity, as with the living. It should teach us to use our soul as an eternal substance.

What

The care to be had of the soul.

What would it avail us to gain all the world, and looſe that which God deigned to redeem by his death? Let us forſake all theſe inferiour and frivolous thoughts, which nail us to the earth, and ſo baſely faſten us to the inordinate care for our bodies. Let us manure our ſoul, let us trim it up as a plot fit to receive impreſſions of the divinity. Let us prepare it for the great day of God, which muſt make the ſeparation of a part ſo divine from theſe mortal members. Let all that die, which may yield to death. Let the contexture of humours and elements diſſolve, as weak works of nature.

But let us regard this victorious ſpirit, which hath eſcaped the chains of time, and laws of death. Let us contemn the remainders of an age, already ſo much tainted by corruption. Let us enter into this univerſality of times, and into the poſſeſſion of eternity. This day, which we apprehend as the laſt of our life, is the firſt of our felicities. It is the birth of another eternal day, which muſt draw aſide the curtain, and diſcover to us the ſecrets of nature. It is the day, that muſt produce us to theſe great and divine lights, which we behold with the eye of faith in this vale of tears and miſeries. It is the day, which muſt put us between the arms of the father, after the courſe of a profuſe life, turmoyled with ſuch ſtorms, and ſo many diſturbances.

Dies iſte quem tanquam extremum reformidas, æterni natalis eſt. Sen. ep. 102.

Let us daily diſpoſe us to this paſſage, as to the entrance into our happineſs. Let us not betray its honour. Let us not wither up its glory. Let us not deface the character which God hath given it. We are at this preſent in the world, as in the belly of nature: little infants deſtitute of air and light, which look towards, and contemplate the bleſſed ſouls. What a pleaſure is it to go out of a dungeon ſo dark, a priſon ſo ſtreight, from ſuch ordures and miſeries, to enter into thoſe ſpacious Temples of eternal ſplendour's, where our being never ſhall have end, our knowledge admit ignorance, nor love ſuffer change.

The ſixteenth EXAMPLE, upon the ſixteenth MAXIM.

Of the return of Souls.

GOd, who boundeth Heaven, and limiteth earth, ordaineth alſo its place to each creature, ſuitable to the nature and qualities thereof. The body after death is committed to the earth from whence it came, and the ſoul goes to the place appointed it, according to its merit or demerit. And as it is not lawful for the dead body to forſake the tomb to converſe with the living, ſo the ſoul is not permitted to go out of the liſts Gods juſtice ordained for it, to entermeddle in worldly affairs. Notwithſtanding as the divine power often cauſeth the reſurrection of the dead for the confirmation of our faith, ſo it appointeth ſometimes the return of ſouls, for proof of their immortality.

I would not any wiſe in this point favour all the ſhallow imaginations, which entitle ſottiſh apprehenſions of the mind with the name of viſions, but it is undoubted, there is no Country in the world, nor time throughout Ages, which hath not afforded ſome great example of apparition of ſpirits, by known witneſſes, and the judgements of moſt eminent perſonages. S. *Auguſtine* holds, it is a doctrine grounded on Scripture, experience, and reaſon, which cannot be gain-ſaid, without ſome note of impudence, (although he much deny, that all the dreams we have of the dead, are ever their ſouls which return again.) Such was the belief of the Apoſtles in S. *Luke*, it not being corrected by our Saviour, who was the rule of their faith. Such the truth of the apparition of the ſoul of *Moſes* upon Mount *Thabor*. I inſiſt not now upon proof, but example, contenting my ſelf to produce one or two out of a great multitude recounted by Authours. Math. 17

Mitte quoque ad vivos alii-quos ex mortuis Scriptura teſtatur. De cura pro mortuis, c. 15. &c. 10. Luc 14.

As for the firſt, I hold the apparition of the ſoul of *Samuel* is moſt formal in Scripture for any one, who will conſider the whole progreſs of the narration. The hiſtory telleth us, that King *Saul*, after the death of *Samuel*, was upon the point of giving battel to the *Philiſtines*, and that having firſt addreſſed himſelf to God by ordinarie means, to learn the way he ſhould obſerve therein, ſeeing he had no anſwer either by dream, or the lively voice of Prophets, he did what infidels, and men deſperate do, who ſeek to get that from the devil, they cannot obtain of God. He commanded his ſervants to ſeek him out a ſorcereſs, although himſelf had baniſhed them by his Edicts out of his Kingdom. The ſervants ever ready to obſerve their Maſters in ill offices, when their own intereſt concurreth, found a famous Magician, whom the *Hebrews* affirm to have been a woman of good place, but out of a deteſtable curioſity, had put her ſelf into this profeſſion. *Saul* to cover his purpoſe, and not to amaze her; went thither by night in a diſguized habit, onely accompanied with two gentlemen, where having ſaluted her, he demanded the exerciſe of her profeſſion. But ſhe being crafty, and careful to keep her ſelf from ſurprizes, anſwered: Sir, go you about to undo me, & your ſelf alſo? Know you not the Edicts of King *Saul*? *Saul* replied, he knew all had paſſed, but ſhe might confidently proceed, aſſuring her of his warranty, and whereas ſhe propoſed puniſhments to her ſelf, ſhe ſhould meet with rewards. But ſhe ſtill doubting, and ſticking on diſtruſt, uſual in all miſchiefs, he engaged his word with great oaths, proteſting no ill ſhould befal her for any thing might paſs at that time between them. Thereupon reſolved to give him ſatisfaction, ſhe asked if it were not his deſire to ſpeak to the ſoul of a dead man, as alſo whoſe it was. Apparition of the ſoul of Samuel. 1. Reg. 28.

It was very ordinary with theſe Negromancers, to raiſe illuſions and fantaſms, inſtead of true ſpirits of the dead. S *Apollonius* made *Achilles* to be ſeen, appearing on his tomb as a giant of twelve cubits high; ſo *Santaberemus* ſhewed to the Emperour *Baſilius* the ſoul of his ſon *Conſtantine*; ſo *Jamblicus* made to appear in certain baths of *Syria* two figures of little children like *Cupids*. All this (to ſpeak properly) had nothing real in it, and it is no wonder, if thoſe who thought *Samuel* had been raiſed by a ſorcereſs, believed it was a ſpecter. But he who well will weigh the phraſe of Scripture, and conſider, that this ſpirit of *Samuel* ſuddenly appeared before the ſorcereſs had uſed her ordinary ſpells, plainly ſhewing, he came meerly by the commandment of God, and not by the charms of the Magician, will eaſily change opinion. Philoſtr. in Apoll. Zonaras. Eunapius Sardianus.

Verily the Sorcereſs was much aſtoniſhed, ſeeing the dead came contrary to the manner of other, and cried out aloud as one diſtracted: *Sir, you have deceived me, you are Saul*, much doubting, it was to him *Samuel* came. The miſerable King, who endeavoured by all means to aſſure her, fear not ſaith he, I will keep my promiſe, what have you ſeen? She anſwered: DEOS VIDI ASCENDENTES DE TERRA; as who ſhould ſay, according to the *Hebrews* phraſe, ſhe had ſeen a venerable perſon like an Angel, or a God, raiſed out of the earth. In what ſhape? replies the King; It is an venerable old man, ſaith ſhe, covered with the mantle of a Prophet. Then *Saul* with

much reverence proſtrated on the ground, and made a low obeyſance to *Samuel*, who ſpake to him, and ſaid: QUARE ME INQUIETASTI, UT SUSCITARER? *Why haſt thou diſquieted me, to make me return into the world?* Neceſſitie hath conſtrained me, anſwereth *Saul*; I am plunged in a perplexity of affairs, and cannot get any anſwer from heaven. *O man abandoned by God, why doeſt thou ask of me that, which I have foretold ſhall happen? Thy army ſhall be defeated by the* Philiſtins, *and thou with thy children ſhalt be to morrow with me*, that is to ſay, among the dead as I am now: which ſo fell out. Now the Scripture upon this praiſeth *Samuel* to have prophetized after his death: if it were not the true *Samuel* but a ſpecter, who ſees not it were to tell a lie, and to applaud the work of the divel?

Eccl. 46.

But to the end you may ſee this belief was held by Nations, as by a decree of nature, *Joſephus* in the ſeventeenth book of his *Judaical* antiquities, relateth the apparition of the ſpirit of *Alexander*, ſon of the great *Herod* and *Mariamne*, who was ſeen to his wife *Glapphyra*, when ſhe re-married again to the King of *Mauritania*, to reproch her ingratitude and forgetfulneſs of her firſt husband, which having amply deduced in the firſt Tome of the holy Court, in the tenth edition upon an Inſtruction directed to widdows, I forbear here to repeat it.

Philoſtratus, in the eigth book of the life of *Apollonius*, maketh likewiſe mention of a young man much troubled in mind concerning the ſtate of ſouls in the other life, and ſaith *Apollonius* appeared unto him, aſſuring him the ſoul was immortal, and he need not to be troubled at all, ſince it was rather the work of the Divine providence, than of it.

Ἀθάνατον ψυχὴ καὶ σῶμα οὐχ, ἁπλῶς πρόνοιας.

I willingly paſſe over many other examples, to tell you that *Phlegon* a good Authour, who flouriſhed about an hundred years after the nativity of our Saviour, and was not of our religion, to favour our opinions, (although honourably cited by *Origen*, *Euſebius*, and S. *Hierom*) writeth a ſtrange hiſtorie, witneſſed by the teſtimonie of a whole Citie, wherein he then governed. He ſaith, that at *Trayls* a Citie in *Phrygia*, there was a young maid named *Philenion*, daughter of *Democrates* and *Chariton*, who as her ſtorie well declareth, was an amorous piece, became court-like, loved bravery, delighted in too free converſation, and followed the fooliſh pleaſures of the world, true gardens of *Adonis*, which in the beginning make ſhew of ſilly flowers, and in concluſion afford nought but thorns.

ἁπλῶς ἁπλῶς.

God, who followeth the voluptuous by the track, even into the ſhades of death, ſent her a ſickneſs, which having cropped the flower of her beauty, left her almoſt nothing but a living carcaſs, to deliver her over as a prey to death. The miſerable maid ſuffered the boiling fervours of the feaver through all her bodie, not looſing the flames of love, which ſhe cheriſhed in her heart. She burnt with two fires, not being able either to quench the one or other, and having but a little breath of life left on her lips, ſhe gave to love what already was wholly acquired to death, ſighing after a young Gentleman then abſent, and not daring fully to manifeſt her paſſion.

In the end, death took away the ſpoils of her life, with her pretences. The father and mother bewailed her with inconſolable tears, furniſhing out very honourable obſequies. And whereas ſhe moſt ardently affected her dreſſings and little cabinet, they buried with her all whatſoever ſhe held moſt precious. Six moneths were now paſt ſince her burial, when the Gentleman ſhe loved, named *Machates*, arriving at *Trayls* came to lodge in the houſe of his friend her father. The ſpirit of the maid, which was of the condition of thoſe whom *Plato* called body-lovers; retaining ſtill the affections with which ſhe went out of her bodie, appeared one evening to this *Machates* with words of affection, embraces, and dalliances, which plainly diſcovered it was a damned ſpirit, and an inſtrument of the divel, that tormented the one to burn the other. The young man at the firſt was much affrighted with theſe proceedings: notwithſtanding becoming tractable by little and little, he ſoon made this ſpecter very familiar. It happened during this time, that an old ſervant ſent by her Miſtreſs, to ſee what their gueſt did, found *Philenion* ſitting neer unto him with the ſame countenance, and the ſame garments ſhe ware in her life time; whereat much amazed, ſhe ran to the father and the mother to tell them their daughter was alive. They ſharply reprehended her for a diſtracted and wicked woman, as going about again to open their wound which ſtill bled. The ſervant juſtified her ſelf, and anſwered ſhe had not loſt her wits, nor ſpake ought but truth. Hereupon ſhe ſo enkindled the curioſitie of her Miſtreſs, that ſhe ſecretly conveyed her ſelf by night into the chamber, yet perceived nothing at all able to reſolve her.

The next day being vehemently excited with the curioſitie of knowing what to believe of this apparition, ſhe threw her ſelf at the feet of *Machates*, and conjured him to tell her the name of the young maid who converſed with him. The Gentleman in the beginning was much ſurprized, and ſought evaſions to divert her, but in concluſion either through compaſſion of the mother, whom he ſaw in the poſture of a ſuppliant, or by vanity of his paſſion, which eaſily unlooſned his tongue, he confeſſed he was married to *Philenion*, that it was a buſineſs accompliſhed by the will of the Gods, wherein nothing muſt be altered; and ſpeaking this, he drew forth a little caſket, wherein he ſhewed her a gold ring her daughter had given him, with a piece of linnen ſhe ware about her neck, proteſting ſhe was his wife: ſo much was he ſeduced by the ſubtile practizes of the evil ſpirit.

The mother having acknowledged the tokens of the deceaſed, fell down with aſtoniſhment, and coming again to her ſelf, ſhe a thouſand times kiſſed, one while the ring, another while the linnen, moiſtning them with her tears, and moving the whole family to ſorrow, which ran to ſee this ſpectacle. Then again embracing *Machates*, ſhe ſignified it would be an infinite favour from heaven to have him for a ſon in law, but that ſhe entreated as a courteſie one comfort he could not deny an afflicted mother, which was, once again to ſee her daughter, whom ſhe accounted dead.

The other promiſed to give her all ſatisfaction, and as *Phelenion* came ſecretly according to cuſtom to converſe with him, he cloſely ſent his lackey to the mother, who advertiſed her husband of it, and both of them came into *Machates* his chamber, where they ſurprized their daughter, at which they were ſo rapt, that being not able to utter a word, they caſt themſelves about her neck, ſtraightly embracing and with tears bedewing her, which fell from their eyes. But the daughter with a ſad and dejected countenance, fetching a deep ſigh out of her breaſt: *Alas* (ſaith ſhe) *loving father and mother, your curioſity will coſt you dear, for you will lament me the ſecond time.* Thereupon ſhe fell down dead, leaving a horrible ſtinck in the chamber, which filled the whole houſe with terrour, groans, and out-cries, in ſuch ſort, that the neighbours came in upon the noiſe, and conſequently the whole Citie ran thither to behold the corps.

The magiſtrates wondering at an accident ſo frightfull, deputed ſome Cittizens neereſt of kin to open the tomb, where the body of *Philenion* could not be found, but a cup & a ring ſhe had received from this Gentleman. The carrion lying in the fathers chamber, was by decree of the Senate thrown on the dunghil,

dunghil, the Citie purged, and as for *Macbates*, he was ſo overwhelmed with ſhame and confuſion, that he ſlew himſelf with his own hands. Behold what an Authour recounteth onely illuminated by the light of nature, who wrote this hiſtorie after he had been a ſpectatour of it, of purpoſe to ſend a man immediately to the Emperour *Hadrian* to make a recital thereof unto him, as he ſaith in a letter he directed to a friend of his. I might have many things to ſay upon all circumſtances, which are not repugnant to that, which Eccleſiaſtical Authours relate concerning other apparitions of the damned. But I will not exceed the laws of Hiſtorians, and it is enough for me here to let you ſee the belief of the Ancients, and the puniſhment of God upon ſouls reſigned to ſin.

XVIII. MAXIM.

Of Purgatorie.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That death is the remedy of all evils, and that the ſoul ſeparated from the body hath no more to ſuffer.

Genes. 2. HAve you well conſidered in *Geneſis* an Angel of fire, who with a flaming ſword keepeth the gate of terreſtrial Paradiſe, placed as an uſher of the enterance into the delicious hall, which prepared by God to entertain the firſt man of the world, after it had been the theater of his glorie, became the ſcaffold of his puniſhments? *Procopius* obſerveth, that poor *Adam* at the time of his baniſhment was placed juſt over againſt this Cherubin, and that this centinel of the God of hoſts no ſooner lifted up his curtelaxe, but he made a terrour and icie horrour creep into his bones, and in that proportion the ſparkles flew from the ſword of juſtice, fears and affrightments invaded the heart of this offender, who being a murderer of his race before he was a progenitour, had brought forth a thouſand deaths by the ſole bite of an apple. Alas, if the miſerable *Adam* was ſo aſtoniſhed at the ſteel of the Cherubin, which dazled his eyes, what ought our repreſentments to be, what our apprehenſions, when we think on the flames of purgatory, enkindled by the breath of the love and wrath of God? So many ſouls lie there now plunged, having heretofore converſed amongſt us in mortal abode, and we muſt there perhaps long time remain to burn, and wear off ſo many ordures, as our ſoul contracted in worldly affections, if we make account to decline the eternity of torments.

Purgatorie compared to the Cherubins fiery ſword.

I am amazed when I reflect on the remiſneſs of Catholicks, as well in the proviſion for their own ſafety, as the comfort of their bretherens ſouls. And when I have well weighed the courſe and progreſs of this great neglect, I find it hath two ſources. The firſt is called *infidelity*, the ſecond *ſtupidity*, which I reſolve to convince in two paſſages of this diſcourſe.

It is true, that after this direfull hereſie, blown by the breath of the infernal ſerpent, hath for this laſt Age oppoſed the verities of our faith, beſides the loſt ſouls it daily takes away in the torrent of corruption, it hath deſtilled into the minds of Catholicks faintneſs and infidelities, which now adays turmoyl irreſolute wits upon many articles, and namely that which is now our preſent object. *Purgatorie*, will ſome Libertine ſay amidſt the fumes of wine and good cheer, *is not ſo hot as folk talk. Who ever came back to tell us news of it? God is mercifull; think you he takes delight to burn his children, and to cut off the price of his Sons paſſion who ſatisfied for our ſins?* Young ſouls hear this, and ſuck in poiſon by the ear, which choaks their belief, and killeth the exerciſe of good works. What ſhall I ſay againſt theſe infidelities, and floating opinions of feeble Catholicks? It is not my purpoſe to caſt my ſelf upon a ſubtile controverſie, which doth nothing but hale truth hither and thither. I will looſe no time to touch at many paſſages, I onely to the matter expreſs two reaſons drawn from two

THE HOLY COURT.

That the ſoul, which hath not in this world ſatisfied Gods juſtice, muſt paſs in the other life through Purgatorie.

Ne dogmata de Purgatorio pro ſanâ eccleſiæ doctrinâ nobis obtrudant Pontificii, cavendum eſt.

lights, that of nature, and the other of faith, which are able to evict confeſſion of truth from a man, who hath never ſo little ſhame or brain.

Purgatorie proved by the light of nature.

2. It is a ſtrange thing to ſee the great conſent of all Ages, which agree in a pretention of purgations of the ſoul, ſo ſtrong & powerfull, that thoſe lights of nature ſpeak as underſtandingly, as if they were written with the rays of the Sun. All the Gentiles, who lived out of the law, knew not how to gainſay this doctrine. For they were ſenſible of the noble extraction of their ſoul, and knew it was defiled by the body, and by ſenſual works. Behold the cauſe why they tied themſelves to feeble elements to purifie it; one while waſhing themſelves in the ſtreams of fountains, another while paſſing through flames, and ſometimes ſeeking other ways to cleanſe themſelves from pollutions of the fleſh. But it was a pitifull thing they found prophanation even in ſacrifice. They were not content to purge themſelves in this life, but extend it to the ſouls of the dead, conſtantly believing they ſtood in need of remedies, to free themſelves from bodily ſtains.

The opinion of the Ancients concerning the purgation of ſouls.

Theophilus Patriark of *Antioch*, in the book he directed to one named *Antiochus*, ſaith, the Gentiles took out of the Scripture all they wrote of puniſhments in the other life. And S. *Auguſtine* obſerveth, that having this idea, that all ſtains of the ſoul proceeded from the earth, they employed the other three elements to purge them, as he proveth by texts of the Ancients. *Syneſius* likewiſe thought there remained certain viſible ſpots in the ſoul, which made it appear they were the crimes wherewith it was contaminated in the body, which notwithſtanding agrees not very well with the truth we hold of the ſpirituality of the ſame ſoul. And I find he ſpake in this text more like a Platoniſt than a Chriſtian. The *Hebrews*, the *Ægyptians*, *Grecians*, and *Romanes* all contended for prayers for the dead, and the truth of purgatorie. The *Hebrews* three times in the year celebrated the feaſt of the dead, and their Prieſt mounting up into a chair made expreſly and ceremoniouſly four-ſquare, to repreſent the Citie of the bleſſed according to S. *John*, rehearſed aloud, and audibly the names of the dead, to recommend them to the prayers of ſuch as were preſent; prayers ſo familiar amongſt them, that they wrote them upon tombs inſtead of Epitaphs, in theſe terms: SIT ANIMA EIUS COLLIGATA IN FASCICULO VIVENTIUM, *let his ſoul be bound up in the poſey of the living*: As one would ſay; all the ſouls of Saints were as an odoriferous poſey, whereof every elect conſtituted a flower. What is this but to make ſtones ſpeak againſt impietie?

Auguſt. 21. de civitate Dei. c. 13.

Syneſius epiſt. ad Joan. τὴν ἐνσώματον τῆς ψυχῆς ἐμπάλωσιν.

Morus de Miſſa.

An excellent obſervation upon the belief of Purgatorie among the Hebrews.

Apoc. 21. 16. *Civitas in quadro poſita eſt.*

What ſhall I ſay of the *Ægyptians*, that were ſo impreſſed with the opinion that ſouls muſt be purged in the other life, in ſo much as they had been drenched in voluptuous pleaſures of the fleſh, that in the funerals of the dead having opened the bodie, they took the heart out of the breaſt and put it into a

Notable purgation of Ægyptians. τὸν νέκυον ἀναπτύσσουσι Μοῖραν τῶν νόσων.

Plutarch in convivio septem Sapientum.

little casket, then on the bank of *Nilus*, where ordinarily tombs were erected, a herald holding the casket, and shewing it to the eyes of heaven, protested before all there present, the deceased now in question had lived piously, and according to the laws of his Ancestours; that if he had offended through bodily pleasures, they wished his soul might be as well cleansed, as they went about to purge the stomack, the instrument of the lusts of the living, thereupon they threw it into *Nilus*. Behold these poor *Pagans* how they were moved with a touch from God, (which cannot lye) who says unto them, the dead must be purged, but as for the rest they know not how?

Shall I speak of the *Grecians*? And know we not that *Plato* the prime man of their Nation in his *Phedon*, spake so perspicuously for purgatory, that he seemed to have been bred in the Christian schools? I will conclude with the *Romans*. And can we be ignorant how in the beginning of the Church under the Emperour *Domitian*, when as yet some Apostles lived, *Quintilian*, a most renowned Oratour, making an oration in the City of *Rome*, in a certain pleading concerning a sepulcher which had been enchanted by magick, protested in terms most expres the truth of purgatory saying: *The soul being purged of fire, went to take place in heaven*, as we shewed also in the sixteenth maxim: If you also require authorities of Pagans, who have seen what Christians practised; adde to all this, that *Julius* a very ancient Authour, speaking of the death of a Lady named *Podon*, observed in plain terms, that her husband, who was one of the most ancient Christians, made offerings for her, which he called δῶρα ψυχῆς ἄφεσια, *Gifts for ransom of the soul*, answerable to what *Tertullian* writeth, that it was the custom of the ancient Church to pray for the souls of the dead, yea, and to make annual offerings for them.

Quintil. Declam. 10.

Julius Florileg. l. 3.

Tertul. in exhort. ad castitat. *Jam repete apud Deum pro cujus spiritu postules, pro quâ oblationes annuas reddas.*

We must no longer say for evasion, it is *Plato*, it is *Quintilian* who speaketh, but confess with *Aristotle*, when we see an universal agreement in a proposition, it is not one man speaks, but the mouth of heaven which uttereth this verity. When S. *James* telleth us, God must be feared, and proves it by example of the divels themselves, he saith not, we must fear God, because the divels do so, but if any despise him, he is therein worse than divels. Likewise when the holy Fathers produce an example of Pagans, it is not to instruct us by the Pagans, but to shew, that to waver in the belief of things they generally held by the sentence of nature, is to be worse than a Pagan.

Dæmones credunt, & contremiscunt.

Second proof drawn from the light of faith. *Unde hæc, quia ita facienda sunt, disputare insolentissimæ insaniæ est.*

3. I say for the second argument, that so often as a truth is proved to Catholicks by the universal consent of the Church, and of all Ages, if any one chance to make doubt of it, it is an evident sign, either that he hath a giddy spirit, or is malicious in religion. This proposition is grounded upon the axiom of S. *Augustine*, who in his Epistle written to *Januarius*, assureth us, that when we find the tracks of a custom generally observed throughout the whole Church, it is evident that it cometh from the Apostles, or those, to whom God hath given full Authority in the Church, and that to go about to bely or question it, is to pass from folly to insolency.

Now so it is, the truth of purgatorie is established by the opinion, practice, sentence and decisions of all the Church, in such sort, that there is not any verity of our faith more fortified. How is that? Begin with our *France*: Behold the Councel of *Chalons* upon *Saone* for prayers for the dead, and the truth of purgatorie. Go into *Spain*, behold that of *Braga*; into *Germany*, behold that of *Wormes*; into *Italy*, behold the sixth Councel held at *Rome* under Pope *Symmachus*; into *Greece*, behold a number of Synods collected by *Martius*; into *Affrick*, behold the third of *Carthage*. Lastly behold the three Oecumenical of *Lateran*, *Florence*, and *Trent*, which say the same. Doth not this suffice to establish a truth in the wit of a man, who hath never so little understanding?

Our adversaries, who still bark against this verity, as dogs at the moons brightness, when they have said *Jesus* made purgation of sins, and that it was said to the good thief, *thou shalt to day be with me in Paradise*, or produced some other frivolous objections, have shewed all their ability.

I leave you a little to ponder the goodly consequences: *Jesus purged sins, there is then no purgatorie?* Should not we have cause to say in the same fashion, *Jesus* prayed for remission of our sins, then we no longer stand in need of prayer or pennance: and in vain is that S. *Luke* saith, that *Jesus must suffer, and that pennance was preached in his name.* As the prayers of our Saviour destroy not our prayers, so his satisfaction overthroweth not ours. He prayed that we might pray; he satisfied, to give strength and merit to our satisfaction, which would be dead and unprofitable, were they not quickened by his bloud. *To what purpose is it to say the good thief went directly to Paradise, without feeling purgatorie?* As if we should say, it was necessarie for all the world to pass that way. Make your self a great Saint, and you shall have nothing to do with it. Purge all your sins by a love so fervent, that the purifying flames may not find any thing to cleanse. He who hath payed, ows nothing, and who hath satisfied in this world, shall find unrestrained freedom in the other.

Luc. 24. 47.

But think you, in a life which contracteth so many stains, a soul may be raised in an instant above the celestial orbs to the sight of God, before it have passed by those purgations, which the Divine justice ordaineth to every one according to his demerits? Endeavour is used to deafen your ears with piety, wranglings, and unprofitable disputations, to make you believe purgatory is an invention of interessed Priests; it seems this doctrine came into the world but within these two dayes. But read the Scripture, and see the Fathers who interpret it, you shall find proofs to fall upon you like a cloud for confirmation of this verity.

When S. *Paul* in the first to the *Corinthians* third Chapter said, that the day of God, to wit the day of judgement be it general or particular, shall be manifested by fire, which shall put every ones works upon trial; and that he who upon the foundations of *Jesus* shall build with wood, straw, or hay, to wit with vain and sleight works, *shall be saved as by fire*, he clearly declared the doctrine of purgatorie, unless you be more illuminated than S. *Basil* and S. *Ambrose*, who have judged it so: for the first saith *he threateneth the soul, not with destruction, but purgation*; and the other plainly expresseth, *he speaks of the pains of fire, which God hath appointed to purify souls.* And it is a poor resistance to object, he said, *as by fire*, and not by fire: For it is a manner of expression in Scripture, which nothing diminisheth the reality of things, otherwise we should say when S. *John* wrote in the first Chapter of his Gospel, *that men saw* Jesus *as the onely Son of God*, that he were onely a figure of it, not a truth. And when S. *Paul* to the *Philippians* second Chapter witnesseth, *he was found as a man*, we might infer he were not man. See you not how these silly curiosities of words directly invade the truth? When S. *Matthew* in the twelfth Chapter makes mention of *one sin which shall never be remitted, either in this world or in the other*; S. *Bernard* in his three-score & sixth homily upon the Canticles mainly insisteth upon this passage, and takes it as an infallible proof of our doctrine. When the Evangelist himself toucheth the discourse of *the prisoner, which shall be put into a place from whence he shall not come, until he have paid the last penny*; Saint *Cyprian* says plainly: *It is one thing to be a long time purged for sins by the torment of fire, another by the purgation, which is made by the passion of Jesus Christ.* When in the same Authour it is spoken of divers punish-

Basil. in Isa. c. 1. *Non exterminium minatur, sed purgationem infert.* Ambros. *Hic ostendit pœnas ignis passurum.*

Cyprian. l. 4. ep. 2.

ments

ments of choller handled in the fift Chapter, S. *Auguſtine* in the firſt book of the ſermon made on the mountain, interpreteth all that of puniſhments in the other life. When in the fourth Chapter of *Tobie*, it is written of bread to be put upon the graves of the dead, S. *Chryſoſtom*, Homily thirty two upon S. *Matheu* referreth this paſſage to the cuſtom of the ancient *Church*, which called both the Prieſts and the poor purpoſely to pray for the dead. When mention is made in the fourth of Kings of a ſolemn faſt made for *Saul*, *Bede* makes no queſtion but it was for the quiet of his ſoul: For S. *Paul* ſheweth in the firſt to the *Corinthians* fifteenth Chapter that it was the cuſtom to mortifie and macerate ones ſelf for the dead, and the ſecond of *Machabees* ſaith, it is a holy and a wholeſome thing to pray for them. Who knew more, and who ſaw more in all this than the great S. *Auguſtine*, who on the thirty ſeventh Pſalm hath theſe words: *My God make me ſuch in my life, that I may not need the fire of Purgatorie after my death.* Hath the *Roman* Church hired all theſe ſo ancient Fathers to write ſuch texts in its behalf? Is it not a ſhame that a brainleſs Libertine with the eyes of a bat ſhould mock at all theſe lights?

Aug. in Pſal. 37. *Talem me redde, cui emendatorio igne non ſit opus.*

4. Doubtleſs, will ſome ſay, theſe reaſons are forcible; but I underſtand not where this purgatorie is, and how ſouls are there tormented. To that I anſwer, the Church which walketh reſervedly in its ordinances, ever grounded on the word of God, onely obligeth us to hold as an article of faith, a third place for the purgation of ſouls, which is neither Paradiſe nor hel. As for circumſtances of the place and manner of ſenſible torments, it hath decryed nothing thereof as an article of our belief. School Divines ordinarily ſet purgatorie in a ſubterranean place, which is very probable. It may alſo be, that ſouls may be purged in the air, in the ſphear of fire, and in divers parts of the elementary world, according to the opinion of S. *Gregory Nyſſen*, S. *Chryſoſtom*, and S. *Gregory* the great. It dependeth on the prerogative of Gods power, and the miniſtery of Angels.

The manner of Purgatory.

Nyſſ. de anima & reſurrectione. *Chryſoſt.* homil. de Beatorum premiis. *Bede* l. 3. hiſt. Angl. 29.

As for puniſhments, it is moſt certain the firſt conſiſteth in ſuſpenſion from the ſight of God, a matter very dolorous to a ſoul, which being out of the body, & far abſented from its ſource, is, as would the globe of the earth be, were it out of its place, or like unto fire ſhut up in the bowels of mount *Ætna*. It naturally deſireth to rejoyn it ſelf to God, and the leaſt retardation it feels from ſuch felicitie is moſt ſenſible unto it. It mourneth to be deprived from an infinite comfort, when the thirſt is moſt ardent, and to ſee it ſelf bereaved by its own fault; yea, ſuch an one as might eaſily have been avoided. The ſecond is the pain of ſenſe which is exerciſed by fire (the great executioner of Gods juſtice) and ſometimes alſo by other wayes, known to his providence, as S. *Bonaventure* and holy *Bede* teach us. If you ſay you cannot comprehend how a material thing worketh on a ſpiritual: I ask of you again, this ſoul which is in your bodie, is it of any other kind than thoſe in purgatorie? And yet ſee you not how it daily ſuffereth in the bodie? See you not how all the dolours of mortal fleſh rebound back again by an amorous ſimpathy, and a counter-buff wholly neceſſarie, to the bottom of our ſoul? And yet you ask how it can ſuffer? Is it not true, our ſoul containeth in it the root of underſtanding, & all ſenſible knowledge, framed and accompliſhed by the help of the bodies organs? Is it not true, that being in the bodie it underſtandeth and feeleth with dependance on the bodie? But ſeparated, doth it looſe this root of underſtanding and knowledge? Verily no: For it then underſtandeth with independence on the body. To ſpeak alſo according to the opinion of ſome, it may feel out of the body not onely by a knowledge naked and intellectual, but experimental in ſome ſort, not unlike the underſtanding exerciſed in the bodie. *But there is no more corporal organ, which is as the chariot of feeling.* What importeth it? God by his power cannot he ſupply the organ of bodie, and neceſſitate the ſoul immediately to feel the ſharpneſs of fire, as if it were ſtill in the bodie? And which is more, ſome Divines think there would be no inconvenience to ſay, the ſoul were reveſted by God with a bodie of air, as in a ſheath, wherewith it ſhould have the ſame ſympathy it had before with the bodie it informed: and this bodie being incorruptibly burnt, as that of the damned, ſhould cauſe a painful quality to ariſe to torment it: which I notwithſtanding think not ſo probable. But I rather believe, the fire not being contrarie of its nature to the ſpirit, might for all that be choſen and appointed by the ſingular diſpoſition of providence to be unto the ſoul an afflicting ſign, in that it repreſenteth to it in its flames the anger of an offended God, as it ſhall be ſaid in the ſubſequent Maxim.

Mirùm, ſed veri modis. Auguſt.

Corink. de purgatorio. p. 529.

Alas! O Chriſtians, God grant we may be ignorant of this eternal and temporal fire, and may rather be purged in this life, than expect it in the other.

Againſt the dulneſs of thoſe who underſtand it not.

5. When I come to the ſecond point of this diſcourſe, I cannot wonder enough at our ſtupidity & lethargy: we believe purgatorie and bely our belief by our works. What may we hope in the other life, living ſo negligently and remiſſely? God is mercifull: Behold our ordinarie ſaying. But ſee we not in Scriptures the hand of God armed with fiery tempeſts over the infamous Cities of *Sodom* and *Gomorrha*, and the bodies which ſacrificed themſelves in the flames of prodigious luxurie roaſted and broyled under the breath of the anger of the Omnipotent? See we not a whole world buried in the waters of a deluge, waves of the Ocean ruſhing, as in a citie ſacked, on the heads of offenders, the ſea becoming altogether the executioner and tomb of ſinners? See we not thoſe beautifull Angels ſo beloved of God, and ſo worthy of favour, which alſo came moſt reſplendent out of his hands, loſt by one thought of pride, ſcorched and precipitated into dungeons of eternal flames?

Think we to be more to God, than thoſe cities repleniſhed with an infinite number of ſouls, than a whole world, than legions of Angels? Let us not flatter our ſelves by a preſumptuous confidence of a mercy, not due to a negligence ſo faint and diſſolute.

The truth is, no uncleanneſs enetreth into Paradiſe: The truth is, the eyes of the ſupream Judge cannot endure pollution. For if there be any, it muſt infallibly be taken off with the file of juſtice. The torment of purgatorie is executed with ſharp & transfixing pains, ſince that imperious element, which raiſeth ſo many terrours in our world, hath there the place of an officer. The continuance thereof is long, by certain revelations that ſome ſouls have been there many years: its perſeverance & activity dreadful, ſince the ſoul is immortal, and incorruptible to its torments. This made the hair ſtand an end on the heads of all Saints. And when the great man *Job*, all compoſed of innocency & ſanctity, thought on this juſtice of God, he conceived himſelf to be as a little fiſh crouch'd in the water, that heareth all the ſtorms touling over its head. S. *Auguſtine* grown hoary in a thouſand valourous battails for defence of the Church, apprehendeth purgatory; & the elect ſouls, who build all in gold and ſilver, and pretious ſtones, fear the trial of fire, and we with our edifices of ſtubble, ſtraw, and hay, walk with exalted creſts, as if we had all the aſſurances of our ſalvation.

Job 11. *Semper enim quaſi tumentes ſuper me fluctus timui Deum, & pondus ejus ferre non potui.*

Where are we, if this torch of juſtice awaken us not? Perhaps we have made a bargain with this fire, and theſe puniſhments, or that we are torment-proof not to feel them. Is there any man who hath learned to abide among burning coals? We are ſo tender, ſo nice, ſo impatient, ſo the lovers of our ſelves, that one ounce weigheth a pound with us. O worldlings! who ſhall weep over you, ſince you know not

Quis poterit habitare de vobis cum igne devorante?

how to bewail your ſelves? Your bodies are dainty both by nature and education; yea, your ſouls much more: you cannot endure the ſtinging of a bee; the very ſight of a *Surgeons* lancet affrights you, and yet you daily entangle your ſelves in a thouſand vanities, a thouſand courtſhips, and a thouſand worldly loves, which defile your ſoul, and muſt at a dear rate be diſcharged in the other world. We know the Chriſtians of the *Indies* newly converted, when they felt ſome temptations contrary to the law of God, ran to their chimney hearths, and thruſt their hands into the flames, ſaying: *Sin ſoul, if thou canſt abide fire, if not, go no further.* Do the like, touch, if not in effect, at leaſt by conſideration, the devouring flames of Gods Juſtice. And if they ſeem ſtrange unto you, engage not your ſelf in them by your ſenſualities.

Rigour of the living againſt the ſouls in Purgatory.

6. From the ſlight apprehenſion we have of Purgatory, proceedeth another ſtupidity very unreaſonable, which is, that we are very little careful of the ſouls of the dead; a matter very worthy of blame for two principal reaſons. The firſt is, that the providence of God which diſpoſeth all with ſo great ſweetneſs, hath as it were tied the ſalvation of theſe good ſouls to the fervour of our prayers, and would have us to be as mediatours and interceſſours of their felicity, which is verily one of the greateſt titles of honour we can receive. It is a note of Divinity to have power to oblige men, ſaith an Ancient, and there is no ſhorter way to eternal glory. Now God gives us the means to oblige, not mortals, but immortal ſouls, and to oblige them in a cauſe ſo great and eminent, that if all the treaſures and lives of the world were diſſolved into one maſs, they could not reach to the leaſt degree of the felicity you may procure to theſe faithfull ſouls.

Plin. l. 2. c. 7. *Deum eſt mortali benefacere mortalem, & hac ad æternam gloriam via.*

By obliging them in this kind, you gain eternal friends, who will entertain no thoughts, but ſuch as may tend to render you the like, and to bear you into the boſom of beatitude, and yet this being moſt eaſie for you (as a matter which conſiſteth in ſome prayers, alms deeds, and good works) you neglect it: Is not this a prodigious careleſneſs?

The ſecond reaſon is, that by ſuch negligence we betray our ſoul, which enclineth out of a natural propenſion to the ſweetneſs and mercy we exerciſe even towards beaſts. It is the argument which the Son of God made uſe of: If a horſe, an Ox, a ſheep fall into a ditch, there is neither feſtival nor ſabbath withholds; every one who is able, ſtretcheth out a hand and draws it forth: And behold here not a beaſt, but a ſoul created to the image of God, irradiated with the moſt excellent lineaments of his beauty, which is, to live with Angels eternally, fallen into a ditch, fallen into a boyling furnace, who is afflicted, tormented, imploreth the help of all the world, and whileſt we ſlacken to ſuccour it, hath theſe mournful words of *Jeremie*:

Math. 12. 11. *Quis erit ex vobis homo, qui habeat ovem unam, & ſi ceciderit hæc ſabbatho in foveam, manum tentabit & levabit eam.* Her. Thren. *De excelſo miſit ignem in oſſibus meis, & erudivit me, &c. Vigilavit jugum iniquitatum mearum, &c.*

Alas! God the juſt avenger of crimes committed againſt his divine Majeſty, hath poured fire into my bones to chaſtiſe me. Behold me in the nets of juſtice, behold me now deſolate, penſive, and diſconſolate both night and day. All afflicteth me in this ſaid abode, but nothing is ſo irkſom, as the burden of mine iniquities and ingratitudes. It is a yoke which ſurchargeth my neck like lead, and pulls me down into the torments, from whence I cannot go without your charities. O you, my dear kindred, friends, and allies, who paſs through the Church-yard, made the depoſitary of my bones, conſider and ſee with the eyes of faith, whether there be any dolour comparable to mine: ſince God hath cut me off on the day of his indignation, with a ſtrong and inevitable arm. O ingrateful and diſloyal ſon, it is the ſoul of thy father which ſpeaketh unto thee in this manner, and ſays unto thee: Son, I have paſſed my life as the ſpider, ſtil ſpinning, ever ſeeking after worldly wealth, perpetually exhauſting my proper ſubſtance to enrich thee, I lived on gall and cares, that thou mighteſt ſwim in roſe-water; I travelled over lands and ſeas, to build a ſilver bridge for thy fortune, to ſet thee on flower-de-luces and employments of a Kingdom, where is thy retribution?

O vos omnes qui tranſitis per viam attendite, & videte ſi eſt dolor ſicut dolor meus. Quoniam vindemiavit me, ut locutus eſt Dominus in die furoris ſui.

My ſon, I complain not, my eye being ſhut, my body was troubleſom to thee in thy houſe, and thou couldſt not endure it; it was a dung-hil muſt be yielded up to the earth: but I complain, that thou being well informed thy father had an immortal ſoul, which thou mighteſt comfort by thy good works, thou trayterouſly employedſt the money, whereof the poor have too much been fruſtrated, to eſtabliſh thy vanities, and fatten thee in pleaſures. Where is thy liberality? Where are thy alms toward miſerable creatures, who die in affliction in the ſtreets? Obſerve juſtice, and take example by my diſaſters.

Husband, it is thy wife ſo beloved, that ſpeaks to thee, ſaying: Ah my deareſt friends, where is the faith plighted in the face of the Church? Where are the faithful loves which ſhould have no limit but eternity? Death no ſooner abſented me from thy eyes, but forgetfulneſs drew me out of thy heart. I complain not thou liveſt happy and fortunate in thy new affections, for I am in a condition wherein I can neither envy nor malice any; but I complain, that not onely after my death the children, which are pledges of our love, were diſtaſtful to thee, but thou haſt wholly loſt the memory of one who was ſo precious to thee, and whom thou as a Chriſtian oughteſt to love beyond a tomb. Open yet once unto her the bowels of thy charity, and comfort by thy alms and good works, a ſoul which muſt expect that help from thee, or ſome other.

The ſeventeenth EXAMPLE upon the ſeventeenth MAXIM.

Apparition of Souls in Purgatorie.

HIſtories tell us, the apparation of ſouls in Purgatory are ſo frequent, that he who would keep an account, may as ſoon number the ſtars in the ſky, or leaves on the trees. But as it is not fit to be too credulous in all may be ſaid thereupon, ſo a man muſt be very impudent to deny all is ſpoken of it, and to oppoſe as well the authority of ſo many great perſonages, as the memory of all Ages.

He who believes nothing above nature, will not believe a God of nature. How many extraordinary things are there, the experience whereof teacheth us the effects, and of which God hideth the reaſons from us? The Philoſopher *Democritus* diſputing with the Sages of his time concerning the ſecret power of nature, held commonly in his hand, the ſtone called *cathocita*, which inſenſibly ſticketh to ſuch as touch it, and they being unable to give a reaſon of it, he inferred there were many ſecrets which are rather to humble our ſpirits, than to ſatisfie our curioſity. Who can tell why the theamede, which is a kind of adamant, draweth iron on one ſide, and repelleth it on the other? Why do the forked branches of the nut-tree, turn towards mines of gold and ſilver? Why do bees often die in the hives, after the death of the Maſter of the family, unleſs they be elſe-where tranſported? Why doth a dead body caſt forth bloud in the preſence of the murderer? Why do certain fountains in the current of their waters, and in their colour, carry preſages of ſeaſons, as that of *Blomuza*, which waxeth red when the countrey

Solinus Polyhiſtor.

Jul. Scal. A Porta. Camerar.

Dimarus Petrus Albinus.

is menaced with war? Why have so many noble families certain signs, which never fail to happen when some one of the family is to die? The commerce of the living with spirits of the dead, is a matter very extraordinarie, but not impossible to the *Father of spirits*, who holdeth total nature between his hands.

Peter of *Clugny*, surnamed the Venerable, and esteemed in his time as the oracle of *France*, was a man who proceeded in these affairs with much consideration, not countenancing any thing either frivolous or light. Behold the cause, wherefore I willingly make use of his authority. He telleth, that in a village of *Spain* named the *Star*, there was a man of quality called *Peter* of *Engelbert*, much esteemed in the world for his excellent parts and abundant riches.

Notwithstanding, the spirit of God having made him understand the vanity of all humane things, being now far stepped into years, he went into a Monastery of the Order of *Clugny*, there the more piously to pass the remnant of his dayes, as it is said, the best incense cometh from old trees. He often spake amongst the holy Fryers of a vision which he saw, when he as yet was in the world, and which he acknowledged to be no small motive to work his conversion. This bruit came to the ears of Venerable *Peter*, who was his General, and who for the affairs of his Order, was then gone into *Spain*. Behold the cause why he, never admitting any discourses to be entertained, if they were not well verified, took the pains to go into a little Monastery of *Nazare*, where *Engelbert* was, & to question him upon it in the presence of the *Bishops* of *Oleron* and *Osma*, conjuring him in the virtue of holy obedience, to tell him punctually the truth touching the vision he had seen, whilest he led a secular life. This man being very grave, and very circumspect in all he said, spake the words which the Authour of the historie hath couched in his proper terms:

In the time that *Alphonsus* the younger, heir of the great *Alphonsus*, warred in *Castile* against certain factious dis-united from his obedience, he made an Edict, that every family in his Kingdom should be bound to furnish him with a souldier: which was the cause that for obedience to the Kings commands, I sent into his army one of my household-servants, named *Sancius*. The wars being ended, and the troups discharged, he returned to my house, where having some time sojourned, he was seized by a sickness, which in few dayes took him away into the other world. We performed the obsequies usually observed towards the dead, and four moneths were already past, we hearing nought at all of the state of his soul, when behold upon a winters night being in my bed, throughly awake, I perceived a man, who stirring up the ashes of my hearth, opened the burning coals, which made him the more easily to be seen. Although I found my self much terrified with the sight of this ghost, God gave me courage to ask him who he was, and for what purpose he came thither to lay my hearth abroad. But he in a very low voice answered: *Master, fear nothing, I am your poor servant* Sancius; *I go into* Castile *in the company of many souldiers to expiate my sins in the same place where I committed them.*

I stoutly replied, If the commandment of God call you thither, to what purpose come you hither? Sir, saith he, take it not amiss, for it is not without the Divine permission. I am in a state not desperate, and wherein I may be helped by you, if you bear any good will towards me. Hereupon I required what his necessity was, and what succour he expected from me. You know Master, said he, that a little before my death, you sent me into a place where ordinarily men are not sanctified. Liberty, ill example, youth, and temerity, all conspire against the soul of a poor souldier, who hath no government. I committed many out-rages during the late war, robbing and pillaging even to the goods of the Church, for which I am at this present grievously tormented. But, good Master, if you loved me alive as one of yours, forget me not after death. I ask no part of your great riches, but onely your prayers, and some alms for my sake, which will much assist to mitigate my pains. My Mistress oweth me about eight franks upon a reckoning between her and me, let her bestow it, not for my body, which hath no need of it, but the comfort of my soul, which expecteth it from your charities.

I know not how I found my self emboldened by these speeches, but I had more desire to enterain it, than fear of the apparition. I demanded whether it could tell me news of one of my countrey-men, named *Peter Dejaca*, who died a while since. To which he made answer, I need not trouble my self with it, for he was already in the number of the blessed, since the great alms he gave in the last famine, had purchased heaven for him. From thence I fell upon another question, and was curious to know what had happened to a certain Judge, whom I very well knew, and who lately passed into the other life. To which he replied: Sir, speak not of that miserable man, for hell possesseth him through the corruption of justice which he by damnable practice exercised, having an honour and soul saleable to the prejudice of his conscience. My curiosity carried me higher, to enquire what became of King *Alphonsus* the Great, at which time I heard another voice that came from a window behind me, saying very distinctly: It is not of *Sancius* you must demand that, because he as yet can say nothing to the state of that Prince, but I may have more experience thereof, than he; I deceasing five years ago, and being present in an accident which gave me some light of it. I was much surprized, unexpectedly hearing this other voice, and turning, saw by the help of the Moons brightness which reflected into my chamber, a man leaning on my window, whom I intreated to tell me where then *King Alphonsus* was. Whereto he replied, he well knew, that passing out of this life, he had been much tormented, and that the prayers of good religious men much helped him: but he could not at this present say in what state he was. Having spoken thus much, he turned towards *Sancius*, sitting neer the fire, and said, Let us go, it is time we depart. At which *Sancius* making no other answer, speedily rose up, and redoubled his complaints with a lamentable voice, saying: Sir, I intreat you once again remember me, and that my Mistress perform the request I made you.

The next day *Engelbert* understood from his wife what the spirit told him, and with all observation disposed himself speedily and charitably, to satisfie all was required. What may we infer upon this, but S. *Augustine's* conclusion which he left in a book of care for the dead, fifteenth Chapter?

Holy Scriptures witness, that the dead are sometimes sent to living men, as on the contrarie, S. Paul *amongst the living was lifted up to heaven. As we ordinarily know not what becomes of the persons of the dead, so we must confess, the dead know not all is done in the world at the time it is done, but they afterwards learn it from those, who pass out of this life into the other, and converse with them. Yet they understand not all sorts of affairs, but those which may be told them, and such as are permitted to remain in their memories, that recount them to souls who must know them. Angels who are present to actions here beneath, may also discover to the dead what the Sovereign Arbiter, to whom all things are subjected, shall appoint to come to the knowledge of the one or other.*

XVIII. MAXIM.

Of Eternal unhappineſs.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That we cannot be miſerable when we are no more.

Belief of a judgement moſt general.

THat there is an inevitable judgement of God for the damned, fire, darkneſs, eternal priſons, (O Libertine and prophane ſoul) is not a propoſition needs to be proved by many reaſons and arguments. It is the ſubject of all books, the diſcourſe of all tongues, the confeſſion of all people, the great voice of nature, which forgetfulneſs cannot obliterate, impiety extinguiſh, not an evil conſcience take away. The *Hebrews*, *Grecians*, *Latins*, *Chaldeans*, *Perſians*, *Arabians*, *Abiſſines*, *Affricans*, *Indians*, and not ſpeaking of others, all Nations moſt remote from our region, moſt ſavage in manners, moſt ſtrange in cuſtoms have believed, proclaimed, proteſted, do believe, proclaim, and proteſt this through all Ages; and although different in condition, all notwithſtanding agree in the faith of a living God, who knoweth, ſeeth, judgeth of the good and bad deeds of this life, ordaineth rewards for virtue, and puniſhments for vice.

Naturâ plerâque ſuggerunt̃ur quaſi de publico ſenſu. *Tertul.* de animâ.

The order of God.

It is the order of God, who governeth the world with two hands, which are juſtice and mercie. If you take away one of them, you maim him. It is the condition of humane and Divine things, where contraries are ever counter-ballanced by contraries, ſay Philoſophers. If there be a Paradiſe for virtues, there muſt be a hell for crimes. No leſs doth hell contribute to publiſh Gods omnipotencie, than Paradiſe. As heaven is furniſhed with ſtars, hell ſhall be with the damned, and the juſtice of the Sovereign will no leſs appear in the condemnation of the culpable, than in the defence of innocents. I knew not what made Doctour *Toſtatus* ſay, that *Plato* placed hell in the ſphere of *Mars*, ſince he very well mentions it in the concave of abyſſes in his *Phedon*. *Triſmegiſtus* in *Pymander* omitted not to ſpeak of avenging flames due to impiety. The *Stoicks* treat among their ſecrets of the general fiering of the world, as witneſſeth *Clemens Alexandrinus* in his *ſtromata*. And other Philoſophers according to *Tertullian* ſpeak of ſecret fire, which muſt ſerve as an inſtrument of Gods vengeance. The moſt ſtupid have ſeen it, the moſt inſolent have frowned at it, and the moſt forlorn are aſtoniſhed with it.

Notable ſpeech of S. *Thomas*. *S. Thom.* opuſ. 63. *Non eſt infernus peior cælo. Sicut cælum ſyderibus, ſic infernus damnatis ornabitur.*

The opinion of Philoſophers. Φλὸγες τιμωρὸι χαὶ. *Triſmegiſt.* in *Pimandro*. *Cle. Alex.* ſtrom. 5.

And verily it is a hydeous thing to behold onely on paper, what the Authour of the cardinal works of *Jeſus Chriſt* writeth: *To burn in flames which waſt not, nor ſhall ever be conſumed, to be ſcorched through the whole body with remedileſs fires, to be broiled alive in his own greaſe, and broiled with ſtains of his impurities not to be taken off. To ſee nothing but pits of fire, and flaming furnaces without eaſe, relaxation, remedy, change, or diminution of ſentence.*

Inconſumptibilibus flammis corpus allambentibus ardere, in proprio adipe frixum libidines bullire, &c.

How the fire of hell burneth.

Notwithſtanding (O Libertine) thou doſt ask, *how this material fire burneth ſpiritual ſouls?* It is one of the moſt unfortunate ſciences not to underſtand hell, but by proper experience, to diſpute the activity of a fire as true as the mouth of God, and unfaithfully deny on earth, what muſt everlaſtingly be learned under earth. Algazel *the* Arabian *&* Avicen *ſaid, a damned ſoul ſuffers no other pain but the object of its eternal perdition.* *Algazel* and *Avicen*: behold two goodly Authours to oppoſe the wiſdom of the eternal word. I am of opinion, we learn from devils how to believe in God, and derive our Theology from the lips of the wicked, and our belief from infidelity, as if one ſhould proſtitute a Veſtal to a loſt man. Alas wretched ſpirit! how worthy art thou of compaſſion, when not ſatisfied to play the *Epicure* in thy manners, thou wilt divide thy Libertiniſm with Philoſophy. If this diſcourſe, which ought to be dedicated to holy horrour of Gods judgements, did permit farther queſtion, one might ſhew with the great Biſhop of *Paris*, that a damned ſoul kept in a priſon of fire, retains all the ſame ſenſes, as if it were with the bodie in the middeſt of flames, ſince we feel in this life, ſuch vivacity onely from the imagination, that it in us produceth the ſame effects which the preſence of objects doth. And this Doctour witneſſeth he hath ſeen and known men, who needed no other purgation but the ſight of a medecine. But if the ſole idea do thus, what will the real impreſſion of fire work upon a ſoul, which raiſed by the Divine power above its ordinarie force, leaves a form and a character, as if a hot-iron were ſtamped on the fleſh. We might deduce with S. *Thomas*, *Turrecremata*, *Cajetan*, *Iſolam*, and *Ocham*, all the exquiſite dolours of a ſoul, that feeleth it ſelf impriſoned as in a cage of fire; and ſtormeth, ſeeing it ſelf not onely deprived of ſweet liberty, but tormented by an imperious element, deſtined by God for its puniſhment by extraordinary ways, by a ſuppliment of the antipathy of ſenſes, and which ſhamefully wrack it, as if a perſon of eminent quality were inſolently abuſed by ſome ſlave come from the *Moors* or *Arabia*.

Gulielm. Pariſ. de univerſo.

We ſhould likewiſe ſet before you with other Divines the quality of a prodigious deformity, cauſed by fire raiſed above its condition, which extreamly afflicteth an immortal ſpirit, then eſpecially, when it underſtands the excellent gifts wherewith God had endowed it, the favours and glories it might pretend unto this moſt bleſſed eternity. One might ſay with many other modern Doctours, that the ſoul being the root of ſenſitive qualities, is no leſs tormented by objects diſſenting from ſenſe, than as if ſenſe were preſent, and hath a ſpiritual ſenſe, by the help of which, it trieth and feeleth the fire with an experimental knowledge, wholly like the action of ſenſe. All theſe opinions might be argued with many inſtancies and reaſons, but it being not according to the ſcope of this deſign, I ſay in one word with S. *Gregory* the Great: *There is made in the ſoul, from a viſible fire, a heat and an inviſible pain.* It is true, the ſoul ſeparated from the body hath not a natural antipathy and diſagreement from fire, but what this imperious element cannot have, remaining within the limits of nature, it obtaineth by a particular ordinance and diſpoſition of God, who chooſeth and expreſly deputeth it to ſerve him, as an inſtrument and a ſign in this action, and to be as an eternal meſſenger of his anger againſt a damned ſoul. Now as the Sovereign Judge of the world gave life to *Cain* for a puniſhment, ſo (ac-

See S. *Auguſt.* 21. Citie of God. S. *Gregory* in the 4. of his dialogues. S. *Thomas* contra *Gentes* l. 4. c. 90. *Suar.* part. 3. and the R. P. *Theophilus Raynaud* in his natural Theology, where this queſtion is excellently handled.

THE HOLY COURT.

That the wicked being no more for this preſent life, are everlaſting for the pains of the damned.

(according to S. *Ambroſe*,) he engraved by the ſame means a diſaſtrous mark on his perſon, which continually ſet before the eyes of this fratricide the image of his crime, and the Divine juſtice. In ſuch manner, that oftentimes turmoyled during life in the miſeries and confuſions of his bruiciſh ſpirit, ſo ſoon as he repreſented to himſelf this ſign, he acknowledged the decree of God, who prolonged his life to lengthen his calamities: So this Divine hand, Omnipotent in its effects, imprinteth fire on a damned ſoul, as the true token of his juſtice, the character of his anger, the centinel and executioner of his eternal will, who beareth the face of an incenſed God with all his decrees in his own flames, who preſſeth and lieth heavy on this miſerable thing, ſeparated from the ſight of God, and reſigned through an eternal malediction to the life of divels.

Foundation of the eternity of the pains of the damned.

2. Thou muſt here underſtand, O Reader, this truth touching the eternity of the pains of the damned, confirmed by expreſs texts of holy Scripture, and the deciſion of the univerſal Church, and by all Ages, is grounded upon the juſtice of God, ever to be adored by our wills, although impenetrable to the weakneſs of our underſtanding: and for confirmation hereof, I think we ſhould not omit the reaſons of S. *Gregory*, S. *Bernard* and S. *Thomas*, before we produce that, which to me ſeems the moſt formal; for although they are not all neceſſarie in their concluſions, yet they fail not to furniſh us with much light, and to give matter of true piety, which is the butt whereat we aim in this diſcourſe. You (O ſinner) demand, why is a deadly ſin ſtrucken and puniſhed with an eternal pain? I anſwer you firſt with S. *Gregory* the Great, that if an eternal malice be proved in ſin, juſtice by all reaſonable ways requireth the chaſtizement of it to be eternal: for an eternity of crimes muſt be counterballanced with an eternity of miſeries. Now ſin in ſome ſort is eternal, and in ſome manner extends beyond our life, which alone is capable of merit or demerit. For tell me, thoſe ſtones and kernels of pomegranades, and apple-trees, and all other trees created in the firſt week of the world, were they temporary or eternal? Temporary, you will ſay, for they fell before the tree. And yet behold they propagate to our time, and live in as many trees as there are of their kind on earth, for theſe five thouſand years or thereabouts. The like is it with the actions you do at this preſent: For they ſeem to paſs in a moment, yet are they ſo many ſeeds of eternity. Reader, underſtand well what I ſay, behold here a ſecret, wherewith daily to acquire a rich treaſure of merits: make me all your virtues as eternal by the ſincerity of your intentions, as they in effect are ſuch in their conſequence. When you do a good work, be it prayer, alms, or other act of charity, do it ſtoutly, in ſuch manner and diſpoſition, that were you eternal on earth, you would eternally renounce evil, and embrace good. So do all the Juſt, and ſo do they eternize all good and laudable actions. But ſinners, who paſs out of this life in mortal ſin, are ſo framed, that might you enter into their hearts, you there ſhould find ſuch marks of malice, ſuch characters of ſin imprinted, as with a hot iron, that they wiſh to live eternally, to ſin everlaſtingly. Their life is mortal, but the affections they have towards ſin are immortal, for which cauſe Gods juſtice requires they never be without torment, who would never live without ſin.

1. Reaſon of S. *Gregory.*

Non tranſeunt opera noſtra ut videantur, ſed temporalia quæque velut æternitatis ſemina jaciuntur.

Vellent ſine fine vivere, ut poſſint ſine fine peccare. Diſcretus autem judex corda penſat & affectus, non facta.

Ad magnam juſtitiam judicantis pertinet, ut nunquam careant ſupplicio, qui in hac vita nunquam carere voluit peccato.

And ſay not to me, behold that miſerable ſinner ſeized on by the Divine Juſtice in the heat of his crime, it is not likely he would ſtill perſiſt in his enormous tranſgreſſion, the boyling of his paſſion would vapour away, and his ſpirit be reſtored to the calm, and reaſon to its throne. Nay much otherwiſe, a ſinner, who dieth in ſin hath the root of affections, which is the heart, ſo envenomed, that all the ſprouts are nought but abomination. And although he were to live an hundred thouſand years, ſhould not ſome ſervile fear ſtop the torrent of his corruption, he would ſpend them in theſe exorbitancies.

2. Reaſon. S. *Thom.* 1. 2. q. 87.

3. The ſecond reaſon is drawn from S. *Thomas*, who ſaith, the nature of mortal ſin is a privation of ſpiritual life, as death is a privation of corporal. Behold a tree which was heretofore thick ſpread with boughs and flouriſhing, is now parched and drie, without force, and life. Let it be in this ſtate, ſo will it remain ſtill, never returning to its firſt vigour. Behold a man likewiſe, who hath killed charity in his heart, which is the root of ſpiritual life, by ſome moſt grievous ſin, to die in this ſtate. It is the impoſſibility of impoſſibilities, that in the other world not capable of merit or demerit, he may change himſelf. Death ever reigns there where is treſpaſs, and treſpaſs ſtill reigning there, deſerves to be puniſhed without intermiſſion. It is alwayes chaſtiſed and never expiated, ſaith S. *Bernard*.

Semper puniri poteſt, nunquam poteſt expiari. S. *Bernard.* de conſid. l. 5.

And that you may well underſtand this, repreſent unto your ſelf an excellent conceit of one of the greateſt wits which ever flouriſhed, *Picus Mirandula*, in the book he compoſed of the dignity of man. We are in this world as in the ſhop of a Sculptour, who laboureth on ſtatues of mettal. Behold the burning furnace, behold the mettal all boiling, behold many moulds ready at hand. Say you unto him, Sir, make us ſome curious piece worthy of you, make us a generous Lion, make an Eagle, make a triumphant King, it is now in your power. But if the workman through malice or incivility ſhould ſay, I will make nothing of it, I am about to make of all this melted mettal veſſels of ignominy, and ſo he doth, had not you cauſe to ſay unto him, what haſt thou done; all is marr'd, there is no time given for you to repent it, the mettal is caſt. I ſay the like after this great man: Behold us in this world as in the houſe of a plummer or graver; our underſtanding is the enginer, who laboureth upon the ſearch of a thouſand inventions; our will is the Miſtreſs who keeps the mettal ſtill boyling, and the mettal is our life, and our ſoul indeterminate. God ſaith unto us, up friend, be couragious, thou may'ſt make thy ſelf a little God, perfectly framed to my likeneſs: Behold, take the mould, caſt it confidently. I will make nothing of it, ſaith the ſinner, I am about to make a hog, an owl, a ſerpent, a hydeous monſter, and behold in effect all ſo made at the hour of death. The mettall is caſt, repentance is unprofitable, ſince hell vomiteth up good deſires, and affordeth no felicities: thou haſt made a monſter, and thou ſhalt remain a monſter whileſt thou art in this eſtate, which is immoveable, fire likewiſe ſhall be annexed to thee to gnaw thee, which is the worm in the rotten wood.

An excellent conceit of *Picus Mirandula.*

Tui ipſius quaſi arbitrarius honorariuſque plaſtes & fictor, quam malueris tu tibi formam effinge, poteris in inferiora quæ ſunt bruta degenerare, poteris in ſuperiora, quæ ſunt divina ex animi tui ſententiâ regenerari. Picus Mirand. de dignitate hom. p. 208.

Adde for a third inſtance, that God who is wholly infinite, hath right in him to oblige us to the keeping of the law, under an infinite penalty, conſidering the greatneſs of his perfection and benefits. The continuance of the pain is not meaſured by the laſting of actions. A man is hanged, who ſtill ſo remaineth, for a theft done in a moment. If this be done daily for the reparation of the honour and goods of another man who is offended, although he be a captive and a miſerable creature, what ſhall we think of offences committed againſt the Divinity? Muſt we not confeſs, that ſin of its own nature, and by the onely conſideration of its proper malice, deſerveth infinite puniſhment, ſince it hath miſchief in it, reſpectively infinite? And as it needed the Incarnation, death, and paſſion of a Word infinite to waſh it on earth, ſo it muſt have an eternal puniſhment to expiate it under earth. What can you find ſtrange in this proceeding?

3. Reaſon drawn from the right of God, and from the nature of ſin.

I ſay it is not hell that ſhould put theſe quaking and icie fear into our bones: It is not pain ſhould be ſtrange

Puniri non eſt malum, ſed fieri pœna

dignum. Peccatum non potest residere ad perpetuum nisi in inferno. Dionys. c. 4. de divin. nom. *Solidissimi quasi are fusi sunt.* Job. 37.

The grievousness of sin. Num. 16.

strange unto us, but sin It is not an evil to be punished, but to be worthy of punishment. You complain sin is lodged in hell, where would you place it? In heaven? Is it a fit thing, I pray you, to carry dirt into a Kings Palace? The heavens according to *Job* are stronger than iron or brass, and yet you see these celestial bodies able to carry all the glory of God, cannot bear one single sinner, so heavy, so insupportable he is. So soon as the rebellious Angels conceived a sin of pride, heaven cried out murder, and could not endure them; behold them fall from the Palace of glory more thick than flakes of snow or hail on a winters day. Where would you lodge this mortal sin? On the earth? See you not in the book of Numbers, how after the rebellion of *Core*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram* this earth, which is the foundation and basis of the universe, changed its nature, shook with frightful tremblings, & opened its wide and gaping bosom to swallow these disastrous creatures? Where shall we lodge this sin? On the waters? Behold the waters could not endure one sole disobedience of *Jonas*? All the air is on fire, all the winds in blusters, all the sea in rage and fury, whilest it is under the weight of this poor sinner. He must be cast into the belly of a whale,

Laboravi sustinens. Job. 1.

although unable to digest, she vomit him up. God himself, God Omnipotent, in whose hands all this great world is but a drop of dew, complains he cannot endure sin. Where shall we place it then but in the pit of hell?

But if at least this pain had some end. And see you not, sin hath neither end nor limits in its eternity?

Ducunt in bonis dies suos, & in punctu ad inferna descendunt. Job. 21. 13.

Alas, he who would understand this, who would open his eyes to behold what I am about to say, and what I conceal, had rather put himself into the arms of hell being in innocency, than among imaginary felicities in crime and sin. If you know it not, O Christians, it is an infinite evil, because it striketh at the head of an infinite divinity, and it is an horrible thing to think on, for that as much as is possible, it annihilateth God and the whole fountain of essences,

Enormity of a sinner.

felicities, and mercies. Do you not consider a transgression increaseth according as the person interessed is of great and eminent quality? It is one thing to offend a peasant, another thing a Merchant, another thing a Judge, another a King. But he who offends all Kings, and all Judges of the earth, or should thrust a knife into the throat of a million of men, would he not seem very criminal? Nay, were all the greatness, grace, and majesty of a hundred thousand worlds poured and quintessenced in one body, what would it be in comparison of God, but one grain of sand? And then to invade God, in his will to infringe and annul the Divinity, O abyss of confusion! To say unto God Omnipotent, all good, and all holy, You will give me a law and I will play the unbridled colt, I will take it of my self, I will admit no Law-maker: you created me for your self, and I will live for my self, and be the sovereign good of my self; you created a world for my use, and I will people it with monsters, which shall be my sins. You redeemed and reconciled me by the bloud of your Son, and I will contemn and trample it under-foot. I should not presume to use these words, had not S. *Paul* prevented me. You will be a Judge to chastise me, and I make as much account of all your thunder-stroaks, as of broken rushes. To despise God as a Law-maker, as a Creatour, as a Father, as a Redeemer, as a Judge, as God, as all, and then say, God did you wrong in making a hell!

Irritam quis facions legem Moysi sine ulla miseratione moritur, quanto magis putatis deteriora mereri supplicia qui Filium Dei conculcaverit, & sanguinem Testamenti pollutum duxerit. Heb. 10

5. Behold there his justice purged, now see its effects in the quality and condition of pains of the damned. What is Hell? It is called *Silence*, to shew we cannot speak of it but by silence. All is said of hell is less than hell. The holy history of *Ægyptian* Anchorites written by *Palladius*, recounteth an accident very prodigious happened to the great *Macharius*, which is, that one day this admirable man, commonly called the God of Monks (for his speech was an oracle, and his life a perpetual miracle) this excellent man, I say, travelling through the hideous and savage desarts of *Ægypt*, alwaies fixed and bent both with eye & heart upon the contemplation of a future life, met with the head of a dead man by the way, and ere he was aware, set a palmers staff which he had in his hand upright upon it, and behold at the same instant (as it happened in other occasions) he heard to come from the head of this dead man a sad and frightful voice, able to have astonished the most courageous. But the holy Saint being wholly made for these apparitions of spirits, and armed to the proof against all illusions of Sathan, stood still and asked, *Whose art thou?* It answered, I am the head of one damned. He replied, *What threw thee head-long into this wretched miserie?* Two things, said the dead; misbelief, and vice. Then being demanded concerning the torments he endured, he replied: *The soul makes hell, the soul suffers hell, and the soul cannot well comprehend what hell is. What have you on the earth, more odious than horrible darkness? and not to speak of our coals, nor of any of the rest of our greatest calamities, behold our greatest ease.* The unhappy spirit cutting off his words, held his peace, and the holy man lifting the head up from the ground, took it in his hand, then deeply sighing with sobs of lively and penetrating grief, he said: O what ease! O what ease! what eternal darkness! blind world, prostituted world, desperate world, oh wouldest thou know, wouldest thou know, but thine unhappiness hath put a scarf before thine eyes.

Strange narration of Palladius.

I would here conclude this discourse, and substitute in my place this blessed old man, the eye and honour of these desarts, holding this dead mans head between his hands: I would intreat him to ask of it again, what have availed the damned their honours, reputation, riches, riots, pleasures, delights; those wretched lime-twigs, which entangled the wings of the soul, and plunged it into an abyss of infelicities. I would intreat it to tell us what a monster mortal sin is, since to punish it such dreadful dungeons must be built, such racks and tortures. It would tell this with a voice of thunder accompanied with flouds of tears, and you would be appalled, tremble, and weep at it with all the just, who never think of hell but with terrour and tears.

Definition of hell.

O bruitish and sensual men, who live in a continual contempt of Gods anger! Ask the great *Tertullian* what hell is? And he will answer, hell is a treasury of fire, enkindled by the breath of God for punishment of the damned: hell is an ugly and deep sink, and a sewer, wherein all the ordures of Ages are thrown. Ask of *Hugo* of S. *Victor* (*a*) what hell is, and he wil reply, a bottom without bottom, which shutteth the gate against all hopes, and opens it to all despairs. Ask of S. *John* (*b*) what hell is, & he will tell you aloud and plainly, hell is the great lake of Gods anger: It is a great pool of fire and brimstone perpetually inflamed with strong and vigorous breaths of the Omnipotent. And what do the damned there? (*c*) They burn and smoak. On what live they? On the gall of dragons. What air breath they? That of burning coals. What stars and lights have they? The fire of their torments. What nights? Of palpable darkness. What beds? The couches of aspicks and basilisks. What language speak they? Blasphemies. What order have they amongst them? Confusion. What hope? Despair. What patience? Rage. O hell, O hell! Avant, O gnawing worm, avant O living death, avant death which never dies, avant life which daily, not dying dies.

Arcani ignis subterraneum ad panam thesaurus. Absconsus in visceribus terræ profunditas, &c. Tertul. de anim.

(*a*) *Profundum sine fundo, ubi nulla spes boni, & nulla desperatio mali.* Hugo victorius. l. de anima.

(*b*) *Lacus ardens Dei magni, stagnum ignis.* Apoc. 14. & 20.

(*c*) Life of the damned. *Horreo eorum mordacem, & mortem vivacem: horreo incidere in manus mortis viventis, & vitæ morientis.*

Quality and condition of the pains of the damned.

I speak not here of the pain of sense, exercised by this pittiless element, which worketh upon souls as I have shewed you in the beginning of this discourse,

Guliehm. Paris. de univ. p. 1. c. 55.

Locus purae felicitatis nihil habet quod non addat felicitati: locus purae miseriae nihil habet quod non addat calamitati.

course. I let pass this world of punishments figured by vultures, gibbets, tortures, snakes, burning pincers, and all the instruments of terrours, I onely speak of the pain which tormenteth the damned by privation from the sight of God. Imagine within your self a sublime conceit of the great Prelate of *France William* of *Paris*, who in a Treatise he made of the universe, pertinently sheweth, that as Paradise is the house of all felicity, so hell must be the receptacle of all miserie and calamity. Now the blessed, besides beauty of the glory of their bodies, the contentment to enjoy so excellent and triumphant company, have a happiness totally infinite in the sight of God, which is the period of their essential felicitie: So likewise in the same measure the damned shall have some object sad and mournfull, incomparably dolorous, and according to its nature infinite, which collecteth as into one sum all their calamities. And what is this object? Some will imagine it is the aspect of the great lake of fire, and horrid legions of divels. That truly is horrible, but that is not yet the top of their supream miserie. What is it then? I do assure my self you will at first be astonished with what I shall say, and will hold it as a paradox, but it is undoubted. The darkness of hell is apprehended as a most intollerable evil, and that with just cause. Notwithstanding I affirm the greatest torment of the damned, and heigth of their notable calamities, is light. I say light of science and knowledge. To understand this, you must observe a passage of the Prophet *Ezechiel* in the first Chapter, where he describeth the majesty of the God of hosts, who prepareth to chastise the wicked: he representeth him unto us like a hydeous christal mirrour, that is to say, God planteth an idea of himself in the soul of a damned creature, as of a mirrour of Christal, and a terrible light, in which, and through which, it beholdeth most clearly and evidently the good it hath lost by forsaking God, and the evil incurred by drenching it self into the sad habitation of the reprobate. It seeth how in loosing God, it hath lost a good delicious, fruitfull, infinite, everlasting, incomprehensible, a good, for which it was created, and formed by the hands of God. A good, which is meerly and absolutely lost by its infidelity, ingratitude, wickedness, perverse obstinacy in sin. A good, which it might have repaired in a moment of the time it heretofore had, and behold it now irrecoverably for ever lost. Moreover it sees and feeleth by a disastrous experience, the evil whereunto it is fixed by pertinacitie. And that which is also more terrible, is, that as God is repleniſhed with a full and most plentifull felicitie, becauſe he hath all his contentments assembled together, so the damned soul, by a most lively and piercing apprehension of the eternity of its pains, beholdeth the evils it must endure beyond a hundred millions of years, and hath them all as present in thought. From these two lights, and two knowledges in the damned soul, spring as it were two snakes, fastened both to the one and other side of its heart, which incessantly and unconsumably suck all the juyce and marrow of its substance. The holy man *Boetius* (the eye of the *Roman* Senate and ornament of the Church) lets us understand what the punishment of the damned is, when he saith, there needeth neither wheels, tortures, nor gibbets to punish the wicked. He who might onely shew them the beauty of virtue in the form of a lightening-flash, and say unto them, behold wretched creatures, behold what you have lost by your folly, the sorrow they would conceive for their loss would be so sensible, that no keen raisour, devouring flames, gnawing vultures might put them to a more exquisite torment.

The souls of the damned tormented by their lights.

Aspectus Christi terribilis.

Quid demum stolidis me adibus imprecer, &c.

Now I leave you to think, if the wicked in this life for one sole idea of virtue, which passeth in a moment should conceive such a remorse, what may a damned soul that sees in this hydeous chrystal, not for a moment, but through all moments of eternity, the infinite good it hath lost, the infinite unhappiness wherein it for ever sees it self involved. Then is it, yea, perpetually gnawn, torn, and tumbled into a huge torrent of inexplicable dolours, which cause it to break into furies, and unprofitable frenzies.

O Palace of God, saith it, which I have lost! O ugly dens of dragons, whereinto I am head-long thrown! O brightness of Paradise, which shalt be nothing to me! O hydeous darkness, which shalt eternally be my inheritance! O goodly and triumphant company of elect souls, with whom I should eternally have lived, had not my wretchedness sealed up mine eyes! O infernal countenances of enraged divels, which shall hereafter be my objects and perpetual companions! O torrent of delights which poureſt thy self upon those blessed spirits, how have I turned thee into a lake filled with pitch, sulphur, and scortching flames, enkindled with the breath of the Omnipotents anger! O couch of King *Solomon*, how have I given thee away for a bed of coals! O God, O God, whom I have lost, and whom I cannot loose! I have lost him in the quality of a Sovereign Good, yet have him perpetually present as the object and cause of my pains. O eternity! It is then true, that ten millions of years hence my evils shall but begin. Curſed athiesm and infidelity of the world, thou wouldeſt rather feel these torments than believe them. Wert not thou mad? Cruel ambition, thou haſt given me the stroke of death. Disastrous riches, you have forged gyves, which now fetter me. Loves, (pettie vipers of inhumane hearts) you ceased not to breath and enkindle sparks, which made these fires for me. Wicked companies, charming companies, traiterous companies, you were the chains of my ruin. O why was not the womb of my Mother, that served for the first bed of my conception, the Sepulcher of my birth! O why the stars, which predominated at my coming into the world, in lieu of their benign aspects, threw they not darts of poyson against me? Why did not the earth swallow me in my Cradle? Muſt I live one sole moment, to live an enemy of God eternally? O God, what an abyss is thy judgement! Let us draw, let us draw aside the curtain of silence, thy spirit can no longer endure me, nor my pen maintain the conceptions of my heart.

6. It seems enough is said to shew the horrour of mortal sin, which alone is the cause and procurer of Hell. Think seriously on all I have said, and all I have omitted, and if you desire to eschew the unhappiness of a reasonable creature, which I have expressed, observe I pray perpetually, and inviolably these things, which I would if I might inscribe on your hearts in unremoveable characters. The first is, that you must diligently seek to fore-arm your selves against a certain liberty of heart, which neither feareth sin, hell, nor evils of the other life; liberty of heart, which swayeth now adays throughout the world, of which Sathan makes use to blunt the darts of heaven, and all the incitements to the fear of God, as being the true way of athiesm, and an undoubted note of damnation. But contrariewise frame unto your self a conscience termed timorous, a conscience filially and lovingly fearfull, which layeth hold without scruple and disturbance, even of the least offences and imperfections. Fear is the mother of safety, and the means not to fear hell at all, is to fear it always. In the second place you must effectualy apprehend frequent relapse into mortal sins, which is the second note of reprobation. For when a creature suddenly returneth into enormous sins, and playeth as between Paradise and hell, it is a sign he harboureth in this evil heart a plain contempt of God, and an eternal root of sin, the sprout whereof is an everlasting punishment. In the third place you must still live in the state wherein you would die, and often to call your soul to an account of your actions. Ah my soul! If you were at this

Nemo saepius opprimitur, quam qui nihil timet: frequentissimum calamitatis, initium securitas. Velleius.

this preſent inſtant to diſlodge out of this world, are you in a ſtate to be preſented before the inevitable throne of the Sovereign Judge? Have you not ſome touch of mortal ſin? Is there not ſome reſtitution to make? ſome ſatisfaction not accompliſhed? Reſts there not in your heart ſome blemiſh of evil company, & worldly love, which ſlackeneth your purpoſes? Let us break, let us break theſe chains: there is neither pleaſure, money, nor honour can hold. You muſt ſeek ſalvation and ſay: O God of mercy; O moſt mild Saviour, I embrace thy Altars, and implore thy clemencie; deliver my poor ſoul from the ſnares of Sathan, and eternal death at the great day, when heaven and earth ſhall flie before thy Juſtice. I am neither greater than *David*, nor more holy than S. *Paul*, nor to think of Hell. All my members quake, and bloud waxeth cold in my veins, when I reflect on it. O *Jeſus*, O love of eternal mountains, deliver not a ſoul over to this infernal beaſt, which will have no lips, but to praiſe and confeſs thee, eyes, but to behold thee, feet, but to run after thy commandments, nor hands, but eternally to ſerve thee.

The eighteenth EXAMPLE, upon the eighteenth MAXIM.

Of Judgement, and of the pains of Hell.

ALl affairs of the World end in one great affair of the other life, which is that of the judgement God will give upon our ſoul, at its paſſage out of the body. A heart, which hath no apprehenſion thereof, unleſs it have ſome extraordinarie revelation of its glorie, is faithleſs or ſtupid to extremity.

The ſimple idea's of this day make the moſt confident to quake: not ſo much as pictures but have given matter of fear, and if ſome ſparks of knowledge, touching that, which paſſeth at the tribunal of God, come unto us, it ever produceth good effects in ſouls, which had ſome diſpoſition to pietie.

Curopalates Scilizza.

Curopalates relateth, that whileſt *Theodora* poſſeſſed the Empire of *Conſtantinople* with her ſon, who was yet in minoritie, one named *Methodius*, an excellent Painter, an *Italian* by Nation, and religious by profeſſion, went to the Court of the *Bulgarian* King, named *Bogoris*, where he was entertained with much favour. This Prince was yet a Pagan, and though trial had been made to convert him to faith, it ſucceeded not, becauſe his mind employed on pleaſures and worldly affairs, gave very little acceſs to reaſon. He was exceſſively pleaſed with hunting, and as ſome delight in pictures to behold what they love, ſo he appointed *Methodius* to paint an excellent piece of hunting in a Palace, which he newly had built, and not to forget to pencil forth ſome hydeous monſters, and frightful ſhapes.

The Painter, ſeeing he had a fair occaſion to take his opportunity for the converſion of this infidel, inſtead of painting an hunting-piece for him, made an exquiſite table of the day of judgement. There upon one part was to be ſeen heaven in mourning, on the other the earth on fire, the Sea in bloud, the throne of God hanging in the clouds, environed with infinite ſtore of legions of Angels, with countleſs numbers of men raiſed again, fearfully expecting the decree of their happineſs, or lateſt miſery. Below were the devils in divers ſhapes of hydeous monſters, all ready to execute ſtrange puniſhments upon ſouls abandoned to their furie. The abyſs of Hell was open, and threw forth many flames with vapours, able to cover heaven, and infect the earth. This draught being in hand, the Painter ſtill held the King in expectation, ſaying, he wrought an excellent picture for him, and which perhaps might be the laſt maſterpiece of his hand.

In the end the day aſſigned being come, he drew aſide the curtain, and ſhewed his work. It is ſaid the King at firſt ſtood ſome while penſive, not being able to wonder enough at this ſight. Then turning towards *Methodius*, what is this? ſaid he. The religious man took occaſion thereupon to tell him of the judgements of God, of puniſhments and rewards in the other life, wherewith he was ſo moved, that in a ſhort time he yielded himſelf to God by a happy converſion.

If draughts and colours have this effect, what do not viſions, and undoubted revelations, which were communicated to many Saints concerning affairs of the other life? Every one knows the wiſdom and authority of S. *Boniface* the Martyr, who converted *Germany*, ſent thither by *Gregory* the ſecond, and who flouriſhed about nine hundred years ago. This great Apoſtle of the Northern parts left goodly writings to poſterity, being moſt learned, and we have to this day ſome Epiſtles of his taken out of good libraries.

In the one and twentieth of his letters, written to *Aldeburgus*, he makes mention of a man, who was raiſed again to life in his time, the miracle much known, and verified before all the world: for to prove he proceeded very far into knowledges of the other life, he advertiſed many men of note of moſt ſecret ſins, never opened to any living man, and exhorted them for Gods ſake to true pennance. He likewiſe foretold the death of *Ceolredus* King of *Mercia*, who reigned with much tyranny and rapine, whereof he received the reward. S. *Bonifacius.* ep. 21.

This great Prelate S. *Boniface*, then in *Germany*, ſought to inform himſelf particularly of this wonder, and afterward couched in the forementioned Epiſtle, the diſcourſe he had with this late raiſed man. How he asked many queſtions concerning events happened to him in this ſo dangerous paſſage: he tels the ſtorie, and relates it with tears in his eyes:

Alas! how much other are our knowledges at the ſeparation of the ſoul from the bodie, than they are in this preſent life. We here onely ſee through two little holes, which are our two eyes, the bark of objects, a very little diſtance; but the inſtant of death diſcovers unto us much other truths. Repreſent unto your ſelf, ſaid he, a blind man, who never ſaw any thing, if ſome one come and take away the film, giving him ſight, he would then behold things ſpoken of in a much other manner than he imagined. The like happened to me, for my ſoul leaving my body about midnight, I inſtantly ſaw the whole world with the extenſion of its lands and ſeas that water it, as if it had been abbreviated in a table, although to ſay truth, it was not the univerſe which was abbridged, but the ſight of the ſpirit dilated by diſengagement from the bodie.

The world was all encompaſſed with fire, which ſeemed to me of an exceſſive greatneſs, and ready to ſwallow all the elements, if its impetuous courſe had not been ſtayed by the meaſures of Gods hand. At the ſame time I perceived our Saviour in the quality of a Judge, environed with an infinite number of Angels, indued with marvellous brightneſs and excellent beautie: on the other ſide devils in dreadfull ſhapes, which I cannot now well deſcribe, ſince my ſoul is returned to my body. At the ſame inſtant, ſouls newly unlooſened from all parts in ſo prodigious numbers, that I could never believe there had been ſo many creatures in the world. Then was a rigorous examen made of crimes committed in the life paſt: And I ſaw very few ſouls who had holily lived, whileſt they were as yet in this mortal fleſh, to fly unto heaven with palms and Crowns. Others were reſerved to be purged, as gold in the furnace, and to follow the ſteps of thoſe happie warriours, who had gone before them.

As for thoſe who went from this life out of the ſtate of grace, and were in mortal ſin, it was a horrible

ſible thing to ſee the tyrannie with which the devils uſed them For I perceived, in places under the earth, pits, which vomited fire and flames, on the brinks whereof I ſaw thoſe ſouls in ſuch manner, as we ſhall ſee ſome fatal birds, who bewailed & lamented their diſaſters with dreadful complaints, able to rent rocks and marbles aſunder. Then they were thrown into precipices of fire, bidding a long adieu to all pleaſures, without hope ever to behold the face of God, nor pleaſing light of the Sun, or to have fruition of any other reflection, but the flames of their torments.

I who ſaw theſe ſtrange paſſages, leave you to think with what terrour I expected the laſt ſentence of my judge. The evil ſpirits began to accuſe me with all violence: you would have ſaid they had reckoned all the ſteps of my life, ſo rigorouſly they muſtered up all the ſlighteſt actions. But nothing at that time was ſo inſupportable to me as mine own conſcience. For the ſins which I heretofore imagined to be light, were preſented unto me in ſpirit, as horrid phantaſms, which ſeemed to reproch me with mine ingratitude towards God, and to ſay: *I am the pleaſure thou haſt obeyed, I am the ambition whoſe ſlave thou waſt, I am the avarice which was the aim of all thy actions. Behold ſo many ſins, which are thy children. Thou begateſt them: Thou ſo much didſt love them, as to prefer them before thy Saviour.* It is an admirable thing that I likewiſe ſaw the ſpecter of a man, whom I had heretofore wounded though yet alive. He ſeemed to be preſent at this Judgement, and to require of me an account of his bloud.

All theſe horrours had already engulphed me into an inconſolable ſadneſs, expecting nought at all but the ſtroke of thunder and ſentence of my Judge, at which time my good Angel diſpoſed himſelf to produce ſome good works I had heretofore done.

One cannot ſay, nor believe the comfort a ſoul then feels in the remembrance of virtues it exerciſed in the bodie. Happy a thouſand-fold the hands, which ſow alms on earth, to reap them in heaven. It ſeemed to me I ſaw ſo many ſtars of a favourable influence, when I beheld this little good I had done with Gods grace.

Laſtly ſentence was pronounced, that for inſtruction of many, I ſhould again return into life. I muſt confeſs unto you, that amongſt ſo many troubles of mind, ſo many fears and frights, which I ſuffered before the deciſion of my affairs (except devils and hell) nothing ſo much ſtruck me with horrour, as to ſee my bodie, for which a burial was prepared. Is it poſſible (ſaid I to my ſelf) that to ſerve this carrion I ſo often have forſaken my God! Is it poſſible that to fatten this dunghil, I diſpiſed my ſoul! That I ſo adored my priſon and fetters, as to ballance them with the Croſs and nails of my Saviour *Jeſus*! For this cauſe I had ſome repugnance to reenter into this bodie, which ſeemed to me a little hell. But my ſoul coming back into it, I remained the ſpace of ſeven dayes quite ſtupid, and ſo laſtly ſtrove with my ſelf, till bloud guſhed from mine eyes, as not having tears ſufficient to bemoan my ſins. Behold me ready to declare and witneſs to all mortals by an authentike example the words of the Wiſeman, who ſaith: MEMORARE NOVISSIMA TUA, ET IN AETERNUM NON PECCABIS: REMEMBER ALL WILL PASSE AT THE LAST HOUR, AND THOU SHALT NEVER OFFEND. Eccl. 7.

I beſeech the Reader, who peruſeth theſe lines, to put the affairs of his conſcience in order, and if he love any thing in the world, to love it for life eternal.

XIX. MAXIM.

Of Sovereign Happineſs.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

It is a ſimplicity to forſake certain pleaſures for an uncertain beatitude.

Opinion concerning beatitude.

WE live here among the groans of creatures, every one well underſtands he is not in his right ſituation, and all the world turns from one ſide to another, like a ſick man in a bed, and if any one lie ſtill, it is rather through the impotencie of motion, than the happineſs of repoſe. Our ſoul well knows, it is the daughter of a good houſe, that there is another place which expecteth it, another life which inviteth it: It ſeeth ſome glimmers of felicity in the maſs of this bodie, but hath much ado to follow them, ſo many illuſions deceive it upon one ſide, and ſo many obſtacles oppoſe it on the other.

Diſturbances of life. *Auguſt. l. 2. de Trinit. c. 12. Amor magis ſentitur cum prodit indigentia.*

The great flood and ebbe of perpetual diſturbances, ſhew us we are made for ſome great matter, ſince among ſo many objects, there is none which either fully or long contenteth us. We underſtand our happineſs by the continual change of our miſeries, and our ſtrong appetite by diſtaſt of all things. Love, which according to *Plato* is the ſon of indigence, never is ſo ill as with its own mother, from whom it learns nothing but its poverty, which addeth a ſharp ſpur to direct it to riches.

Naz. de itineribus vitæ. The divers wayes of humane life, according to *S. Gregory.*

When I read *S. Gregory Nazianzen*, in the great work he compiled of ſundry courſes of life, it ſeems to me I behold a man in the enterance of a labyrinth,

THE HOLY COURT.

That the glorie of Paradiſe is moſt certain to good men.

much diſtracted, who will and will not, who deſires, waxeth drouthy, is intranced, and become pale, yea, in the height of his delights. It ſeems to me nature leadeth him through all the corners of her Kingdom, and ſayes unto him: O man, what wouldeſt thou do to become happie? Behold, I conduct thee through all the parts of my juriſdiction, of purpoſe to afford thee felicitie, which thou ſeekeſt. Wilt thou then marrie? fy no, ſaith he, for there is too much hazard in the adventure: ſingle life? it is painfull: would you have children? they cloy with too much care: barreneſs? it hath no ſupport: riches? they are treacherous to their Maſter, and many have been in danger to looſe life for having too much wherewith to live: charges and honours? they coſt overmuch, and are indeed dead trees, whereinto oſtriches flie as well as eagles: would you have favour? it is a ſquib which cracks in the air, and leaves nothing behind it but burnt paper and ſmoak: but if the Courts of Great-ones afford good fruit, there is ſtore many times of evil birds, which devour it. Thou wouldeſt then live in ſubjection (ſaith nature) ſince thou canſt not command? He replieth, he could not obey. I will make thee poor, ſaith ſhe, to teach thee humilitie: you were as good, quoth he, to put me on the wheel. Thou ſhalt have beautie; it is the ſnare of luſt: youth;

youth; it is the bubling of time: ſtrength, it ſhall be inferiour to bulls: nobility; it is too full of liberty: eloquence, it is too vain: skill in pleading; it is nought but wrangling. Wouldeſt thou wear a ſword by thy ſide? it is to live either an homicide, or to become a victime of death: retire into ſome wilderneſs? it is to languiſh. Will you have title? it is to become captive: traffick? it hath too much hazard and pains: travel? it hath too much toil: ſail on the ſea? there are too many ſtorms: ſtay on the land? it is repleat with miſeries: learn ſome trade? all is full of craft, and I find none good: manure the earth? I am not able: live idlely? that is to rot alive.

Obteruntur humilitate depreſſa, nutant celſa faſtigio. S. *Eucherius.* Miſeries of this preſent life.

One knoweth not on what ſide to turn him in the world; poor ſtates are overwhelmed under their miſeries, great totter, born down with the weight of their own greatneſs. We find by experience, that we here lead a painfull bitter, and corruptible life, which is fruitfull in miſeries, knowing in all whereof it ſhould be ignorant, and many times impotent but to do ill. A life over which elements predominate, which heats burn, cold congeals, humours ſwell, maladies torment, the very air and viands wherewith it lives ceaſe not to corrupt. A life which loves tyrannize, hopes flatter, cares devour, anxieties oppreſs, joyes make profuſely diſſolute. A life which ignorance blindfolds, fleſh tempteth, the world deceives, ſin poiſoneth, the devil beguiles, inconſtancy turmoileth, time takes away, and death deſpoileth.

Neceſſary conſequence.

Now what ſpirit is ſo bruitiſh and unnatural, which conſidering upon one ſide how God accommodateth all creatures, even the leaſt flies, to the full latitude of that felicitie their nature admitteth, and on the other ſide ſeeing this great abyſs of miſeries, wherein we role in this life, doth not judge that God, who in his nature is moſt wiſe and benign, hath not ſo given the King of creatures over as prey to injuries and calamities, as not to have reſerved a life of ſpirits for him, ſince he is ſpirit, to pleaſe him by an intellectual felicitie.

Bonum omnes conjectant, maximè vero principaliſſimum. *Ariſtot.* politic. lib. 1. cap. 1.

Opinion of the wiſe. *Summum hominis bonum eſt perfectio per ſua intellectiva.*

2. The Sages of Gentiliſm have looked this verity in the face by the ſole ray of natural light. For if we conſult with *Alpharabius* the *Arabian*, he will tell us, that the Sovereign felicitie of man conſiſteth in a perfect diſpoſe of the functions of his ſoul, as well thoſe which concern the underſtanding, as ſuch as depend on the will. If we ask of the Philoſopher *Heraclitus*, what wiped his eyes ſo many times drenched in his tears? He will tell you, that it was the contemplation of a good not imaginable, which expected ſouls in the other life. If we deſire to underſtand the apprehenſions of *Metrodorus*, we ſhall learn the ſoul muſt aſcend until it behold time in its ſource, and the infinity of the firſt Being. If we covet to hear *Plato* upon it, doth not he diſcourſe in his *Phedon*, that the ſoul recollected within it ſelf, mounteth to the Divinity, whoſe image it carrieth, and that in the fruition thereof, it ſatisfieth all deſires? Is it not likewiſe the doctrine of *Triſmegiſtus* in his *Pymander*? Doth not he teach us, the ſoul after death of the bodie returns to its nature, as a troubled water which purifieth when it is ſetled. And doth not *Plotinus* triumph on this ſubject in publiſhing, that bleſſed ſouls at their paſſage out of bodies go to the firſt beautie, which hath power to make all its ſpectatours fair and amiable? There it is, (ſaith he) we ſhall live for ever in the palace of verity, which is the mother-nurce, nouriſhment, and eſſence of our ſoul. There it is, that all is all, and where each part becometh a whole. There it is, where happineſs is indefatigable, and plenitude never gives a loathing to him who poſſeſſeth it.

Aſcende donec ſæculum, & rerum videas infinitatem. Plato in Phædone. Mercur. Triſmeg. Pymander. cap. 1. Plotinus Ennead. 1. l. 6. & Ennead. 5. l. 8.

And who knoweth not the raptures of *Seneca*, when in the hundred and the ſecond Epiſtle he ſpeaks of the ſoul, which goeth out of the body, as from a wretched veſſell, to enter into theſe vaſt Temples of Intelligences and lights, deriving its nouriſhment and increaſe from the ſame place, whence it took its beginning? May we not ſay, this truth ſo loudly profeſſed by men, who lived in a belief different from ours, is a publick voice of humane nature, touched by the ray of its felicitie? Senec. ep. 102.

Infinity of our Appetites. *Nubes ad alta levatur, denſata vento impellitur ut currat, calore diſſolvitur ut evaneſcat, &c.* *Greg.* in Job. l. 8. c. 10. Eccl. 12. 7. A notable enigma of the Wiſeman.

Divines teach us our appetite is finite in its eſſence, infinite in its productions. It is a miracle to ſee a heart ſo little, big with ſo many deſires, and perpetually to go like a wheel enflamed with its ardours, or rather a fire which makes a prey of its own way, and is nouriſhed with proper hunger. It is a cloud (ſaith S. *Gregory*) ſwoln with vapours, toſſed with winds, ſcattered by heat. It daily makes abortion of a thouſand productions, and when it thinks to have all, embraceth nothing.

The wiſeman ſpeaking of death, ſaith, it is that *which ſhall break the pitcher at the fountain, and the wheel upon the ciſtern.* Some explicate this litterally of the veins and brain. But I had rather at this preſent ſay, this pitcher is the heart of man, which ceaſeth not to go to the water of the *Samaritan*, whereof our Saviour ſpake, when he ſaid: *He who ſhall drink of this water, ſhall ever be thirſty.* It is a water which never quencheth thirſt, and which ſometimes ſerves for an incentive to inſatiable deſires. And the pitcher ſo many times fruitleſly filled with this water, the heart ſo often drenched in theſe frail and momentarie pleaſures, ſhall ſplit againſt the rock of death, remaining ſtill at the fountain of concupiſcence. *Omnis qui biberit ex aqua hac ſitiet iterum.* Joan. 4.

Nay I will tell you, the heart is a wheel over the ciſtern of life, which ceaſeth not to draw up buckets filled with wind; one while running after one object, another time after another, not finding contentment, and at the laſt day the wheel ſhall be broken over the ciſtern, when man, if not warie, ſhall be ſurprized in the labyrinth of his deſigns, and confuſion of his hopes.

Providence of God in the limits of our appetites.

3. Now conſider the wiſdom of God, who having given us an infinite appetite, would not limit it but by himſelf: he would be our good, and being unable to be the end of himſelf, (becauſe he hath no end) he will be ours, to make us in ſome ſort infinite. He will not we put our felicities in commands and honours, becauſe they often reſemble the Idol *Moloch*, which was outwardly of gold, inwardly morter; and becauſe honour is rather in him who honoureth, than in the honoured. He will not we ground our ſelves upon riches; for either they be gems which are the ſcum of elements; or mettals which are the harbours of ruſt, and enkindlers of avarice; or garments the food of moaths; or houſes, which are mountains compoſed of the bones of the earth; or fruits, beaſts, and ſo many other productions of nature, which cannot make us happie, ſeeing they, beſides their frailty, are of a ſervile nature, being made for the ſervice of men, and not for their glorie. He will not we place our happineſs on pleaſures, becauſe all bleſſings of ſenſe go not beyond ſenſe, and for that their condition is either to ſtarve men by their barenneſs, or ſtrangle them with their ſuperfluities. The beſt part of our ſelves being the ſpirit, he will repleniſh us with himſelf, who is the chief of ſpirits. It is he (ſaid the Prophet *Eſay*) who is the Crown of true glorie, and the poſie of all comforts: the Crown, becauſe his felicitie is wholly circular, and fully repleniſhed as the circle without any defect; the poſie, inſomuch as in his ſole eſſence he comprehendeth all

God will repleniſh us with himſelf.

Greatneſs of God. Iſa. 28. 5. *Corona gloriæ, & ſertum exultationis.*

all the good of creatures, which are as petty flowers of this goodly garden.

In unum neceſſe eſt ſummitas magnitudinis eliquetur. Tertul. l. 1. *adverſus* Marcion. c. 2. Bernard. l. 5. de conſider. c. 5.

It is neceſſarie (ſaith *Tertullian*) that all greatneſs and beauties be extracted into one alone, which is the firſt greatneſs and prime beauty. He loves as charity, he knows as verity, he ſits as equitie, he ruleth as majeſty, he governeth as chief, he defends as ſafety, he operateth as virtue, he revealeth as light, he aſſiſteth as piety, he doth all in all things, and ſuch as he is, he giveth himſelf unto us. I demand of you, whether he deſerveth not to be eternally diſpleaſed, who cannot content himſelf with God?

Nay, that which here maketh his communication the more perfect and admirable, is, that Divines obſerve their be two felicities in heaven: The one of object, the other formal. That of object, is the good by which we become happy, and formal, is the poſſeſſion of the ſame good. Felicitie of object is that, which looketh towards God without any reflection upon us; formal felicitie is that, which reſpecteth our proper good. We might ſee God as a diſtant mirrour, which were not ours, and which had not the power to make us lovely. We might love him with a love of good will, by the ſole conſideration of his perfections. We might rejoyce at his good, without relation to our own benefit: But the goodneſs of God would not onely make us happie with the felicitie of our object, but by formal beatitude. He will not well behold him with a lazie and barren eye, but with a viſion, which rendereth us like to himſelf.

S. Thom. 2. 2. q. 3.

Similes ei erimus quoniam videbimus eum ſicuti eſt. Joan. 1. 3.

He will not we love him onely with a love of good will, but with a love of ardent deſire, as our good and repoſe. He will not we rejoyce onely becauſe he is God, but for that he is our God, our ſcope, and contentment.

The eſſential point of beatitude is union with God.

4. The point of this beatitude conſiſteth in a perfect union of our ſoul with God, who is the fountain of ſpirits, the object of all regular loves, and the circle of felicity. So long as we are in the world (ſaith the Apoſtle) we are as pilgrims in a forraign Nation, ſeparated from the ſweetneſs of our deareſt Country, and lovely viſion of the ſovereign cauſe. We are (ſaith *Syneſius*) as little veins of water wandered from their fountains, which deſire nothing but to be re-united to their ſource: ſhould you afford them veſſels of amber or chryſtal to contain them, they are never ſo well as in their origen. We have a ſtrong inclination that diſpoſeth us to know, love, and admire this ſoveriegn Being, which makes the world bring forth his great ide'as with more eaſe, than the Sun could produce a ray.

ἱκέσιος μεν. Syneſius hymn.

σαγῆνες δι- δὸν ἐξο- χῆϑεν.

Diverſity of unions.

Now here we muſt obſerve, there are many ſorts of union: The one of dependence, which cauſeth the creature to depend on the Creatour, as light on his ſtar, and heat on the fire, which produced it: The other of preſence and moſt inward penetration, by which God penetrateth all creatures by his admirable infuſions, by reaſon of his immenſity and ſubtility: The third of grace, by which we are ſanctified, and in a ſort made participant of Divine nature: The fourth of glorie, properly that, which accompliſheth what grace had begun, and ſetteth a ſeal upon the plenitude of all our felicities. This being ſo divided, it is evident, that the union, whereof we here ſpeak, is the glorified and ineffable union, which diſpoſeth the reaſonable creature to the higheſt point of the commerce it may have with the divinity.

It is very hard to explicate how that is in our ſoul, becauſe of the weakneſs of our ſpirits, which are now ſo tied to fleſh. Some Divines refuted by Chancellour *Gerſon*, and among others, Doctour *Almaricus*, and *Henricus*, took this in a very high ſtrain, when they imagined that God coming to fall as a lightening-flaſh upon the ſoul of a bleſſed one, filled it with his preſence, force, and love, and ſo poſſeſſed it, that he wholly converted it into himſelf, in ſuch manner, that from created Being, it paſſed to increated Being, returning to idea's of God, and into the ſtate it had before the worlds creation.

Anima perdit eſſe ſuum, & accipit eſſe divinum.

This opinion hath been rejected, and condemned as a chymera: for God will not beautifie us by ruining and deſtroying us, but he will our felicitie be ſo wholly of him, that it be notwithſtanding wholly to us, and there is no apparence our ſoul, which is immortal and incorruptible, ſhould be annihilated by the approch of God, from whom it muſt derive its being and conſervation.

Union of glorie what it is.

5. We muſt then conceive this much otherwiſe, and believe the union of glorie, that makes our beatitude, conſiſteth in the viſion, love, and joy of God, which is the fruition, termed by S. *Thomas* the ineffable kiſſes. Imagine you ſee a needle, which in preſence of a diamond runs not to the adamant, as being tied and fettered by the force of this obſtacle, but if you take away the diamond which captived it, it goes ſtoutly and impetuouſly to its adamant, which ſetteth it in the place of its repoſe by ordinarie charms. I find ſomething like in the ſtate wherein we are: Our poor ſpirit naturally tendeth to God, as to the firſt cauſe, and can take no contentment but in union with him; yet is it here arreſted by the poize of body, by the bait of concupiſcence, and tie of ſenſe: but ſo ſoon as theſe obſtacles are taken away, and that it feeleth the vigorous infuſions of this light of glorie, which giveth it wings to raiſe it ſelf to the Sovereign good above all the ways of nature, it ſoareth as a feathered arrow unto the butt of its deſires, it fincks and plungeth it ſelf into the boſom of God, and there abideth contented with three acts, which eſſentially compoſe its beatitude. The firſt is viſion, the root of this ſo Sovereign happineſs, which cauſeth us to ſee with the eyes of a moſt purified underſtanding, through the rayes of the light of glorie, the great God, face to face, with all the immenſity of his eſſence, the length of his eternity, the height of his majeſty, the extent of all his excellencies, and with the fecundity of his eternal emanations, the productions of total nature, and ſecrets of higheſt myſteries. We ſhall ſee him (ſaith S. *John*) as he is and thereupon S. *Auguſtine* addeth, we ſhall neceſſarily derive a reſemblance of God, becauſe knowledge here principally rendereth him who knoweth like to the thing known.

The three acts of beatitude.

Joan. 1. 3. *Auguſt.* l. 9. de Trin. c. 10. *Omnis ſecundum ſpiritum notitia ſimilis eſt rei quam novit.*

Of this viſion neceſſarily is formed a great fire of love divinized, when God like to a burning mirrour oppoſed to a glorified ſoul, replenilheth it with his ardours, ever by us to be adored. And from this love proceedeth that exceſſive joy, which is called the joy of God. Viſion cauſeth in us an expreſſion of God; love an inclination delicately violent to the preſence of this Sovereign good; joy, a profound repoſe, which ſeems to ſpread over our hearts a great river of peace, benedictions, and felicities. Then this beatified ſoul not being able to be what God is by nature, in ſome ſort becometh ſuch by favour. So that S. *Gregory* durſt boldly ſay, our ſoul makes it ſelf a little God, which eternally triumphs in the boſom of the great God. It is properly then, when man by an amorous conſumption wholly diſſolves into his beginning, and not looſing what he is, becometh one ſame ſpirit with him, not by nature, but by apprehenſion and affection. He not onely will what God willeth, but he cannot will any thing but what God will. He takes part in all his intereſt, all his greatneſs, and all his joys, being ſo divinely incorporated into the family & boſom of this Father of eſſences. He rejoyceth at the beatitude of all the elect, as of his own;

Θεὸς ἐν θεῷ χορευεῖ. Naz. Hymn.

he is rapt with admiration, ſometimes at the beauty of the place, ſometimes at the delicious correſpondence of that great company, ſometimes at the unchangeable continuance of his moſt bleſſed eternity, ſometimes at the garments of glorie his body muſt put on, and he every where beholdeth ſources of comfort to ſpring, which can never drie.

Three great effects of beatitude.

6. From this favour, beſides ſo many other wonders, I ſee three excellent effects ſucceed. The firſt is, impeccability: The ſecond, verity of our knowledges, which ſhall admit no errour: The third, tranquillity of our love, which ſhall not know what wound or interruption is. And firſt conſider what a good it is to be impeccable, ſince we not onely ſhall be without ſin, but out of all danger of ſinning. All that which here afflicteth the moſt purified ſouls, is not to be expoſed to ſo many miſeries and perſecutions, for they know good men are here on earth like flower-deluces, begotten by their own tears, and that in the ſame manner they are produced to beatitude by their proper afflictions; but it is to ſee themſelves in a ſtate of power to looſe the grace of God, and to be able to be ſeparated from the firſt of lives, by an action of death. That is it which made *Job*, being on the dunghil like to the dunghil it ſelf, as on the throne of patience, to deplore his condition and ſay: *Why haſt thou made me, ſeeing I am contrary to thy divine Majeſty? That is it which renders me inſupportable to my ſelf.*

The great happineſs to be impeccable.

Plin. 21. 5. *Lilium lachrymâ ſuâ ſcribitur.*

Quare me poſuiſti contrarium tibi, & ſum mihimetipſi gravis?

Now there ſhall be in beatitude an impotencie of ſin, becauſe in full ſight of Sovereign good it will be impoſſible to propend to the leaſt evil, or leaſt diſorder, without which there can be no ſin.

Excellency of beatifick ſcience.

Moreover, as our knowledges are here wretched and ſtarven, there is not a man ſo knowing in the world, who for one drop of knowledge hath not a tun of ignorance, and who in the little he knoweth, hath not ever many errours, which ſtick to ſcience as the worm to the tree, or the moath to the cloath. Now there above, the ray of increated light, which ſhall appear in full luſtre, will diſſipate all the weakneſs of underſtanding, all inconſiderations, all faults, and ſhall fill us with a moſt reſplendent verity. So that our ſoul ſhall be like to that *Ægyptian* pyramid, which perpendicularly reflected on by the Sun, caſt no ſhadow.

In lumine tuo videbimus lumen.

Beauty of beatifick love compared to the weakneſs of wordly love.

Laſtly we ſee our love is ill guided in this way-faring life, it ſticks upon ſo many frivolous objects, which are fooliſh fires, that often lead it into precipices. It is taken by the eys with bleſſings, which have nothing more certain in them than their loſs, bleſſings which we ever ſhall leave by death, if they forſake not us by misfortune. Being ſurprized it tumbleth therein, and perpetually bendeth to all which feedeth its dolours, and drives away content. All it leaſt can do, is that thing it moſt deſires; all it ſeeks, is many times the good it eſcheweth: It looſeth labour to run after a flitting phantaſm, and if it ſtay, it is not but through deſpair not to overtake all which kils it. But if it come to poſſeſs what it loves, it is inſtantly turmoiled with its happineſs, and not having need to labour any more in deſires, it grows mouldly in proper fruition. It is willing to be reſiſted, to enkindle its flame, and reſiſtance thruſts it into rage, as poſſeſſion into diſtaſt. That is it which maketh me ſay, the earth being made for us, we are not made for the earth, and that we ſhould ſeek the place where love ſuffers neither offence nor interruption. I ſay offence; for it hath an object which contents all the world, and offendeth none. I ſay interruption, for if we ceaſe to love in Paradiſe, it muſt proceed from God, or from our ſelves: If it be by the commandment of God, we ceaſe to love, we ſhall ceaſe in loving, and in ceaſing we ſhall inceſſantly love, ſince we ſhall ceaſe through love. This ceſſation cannot come from us, for we ſhall love without obſtacle and of neceſſitie that Sovereign good, which for its infinities will not be beloved but in infinitum.

O what pleaſure, to have but one pleaſure, and what joy to derive all joys from their ſource! Why ſay we not with S. *Auguſtine*: O fountain of life, O vein of living waters, when ſhall I come to thy delights, and eternal ſweetneſs! I here on earth ſigh after thy beauties (O holy *Hieruſalem*) in a land ſcorched with ſervours of ſenſuality. O when will it be, that I ſhall come before the face of my God! Think you I ſhall ſee that fortunate day, that day of comfort, and triumphs, that day which God hath made, and which takes its eaſtern riſe from his eys? O bright day, which hath no evening, nor knows what the ſetting Sun is! When do you think I ſhall hear that word, Enter into the joys of thy Maſter; enter into a joy inacceſſible to ſorrow, wherein is all good, with an eternal baniſhment of all evil? There it is, where youth waxed not old, where life hath no limits, where beauty decays not, where love knoweth not what it is to be cold, nor health to impair.

O dear Citie! With weeping eys we behold thee afar off, we thy poor exiles, but yet thy children, redeemed with his bloud, who makes thee happie by his aſpects. Stretch out thy arms unto us, O mild Saviour, caſt an eye on us from the haven in theſe ſtorms of life, and give us leave to walk in ſo undoubted paths, that we may come to the place where thou liveſt and reigneſt for ever.

The nineteenth EXAMPLE, upon the nineteenth MAXIM.

Of the Pleaſures of beatitude.

THE joys of Paradiſe are without example, and as they are here above our experience, ſo they paſs beyond our imagination. Yet well may we conceive, raiſed bodies ſhall have ſome manner of contentment, in the perfect uſe of their ſenſes and beauty of objects, which ſhall ſatiate them with everlaſting delights.

When after a long winter, which covered us in darkneſs, and buried us in ſnow, we behold a new world ariſe under the benign favour of the ſpring, and conſequently the golden days of ſummer, we feel our heart dilate, ſeaſonably taking in ſome antipaſt of the repoſe of the bleſſed. What ſweetneſs is it to enjoy delights in a body ſound, and a ſpirit well purified? What contentment to behold thoſe goodly Palaces, where is ſeen an admirable conſort of art and nature, ſo many Hals ſo well furniſhed within, ſuch rich hangings, ſuch moſt exquiſite pictures, ſuch marbles, ſuch gildings; and without, mountains which make a natural theater, tapiſtred without art to ſurpaſs all workmanſhip, forreſts, which ſeem born with the world, hedges, and knots curiouſly cut, alleys and mazes, where both eys and feet are loſt, rivers which creep along with ſilver purlings about gardens enameled with moſt fragant flowers, cavernes repleniſhed with a ſacred horrour, grots and fountains which gently gliding contend with the warble of birds, and ſo many other ſpectacles, which at firſt ſight aſtoniſh ſpirits and never ſatiate. All this is but a little atome; I do not ſay of the eſſential pleaſure of the bleſſed which is ineffable, but of the ſole content of the ſenſes of a glorious bodie, which may in ſome ſort be expreſſed.

S. *John* to accommodate himſelf to the weakneſs of our underſtanding, hath made a deſcription of it in the Apocalyps, where he depainteth this goodly Cittie of the bleſſed with ſingular curioſity. It is a pretty thing to conſider how *Lucian*, an excellent wit though a bad man, intruding into our myſteries hath ſet out in his idea's to the imitation of it the life of the fortunate Iland, wherein he ſayes all he can

Apoc. 21. and 22.

to

to repreſent unto us unſpeakable delights: but it is ſo far from what we would, but cannot ſay, as Heaven from earth.

Lucian. l. 2. verar. hiſt.

"When you approach (*ſaith he*) to this place, you diſcover the walls, extended in length, all built with emeralds, the luſtre whereof is extreamly reſplendent and pleaſing. The gates are of a precious and odoriferous wood, which caſteth forth at the enterance moſt delicious ſavours. When you paſs in, you behold a pavement all of ivorie, and houſes all of gold, ſet out with coſtly workmanſhips. The Temples there are made of huge Berils, precious ſtones, of the colour of the ſea, and Altars of Amethiſt. The whole Citie is environed with a goodly river, which ſtreameth all in balm, three hundred cubits broad, and as deep as is neceſſary to bathe in. There are on either ſide ſtoves, which are great houſes of glaſs, wherein are exquiſite baths: They never burn any other wood in them but cynnamon, and in ſtead of water, a certain dew is preſerved, ſovereign for bodily health.

It is a pleaſant thing to ſee the inhabitants of this fortunate Citie, for you would ſay, their bodies are no bodies, but naked ſouls, ſeen by the help of ſome thin veil. Yet they ſtand upright, and ſit, walk, ſee, hearken, talk and anſwer, but have nothing groſs or terreſtrial in them, as we. Their garments are of purple colour, and of a ſilk as tranſparent as ſpiders webs. No man complaineth there either of poverty, maladies, paſſions of the mind, or miſeries of the world: no man waxeth old, and all ſuch as have the favour to enter into it, remain there incorruptible. They never have either winter or night, but a temperate ſeaſon, and day which ſeems to go on with a perpetual morning. There is no asking, whether there be orchards, gardens, flowers, or fruits: for never were the like pleaſures ſeen. Their vines bear twelve times a year, and ſome fruit-trees to thirteen. Their corn is very fair, and hath on the top of the ear, little loaves of bread, ready made, very taſtful.

I told in the Citie three hundred three-ſcore and five fountains with chryſtaline water, as many with honey, five hundred with ſweet water, ſeven rivers of milk, and eight of moſt exquiſite wine. They make many feaſts out of the Citie, in a beautifull meadow, properly called *Elyſium*, wholly repleniſhed with the choiceſt beauties of nature, and all round about it is crowned with a great wood which plentifully affordeth ſhadow. They ſit upon couches all compoſed of flowers, which never wither, and when they are at table, the winds take care to bring them all the moſt precious viands, except wine, whereof they have no need; for there are trees of Chryſtal which bear fruits made as glaſſes, and ſuch cups as we uſe, and ſo often as they gather them, they find them filled with a pleſant liquour.

Mean while Nightingales, Linnets, Gold-finches and Buntings flie over their heads, and having wantonly thrown flowers on the table, which they had gathered in the next meadows, make them admirable muſick. The clouds alſo ſwoln with vapours, drawn from thoſe fragrant fountains, afford a little dew for them to bathe in and recreate themſelves. Laſtly, that which is very commendable among them, is, they have two fountains, one of joy, the other of laughter, which being once taſted, they become impenetrable to all ſorrow.

Behold all a curious wit may do to deſcribe a life truly contented. We know there is nothing of all this in Paradiſe, but we are not likewiſe ignorant there is more than all this, and that whoſoever might have the favour onely one hour to be with the ſun and ſtars, ſhould there find ſo brave ſights, that all theſe dalliances of wit ſo gaily ſet out by this man, would ſeem to him no better than the ſlight verdure of cottage land-skips, hanged out of the windows in compariſon of the tuilleries.

The bleſſed ſhall have the pleaſure of eyes in the aſpect of the humanity of our Saviour, of the moſt holy Virgin, of ſo many bodies more luſtrous than the ſun, of ſo many beauties which ſhall never ceaſe to be beauties. The recreation of ears in the mottets and canticles of triumph, which ſhall be ſung to the praiſe of the ever to be adored Trinity. The contentment of ſmell in the good odour which ſhall proceed from glorified fleſh. The exerciſe of taſt, not in wine or viands, but in a ſubtile humour wherewith the pallate ſhall be perpetually moiſtened, by reaſon of the noble temperature of body. The ſatisfaction of touch in converſation with celeſtial bodies. All this may in ſome ſort be conceived by the figure we have here preſented. But the joy of God, and the eſſential beatitude, whereof I ſpeak in the diſcourſe, cannot fall under our ſenſe. Yet we may imagine the ſenſe of joy a man hath, who unexpectedly goeth out of a tedious and painfull impriſonment, or he who prevails in a great and deſperate ſuit, or who enjoys a love infinitely affected, and ſees himſelf tied by chaſt mariage to a wife a thouſand times deſired; or who is raiſed to ſome great office and eminent dignity, which may advance him to ſome high eſteem, and bring him ſtore of wealth; or who ſuddenly, and after many years, meeteth a dear friend whom he thought long ſince dead: The ſoul ſometimes is ſo ſeized with joy, that the bodie is no longer able to bear it, and remains overwhelmed as it were under roſes.

We know what happened to the good old man *Diagoras*, ſo famous in hiſtories, which tell us, that in an aſſembly of Olympike games (the Theater of all *Greece*) he having ſeen three of his ſons publickly crowned by the Magiſtrate, took at firſt great comfort therein, which multiplied in his heart, as light by the break of day. But ſo ſoon as theſe three young men came near to embrace him, and had all joyntly put their Crowns on his head, the good man ſhedding tears for joy, ſaid: Gell. l. 9.

Children, I am not to flie to heaven, yet have concluded all my joys on earth, ſeeing you to day all three together crowned in the boſom of glorie, and the full accompliſhment of my wiſhes. It is time to die, ſince life can adde nothing to my happineſs.

And ſaying theſe or the like words, he was ſo intranced with the conſideration of good fortune, that he died in the place.

An honourable Ladie of the Iſland of *Naxos*, named *Polycrite*, was touched with the like paſſion which took away her life, not bereaving her of glorie. For the hiſtorie ſaith, Her Citie being beſieged by the *Eythreens*, and menaced with all the calamities might be expected from a ſiege, ſhe was intreated by the prime men thereof, to undertake an Embaſſage for the pacifying of troubles, which ſhe willingly did, and being one of the moſt beautifull women of her time, and a very good Oratreſs, ſhe had ſo much power upon the Prince *Diognetes*, the General in this ſiege, that ſhe diſpoſed his heart to what ſhe pleaſed. In ſuch ſort, that going forth in the fear and confuſion of all the people, ſhe returned with peace and aſſurance of quiet, which made them all to come out to receive her at the Citie gates with loud acclamations, ſome throwing flowers, other Crowns, and all rendering thanks to her as their Sovereign Preſervereſs. She apprehended ſo much joy therewith, that in the very inſtant, ſhe expired in her honours at the Citie gate, and in ſtead of being carried to the throne, was brought to her tomb with the infinite ſorrow of all her countrey. I leave you to think if humane comforts have ſuch force, what will the great joy of God be for theſe unheard-of ſpectacles, theſe continual triumphs and inexhauſtible ſources. Muſt we not ſay, we ſhould there every moment leave our ſouls in the height of pleaſure, were not the happineſs of it conjoyned to immortality? Plutarch. de clar. mulieribus.

XX. MAXIM.

of RESURRECTION.

THE PROPHANE COURT.

That we must not deny our bodies the benefit of time, since they must perish.

The resurrection proved more than any other mysterie.

WE may truly say, there is not any mysterie in all our faith, which God hath pleased to teach and prove unto us more effectually, than the resurrection. For it being sufficiently averred, that our salvation consisteth in the knowledge of three principal Articles, which are, that of the Trinity, of the incarnation with its extension made to the Sacrament of the Altar, and of the Resurrection; although they be all of like necessity, yet it seems God disposing himself more to our ends than his own, hath more abundantly explaned himself in this last mysterie, which most concerneth our peculiar profit. It is very true, that for the doctrine of the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Sacrament of the Altar, he was contented to give us some figures of them in the old Testament, not fully shewing the effects: but for the Resurrection, he was pleased to establish it, even before his coming into the world, really and actually, by raising many dead by the merits of *Elias* and *Elizeus*, as we learn in the history of Kings. It is well enough known, that having afforded to the Ancients very obscure knowledges of the Trinity, and Incarnation, for the Resurrection alone he made the law, of nature, the *Mosaical*, the order of the world, the form of Common-wealths, and the Evangelical law to speak so intelligibly, that he could speak nothing more perspicuously.

Scio quod Redemptor meus vivit & in novissimo die de terra resurrecturus sum, &c. Job 19.

In the law of nature I understand the chief Secretary of the world, *Job*, who crieth out on the dunghil: *I know my Redeemer liveth, and that at the last day of the world I must rise again from the earth, and shall see God in mine own flesh; that I shall see my self in person, and that my eyes shall behold him, and no other: this hope I keep as a pledge in my bosom.* A man who lived about three thousand years ago, before all books, all Doctours, and all schools, to speak in so clear terms, so pressing, so peremptory, is it not a prodigie?

Ecce ego aperiam tumulos vestros & educam vos de sepulchris vestris. Ezech. 35. Macch. 2. Math. 22. D. Tho. art. 1. ad 2. supplem. q. 75.

In the *Mosaical* law, besides formal passages in the prophet Ezechiel: *I will open your tombs, and will take you from your sepulchers*; besides the generous confession of the *Macchabees*, we have in the *Pentateuch* a passage alledged for proof of the resurrection by the Son of God himself, which for this purpose ought to be held, as an argument necessary and invincible. It is so many times said, *The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob*: Now he is not the God of the dead, but of the living, and therefore needs must these Patriarchs be living, not onely in the immortality of their souls, for the soul makes not a man entire, but in future resurrection.

Tertul. l. de Resur. c. 12. and 13. *Greg. Mag.* 14. mor. c. 10. *Cyril.* Catech. 18. *Macar.* hom. 5. de Resur. Nil. Ora. 2. de Pasca. *Theod.* serm. de Provid.

In the order of the world, we have the new birth of stars, dayes, seasons, planets, of birds, who make a perpetual image of the Resurrection in the world, on which the holy Fathers enlarge with much eloquence. In the form of Common-wealths and policie of the universe, we observe the great care all Nations, the most barbarous, have had of the burial of bodies, not to have been but through an instinct and estimation of the resurrection. Which the chief men in Gentilism have publickly and notably professed.

THE HOLY COURT.

That we must use our bodies as the Temples of God, since they must rise again.

And although they had very weak knowledge of other mysteries of our faith, and spake of it with much obscurity, in the point of resurrection, they unfolded themselves most distinctly and expresly.

Mercurius Trismegistus, in the first chapter of *Pymander* assureth us of the resurrection of bodies, as a thing infallible. The great *Athenagoras* sheweth, it was the doctrine of *Pythagoras* and *Plato*, the two first lights of *Philosophy*. And verily we have also the writings of *Plato*, which witness, the wicked shall be judged, and condemned to hell in bodie and soul; a passage alledged by S. *Justine* in the tenth of his Common-wealth, and which is more, this singular man to win us to this belief, hath couched a very notable axiom in his *Phedon*, where he saith, that all, which is living in the world, comes from some thing dead. *Democritus*, who was (as *Hippocrates* affirmeth) one of the wisest men in the world, wished the bodies of the dead should be honourably used in respect of resurrection, which *Pliny* could not dissemble. *Phocyllides* said the same in verses, written as with the rayes of the Sun. Nay if we would consult with the tombs of the dead, we shall find, there hath not been any but some wicked and irregular spirits, who have renounced the blessings of the other life, as by publick professiion causing it to be engraven on their tombs. So did *Sardanapalus* the most infamous of men, whose epitaph *Aristotle* having read, said, It was more fit for a hog, than a King.

ἐκ τῶν τεθνεώτων ζῶντα τὰ νῦν ὄντα. *Plato in Phædon. Plin. l. 7. c. 55.*

So did that wretched woman of *Bresse*, whose monument is yet to be seen in antiquities, causing to be set over her ashes: *That after the death of her husband she had been neither widdow nor wife: and that her house served onely for a snare to loves: Otherwise that during life, she never believed any thing but life.* So did one *Julia*, who caused also to be inscribed over her bones: *That she had lived seven and twenty years without committing any sin, but by resigning her self to death.*

Vixi, & ultra vitam nihil credidi. Nihil unquam peccavit, nisi quod mortua est. Brisson. formul.

But on the contrarie, you observe some of the Gentiles, who professed the happiness of the soul in the other life, and the resurrection even on their tombs. We at this day read in *Rome* the Epitaph of *Lucius* and *Flavius*, two friends, who witnessed, *They would have but one grave on earth, since their souls make but one in Heaven.* And that of *Aulus Egnatius* who maketh mention, *That all his life-time he learned nothing, but to live and die, from whence he now deriveth the joys of beatitude.* And that of *Felicianus*, who having led a solitarie life, saith, *He did so to rise again with the more facility, being freed from trouble at the day of Judgement.* Where the Interpreters under this word *Trouble*, understand his wife. What voice of nature is this? What touch of God? What impression of verity?

In cœlo spiritus unus adest. Ut in die consorio sine impedimento facilius resurgam. Brisson.

In the Evangelical law, besides the passages of S. *Matthew* 22. of S. *John* 5. of S. *Paul* 1. to the *Corinthians* 15. the Saviour of the world remained fourty days upon earth after his resurrection, that he might be seen, reviewed, touched, handled, and manifested to more than five hundred people assembled together, as writeth S. *Paul* in the fore-alledged place,

of

of purpose most deeply to engraft the mysterie of resurrection in the hearts of the faithfull.

2. And as for that which concerneth reason, this belief was acknowledged to be so plausible and conform to humane understanding, that never hath there been any who doubted it, were it not some hereticks, furious, infamous and devillish, as the *Gnosticks, Carpocratians, Priscillianists, Bardesanites, Albigenses*, and such like enemies of God and nature, or *Epicures* and Libertines, who finding themselves guilty of many crimes, have rather desired not to be perswaded of the end of souls and bodies, to burie their punishments with their life. For which cause, they framed gross and sensual reasons touching this truth, unworthily blaspheming that which their carnal spirit could not comprehend.

Reason of possibility.

What impossibility should there be in resurrection to an Omnipotent hand? We must necessarily say, it comes either from matter, or form, the final or efficient cause. It cannot come from matter, since our bodies being consumed by death, the first matter still remaineth, and after a thing is once created, never is it meerly reduced into nothing. Shall it be said that God, who made thee of nothing, cannot make thee again of the remainders of matter, and that he hath less power over dust, than over nothing?

The Philosopher *Heraclitus* saith, birth is a river, which never dries up, because nature is in the world as a workman in his shop, who with soft clay makes and unmakes what he list. Think we the God of nature cannot have the like power over our flesh, that nature hath over the worlds?

Proceeds the impediment from form? It cannot, since the soul, which is the form of bodie, remaineth incorruptible, and hath a very strong inclination to its re-union. Proceeds it from the end? No, since Resurrection is so the end of man, that without it he cannot obtain beatitude, for which he is created, perfect felicitie being not onely the good of the soul, but of the whole man.

Lessius. l. 2. de mirac. c. 52.

Wonders of nature.

Will then impediment arise from the efficient cause? And is it not an indignity to deny to the Sovereign power of God the restauration of a body he made, being we daily see so many wonders in nature, whereof we can yield no reason?

Why doth a liquor, extracted from herbs by a certain distillation, never corrupt? Why is water seven times purged not subject to corruption? Why doth amber draw a straw along, which other mettals repel? Why do the lees of wine poured to the root of vines make them fruitfull? How with so base ingredients are so goodly and admirable glasses made? Why do men by the help of a fornace and a limbeck, daily make of dead and putrified things so wonderous essences? What prostitution of understanding, to think that the great Architect, having made our bodies to pass through this great fornace of the world, and through all the searces his divine providence ordaineth, cannot render them more beautifull and resplendent than ever? What should hinder him? Length of time? There is no prescription for him? Multitude of men? That no more troubles him than millions of waves do the Ocean, since all Nations before him are but one drop of dew.

The condition of glorious bodies.

CONsider, I pray, the state of glorified bodies, and observe, that there commonly are four things irksom to a mortal bodie; sorrow, weight, weakness, and deformity. These four scourges of our mortality shall cease in the Resurrection, being banished by gifts quite contrarie to their defects. We may truly say, among the miseries of bodie, there is not almost any comparable to pains and maladies, which are in number so divers, in their continuance so tedious, in their impressions so sharp, that it is not without reason an Ancient said, health was the chief of Divinities, and an incomparable blessing. For what is a soul, inforced perpetually to inhabit a sickly bodie, but a Queen in a tottering and ruinous house, but a bird of Paradise in an evil cage, and an Intelligence tied to attend on a sick man? As the bodie very sound serves the soul for a house of pleasure, so that which is continually crazy, is a perpetual prison.

Now observe, that against the encounters of all sorts of pains and maladies, God communicateth to glorified bodies the chief gift, which is impassibility, wherewith they shall be exempt, not onely from death, but from hunger, thirst, infirmities, and all the diseases of this frail and momentarie life. O God, what a favour is the banishment from so many stones, gravels, gouts, nephreticks collicks, sciaticks, from so many pains of teeth, head, heart, so many plagues, and sundry symptoms of malladies, which afflict a humane body.

Apoc. 21. *Absterget Deus omnem lachrymam ab oculis eorum, &c.* Isai 49. *Non esurient, neque sitient neque percutiet eos æstus.*

This good, if maturely weighed, will be thought very great, by such as have some experience of the incommodities of this life. Adde also thereunto a singular Theological reason, that this gift shall not be in us by a simple privation, as the non-essence which the *Epicureans* imagined, but by a flourishing quality communicated by God to our bodies, and which shall have the force to exclude all whatsoever is contrarie and painful, onely admitting the sweet impressions of light, colours, melodies, odours, and other things pleasing to sense. Note I say, quality, for I am not ignorant. Divines dispute concerning the true cause of the impassibility of a glorified bodie, and that some place it in a virtue and external protection, which God will give them to stay the effect of hurtfull causes. In such wise, that according to the opinion of those Doctours, glorious bodies shall be impassible as were the three Children in the fornace of *Babylon*, not that their bodies were impenetrable to fire, but because God hindered the action of flames on their bodies. But I had rather say with S. *Thomas*, it is done by a quality internal and adherent to the bodies of the blessed. Because this manner, besides that it is sweet, easie, and suitable to the magnificence of God, is more noble, more natural, and nearer approching to the condition of celestial bodies.

Scot. in 4. distinct. 49. q. 13. *Durand.* d. 15. 44. q. 4. num. 13.

1. part. q. 97. art. 1. and 5. q. 82. art. 1.

Against the second incommodity of mortal body, which is terrestrial weight, we shall have subtility; a gift much to be desired, and which also opposeth the beastlines and stupidity, that insensibly cause aversion in reasonable and intellectual nature. We cannot be ignorant, that many Divines place this subtility of glorious bodies in a virtue they shall have, to penetrate the most massy objects, not bruising or breaking them, like a spirit, and that it were an errour either to say it were impossible to the divine power, or was not done by our Saviour when he came out of his mothers womb, or when he entered into the chamber. Notwithstanding, I think this penetration of bodies should be judged as extraordinarie to a blessed bodie, without having any necessarie dependance of its condition. But I had rather believe with S. *Thomas*, Doctour *Durandus*, & the *Roman* Catechism, that this gift of subtility, whereof question is here made, consisteth in a great vigour of sense, proceeding from a perfect disposition of organs, and a tenderness of spirits, and besides in an entire subjection and admirable pliantness of the body to the soul, and of appetites to reason; a matter which I esteem more than the penetration of *Semiramis* wals.

Damascen. l. 4. de fide. c. ult. and *Ambros.* l. 10. in Luc. cap. ult.

Durand. in 4. d. 44. q. 5. D. *Thom.* in 4. l. 4. q. 2. art. 2. and 5. q. 83. a. 2.

The third blemish of our bodies, which is weakness

and infirmity, shall be excluded by the grace, force, and agility, which will bring to pass that the blessed may go from one place to another, not by a simple ability and equality of the motion of steps & going forward, but an impetuousness, as would be that of an eagle, who should fall upon her prey, or of an arrow shot by a strong hand, according to S. *Augustines* opinion. Doctour *Scotus* thinks this agility will proceed from the force of the soul, with substraction of weight, which shall at that time be taken away from the body in this state of immortality. Others think, this weight shall onely be suspended, and interdicted in its effect, not for ever, but for the space the blessed shall desire, who besides this admirable lightness, shall have great and sprightly forces.

Auguſt. l. 22. de Civit. c. ult.

Ubi volet ſpiritus, ibi protinus erit & corpus.

Iſaiah. 40. Qui ſperant in Domino mutabunt fortitudinem.

Lastly, the fourth accident of this mortal and corruptible state, is deformity, which hath sometimes been so troublesom to many souls little couragious, & greatly faithless, that there have been such found in Pagan antiquity, who voluntarily deprived themselves of life, to be delivered from the shame and grief they conceived to be born in a body notably deformed.

Of beauty.

Beauty, although it be often decried, since it began to serve for a bait and to be an instrument to sin, yet it must be confessed, when it contracteth good alliance with the spirit and virtue, namely, that of chastity, it hath qualities so lovely, and excellencies so noble, that without arms or guards it exerciseth power, even over the hearts of Monarchs. *Zeno* said, grace of body was a *Voice of flower, & a flower of voice*; voice of flower, because it draweth amity to it, as the flower of a garden, not crying out nor tormenting it self; a flower of voice, because it is one of the most flowery eloquences among the attractives of nature. Earthly sovereignties often employ the whole extent of their power, to make themselves beloved, yet never attain it, but this as the rayes of the sun, not breaking either gate or window, gets enterance for it self in humane heart, and not alledging any other reason, nor affording patience of resolution, transporteth a soul, which lives more in that it loveth, than in that it animateth. And yet what is temporal beauty but a transitory charm, an illusion of senses, a voluntarie imposture, a slave of pleasure, a flower which hath but a moment of life, a dyal on which we never look, but whilest the sun shines on it? What is humane beauty but a dunghil covered with snow, a glass painted with false colours, a prey pursued by many dogs, a dangerous Hostess in a frail house, a sugered fruit in a feast which some dare not touch, for respect, and others gourmandize through sensuality? Go, trust so fading a good: Go, betake you to so unhappy a snare: Go, tie your contentments to so slippery a knot. What else will happen unto you but to court a fantasie, which loosening your hold, will leave you nothing but the sorrow of your illusions?

Θωὴ ἀνθους, καὶ ἡδοφωνίας.

If beauties must be loved, let us love them in the state wherein they shall never cease to be beauties: let us love them in the glory of their resurrection, where they shall be placed as Queens in their thrones.

Durand. in 4. dc. 44 q. 8.

The beauty of glorified bodies (saith *Durandus* the Divine) consisteth in three things. First, in a pure and resplendent colour, conjoyned to a most perfect and distinct proportion of all members, without the least blemish or defect, able to give the least aversion. Secondly, in a singular smoothness, as would be that of a mirrour, receiving the Sun beams directly. Thirdly, in an interiour light, which, as other Doctours with a general consent do adde, will diffuse it self over the body with an incomparable lustre, if it happen not that the blessed, to manifest themselves to feeble, and mortal eyes stay the course of the rays of glory, as did our Saviour in the conference he had with the two pilgrims of *Emaus*.

Daniel 12. Qui docti fuerint fulgebunt

O Beauties which never tarnish! O lights which know not what it is to be eclipsed! O house of God! O Temple of peace! When will the great day come, which shall devest us from all we have mortal, to put us into the bosom of immortality? But we must confess, that among all the considerations may be had upon this subject, we have not any more pleasant or effectual, than the triumphant Resurrection of our Saviour, which is the root and hope of ours. If we desire to sweeten the acerbities of life, and to replenish our hearts with the antipast of our immortality, let us make a perpetual Pasch in our souls, and reflect on our *Jesus*, our Phenix, who goeth out of his sepulcher on the day of his triumphs.

tanquam ſplendor firmamenti &c. Math. 13. Fulgebunt juſti ſicut ſol in regno Patris eorum.

That the resurrection of Jesus Christ, *is the foundation of ours, and we must behold his sweetness and glories as the sources of our eternity.*

NAture, which is an expression of Divine understanding, is never so great and admirable, as in contrarieties, and it seems she takes delight to derive the goodliest harmonies of the world from certain disagreeing accords. We admire contrarie motions in the heavens, which compose an eternal peace: In the air, a bird which takes life from death, and the beauty of her plumage from a tomb of ashes: On earth, bees bred in the throat of a dead Lion, that find life in a savour able to kill them: In the sea, a fish named the *holy fish*, which as histories say, taking its original in the Kingdom of tempests, fails not to create, a calm by its presence: And among fountains, we cannot sufficiently wonder at the water of *Dodone*, into which a torch falling, is put out, and coming forth, is lighted.

Nature delighteth in contrarieties. Discordant accords of the world.

Æl. l. 8. de animal.

S. Iſidor. de fonte Epiri, and Solinus.

Jesus, Authour of nature, beareth all these miracles in his own Person, to make a miracle in our hearts, and to draw them out of the dust and darkness from which he freed our bodies. He is the great heaven, which by motions of his life holily contrary, unanimously divers, and harmoniously disagreeing, hath made the accords of the Church militant and triumphant. He is the bird of the East, whereof *Isaiah* speaketh, which glorifieth his tomb, and quickneth his death, to slay ours. He is the Bee of the Celestial Father, which from all Eternity having his hive in the heart of his Father, soareth into the region of death, to sit upon dying flowers which took away his life, and put him into the throat of a lionness, of a death which devouring all, is devoured it self, as saith the Apostle: and from this gulf which yielded nothing, issueth a life to be the seed of all lives. It is the Divine fish of the *Sybilles*, sacred by so many titles, to consecrate all intelligent nature, which after the rage of so turbulent a passion, makes a great calm in the world, which he establisheth by his fall, quickeneth by his death, washeth by his bloud, and glorifieth by his torments. He is the torch which entered dead into the river of *Cocytus*, whereof holy *Job* speaketh, and came out lighted and all environed with flames of a triumphant glorie.

Miracles of the person of Jesus. *Iſa. 46. 11.*

1. Cor. 15.

Job 21. 33.

Let us then say that God, who by his providence and by a singular predestination, governeth the state of intellectual creatures, in all perfect height and accomplishment of beatitude, hath so tied glory to merit, and merit to glory, that he would not glorifie the Angels, without giving them some moment of a wayfaring life, and some exercise of meritorious actions, to obtain the crown and consummation of felicity. And consequently to the same purpose, it is very true, the most holy humanity of the worlds Saviour from the first instant of his beginning, was inseparably united to the Divinity, but not to be the lights and actual splendours which were incessantly to spring from this ineffable union of the Word to the flesh. The Father ordained, and the Son for our love received and freely accepted a suspension of the light of glory, for the space of three and thirty years. And although he had the foundation and root in himself, the exercise of it was staid, and proposed

Jesus entereth into his glory by his merit.

Suspension of actual glory in the body of our Saviour.

to

to him in the end of his race, as the recompence of his painful life, and unſpeakable dolours of his death.

He naturally deſired the glory of his body, as our ſoul ſticking in fleſh and bloud, vehemently covets a full liberty of its intellectual functions; and behold here in this myſterie, his deſire is accompliſhed, and this humanity darkened by the ſpace of a long night of life, hidden and buried in the obſcurity of an ignominious death, cometh from it as the Sun out of a cloud, and makes a transfuſion of himſelf into the boſom of ineffable lights, which iſſue from the Sanctuary of the moſt holy Trinity. In ſuch ſort, that it is as a ſecond birth of the moſt ſacred humanity, which being born to the communication of divine ſubſiſtence, is here born to glory.

Three properties of ſplendour in the reſurrection of our Saviour.

5. Now obſerve, if you pleaſe, that as the lightening-flaſh, which appeared in the face of the Angel, meſſenger of the reſurrection, hath three properties; the firſt is, that it is a ſubtile part of enflamed elements, the ſecond, that it is endowed with a ſplendour and ſparkling, which dazeleth humane eyes, the third, that it goes from one pole to another with an extream vivacity, & a ſhril ſound; So three things are obſervable in the glory, which our Saviour entertained in his Reſurrection: firſt, that this body taken from the clay of *Adam* and matter of elements, became in an inſtant wholly inveſted in ſweet and honourable flames of divinity; ſecondly, that he appeared with an admirable beauty, which made, that S. *Auguſtine* gave him this title: *The flower of pleaſures, and the moſt purified pleaſure of all delights, the root of holy loves*; the third, conſiſteth in the luſtre of this great name, which went from the Eaſt to the Weſt, from the South to the North, filling the world with his wonders.

Flos delectationum, amœnitas deliciarum & veri amoris initium. Auguſt. homil. in exurg. Mariæ.

A Remarkeable Pſalm.

Pſalmus David quando ei terra reſtituta eſt. Alii, quando fundata eſt terra. Dominus regnavit decorem indutus eſt, &c.

It ſeems, this was divinely propheſied in the 29. Pſalm, which beareth a title very remarkeabe. It is a Pſalm ſung by *David* to the *Meſſias*, on the day when *his land was reſtored to him*, to wit, his body was rejoyned to his ſoul in the poſſeſſion of glory, and therefore he ſaith according to the paraphraſe: *It is verily on this day our Saviour beginneth an eternal Empire, and a ſupream Monarchy in his militant and triumphant Church: It is on this day he cloathed himſelf with a body, endowed with a flouriſhing beauty, with beauty he took an invincible force which hath penetrated even into hell*, as divinely ſaith (*a*) *Euſebius Emiſſenus*. The eternal nights of hell have been viſited by the rays of God, plaints and clamours ceaſed, direful chains fell off, executioners were amazed and the whole habitation condemned to eternal pains, ſhook under the feet of this admirable Conquerour. The Prophet purſueth (b) *The ſeat of glory*, (O Saviour) *was prepared for thee from all eternity, and thereinto thou makeſt a victorious triumphant entry, after ſo great an inundation of ſufferings. All the waves of perſecutions have roared over thy head, and have buried thee in the acerbities of death. How much the more this ſea of paſſions immeaſurably ſwelled, ſo much the more thou appeareſt reſplendent in the ſupream eminency of thy glory and triumphs.*

The triumphant glory of the Reſurrection.

Emiſſ. hom. 1. in diem Paſchæ.

(a) *Æterna nox inferorum Chriſto deſcendente reſplenduit, ſilluit ſtridor ille lugentium, & catenarum diſrupta acciderunt vincula damnatorum, &c.*

(b) *Parata ſedes tua, &c. Elevaverunt flumina, &c. Mirabiles elationes maris.*

6. (*b*) Transfer your conſideration from thence to the effect of our Saviours glorification, which conſiſteth in repoſe and ſtability, repreſented by the Angel, which appeared at the reſurrection, ſitting on a ſolid ſtone. This verily is the great day, which we may call the myſtical Sabbaoth, and the eternal repoſe of *Jeſus*. It is ſaid in the myſtery of the creation, (*c*) that God reſted on the ſeaventh day, and caſting his eye on all theſe great works, which he drew out of nothing, he thereupon took ſatisfaction in his ſpirit, and impreſſed them all as with the ſeal of his approbation. To ſpeak according to our underſtanding, it was an incomparable comfort to the heart of the Sovereign Creatour, to behold in ſix days ſo goodly a world, where before that time reigned an huge imaginary *vacuum*, accompanied with a ſad horrour of darkneſs: And to conſider how a Nothing, in the hands of a great work-man was a mighty thing, having been as the ground of the greatneſs, & beauty of the univerſe.

(b) The ſweetneſs of the repoſe of Jeſus, and all the elect, in the ſtate of the reſurrection.

(c) *Complevitque Deus die ſeptimo opus ſuum quod fecerat, & requievit die ſeptimo ab univerſo opere quod patrarat, & benedixit diei ſeptimo, & ſanctificavit illum.* Geneſ. 2. 1.

The relation of the reſurrection to the creation.

What contentment to ſee a heaven diſtended as a Pavilion over all creatures, which already circumvolved with ſo much impetuouſneſs, and beſides to ſee it enameled with ſo great a number of ſtars in the peaceable ſilence of the night, and in the day to ſee it enlightened with a ſun, which is the viſible Image of God inviſible, the eye of the world, the heart of nature, the treaſury of heat, light, and influences, that animate, illuſtrate, and quicken all the parts of this great work. To ſee a moon to ſerve for a ſun by night, ſo conſtant in her inconſtancy, ſo regular in her increaſings and waynings ſo meaſured in all her courſe, ſo effectual and fruitfull in the impreſſions ſhe maketh on nature. To ſee days and nights return into our hemiſphere at a time prefixed, to agree as brothers & ſiſters, to afford time one to another, and to yield it, one in winter, another in ſummer, with ſo much integrity, that all therein goes in compaſs. To ſee the order of ſeaſons, a delicious ſpring-tide ſtrewed all over with flouriſhing beauties, a ſummer with harveſts, an Autumn with its fruits, and a winter, which is as the depoſitory of nature, dies to live again with the firſt rays of renovation: To ſee the Sea ſo ſpacious in its extents, ſo fertile in its productions, ſo concluded in its limits; to ſee the floud and ebbe of the Ocean the tomb of curioſity, the impetuous ſtream of rivers, the eternal veins of fountains, the height of mountains, the depth of valleys, the winding of hillocks, the wideneſs of fields: To ſee ſo prodigious a quantity of trees, herbs, flowers, ſo curious in beauty, ſo wholſom in their utility, and ſo divers in their multiplicity: To ſee ſo many ſpeckled birds flying in the air, which they fill with their natural muſick, ſo many fiſhes to ſwim in the chryſtal of waters, ſo ſtrange a variety of beaſts, armed ſome with horns, ſome with teeth, ſome with ſpurs, other with ſaws, many with paws: And laſtly man, who contracteth in himſelf all the draughts and works of the divine hand, and epitomizeth the whole world in his perfections, and beareth the moſt animated character of the living God. Is it not true that God, caſting his eye on this, had a certain delight therein, as the Maſter of a family, when he ſees a houſe, which he had long time deſigned to be raiſed in one night entirely perfect, throughly furniſhed, and in all kinds accommodated with whatſoever concerns neceſſity and beauty?

The joys of the heart of *Ieſus* in the firſt inſtant of the reſurrection.

Here raiſe your thoughts above all that is mortal and momentary: Imagine with your ſelf the ineffable joy of the heart of *Jeſus*, and the profound repoſe of his ſpirit, when at the firſt inſtant of his reſurrection, he repreſented unto himſelf not creatures, elements, plants, and a corruptible world, but a world of wiſdom, underſtanding, love, beauty, force, and felicity. A Church which was to take birth from his bloud, life from his death, and ſpirit from the moſt ſubtile ſpirits of his heart. He then ſaw this Church as a great Temple divided into two parts, whereof one made the Quire, another the body; In the Quire he beheld an infinite number of Angels, who chanted a ſong of triumph in honour of his victories. He ſaw in his idea the number of the elect, who ſhould accompany the magnificent legions of Intelligences. He ſaw about him thoſe ſacred firſt-fruits of immortals, whom he very lately had taken out of Limbo, and himſelf he beheld in the front of ſo many clean and purified ſouls, rejoycing to buſie the earth in the memory of his triumphs, and to make heaven happy by his ſweet aſpects.

The goodly world he beheld in his Idæa's at the day of his reſurrection.

Ecce equum album, & qui ſedebat ſuper eum vocabatur fidelis, & verax. In capite ejus diademata multa, veſtitus

He beheld himſelf as in a picture in that manner wherein S. *John* preſenteth him in his Apocalyps, all laden with crowns, clad in a white garment imbroidered with precious drops of his bloud, which gave him a luſtre a thouſand times more honourable, than that of diamonds and rubies; and after him an

infinite

erat veste aspersa sanguine, &c. Apoc. 19.

infinite number of celestial Courtiers who waited on the triumph of his resurrection. He heard acclamations, which gave him the title of True and Faithful, voices of trumpets, of water, and thunder, which ceased not to resound Alleluja. O what a source of joy did then over-flow the breast of God, that treasury of chast delights.

From the Quire he cast his eyes on the body of his great Temple, and saw in magnificent idea's all the state of the Church militant, which is compared to the body of it, to wit to a ship, because it is still in the waves of this tempestuous sea. He beheld it with an eye of love and compassion, seeing by his example it increased by its losses, rose in its ruins, and was glorified by persecutions: and considered this little handful of Christians, which multiplying, Age after Age peopled *Asia*, *Europe*, and *Affrica*, and spred through the world known and unknown, taking for habitation the same limits the Sun hath in his course: he perceived Nations drenched in the darkness of ignorance, which having no more of man than shape, were transformed at the first light of the Gospel into a life wholy celestial: prophane Temples thrown down on their Gods, Idols broken in a thousand peices, dens of theeves, full of horrour, bloud and darkness purified by his doctrine, and the very instruments of his dolours honoured, and advanced on the top of Capitols. He beheld Churches erected on all sides to his honour, Monarchs and Queens, who laid their Crowns and diadems at his feet, withp rayses, sacrifices, and eternal feasts.

On the other side, he represented to himself so many Doctours, knowing as Oracles, and pure as Angles, who were to be the trumpets of his glory: so many innocent Virgins, who should with an immortal character inscribe on their bodies the resemblance of his own most sacred purity: so many Confessours, who hastened to engrave on the most hydeous rocks of the desert, the omnipotency of his name, the imitation of his fasts, watchings, abstinencies, the image of his deifying conversation. And lastly, more than eleaven millions of Martyrs, who defied all torments, affronted executioners, braved death, and scored out with their bloud the holy paths of their glory.

Cruciate, damnate, atterite, patientia nostræ probatio iniquitas vestra, crudelitas illecebra est sectæ, plures efficimur quoties metimur a vobis: sanguis Martyrum semen est Christianorum. Tertul Apoll. 50.

7. I leave you to ponder that, which never can enough be thought on, the repose and comfort of the soul of *Jesus*, when he beheld in his idea's the great Kingdom, which was to be brought forth in his bloud, and established in his Resurrection. And moreover that his Kingdom should be an eternal Empire, never admitting end, death, nor darkness. Humane wisdom, being desirous to be established in Empires by vice, policy, and tyranny, found every where scepters of glass, crowns of vapours, and thrones of ice, which are broken, scattered and dissolved into nothing under the progress of time, and eye of the divine providence: But the Empire of *Jesus*, which taketh its beginning on earth, and beareth its conquests into heaven, hath recommended his Scepter to the bosom of eternity.

Kingdom of Jesus.

O what a torrent of pleasures flowed over the fair soul of our Saviour in these considerations! Painters naturally love their own workmanships learned men their writings, Law-makers their politick Institutions military men their victories and trophies. All men in the world have a sensible joy to see their designs brought to perfection. *Solomon*, even melted with comfort in consideration of the accomplishment of the Temple of *Hierusalem*. *Justinian*, could not behold but with much transportation of joy the Church of S. *Sophy* he had built, *Constantine* had most pleasing dreams concerning the City of *Constantinople*, which was as his creature. And what is all this, but chymera's in comparison of the great work of the Church, performed by the resurrection of the worlds Saviour. Have not we cause to say, It is to thee, O *Jesus*, it is to thee, the joys of the holy Spirit do appertain: Joys pure, celestial, divine, distilled from the heart of God, who is the heart of eternal amities. Enter into thy repose after so great a tumult of wars and battels. It is time (saith the Spirit of God) thou rest thy Ark under the pavilion of the eternal Majesty, after so many travels and effusion both of sweat and bloud.

Luc. 10. 21. *In ipsa hora exultavit Iesus Spiritu sancto.* Psal. 131. *Ingredere in requiem tu & arca sanctificationis tuæ. Amodò jam dicit spiritus ut requiescant a laboribus suis.* Apo. 14. 13.

8. Let us more and more settle our selves in this noble belief, which charmeth all anxieties of this life, sweeteneth all rigours, purifieth all intentions, animateth all virtues, and crowneth all merits. Courage (O Christians,) an immortality, a resurrection, an eternal life, a life of God is gained for thee by the pains, sweats, and bloud of *Jesus*, and he now inviteth thee into the society and communion of this glory. What resolution wilt thou take (O man of mud and morter?) why doest thou still bow down to the earth, the back whereof thou hast bristled with so many thorns by thy sins? It is not now said unto thee: *Thou art dust, and shalt return into dust*; but thou art put in mind of immortality. The tombs of *Alexanders* and *Cæsars*, all sprinckled over with lyes and gildings, bear a HERE LYETH, but the glorious sepulcher of our Saviour, HE IS NOT HERE.

The comfort and fruit we should derive from the Resurrection to the imitation of our Saviour. *Pulvis es, & in pulverem reverteris.*

Surrexit non est hic.

9. O Christian, thou becomest the child of a good house, if thou canst understand thy nobility. How magnificent, how happy art thou to enter into a glory, which is common unto thee with God? Thy country is no longer on earth; forsake, forsake the love of these sleight cottages, these poor ant-hills, which enthral so many spirits devested of those divine seeds, which bud under generous breasts. Behold the great globe all repleniished with stars and lights, which encloseth within its extent all lands and seas; the great house of God, where are so many brave Intelligences, part of which are busie in the praises of the Omnipotent, others circumvolve stars, remaining infatigably disposed to their imployments. This is the Palace which God hath conquered for thee. A goodly and flourishing company, laden with crowns, stretch out arms to thee, thou still hast thine eye upon the petty trifles of this terrestrial abode, thereon to settle thy affections. Enter, enter (O faithful soul) into the folds and circuits of eternity, all years are for thee, all Ages are open to thee, all the greatness of heaven (if thou wilt be loyal to thy Master) is in thine own hand.

Si consurrexisti cum Christo, quæ sursum sunt sapite, non quæ super terram.

O! when will that goodly day come, which shall restore thee thy body to render it to God, thy body, no longer a mass of frail, ponderous, and perishable earth, but an immortal, agile, and incorruptible body, priviledged with favours, and gilded with bright splendours of the body of *Jesus*. Raise thy self, (faithful soul) in the sufferings and travels of this life, yield not to temptations and persecutions, which will snatch out of thy hand so advantagious a crown: All the pomp of this world, all this life, yea all which here pleaseth and distracteth hearts, is but a poor præludium of the great act of the inexplicable contentment which passeth in eternity.

O man, thou hast heretofore been a little infant in thy mothers womb, amongst bloud and ordure, involved in thin skins, swadled in clouts and swathbands which nature gave thee, thou wast held in them to prepare for this world, for this life, where thou now breathest air with all liberty; know, this world is a second womb in comparison of heaven. Thou art yet in prison, in obscurity, in fetters, till the coming of the great day, wherein God shall give thee a new body, a glorious body, a spirituall body.

With these hopes the mother of the young *Machabees* saw

saw the members of her children hewed, and cut in pieces under the bloudy sword of persecution. With this hope holy Anchorites filled the desarts with their tears, walked on scorching sands, trampled dragons under foot, stifled the concupiscences of flesh in snows and thorns; with this hope Martyrs sacrificed themselves in as many torments as they had members. They preached on crosses, sang in flames, triumphed on wheels, and to merit this glory, thou wilt not resolve to forsake that company, which hath robbed thee of thy heart, and dishonoured the character of thy profession. Thou wilt not resolve to suffer a little injury, a slight persecution. Thou wilt not accomplish thy vows, discharge thy obligations, put thy self into some course of a regular piety. And what may we think of thee (O soul, so many times ungratefull and disloyal) if Heaven, open in rewards, cannot yet dilate thy heart to his love, who readily offers them?

The twentieth EXAMPLE upon the twentieth MAXIM.

Divers observations upon the length of life, and desire of the state of Resurrection.

IT is not my purpose to enlarge hereupon narration of many Resurrections, whereof we have sundry notable examples both in the old and new Testament, and in the lives of Saints, in which kind, there is not an Age which doth not furnish us with store. I onely rest upon some observations, which evidently shew the passionate desires humane nature hath to the most blessed state proposed us in the Resurrection.

August. l. 22. de Civitate Dei. c. 11. Omne corpus fugiendum ex Platonicis.

The *Platonists* said, The presence of felicity was the absence of body, and that we must flie from it as from a prison, to enter into the liberty of beatitude. But the Apostle hath much better said, *That we groan in this tabernacle, and are in great pain, not that we desire to be despoiled, but to be better clothed, that all which is mortal in us, may be as swallowed up by life.* Verily we have a tender love of our bodies, and even those who do most torment them, do it for no other purpose but to place them one day in ease. We live not without thinking on this Resurrection and immortality, the fruition whereof we shall never find but in Heaven. God hath given us this desire, to teach us we are created for it; but he doth not afford us the performance of it here, to tell us we must seek for it else where. We desire to live long and commodiously; shortness of life taketh away the one, and continual sicknesses bereaves us of the other. So many men have sought for their resurrection here on earth, and have found nought but their destruction. Our body in the declining of age, is not like Vestal fires, to be everlastingly repaired. All in it is lost, all is dissolved, but if any thing therein be re-established, it is not to the proportion of its primitive vigour. Spirits, without which we cannot live, cease not to alter our life, and the very air we breath, drieth and devoureth us.

2 Cor. 5.4. Qui sumus in hoc tabernaculo ingemiscimus gravati: eo quod nolumus exspoliari, sed supervestiri, ut absorbeatur quod mortale est a vita.

There have been men in the world, who have in this life made boast of great age, as if they had already some scantling of the condition of Resurrection, but they have been very rare, and to speak truly, they have continued long, and lived but a while, since there is nothing long in a happiness, whereof we find an end. It is a remarkable thing, that the eldest of all the Patriarchs in Genesis, who was *Methusalem*, arrived not to the time which S. *Peter* calleth a day of God. *A thousand years* (saith the great Apostle) *are before God but one day*: And not any one of the first men of the world, with his so many years, mounted to the thousand year of his age. Yea, it is a thing very well to be observed, that in the account the Scripture maketh of the years of Patriarchs, the age of women is not considered. And *Baronius* findeth the Bible never reckoned the days and years of women, but of *Sara*, *Judith*, and *Anne* the daughter of *Phanuel*, to teach us our lives are short, since those of *Eve*, the mother of the living, and of so many other mothers from whom men issued, entered not into the line of account in Gods Chronicle. We know not how long the first woman of the world lived, but we understand she returned into dust, and that we must tread the like path.

Pet. 2. 3.5. Unus dies apud Dominum, sicut mille anni, & mille anni, sicut dies unus.

Greece, the mother of fables, sought to use posterity as they do children: it hath pleased it self to scare us with strange tales of huge bodies, and long lives, but we have more difficulty to believe them, than it facility to invent them. *Phlegon* a rare Authour says, he read in *Appollonius* the Grammarian, that the *Athenians* desirous to fortifie the *long Island*, which was near to their Citie, laying the foundation of their fortresses, found a sepulcher one hundred cubits long with this Epitaph, which said: Macrosiris *is here interred in the long Island, after he had lived five thousand years compleat.* These are impostures and *Rhodomontades*, which seek to brave Ages, and cannot affront worms, nor be defended from corruption.

Phlegon. de rebus mirabil. c. 17.

All about us is sufficient to give us a lesson of the shortness of our life. The corn, on which we live, dies every year to the root. The Vine feels as many deaths as winters, and although it renew every year, it cannot attain to the reasonable age of some drunkards: Fifty or three-score years make up its age, as also of Apple-trees, Pear-trees, Plumb-trees, Cherie-trees, and other such like, whereof eating the fruits, we should think the wood which bears them, liveth no longer than we. Tame creatures, which are perpetually among us, live but a while. The age of a horse ends at twenty years. It is a great chance if a dog arrive to that number. The ox will be well contented with sixteen, sheep with ten, cats are between ten and six, pigeons, and so many flying fowl live not long, for we daily eat them soon enough; as if all this should say unto us: *What do we so long in the world, since all things that must serve our use last so little.* Gold and silver continue long, but last very little in our hands, and though one keep them as well as he can, they keep not ever one Master. If there be creatures which live much longer, they flie from us, as Harts, Crows, and Swans: you might say, they are ashamed to participate in our frailty.

Great-ones of the earth have in all times done what they could, with a purpose to prolong their days, so naturally are we desirous of the state of Resurrection, but they have many times abridged them, seeking to lengthen them. *Garcias* telleth us, that a King of *Zeilam* having learned the adamant had the virtue to preserve life, would neither eat nor drink, but in a dish which he caused to be made of adamant, through a strange giddiness of spirit; but he failed not to find death in these imaginary vessels of immortality. We make a great matter of it to see men very old; they are beheld with admiration: But if some desire to come to their age, there is not any would have the miseries and troubles of it. This *Phlegon*, of whom we now speak, who had been one of the most curious Authours of his Age, made a book of long liv'd men, wherein he confesseth he hath exactly looked into the Registers of the *Roman* Empire, there to find old men and women of an hundred years, and scarcely could he meet with a sufficient numbet of them to fill up a whole leaf of paper. But if he would take the number of such as died before fifty, which the Ancients called *the exterminating death*, he had filled many huge volumes. *Pompey* took pleasure at the dedication of his Theater, to see a Comedianes act, named *Galeria*

Bero. in historia vitæ & mortis.

Capiola,

Capiola, who reckoned ninety nine years since her first enterance into a Theater. It was a goodly play of life in a woman, who danced on the brink of her grave: But how many such like have there been? people go into the tomb as drops of water into the sea, not thinking on it. Nay, do but observe all which is Sovereign, & you will find among all the Emperours, which were through so many ages, there is not one to be found, who attained to the age of a hundred years; and four alone arrived to four-score, or much thereabouts. *Gordian* the elder came to this point, but scarcely had he tasted of Empire, but was overwhelmed with a violent death. *Valerian*, at the age of seventy six years was taken by *Sapor* King of *Persia*, and lived seven years in a shamefull captivity, his enemy making use of his back as a foot-stool, when he would mount on horse-back. He was at first much greater in the estimation of men than he deserved, and every one would have thought him worthy of Empire, had he not been Emperour. *Anastasius*, a man of little worth and less courage, who had more superstition than religion, arrived to the age of four-score and eight years, when he was blasted with lightening from heaven. *Justini in* reckoned four-score and three, which made him wax white in a vehement desire of glorie, although being some-what contemptible in his person, he was fortunate in Captains. They speak of a King called *Arganthon*, who heretofore reigned in *Spain* the space of four-score years, and lived an hundred and fourty: But this is rather in fables than authentical histories. Of so many Popes as have been since S. *Peter*, not any one hath possessed the See twenty five years, & scarcely find you four or five four-score years of age. *John* the two and twentieth, an unquiet and treasure-heaping spirit, was about ninety years, when death took off his triple Crown. So many had *Gregory* the twelfth, who was created before the schism, but his papacy was as short, as his life was long. *Paul* the third attained to one above four-score, and was otherwise a man as peaceable of spirit as prudent in counsel. *Paul* the fourth, severe, imperious, and eloquent, came to four-score and three. *Gregory* the thirteenth lived as many; a Prelate wise, courteous, prudent, liberal, who lived too little a while for the Churches good, for which he could not end but too soon. If we speak of the blessed S. *John*, S. *Luke*, S. *Polycarp*, S. *Denys*, S. *Paul* the Hermit, S. *Anthony*, S. *Romuald*, & so many other religious men, they lived long: And it seems there are many things in religion, which further long life, as contemplation of things Divine, joys not sensual, noble hopes, wholesome fears, sweet sadness, repose, sobriety, and regularity in the order of all actions. But all this is little in comparison of the Divine state wherein bodies shall not onely never end, but live eternally, impassible as Angels, subtile as rayes of light, quick as thought, and bright as stars.

Conclusion of the MAXIMS, by an advice against Libertinism, where all men are exhorted to zeal of true Religion, and the love of things eternal.

Of the obscurity and persecution of TRUTH.

INcredulity is an immortal disease, which hath reigned from the beginning of the world, and which will never end but with the worlds dissolution. Dreams and lies are many times believed, because they insinuate themselves into the heart by charms; but truth, which will never bely her self, hath much ado to make her self understood, and if she be once known, she is beloved when she smiles, and feared when she frowneth.

Four things much unknown.

There are four things have ever been much unknown in the world, time, wind, terrestrial Paradise, and truth. Time is a marvellous creature, which perpetually passeth over our heads, which numbereth all our steps, which measureth all our actions, which inseparably runs along with our life, and we have much business to know it as well in its nature as progression. It is a very strange thing that there are such as promise themselves to reckon up the years of the world, as of an old man of three-score, and yet we know by the experience of so many ages, it is a great labyrinth wherein we still begin, never to end.

Hadrianus Junius.

It was for this cause the Ancients placed the figures of *Trytons* on high Towrs with tails crookedly winding, to represent unto us the intrication of the foulds and compasses of time. And for this also in the Prophet *Esai*, the Seraphins covered the face and feet of God with their wings, to teach us (saith S. *Hierome*) that we are very ignorant in things done before the world, and in those which shall happen to the end of it.

Isa. 6. Hieron. in Isa.

Non est vestrum nosse tempora & momenta quæ Pater posuit in sua potestate. Actor. 1.

If we on the other side consider the wind, we cannot but sufficiently understand the commodities and discommodities of it, which have made the wise to doubt, whether it were expedient there should be winds in nature, because if their influences be good in some things, their furies are extreamly dreadfull in other. We see how upon one part the winds drench huge vessels laden with men and riches on the other, they tear up trees, they ruin and overthrow houses: We likewise find, they favourably carrie the clouds to impart showers to all the world, they purge the air, they cause a good temperature in the elements, they are the occasion of commerce and navigations, to make the riches of the world common. We cannot be ignorant of their effects. But as for their causes some commix atomes, other attribute the production of it to the Sun which rarifieth the air, other to vapours and exhalations: Others say they are the sneesing of this vast creature called the world, others think the element of the air is moved of it self. And indeed we can say nothing more certainly of it, than what the Prophet did, *That God produceth the winds out of his treasures.*

Senec. nat. q. l. 5.

Qui producit ventos de thesauris suis. Psal. 134. 7.

As for terrestrial Paradise, it is a question among Divines never to be ended, and which ministreth perpetual busines to all Interpreters upon Genesis. *Elias Thesbites* durst boldly say, that not onely the garden of pleasure was still in being, but that doubtlesly many went thither, and the passage into it lay open to them, but that charmed with the beauties and contentments of this place they never returned. Which may be refuted with as much ease as it was invented. *Origen* and *Philo* following their allegories made a mystical Paradise and true idea's of *Plato*, wherein they were imitated by *Psellus*, who saith, that *Caldean* Paradise, so calleth he it, was nothing else but a Quire of celestial virtues, which environed the heavenly Father, and beauties of fire issuing from fountains of the first workman.

Elias Thesbites in Verbo. Ἐμπύρια κατὰ τῶν ἀμιλλητικῶν σοφῶν.

Some

Some place it in *Indie*, others in *Meſopotamia*, where there would be much ado well to accord theſe four rivers, but that recourſe is had to the violence of the deluge. We muſt confeſs there are many things unknown, wherein God will exerciſe our faith, but not ſatisfie our curioſitie. But nothing through al ages hath been ſo hidden and unknown, as truth. The Philoſopher *Heraclitus* ſaid, That its Altar was in a cloudy cavern, all covered with ſhades and darkneſs, whereinto ſeldom any came. And verily we ſee, that ſince ſciences were invented, for the ſpace of ſo many Ages, we have beheld nothing but wranglings and wars among Philoſophers, who ſeeking to make diſſection of the great body of this Univerſe, have all mutually contended for the defence of truth, as they ſay: but many defending it, have ſo ill handled it, that they almoſt have diſ-membered it, and for a ſolid body, have in the end retained nought in their hands but a fantaſm. It onely appertaineth to God to produce it, and to make it known to mortals, which he out of his infinite goodneſs hath at ſundry times done: But men blinded, like unto Gyants, have ever perſecuted poor truth out of a certain ſpirit of incredulity and contradiction, the plague and poiſon of wiſdom. After the Eternal Wiſdom took lips of fleſh, to reveal the ſecrets of Heaven unto us, four ſquadrons have furiouſly aſſaulted it: The one, of Jews, the other, of Gentiles, the third, of Mahumetans, the fourth, of Hereticks. And now adays after Hereticks, we muſt adde a fifth thereto, which is that of Libertines.

Non credent mihi, neque audient vocem meam.

The Definition of Libertiniſm, the Deſcription, Diviſion, and divers effects of Libertines.

2. LIbertiniſm is nothing elſe but a falſe liberty of belief and manners, which will have no other dependence, but on peculiar fancie and paſſion. It is verily a ſtrange monſter, whereof it ſeems *Job* made deſcription under the figure of *Behemoth*, as much to ſay, as a creature compoſed of all ſorts of beaſts, of which it beareth the name. Libertiniſm likewiſe is a ſin framed out of all manner of ſins, whoſe effects it hath, to poſſeſs the miſeries. *Behemoth* (ſaith he) eateth hay as an Ox; and the Libertine from the table of Angels, is brought back to the ſtall of beaſts, having no other care but to ſtuff his guts with corruptible meats, having deſpiſed the immortal Manna. The one hath his ſtrength in his reins, the parts dedicated to luſt, and the other is onely vigorous for impurity. The one hath bones of braſs, and the other a heart of copper. The one makes ſhew of ſome griſtles framed of iron, the other of ſome falſe moral virtues, really nothing but iniquity. Mountains bear graſs to feed the one, and the tables of great men plenty, to entertain the other. The one ſleepeth in moiſt places under the ſhadow of reeds, and the other in victualing-houſes and idleneſs. The one threateneth to ſwallow *Jordan*, the river of the holy Land, and Libertiniſm will annihilate the moſt ſincere part of Chriſtianity.

Job. 40.

We may ſay of all theſe impious, what S. *Cyprian* did of devils: *Theſe are impure and wandering ſpirits, which plunged in ſenſuality, and having loſt the happineſs of Heaven, through the contagion of earth, forlorn and corrupt, ceaſe not to ruin and corrupt.*

Spiritus inſinceri & vagi non deſinunt perditi perdere, & depravati errorem pravitatis infundere. Cyprian. l. de Idol. vanitat.

Now obſerve they are not equal in malice or quality: But when I ſomewhat nearer conſider their ſtate, I find they are divided into ſix orders. The firſt comprehendeth many ſpirits, who are not of the worſt, being ſomewhat reaſonably grounded upon the principal points of Religion, but as much as they fail in all concerneth ſubmiſſion of ſpirit, ſo much are they enamoured of their own wit, and become laviſh of tongue.

Diviſion.

This often proceedeth either from birth, education, too free converſation, ſome paſſion, or from opinion of proper abilitie, which is the cauſe they cut and mangle many things very confidently, concerning the honour of the Church, and oeconomie of Religion. One while they ſtrike at the Pope's authority, another while they deſperately throw themſelves upon the multiplication of Religious Orders, ſometimes they cenſure all Eccleſiaſtical perſons, ſparing none: mean while they ſee not the ſubverſion of Religion, always began by the contempt of Prieſts. Sometimes they ſcoff at Confeſſions and frequent Communions, another time argue againſt the doctrine of Purgatorie, then they ſlight Indulgences, contemn Saints, Images, and Reliques, ſometimes declaim againſt other Ceremonies and Cuſtoms of the Church. They ordinarily ſay, *Jeſus Chriſt* ſufficeth them, and that beſides the bleſſed Sacrament, there is no need to take pains in other devotions.

Nay, that which more provokes and ſtrengtheneth them in their beliefs, is what they obſerve in others, who not inſiſting in the more perfect ways of the univerſal Church, create devotions to themſelves, which much incline to ſuperſtition: for neglecting the great and eſſential Maxims of our faith, they adhere to ſilly inventions of their own ſpirit: and you would almoſt ſay, the Father, the Holy Ghoſt, and the Word of God it ſelf, were nothing with them in compariſon of particular devotions of ſome Saints, or ſome ſlight obſervances, which they practiſe according to their own fancie. But if one happen to reprove them upon it, they are uncivilly offended therewith, and think ſuch as ſpeak with reaſon, are not within the compaſs of the upright judgement of faith. I affirm theſe kind of proceedings are not according to the order of the Church, the which honoureth all Saints, yea, and the bleſſed Virgin, in a degree infinitely beneath the Divine Majeſty, nor doth it honour them, but to honour God in them and by them.

But if ſome abuſe myſteries, muſt we therefore overthrow Altars? If ſome popular ſpirits ill inſtructed grow ſuperſtitious, muſt one therefore become a Libertine? Muſt innocency be forſaken the more to hate the guilty? It is a pittifull thing to ſee good ſpirits, who make profeſſion of Catholick Religion, and have in ſome things good apprehenſions of piety, to take ſuch liberty of words to themſelves, that we know not what to make of them. Ought not they to conſider, that a popular errour is one thing, and a poſition of the Church another? If ſome particulars introduce exorbitant devotions, let them reject, blame, and condemn them. We neither undertake to defend nor juſtifie them. But when we ſpeak of the invocation of Saints, of their Reliques, Canonizations, Indulgences, of the authority of our Holy Father, of the Inſtitution of Religious Orders, and ſo many ſuch like, which are authorized by general Councels and by the belief of all antiquity, doth not a good judgement ſee, that to go about to oppoſe theſe Maxims, is to do that which S. *Auguſtine* ſpeaketh, To ſuffer ones ſelf to run into a folly, which haſtneth to the height of inſolencie? He, who admitteth a leak in a ſhip drowns it, who divideth Religion hath none at all, who reſolves to believe this and reject that, believes nothing. All that which cometh from one ſame authority, ought to be believed with like equality. Our faith is not grounded upon natural judgement, upon wit and diſcourſe, but on the ſubmiſſion we ow to God and the Church, which is the Interpreteſs of his counſels. He who abideth therein, abides in true wiſedom, who goeth out of it, ſhall find nothing but an Ocean of diſturbances, and the ſhipwrack of his faith.

The second order of Libertines is of Neuters, wavering and distrustfull, who are almost upon the indifferencie of Religions, and hold their faith as a hawk without leashes: It quickly flies away and leaveth them, to replenish more setled brains and more capable souls. In this number you have many squeazy stomachs, who affect to be Masters in matter of Religion, and are extream greedy of all sorts of innovations. And if there be some bold spirit, who with sensual reason censureth the mysteries of our Religion, that man is according to their taste a brave fellow, and his books deserve to be bound up in gold and purple. The Bible is not wise enough for them, their spirit of rebellion findeth faults and contradictions therein. They are in search of hidden mysteries, as were the *Argonautes*, who went out to win the golden fleece: And could they lay hold on *Mahomets* Alcoran, they will not spare to read it, the more to confound themselves in the labyrinth of their errours. After they have run all over, sounded all, quoted all, they find themselves empty, and have nothing so assured as incertainty, nothing so undoubted as the loss of their faith, which they have almost wholly transformed into a cursed Neutrality, the head-long descent of a horrible precipice.

The third order comprehendeth idle loyterers, and people of the throat and kitchen, who bear in their ensign for devise, that which is said to have been inscribed on *Sardanapalus* his tomb: *Drink, eat, fill thy self in the ordures of flesh, and think thou hast nothing but that which thou affordest to thy sensualitie.* They all say with *Epicurus*, As for my self I cannot understand any felicitie, unless it be in palates, in lips, in ears, in the belly, and all that which is common to us with beasts. These kind of men have not so much to do as other, they are not sollicitous concerning the secrets of nature, curious books, mystical Cabals, the Gospel, not *Turkish* Alcoran: they have found their God in themselves, and indeed will acknowledge no other but the belly. Their continual employment is to furnish out tables for it, which are its Altars, and to offer unto it dishes and sauces in sacrifice.

Ἴστε οἷν ἐφοδιασάμενοι τὰ ἁμὰ ἡδέα. Ἀθ.

The fourth region containeth the malign, covert, and narrow observers, who yet still retain some fear of the smoke of the faggot: behold the cause, why they dare not declare themselves in open manner. They enter into the fold as wolves clothed in a sheeps skin, and tell the sheep they are much affected to their conservation, but that the dogs must be taken away, which do nothing but deafen their ears with barking both day and night. These are such as sow propositions with a double meaning, and have ever a backshop to hide themselves in; such as say, Catholick religion is good, if it were purged from so many superstitions, such as deceive young men under colour of doctrine, and when they have hit upon a curious spirit, whom they esteem retentive of a secret recommended, they draw the curtain aside, and reveal the mysteries of iniquity to him. They are such as make disguises and differences, which no man imagined, and make truth combat against Atheism with so feeble arms, that it were much better defended, to be left to its own nakedness; such as have a store-house of evil books, more impure than the stable of *Augeus*, out of which they derive all their profanations, cloying the ears of the simple with a thousand objections, ever made in the name of a third person, who never dreamt of them: Lastly, such as silently build the *Babylon* of execrable confusions.

The fifth rank comprehendeth all those, who have sold their souls to ambition, and particular interest, and have nothing of religion, but seeming and ceremonies. They are such as would make no scruple to set a foot upon the throat of their best friends, to raise their own fortune higher: Such as live fattened up with the Altar, being many times enemies of the Altar: Such as lift their children aloft with an arm of silver, through all the ways of injustice, above the heads of men, and make the Church a prey to their ambition: Such as are present at Divine Service with postures of a puppet-player: Such as go to Gods word as to a Comedy, to see and to be seen, more for *Adonis* than *Jesus*; and who in conclusion turn all piety into scoffs, retaining nothing of it, but a fantasm to serve their own ends. The sixth manner, is of such as are utterly impudent in words, and Libertines in actions, of whom the great S. *Jude* made a lively description: Certain men are crept in among us, reprobate and impious spirits, who apply all talents of grace and nature to lust, and to deny him that made them, to wit, our Lord *Jesus Christ*, Master and sole Monarch of the whole world. Then he addeth, they are such as defile their flesh, and revolt against lawfull powers; such as blaspheme the Divine Majesty. They are gluttenous, cruel, and arrogant, who onely think to satiate themselves by others hunger; clouds without water, tossed with turbulent winds; autumn-trees, barren trees, trees twice dead, trees rooted out of the territory of the Church. They are waves of an enraged sea, which foam nothing but confusions; wandering comets, to which God reserveth a tempest of darkness.

Ut introierunt quidam homines, &c. Et hi carnem quidem maculant, dominationem autem spernunt, majestatem autem blasphemant. Hi sunt in epulis suis maculæ, &c.

The Causes of Libertinism well observed by the Apostle S. Jude.

3. NOte, that this great Apostle doth here touch four sources of infidelity, which are in this very considerable. The chief and original of this corruption, is a bruitish lust, which with much infamie overfloweth as well in pleasures of the throat as sensuality, which he was willing to express by these words, when he said: *The impious not onely act impurities, but are the impurities themselves.* For the Libertines are true *Borborites*, (so were certain hereticks called) as one would say, bemired, because they naturally delighted in uncleanness; they are dissolute people, who have no other God but their belly, good cheer, and unbridled lust; from whence it cometh, their understandings clouded with bodily pleasures, thicken, and become wholly unable for things divine. *The people heretofore beloved, is puffed up with fat, hath kicked against, and forsaken its Creatour*, said *Moses*.

Jud. Epist. Job 20.

Hi sunt in epulis suis maculæ.

Incrassatus est dilectus & recalcitravit, dereliquit Deum factorem suum. Deut. 31.

Tertullian very well termeth gourmandize the palsey of the understanding: for as a body is deprived of sense and motion, by the corporal palsey, which obstructeth the nerves, so the spirit oppressed by sensuality, is wholly darkened, without any feeling of Religion, or any motion to works which concern salvation. *To live in fat, is to shut up the gate of wisdom. There is a palsey of corporal pleasures, which wasteth the spirit, and a ptisick which preserves it.*

Opimitas sapientiam impedit, exilitas expedit, paralysis mentem prodigit, pinguis servat. Tertul. de anim. c. 20.

Nay *Oecumenius* discovereth somewhat more mysterious unto us, when interpreting the word *maculæ*, according to the Greek σπιλάδες he saith, They are certain rocks hidden under the waves, which surprize Saylours, and cause hydeous shipwracks. This very well agreeth to Libertines, and one may call them, according to another translation; *rough rocks, hollow stones, and shelves, which are the causes of so many falls.* They are in feasts as gulphs in the Ocean, and overtake ere aware, spirits already possessed with the vapours of wine and meats, at which time they are most open to sottish mirth. Ah how many young men deceived by these impostures, after they have made shipwrack of reason in a tavern, have thereunto added the shipwrack of their faith! *He was led as an ox to the slaughter, or as a skipping lamb, not foreseeing his captivitie, before the mortal arrow had transfixed his entrails*, saith the *Wiseman*.

Confragosa in mari saxa, & verno sæu rupti, & tenia.

Bos ductus ad victimam, & stans lasciviens, & ignorans quod ad vincula stultus trahatur, donec transfigat sagitta guttur ejus. Prov. 7. 23

The

The second cause of infidelity, is a certain barrenness of wit, of judgement, discretion, of Christian virtues, and namely of humility, of good works, and worthy employments, and consequently a swelling of presumption, of imaginaty ability, of vanitie, of idleness, which is much supported by wicked nature, effeminate education, too free conversation, access of evil company, which render a man absolutely barren. A matter excellently well signified by these words: *They are clouds without water*, such kind of trees as we see in *Judea*, unfurnished of fruits in Autumn, and despoiled of leaves; twice dead, that is to say, quite rotten. Faith will be manured by the exercises of piety, by presence at Divine Service, by keeping of fasts, by alms, and frequentation of Sacraments: Now these wicked ones, employed in sensual pleasures and evil company, forsake all the characters of their Christianity, which maketh them by little and little fall into a great forgetfulness of God, into disdainfull pride, insupportable neglects, and into the maledictions uttered by our Saviours lips against the unfruitfull tree. Of these is understood the decree of Heaven: *Earth, earth, earth, hearken to the word of God. Our Lord hath said, Write down this man as a man barren, who shall never prosper during his life.*

Nubes sine aqua.

Jer. 22.29. Terra, terra, terra, audi sermonem Domini. Hæc dicit Dominus: Scribe virum istum sterilem, virum, qui in diebus suis non proſperabitur. Fluctus feri maris despumantes confusiones suas.

The third source is a tumult of enraged passions, *which are waves of the sea, that vomit up their confusions*; for these kind of spirits are in perpetual disturbances, nor hath the sea so many waves, as they anxieties, pride puffeth them, ambition precipitateth them, hatred gnaweth them, delights conquer them, choller burneth them, fury transporteth them, hardness of heart makes them untractable, and impudence insupportable. And being unable to restrain their passions within themselves, they throw them abroad as the froath of waves, and scum of confusions. That is it which Saint *Ambrose* said, interpreting a passage of Jeremie: *Then is it thy ignominie, thy adulterie, thy neighing, and strangeness of thy fornication shall be seen to all the world on the mountains.*

Tunc videbitur ignominia tua, & adulterium, & hinnitus, & alienatio fornicationis tuæ supra colles. Ambr. l. de Abra.

Lastly, the fourth root which rendereth their evil very desperate, is, a perpetual inconstancy, excellently compared in the passage of the Apostle to flying fires, formed in the air from exhalations of the earth. This sort of men perhaps may have qualities, which may give them some lustre according to the world, and make them appear as stars in the firmament of worldly honour, causing some to reflect on them with admiration of their wit, their eloquence, and behaviour. But they are (to speak properly) stars of earth and smoke, like unto that S. *John* calleth the star of worm-wood, which being not of the stars, enchased by the hand of God in celestial globes, but flying flames enkindled by some gross exhalations, proceeding perhaps from a dung-hill, fall back again on earth from whence they came. If they sometimes take certain semblances of virtue and pennance, they have no solidity in their good purposes: If they be touched and raised by some good inspiration, they are not constant, but having sowed certain rays of hope, fall back again into their mire, and falling, throw plague and poison among company.

Apoc. 8.

Crinemque volantia sydera ducunt.

Adde also to this discourse of the Apostle, two essential causes of our evils. One whereof is, that the disorder and impurity of manners being very ordinary among young men, who are children of the rich best qualified; parents, in stead of repressing of exorbitancy, by the cutting off of excess and superfluity, which is the nurse of impiety, take no other care, but to put them into abundance over head and ears, and thrust them into dignities, in the weakness of ability, and greatest strength of passions. From thence proceedeth they behold one another like little Gods, and having shaken off the yoke of obedience to men, free themselves, what they may, from the commands of the supream Master, having no other guid but temerity, nor other law, but the liberty of doing all. Blasphemies, which in the mouthes of mean ones, would be esteemed monsters, pass from their lips for braveries, and such as come to adore their fortune, are constrained for worldly respect, to offer incense to their vices. Herein it is, parents make themselves guilty of high treason to the Divine Majesty, having so ill employed their travels and watchings, as day and night to have amassed riches, which serve for sinews to impiety, and scandal to the publick.

The other cause, which much fomenteth blasphemies and irreverencies against Religion, is, that as ears are supple to hear them, so laws are greatly unprovided to punish them. Every man is pleased to revenge his particular injuries, and to reserve unto God the revenge of his own. Profane speeches, which heretofore made the faithfull tear their garments, such horrour they had to hear them, being now at this time uttered with some witty jests, flatter spirits, and being unable to gain the approbation of truth, they take it from the courtesies of men. It is to be feared, God permitteth this for vengeance of some sin, and wholly withdraws faith from these forlorn spirits, to place it among souls more purified.

Of the Ignorance and Nullitie of Libertinism.

4. I Find not any thing more intolerable, than to see impiety flatter it self with the pretext of ability, learning, and goodness of wit, since it is ever accompanied by two evil conditions, ignorance and bruitishness. What light of understanding can there be in a Libertine, who makes profession to spit against the source of light? *God* (saith the Scripture) *is the Lord of sciences, and on him depends the good order of all our thoughts.* How much the more commerce one hath with the Essence Divine, so much the more splendour he enjoyeth, as the Ancient Philosophers do assure us. We resemble those statues, which spake in that proportion as the beams of the Sun reflected into their mouthes. We cannot so much as open our lips to speak worthily of God, unless God, who made them, unloose them for his greater glory.

Ignorance and bruitishness of Libertines. Reg. 1.2.

Unumquodque tantum habes de luce, quantum retinet Esse divini. In memor. rer. difficil.

I much esteem the sentence of S. *Diadocus*, who saith, There is nothing more miserable, or more ignorant, than a spirit which will speak of God out of God, that is to say, who being out of the limits of faith and innocency, dares undertake to touch so high a point, as that of divinity. Now we know by expetience, the wicked are alienated both in thoughts and manners from this sovereign sanctity, and therefore we may undoubtedly resolve, they are most uncapable of sciences, and especially those which are divine, being sworn enemies of the God of sciences.

Diado. de perfect. spirit. c. 7 *Nihil egentius ea mente quæ de Deo extra Deum philosophatur.*

Moreover, if that be true which *Avicen* the Philosopher said, That immateriality is the root of spirituality, and that by how much the more a thing is discharged of matter, so much the more it is capable of intelligence, what reasonable discourse of man can one derive from a spirit, which is perpetually clouded with vapours of lust? *Heraclitus* in the secrets of his doctrine, required a drie soul, to render it capable of the most purified meditations of Philosophie: and can we think a spirit, which hath made a prison of its body, by pampering the flesh with all possible tenderness, will declare us the mysteries of hidden sciences? Is it not to go about to gather grapes from thorns, figs from bushes, and golden grains out of straw? And say there were some apparance of sobriety and modesty, know we not, pride is a formal obstacle to the purity of great and noble sciences,

A notable saying of *Avicen. Immaterialitas radix spiritualitatis.* Avicen. apud Capreol.

becauſe it inſtantly blind-foldeth men with the preſumption of their ability? Are we ignorant many would have become greatly knowing, had they not thought they were abſolutely perfect? Now who is more haughty or more arrogant, than a Libertine, who if peradventure he have ſome ſmattering of letters, is ſo puffed up with the opinion of his capacity, that he ſeems to himſelf to have ſlept in *Sybilla's* cave, to pronounce oracles, and judge all other men conſiſt of ſuperſtitions, and ideots.

Great wits modeſt.

Great wits, who have raviſhed the world with admiration, reſemble thoſe rivers, which glide along with a peacefull majeſty, not troubling any body with their waves. But theſe pettie ſhufflers murmure like unto brooks, and vex the whole world with their tattle. If it happen they arrive to ſome perfection in humane ſciences (which is very ſeldom) they cannot command their ſpirit, which admits no other path than precipices. So that in the ſame things, wherein they take themſelves to be wiſer than other, they commit errours, and make moſt ſhamefull lapſes.

Arrogancy of Libertiniſm.

It is truly the diſgrace and tomb of humane judgement, to ſee the barbarous cenſure, which reigneth among thoſe who pretend acuteneſs; for they think ſo many worthy men, who have penetrated into the abyſs of the moſt ſublime ſciences, are ignorant of the *Latin* tongue: nay, if S. *Auguſtine* and S. *Thomas* might return into the world, they would be entertained in theſe quaint Academies as grooms. But if there be ſome one can make an ode, a ſonnet, a letter, can play the gentile wittie-one in company, and utter blaſphemies with philoſophie and affectation, he is the God of learning, and the Monarch of eloquence. But let a capable man ſound theſe curious fellows, good God, what empty chambers in theſe great brain-pans! What darkneſs, and what confuſions! It is ſoon found they underſtand not one ſole principle of true ſcience, and that all their learning is like a houſe, that hath guilded gates, and chambers peſtered with ſpiders. Think then what a ſhame it is, when men of quality, who affect the reputation of being judicious, proſtitute their wits to theſe gods of ſtraw and dung, and for the tuneable cadence of a rime, looſe all harmonies of faith and conſcience.

Their ignorance.

All hereticks, who make boaſt to aſſail the Church for ſo many Ages, have likewiſe made a ſhew to bring with them into this combat, ſome recommendable qualities. Some came with points of logick, other with knowledge of things natural, other with eloquence, ſome vaunted profoundneſs in Scriptures, the reſt to be verſed in the reading of Councels and holy Fathers. They who have had no excellent thing in them, have brought an auſtere countenance, and ſemblance of moral virtues. But ſuch kind of men have nothing but ignorance with bruitiſhneſs, but ſcoffing ſycophancy, but language, and the wind of infamous words. How can it then become them to talk of the Bible, and to argue upon holy Scripture, and the myſteries of our Religion? Shut up your ears againſt theſe Queſtions, if you be unable to ſtop their mouthes.

Tertul. l. 2. adverſ. Marcio. 2 Cenſores divinitatis dicentes: ſic non debuit Deus, & ſic magis debuit, &c.

Is it handſom, think you, to ſee a wretched and infamous fellow to make himſelf the cenſurer of Divinity and corrector of Scripture? God ſhould have done this and that, in ſuch and ſuch a faſhion, (ſay they:) as if any one knew what is in God, but the ſpirit of God himſelf, who is never ſo great, as when he appeareth little to humane underſtanding.

Tert. de præſcript. contra hæreſ. l. 1.

There is but one word (ſaith *Tertullian*) to determine all diſputations with ſuch kind of men: do but ask them whether they be Chriſtians, whether they renounce their Baptiſm and Chriſtianitie. If ſo, let them wear the turbant, or go into the Countrey of God-makers and Gentiles. But if they make profeſſion of one ſame Chriſt, and one ſame Religion with us, why do they bely their profeſſion, by the impudence of their unbridled ſpeeches.

S. *Zeno* ſerm. de fide. *Non eſt fides ubi quæritur fides.*

Faith (ſaith S. *Zeno*) is not faith, when it is ſought. We ſtand not in need of curioſity after *Jeſus Chriſt*, nor to ſearch for the Goſpel, ſaid S. *Cyprians* great Maſter. Should an Angel from Heaven ſpeak unto us, we are to change nothing in our belief. We have betaken us to the ſide of truth, we have a law which the Word declared unto us, which ten millions of Martyrs have ſigned with their bloud, which the beſt part of mankind profeſſeth, the wiſeſt heads of the world have illuſtrated by the light of their writings. To whom would we abandon it? To a captive ſpirit, which hath nothing great in it but ſin, nothing ſpecious but illuſion, nothing undoubted but the loſs of ſalvation.

Tertul. Nobis curioſitate opus non eſt poſt Chriſtum, nec inquiſitione poſt Evangelium.

Effects of Libertiniſm, *and puniſhment of the Impious.*

5. THE neglect of God, is the root of all wickedneſs, nor can there be any thing entire in a ſoul deſpoiled of the fear of God. Impiety cauſeth moſt pernicious effects in States. Firſt, for that it maketh havock of all good manners, leaving not one ſpark of virtue. Secondly, in that it draweth on the inevitable vengeance of God upon Kingdoms and Common-wealths, which ſuffer this monſter to ſtrengthen it ſelf to their prejudice.

The table of *Philo* of the manners of Liberines.

Philo in the Book he made, that no ſalary of an unchaſt woman ſhould be received in the Sanctuary, very wiſely concluded, when he ſhewed, that he who is a Libertine and voluptuous, having no other aim in the world, but the contentments of nature, is unavoidably engaged to all manner of vice: *He becomes* (ſaith he) *bold, deceitfull, irregular, unſociable, troubleſom, chollerick, opiniative, diſobedient, malicious, unjuſt, ungratefull, ignorant, treacherous, giddie, inconſtant, ſcornfull, diſhoneſt, cruel, infamous, arrogant, inſatiable, wiſe in his own judgement, lives for himſelf, and is unwilling to pleaſe any but himſelf; one while profuſe, preſently covetous, a calumniatour, an impoſtour, inſenſible, rebellious, gailfull, pernicious, froward, unmannerly, uncivil, a great talker, loud, vaunter, inſolent, diſdainfull, proud, quarrelſom, bitter, ſeditious, refractory, effeminate, and above all, a great lover of himſelf.*

Nay, he goes further upon the like epithets very judiciouſly, and ſheweth us the ſeeds of all evils ſpring from this curſed liberty.

Puniſhments of God upon Libertiniſm.

Now I leave you to judge, if according to the ſaying of *Machiavel* himſelf, the means quickly to ruin an eſtate, be to fill it with evil manners; who ſees not that Libertiniſm, drawing along with it all this great train of vices of corruptions, tendeth directly unto the utter deſolation of Empires? But beſide, there have been obſerved in all Ages hydeous puniſhments from God, cauſed by impiety over Cities, Provinces, Kingdoms, and Common-wealths, which have bred theſe diſorders.

And that you may be the better ſatisfied upon this point, I have at this time onely two conſiderations to preſent unto you, drawn from two models. In the firſt you ſhall ſee God's juſtice exerciſed before the Incarnation, upon the ſins of infidelity and irreverence towards ſacred things. In the ſecond, you ſhall behold the rough chaſtiſements of thoſe, who after the Incarnation lifted themſelves up againſt the worlds Saviour. When God was pleaſed to correct the infamous *Balaam*, who was a Patriarch of atheiſts and wicked ones, he commanded not an Angel to ſpeak unto him, becauſe he was a Doctour, much unſuitable to a carnal ſpirit, but he raiſed a aſs to inſtruct him, in ſo much as he was become worſe than a beaſt. It is likewiſe loſs of time to deal with Libertines by proofs derived from Schools, or from the invention of ſciences. Men as bruitiſh as themſelves

ſelves muſt be made to ſpeak to them, who will put them in mind of the way they have held, and the ſalary they have received of their impieties. Firſt, I eſtabliſh this Maxim, for ſuch either, who are not yet hardened, or are too yielding and conſenting to evil company, that there are not any ſins which God hath ſo ſuddenly, and more exemplary puniſhed, than ſuch as were committed againſt Religion. The Prophet *Ezechiel*, a captive in *Babylon* under King *Nebuchadnezzar*, diſcovered among tempeſts and flames, that marvellous chariot, which hath ſerved for matter of queſtion to all curious digladiation for the learned, and admiration for all Ages. I ſay, the great S. *Juſtine* Martyr, touched the ſenſe very near, when he ſaid, that in four figures, whereof the one was of an ox, the other of a man, the third of an Eagle, the fourth of a Lion, God ſignified the divers chaſtiſements he would exerciſe upon King *Nebuchadnezzar*, in that from a reaſonable man he ſhould become bruitiſh, eating graſs as an ox, and that his hair ſhould grow as the ſhag of a Lion, and his body be hoary like the feathers of an eagle, worn with old age. I adde alſo to his conceit, that God by theſe repreſentations of four living creatures, ſeemed to ſay to him: O *Nebuchadnezzar*, whileſt thou didſt ſin onely againſt men, I came with the ſlow pace of an ox, to puniſh thy offences, I ſuffered thee with much ſweetneſs, as a man: but when thou greweſt proud, impious, atheiſtical, and tottering in the knowledge of the Divinity, I fell upon thy crowned head as the eagle upon her prey, reducing thee to a bruitiſh life; and if thou goeſt forward, I will pull thee in pieces, as if thou hadſt paſſed through the teeth of a Lion.

S. Iuſtin. in Epiſt. ad Orthodox. q. 44. An obſervation upon the chariot of Ezechiel.

This makes me ſay, that God tolerateth ſins for ſome time, which are of their own nature very enormous; but as for impieties, either he ſpeedily chaſtiſeth them in the heat of crime, or reſerveth them to unſpeakable avengements. See you not in the hiſtory of Kings, how he tolerated *David*, defiled with murder & adultery, nine whole months without taking notice of his fault: But ſo ſoon as *Ozias* took the incenſory to do an act of ſacriledge and impiety, behold him inſtantly ſtrucken with leaproſie in the moſt eminent part of his body. Why ſo? Becauſe other ſins are many times committed through infirmity, incitement, or frailty; but this which ſtrikes at Gods juriſdiction, proceeds from an adviſed and deliberate malice. Behold the cauſe wherefore God maketh arrows of all wood, and vengeance of all creatures, to puniſh it according to its demerit. Adde alſo hereunto a very remarkable proof, which is, that the Sovereign Judge, though oftentimes ſending his Prophets to ſtay the crimes of adultery, of oppreſſion, of injuſtice, and other like, ſuffered them to paſs on in an ordinary way, yet when he diſpatched meſſengers to confound idolatry and impiety, which was raiſed in *Bethel* by *Jeroboam*, he made them flie like eagles and impetuous ſtorms. This is verified in *Jeroboam* King of *Iſrael*, who began to offer incenſe to Idols, when a Prophet came out of *Jeruſalem*, and arrived (as the Interpreters obſerve) in *Bethel* before the incenſing was finiſhed, which happened in a very ſhort time. If one ask how this man of God, in leſs than the ſpace of a ſacrifice, performed about ſix leagues, (for it was as far diſtant from *Bethel* to *Jeruſalem*) it is anſwered, God bare him on the wings of winds, becauſe he went of purpoſe to deſtroy atheiſm and impiety, which was hatched among the *Iſraelites*. And verily being come before this ſacrilegious Altar, he cried out aloud to *Jeroboam*'s face: O Altar, Altar, liſten; for much better is it to ſpeak to theſe ſtones, than to an Atheiſt: God hath ſaid, and it ſhall happen; an infant ſhall be born of the houſe of *David*, called *Joſias*, who ſhall ſacrifice the prieſts, which now incenſe to Idols on their own Altars, and there ſhall he turn their bones into duſt. Which was afterward performed.

2 Par. p. 26. 18

Obſervation upon the chaſtiſement of impiety.

Reg. 3. 13.

Altare, Altare, hæc dicit Dominus, &c.

I now demand, if the celeſtial Father proceeded with ſuch rigour againſt thoſe, who altered ſome ceremony of the ancient Law, that he was not contented to fall ſpeedily upon them, more ſwift than eagles and tempeſts, but cauſed bones of the dead to be taken out of ſepulchers, whereunto the right of nature had confined them, to burn and conſume them on the Altar, which they had profaned; what will become of thoſe, who ſince the venerable myſtery of the Incarnation of the Son of God, run into horrible ſins of infidelity, and trample under foot the bloud of the Teſtament? Perhaps you yet conceive not ſufficiently the greatnes of this crime, but I will make it appear unto you by a powerfull reaſon. S. *Denys* the *Areopagite* ſaith, that Being is the moſt intimate, moſt neceſſarie, moſt univerſal, and moſt perfect of all things, becauſe it containeth in eminency all perfections, which are not but participation of Being. And if this eſſence be ſtrongly rooted in all creatures, ſo that there is none but God who can annihilate it, what ſhall we ſay of the eſſence of the Sovereign Creatour, which originally containeth all eſſences; God, to ſpeak properly, being nothing but his own eſſence? There is no doubt, but it is an excellency wholly incomprehenſible. Now we muſt neceſſarily infer, that by how much the more a thing is excellent, ſo much the more the crimes which aſſail it, are puniſhable. Behold the cauſe why one cannot almoſt find pains ſuitable to Atheiſm and impiety, which reſiſt the eſſence of God.

Dionyſ. c. 1. de divin. nomin.

The horrible puniſhments of the wicked for the ſin of Impietie.

I Moreover affirm, if in a time when the Divinity was not yet fully publiſhed, it notwithſtanding inflicted fearfull puniſhments, both on the living and dead, who had before-time offended, what will become of it after the publication of the Goſpel, and the coming of the Word Incarnate, who maketh ſpeak unto us, for the confirmation of his law and word, the bloud of ſo many millions of Martyrs, who died for defence of the truth, who hath opened to us on earth ſo many mouthes of Apoſtles, Evangeliſts, Doctours, ſingular in wiſdom and ſanctity, as there are ſtars in heaven; who likewiſe gave ſpeech to ſtones and marbles of thoſe ancient Churches, to inſtruct us in our Religion? *The ſtone ſhall crie out in the midſt of walls*, ſaith the Prophet *Habacuc*.

Habac. 2. 11. *Lapis de pariete clamabit.*

Nay, I demand, which is the more tolerable, either to deſpiſe *Joſeph* in the fetters of bondage, or to offer him an affront on *Pharaoh*'s royal chariot? Every man of judgement will tell me there is no compariſon, and that he who yielded not honour to *Joſeph*, being a captive, ſeemed not worthy puniſhment: but to deny him honour, when *Pharaoh* having placed him in a chariot of glory, cauſed to be proclaimed by a Herauld of arms, *Abrec, Abrec, Let all the world bow the knee before* Joſeph, was a crime of treaſon. We then inferre, if the *Jews* for having neglected *Jeſus Chriſt* in bonds, in opprobries, in torments, and the pains of the Croſs, were chaſtiſed with hydeous puniſhments to all poſterity, what may we expect for ſuch as revile heaven, and diſhonour *Jeſus Chriſt* in the chariot of his triumph, after they had ſeen and manifeſtly known, as by ways more than humane, that he put all the glory, power, wiſdom and ſanctity of the whole univerſe under his feet, and having now alſo after ſixteen hundred years and more, through all the parts of the habitable world, both Altars and Sacrifices, where he hath received ſervices and homages of ſo many Myters, Scepters, and Crowns, from wiſe and holy men, that it would be eaſier to number the ſands of the ſea, than to keep an account of them? But if you ſtill doubt the puniſhment of the

Jews for the ſin of impietie, do but read Hiſtories both divine and humane, to be therein ſufficiently informed.

The *Jews* were heretofore the choſen people, and are become the reptobate. God for them drave back the waves of the read ſea, and ſuffered them to walk drie-foot between two waters, as between two chryſtal vaults, and afterward, why did he drown them ſo many times in rivers of their bloud, with ſo horrible ſlaughters, that in the whole ſiege of *Jeruſalem* under *Titus* and *Veſpaſian*, were reckoned according to *Joſephus* his calculation, eleven hundred thouſand dead? God opened to them the ſides of rocks to quench their thirſt, and afterward, why dried he up the dugs of women, who ſaw their little ones die between their arms, they unable to give them one drop of milk? God for them made Manna and clouds of Quails to ſhowr, and why afterward did he ſo afflict them with ſuch cruel and enraged a famine, that the hands of mercifull mothers ſlew and roaſted on coals their own proper children, and eat them to ſatisfie their hunger? God carried them through deſerts as upon eagles wings, and wherefore afterward did he abandon them to eagles and vultures, which ſo many times made carrion of the bodies of his children? God had given them a land ſo fat and fruitful, that it ſtreamed altogether milk and honey, and wherefore afterward had it entrails of iron, denying food to the living, yea, burial to the dead? God gave them ſtrength as a devouring fire, before which all Nations were but as ſtraw, and why afterwards became it the ſhuttle-cock of the arms of Infidels? God gave them liberty for an inheritance, and why afterward obtained they not ſo much as an honourable ſervitude? Why at the ſiege of *Jeruſalem* among ſo many thouſand priſoners, did they ſo much diſdain to make uſe of a *Jew*, that there being never a a Croſs to crucifie them, they were reſerved for beaſts to devour them, rather than derive any ſervice from them? God gave them knowledge, and wherefore afterwards became they blockiſh, idle, and ſtupid in all learning? God ordained for them the aſſiſtance and protection of Angels, and why afterward forſook they their Temple, crying out aloud: *Let us depart, let us depart from hence*? God deſtined to them Royalty and Empire over neighbouring Nations, and why afterward had they not one inch of land at their own diſpoſe, and eſpecially of land, where formerly *Jeruſalem* was built, unleſs they purchaſed it with money, onely to enjoy it one hour or two in the year, and weep over it, and bedew it with the water of their eyes, after they had ſo often moiſtened it with their bloud? God eſtabliſhed prieſt-hood to them, and afterwards what became of *Jeruſalem* the Holy? What became of *Solomon's* Temple, the miracle of the world? Where is the Propitiatory? the Table of Propoſition-bread? the Rational, which was before the peoples oracle? Where is the majeſty of High-prieſts, the comelineſs of Prelates, the perpetuity of Sacrifices? From whence comes it, that it is above fifteen hundred years ago, ſince this miſerable Nation goes wandering through the Regions of the earth, as abandoned into an eternal exile without Prieſts, without Temple, without Sacrifice, without Prince, King, or government? O eternal God, how haſt thou thrown down thy foot-ſtool! O God of juſtice, how haſt thou made deſolate thy royal Prieſthood! O God of vengeance, how haſt thou ſuffered thy Sanctuary to be profaned! Who hath ever heard ſpeech of ſuch a puniſhment? There have been adulteries, rapines, concuſſions, gluttonies, yea, and idolatries, which God hath not revenged in this manner? A captivity of three-ſcore and ten years expiated all theſe ſins, but this after fifteen hundred years, to what ſin may we attribute it, but to the neglect of the eſſence of the Word Incarnate? After the time that the Son of God ſhut his eyes, ſteeped in tears and bloud, over the miſerable *Jeruſalem*, he never hath opened them to afford them mercy. A Lord ſo ſweet, ſo mild, ſo clement, as that he raiſed thieves almoſt from bloud and robbery, in an inſtant to thrones of glory, for having acknowledged and confeſſed his name, ſo roughly to chaſtiſe the neglect of his authority, for the ſpace of ſo many Ages; what meaneth this, but to prove the oppoſing of the divine Eſſence of God, is a crime of all, the moſt hydeous and unſpeakable?

Vide *Joſephum*, & *Hegeſippum*, & *Threnos*.

Run over the Hiſtories of antiquity as long as you pleaſe, revolve in your memory all the experiences, which your Age may afford, and if you ſee the impious come to a good end, ſay, There is no cauſe of fear. *Cain*, their Patriarch, baniſhed from the ſight of God, lived long like a melancholy ſpirit among forreſts, with a perpetual affrightment, until *Lamech* took away his life: The *Cainiſts* were all drenched in the waters of the deluge: *Pharaoh* drowned in the Red-ſea: *Nebuchadnezzar* turned into a beaſt: *Holofernes* ſlain in his bed by the hand of a woman: *Senacherib* loſt one hundred four-ſcore and five thouſand men for a blaſphemy: *Antiochus* ſtrucken with a horrible maladie: Birds did eat the tongue of *Nicanor*, and his hand was hanged up over againſt the Temple: *Heliodorus* was viſibly chaſtiſed by Angels: *Herodes Agrippa* born from the Theater to the bed of death: The Preſident *Saturninus* ſtrucken blind: *Hermianus* eaten by worms in his Pretourſhip: *Leo* the fourth, all covered over with botches and carbuncles: *Bamba* crowned with a diadem of pitch, after his eyes were pulled out: *Julian* the Apoſtate ſtrucken with a dart from Heaven: *Michael* the Emperour, who had in his train a heap of young ſcoffers, that in ſcorn counterfeited the ceremonies of the Church, was torn in pieces as a victim, by his own ſervants: *Olympius* ſtrucken with thunder in a bath. And if we obſerve times more near: *Rogero* dragged to a lay-ſtall: *Vanin* burnt at *Tholouſe*: *Alſan Calefat* divided between fire and water, and ſlain by his own hand.

Tragical events of the wicked.

Great eye of God, which art ever open upon the ſins of the earth, who can ſteal himſelf from the lightning-flaſhes? Great hand of God, who thundereſt and lighteneſt perpetually over rebellious heads, who is able to reſiſt thy juſtice?

Advice to Youth, and ſuch as too eaſily give way to impietie.

O Unfortunate youth, who having received the firſt tincture of good inſtruction, after thou wert bred with ſo much care and honour by thoſe to whom thou owedſt thy birth, betrayeſt the tears of thy parents, the travels of thy teachers, and the whole hopes of the publick! How canſt thou embark thy ſelf among theſe treacherous and ignominious aſſociates? How canſt thou walk among ſo many ſhelves and precipices, not ſo much as once opening thy eyes, to behold the abyſs thou haſt under thy feet? So many heads cruſhed in pieces under the Divine vengeance, are as broken maſts and ſhivers of a ſhipwrack, advanced on the promontory of rocks, to give notice of the deplorable events they have found, whoſe examples thou ſtill purſueſt, yet thou lookeſt on them with arms acroſs, and dallyeſt in danger like a wanton victim, which leaps and skips between the ax and the knife.

God is my witneſs, I write theſe lines with a ſpirit of compaſſion, for ſo many who diſſolutely abuſe the gifts of Heaven, and if any one happen upon the reading of this, I beſeech him by the love of his ſalvation not to deſpiſe a pen, which tendereth ſo ſincere affection for the good of his ſoul.

A man who hath never ſo little reaſon, ſhould he not argue within himſelf, and ſay, Verily the harmonious

monious conſent of ſo many Ages, which have upheld and reverenced a Religion innocent, pure, and holy, is not a matter of ſport. The horrible puniſhments of ſuch as ſought to diſengage themſelves from the homage due to the Divinity of *Jeſus Chriſt*, are no fables, ſince we ſtill behold the foot-ſteps of their ruins. The lights and reflections of the Divinity, which beſet me on every ſide, are ſpeaking tongues, the conſent of ſo many Ages and holy perſonages yet alive on the earth, are no ſmall teſtimony. Theſe kind of men, who ſeek to ſow dangerous maxims in our minds, are creatures of little authority, evil manners, and of a converſation either inſolent or covert. They are neither Apoſtles nor Prophets: It is not credible, truth ſhould ſo long be hidden, to be diſcovered to them amidſt their abomination: They have neither ſanctity, miracles, nor reaſon: They are not rich but in libertinous words and blaſphemies. All they can promiſe me, is nothing elſe but a ſlight contentment of nature in this life, yet cannot they give it me: For amidſt theſe unlawfull pleaſures, I feel my conſcience much diſturbed and perplexed with remorſe: If I feared God, I ſhould find this fear would baniſh all other affrightments from my heart. Now have I that, both of men and laws, yea even of beaſt: It ſeemeth at every accident which happeneth to me, each creature becomes a ſword and an arrow of God to puniſh my evil thoughts and inordinate actions: If that be not true, which theſe men promiſe (as they make no clear proof of what they ſay) behold me then convinced of the moſt horrible crime which hath ever been; behold me the object of all the execrations that have fallen on their heads, who bent themſelves againſt God: Behold me fettered in eternal and inexplicable pains, which I ſhall eſcape neither alive nor dead. Every underſtanding man always inclineth to the ſureſt way: I ſee, that following the opinion my Anceſtours had in matter of Religion, there can happen no other evil unto me, but to be an honeſt man, to repleniſh my heart with good deſires, my thoughts with pleaſing hopes, my hands with works of juſtice, and to waſte my ſelf like a torch of aromatick wood in a life, ſatisfied with it ſelf, and laudable to poſterity: whereas going along with theſe, I walk on thorns and ice in the depth of night, not knowing who purſues me behind. Avaunt novelties, avaunt curſed impieties, farewel infamous atheiſms, adieu execrable liberty; you ſhall never be ought with me. O youth, if thou didſt well taſt theſe words, what repoſe, what contentment, what glory ſhouldſt thou acquire? O unhappy youth, which adhereſt to theſe impious and licentious companies, what wilt thou ſay, when time ſhall have taken from thee the ſcarf which now veileth thine eyes, and that thou ſhalt ſee the chaſtiſement of God, which ſhall follow thee in all thy undertakings, miſery by thy ſides, torments and pains before thee, and peoples execration over thy head? But you meek ones, and you men to halves, who endure with ſoft and flexible ears, unworthy blaſphemies againſt God, under the ſhadow of wit and pleaſant entertainment, if you have yet any vein of Chriſtianity in all your body, ought it not to bownd and leap againſt theſe criminals, who in the heat of wine and banquets, flout in your preſences at the truth of a Religion, which your Anceſtours left you with ſo much ſweat, ſuch virtues, and ſo many good examples? If you, who be men of quality and authority, perſecute even to the gates of hell, ſuch as once have offended you, when you do negligently ſuffer them to diſhonour him, who hath imprinted the ray of majeſty with his finger on your faces, do you not render your ſelves guilty of all the crimes committed through your coldneſs and neglects? God hath preſerved ſince ſo many Ages, doth, and will preſerve this Kingdom by the piety of our great King, by the zeal of his Clergie, by the prudence of his Councel and good Officers, and by the devotion of people, which are as ſincere in *France* as in any place of the world, enlightened with the rays of faith: But it is for impiety, that Crowns are broken, that Scepters flie in pieces, and Empires have in all times paſſed from Nation to Nation. *It is I* (ſaith the great God) *who make Councellours fools, and Judges ſtupid; I who change the golden girdle of Kings into a coard; I who throw confuſion on the brow of Priests; I who ſupplant the greateſt, when they ſeek to overthrow true pietie.* *Adducet Conſilarios in ſtultum finem.*

The Edict of *Darius* a Pagan King, which he made in favour of the *Hebrews* Temple, hath aſtoniſhing words, when he ſaith: *What man ſoever ſhall be ſo hardie, as to change and alter my commandment for the building of the Temple of God, let a gibbet be erected for him of the ſame wood, of which his houſe is built, let it be raiſed in the ſtreet, let him be affixed thereunto, and his houſe confiſcated.* This teacheth you, it is a great unhappineſs to build your houſe at the expence of Gods houſes: Rafters and beams of ſuch edifices, have many times ſerved for inſtruments of puniſhment to ſuch as raiſed them. The favours of great men, fortunes of ice, inexhauſtible riches, reputation, friends, companions, factours, lackeys, buffons, all have forſaken them as butter-flies, which eſcape the hand of a child; they are fallen through the ſin of impiety, which hath made an eclipſe of their fortune and life, in the brighteſt luſtre of their greatneſs. *Omnis homo qui hanc mutaverit juſſionem tollatur lignum de domo ipſius & erigatur, & configatur in eo, & domus ejus publicetur.* Eſdras.

That the Remedie of our evil conſiſteth in the, Zeal of our Faith.

6. THe Remedie of evils which turmoyl us, is wholly in our own hands, and the cure of our wounds dependeth on our own wills. Good examples and ſtrong laws may do all on ſpirits, which have not yet totally renounced their own good, nor is there any one ſo deſperate, who is not taken either by the hands of virtue, wholly made of adamant, or feareth not to fall into the chains of juſtice. Let Eccleſiaſticks, whom God hath entruſted with his bloud, his word, and his Sacraments, begin firſt of all to dart rays of ſanctity in the firmament of honour, where God hath placed them: Let ſecular men in dignities and eminent fortunes, affect zeal in Religion: Let ſuch as are ſtept far into age, bear the torch before youth: Let women endeavour to eſtabliſh piety, which is the ornament of their ſex: Let children be well bred, and trained within the laws of modeſty: Let the doctrine of *Jeſus Chriſt* be ſealed with the ſeal of good manners; there is no Libertine, but will be daunted at the ſight of a life led according to the laws of Chriſtianity: For it is a mirrour, which killeth baſilisks by reverberation of their proper poiſon. But if blaſphemers continue ſtill ſo impudent, as to vomit forth unclean and injurious words againſt the Religion we profeſs, have not laws, which are in the power of the Sovereign Princes on earth, and of their Miniſters of State, iron hands able to ſtay their moſt daring impudencies?

Againſt toleration.

I call you hither, O holy Prelates, O Monarchs, Princes and Potentates, who are in the world as the great Intelligences, who make the Heavens move, and who by diverſity of your aſpects, cauſe calms and ſtorms in this inferiour region wherein we live: I pray tell me, where do you think hath glory, which you naturally love, placed its throne and ſtate, if not in the boſom of true piety, By what degrees are thoſe immortal ſpirits of your Anceſtours mounted up to the joys and delights of God, having repleniſhed the earth with the veneration of their memory, if it were not by making the honour of the Sovereign

To the great-ones of all Chriſtendom.

Maſter march in the front of all their deſigns, and thinking nought theirs own, but what was acquired for God?

Apoc. 10. Remember, you are not altogether like the Angel of the Apocalyps, which beareth the Sun, and Rainbow, and all the garniſhments of glory on feet of braſs: you enjoy dignities and ſupereminencies that draw the Great-ones into admiration, aſtoniſh inferiours, attract people, evict honour and wonder from all the world: But conſider (if ſo you pleaſe) that all this is onely ſupported on feet of clay and morter. Time changeth you, cares conſume you, maladies aſſail you, death takes and deſpoileth you. They who adored you in thrones, may one day trample on you in ſepulchers.

Alas! if it happen you carry all your own intereſts with violence of paſſion to the height of your pretenſions, and that you hold Religion, and the glory of *Jeſus* in a perpetual contempt, what will your ſoul one day anſwer; when it leaves the body, unto the thundering voice of a living God, ſaying to you, as he did to *Cyrus*, in Iſaiah, *Aſſimilavi te, & non cognoviſti me*: I called thee by thy name, I created thee like unto my ſelf; I made thee a little God on earth, and thou haſt forgotten me. I ſo many times marched before thy ſtandards, many times have I humbled the moſt glorious of the earth for thee. I brake brazen gates, pulled down iron bars to afford thee hidden treaſures, and the wealth of Ages, which nature for thee preſerved in her boſom. The Sun ſeemed not to ſhine in the world, but to enlighten thy greatneſs, the ſeas ſurged for thee, and for thee the earth was wholly bent to honour and obedience.

Iſaiah 45.

Admirer of thy ſelf, and ignorant of Gods works, thou haſt ſo ill husbanded my goods, that thou haſt changed them all into evils; I gave thee rays, and thou haſt made arrows of them to ſhoot againſt me. Did I ſeat thee on thrones, that there thy paſſions might ſway? Did I imprint on thy forehead the character of my greatneſs, that thou mighteſt authorize crimes? Thou hadſt a feeble pretext of Religion, and haſt neglected the effects: Thy intereſts reigned, and my honour ſuffered in thy houſe. At what aimed thy ambition ſo ſtrong of wing, and ſo weak of brain, which onely thought how to envy what was above, the more to oppreſs any thing below it? What did that burning avarice, that profuſe riot, that ſpirit of bloud and fleſh, employed in the advancement of thine own houſe, to the contempt of mine? For an inch of land, a wretched matter of profit, the fantaſie of an affront, jealouſie onely ſubſiſting in a body of ſmoke, all the elements muſt be troubled, men and ſwords drawn forth for revenge, and bloud of ſo many mortals ſhed: but for my Name, which is blaſphemed, it is ſufficient to wag the finger, to ſhew onely a cold countenance, a ſlight touch of that great authority, whilſt I was neglected, having done no other fault, but to have paid ingratitudes with benefits.

O you Great-ones, who ſit at the ſtern of Churches and temporal Eſtates, how far will you become accountable to Gods juſtice, if you place not his honour in the firſt rank of all your intentions? Alas! Ought not you to entertain an ardent zeal towards the Religion which our Anceſtours conſigned unto us, with ſo many examples of piety, that Heaven hath not more ſtars, than we lights before our eyes? Can we well endure that the verities and maxims of God, which the Prophets foretold us, the Apoſtles pronounced, the Confeſſours profeſſed, the Martyrs defended in the piece-meal mangling of their bodies, amidſt combs and iron hooks, burning cauldrons, wheels armed with keen razours, ſhould now adays be the ſport of certain giddy ſpirits, and the aim of profane lips, who void of wit or ſhame, dare invade holy things? Is it not for this, O *France*, the beloved of God, and orient pearl of the world, thou haſt ſeen in thy boſom ſo many hoſtilities, ſuch contagions, famines, monſters, and devaſtations, that had not the arm of God ſupported thee, thou wouldſt have been long ſince drenched in irrecoverable confuſions? O you, who bear the ſword of juſtice, and have authority in your hands, will you not one day ſay: *All they who have the zeal of the law, and the pietie of our Anceſtours, follow us courageouſly, for behold we are readie to revenge the quarrels of God, and to account his glorie on earth, in the ſame degree the Angels hold it in Heaven.* This was the conceit of the valiant *Machabee*, the Prince of Gods people, who having ſeen an Apoſtate of his Nation offer incenſe to an Idol, ſlew him with his own hand on the very ſame Altar, ſaying aloud: *He who hath the zeal of the law, let him follow me. Wo to me, ſince I am born to behold the deſolation of my people! Holy things are in the hands of ſtrangers: The Temple hath been handled as the moſt wicked man on earth: Our myſteries, our beauties, our glories are deſolated: To what purpoſe do I ſtill lead a miſerable life?* Fathers of families, will you not ſay to your children what he did to his: *Children, be ye emulatours of the law, and yield your ſouls up for the teſtament of your Anceſtours.* Children, will you not anſwer what the holy *Machabees* did, by the lips of their elder brother: *Let us die in virtue for our brethren, and not defile our glory by any crime, which may be objected againſt us.*

Omnis qui zelum habet legis, ſtatuens teſtamentum ſuum, exeat poſt me.

Va mihi quia natus ſum videre contritionem populi mei! Sanctia in manu extraneorum facta ſunt, &c.

Nunc ergo filii emulatores eſtote legis, & date animas veſtras pro teſtamento Patrum.

Moriamur in virtute propter fratres noſtros, & non inferamus crimen gloriæ noſtræ.

Let war be proclaimed againſt Libertines and blaſphemers, who will ſtill perſevere with deliberate malice in their impiety: Let theſe infernal mouthes be ſtopped, and condemned to an eternal ſilence: Let the ſtandard of the Croſs be adored by all Nations, and the enemies of *Jeſus* diſſolved, as wax melted on the flames of burning coals, as ſmoke ſcattered in the air: Let a chaſt and ſincere worſhip of God flouriſh every where, and ſacrifices of praiſe mount to Heaven, to obtain benedictions on earth.

But you, SIR, who moſt near approch to the Kings perſon, having given ſo many teſtimonies of your prudence, your courage, and fidelity, ſeem to ſpeak unto him with the ſame tongue, which holdeth ears enchained by the charms of your eloquence, and ſay, what *France* pronounceth:

An Apoſtrophe of *France* to the King.

7. *GReat King, for whom our Altars daily ſmoke in Sacrifices, and for whom our lips ceaſe not to ſend forth thankſgivings of proſperitie to Heaven. The monſters are not all as yet vanquiſhed: Behold the laſt head of* Hydra, *which God hath reſerved to this triumphant ſword, which the Croſs guideth, valour animateth, juſtice moderateth, and the ſtars crown. Needs muſt impietie be cruſhed under thoſe feet, which have already trampled on ſo many Dragons, and be fettered with an hundred iron chains, under the Altars we daily charge with our vows.*

When Libra, *the conſtellation of your birth, ariſeth, the* Ram *falleth. It is not time (O Monarch of flowerde-luces) that appearing on the throne of juſtice, with* Ballance *in hand, all ſparkling with the rays of glorie, which environ you after ſo many battels concluded by your victories, you humble the horns of this* Ram *of inſolent impiety, which dares ſo confidently oppoſe, both by words and actions, the Religion which crown you, the ſpirit which poſſeſſeth you, and the power which directeth you.*

Alas, Alas, SIR, To what purpoſe were it to have walked on the ſmoking ruins of ſo many rebellious Cities? What would it avail to have thrown down in one Rochel, *ſo many ſurly rocks with the help of ſo great, ſo faithfull, and happy counſel, and opening one gate there at your enterance, to have ſhut up a thouſand againſt factions and civil wars? What contentment could your Majeſty have by wiping away the ſweats on the* Alps, *you had gotten on the Ocean, and to have gathered palms*

palms perpetually verdant for you, as well in the frozen ice of winter, as the ſcorching heats of ſummer. If you muſt again behold at your return, that Religion you ſo often defended, trodden under the feet of impiety, wounded by ſlanderous tongues, outraged by blaſphemies, and contaminated by inſolent ſpirits, who know not God, but to diſhonour him? It now at this time preſenteth it ſelf to you with ſighs in the heart, and tears in the eyes: It ſheweth unto you the robe, which Clodovæus, Charlemaigne, *and* S. Lewis, *your Predeceſſours, gave you with ſo much ſplendour, now torn in pieces with ſuch violence; it imploreth your aſſiſtance, it expecteth your power, it breaths an air much the more ſweet in the confidence conceived of your zeal and courage.*

I call to witneſs that great Angel, which hath led you by the hand to ſo many conqueſts and triumphs, making you dreadfull to your enemies, helpfull to your Allies, awfull to your ſubjects, and amiable to all the world; it is not here where he will limit your actions, and fix the columns of your memorie. We ſtill hope quickly to ſee the day which ſhall drie up the tears of the poor, ſhall eaſe their burdens, ſhall ſweeten their pains, ſhall pour oyl on their yokes: And from whom ſhould we expect all this, but from a Prince ſo pious, ſo benign? We promiſe our ſelves to ſee a Clergie, which ſhall ſpeedily put it ſelf into ſo good a way under your favour, entirely purified from the dregs of ſimonie, ignorance, and the liberty of evil actions. Who can give us this happineſs, but a King, who hath under his heart a Temple for true piety? We ſigh for that great day, that day, which ſhall for ever waſh away the ſtains of bloud, impreſſed on the foreheads of French *Nobilitie, which ſhall diſſipate diſorders, ſhall ſtop the current of ſo many diſſolutions; and what can aſſure us of it, but the certainty of your Edicts? We moſt earneſtly deſire to behold an abſolute regularitie in juſtice, and in all Officers, that a golden Age may ſhine again, which hath ſo often been varniſhed through the corruption of ſouls ſet at ſale. And who ſhall do it but a King, that from his moſt innocent years ſo much hath cheriſhed the title of* Juſt, *that he for it contemned the name of a* Conquerour, *which his valour preſented him, and of* Moſt Sacred, *which the veneration of his virtues afforded him. Impiety vanquiſhed, beareth the keys of all theſe hopes, nor ſhall we have any thing more to fear or deſire, when that ſhall be throughly ſuppreſſed throughout all the parts of the Kingdom.*

Dear delight of Heaven, is it not for this God drew you the laſt year from the gates of a ſepulcher, and reſtored you to life, to render us all to our ſelves? Alas! Great God, what a ſtroke of thunder was the news of this maladie! What a terrour to all Cities! What aſtoniſhment in all Orders! What a wound in the heart of the whole Kingdom! Your poor France *remembered the* 27. *day of* September, *made ſacred by your royal birth: It conſidered this nativitie had done to your ſtate, what the infuſion of the ſoul into a bodie; and ſaw you almoſt taken hence at the ſame time that your Majeſtie entered. It beheld all that greatneſs, and thoſe comforts readie to be ſhut up within your tomb. The Queens drenched in their deep ſorrow, could not ſpeak but by their tears and ſobs: Your good Officers diſſolved in lamentations at the foot of your bed, which was become the Altars of grief. All humane hopes were cut off by the violence of the maladie. Nothing was expected but the fatal blow, which all the world deplored, and which no man could divert.*

But who knoweth not, SIR, God permitted it to let us ſee your virtues by their bright reflection. The luſtre of beautifull paintings muſt be ſuffered a little to mortifie, before we can judge of them. We could not ſufficiently know your Majeſtie in the bright ſplendours of fortune, and ſuch good ſucceſs of arms: Needs muſt we have a character from God of men afflicted, and a mark of the Croſs of Jeſus *to conſummate ſo excellent qualities. And what heart was not then ſeized with admiration, when we ſaw a young King, ſo great, ſo flouriſhing, ſo awfull, to look death in the face with a confident eye, to expect it with a ſtable foot, to receive it willingly with a ſpirit infinitely peacefull: afterward to be fortified by Sacraments of the Church, with moſt exemplar devotion, and having given the laſt adieus to his good ſubjects, to go out of the world and all glorious honours, as joyfull as from a priſon? But God withdrew this ſtroke, when life held but by a ſlender threed, and heard the many prayers made throughout all* France: *He reſtored you to life at the ſame time he had given it you: He ſetled the pillars of this State, which then tottered over our heads: He raiſed our joys again, which were faded, and gave us that we would not looſe, to gain the whole world. It is, SIR, to tell you, you muſt perform all God requireth at your ſacred hands, and ſo to profit in ſanctitie, that the earth may one day give you in reward of piety, the Altars you have raiſed to Heaven, by the valour of your arms.*

To the King of all Ages Immortal and Inviſible, to GOD alone be given honour and glory, for ever and ever.

A

THE

THE CHRISTIAN DIARY.

THE AUTHOURS DESIGN.

OF the practice of Virtues I have already ſpoken in my Book of the HOLY COURT. *This is a ſmall Pattern thereof in every days action. It ſhould employ your heart, rather than your eyes or hand. It is ſhort to read, but if you practice it, you will in one day find years and ages of felicitie.*

Indeed we have at this preſent many ſpiritual Books, which eccho one another. This Age is as fruitfull in words, as barren in works; Enclining to ſpeak much, to do nothing; evapourating the beſt part of wit, by pen or tongue.

Nevertheleſs, in matters of Devotion, it is apparent, that a man cannot ſay too much, that, which he can never do enough; and that in ſo great a penurie of worthy acts, we ſhould not be ſparing of good words.

I preſent you with this ſhort Treatiſe: carry it in your hand, as the clock which a great Prince wore in a Ring: it ſtriketh every hour of the day, and agreeth with Reaſon, as true dials with the Sun. If you read it with attention, you will find it great in its littleneſs, rich in its povertie, and large in its brevitie. Great books make men ſometimes more learned, ſeldom more innocent. This reduceth wiſdom to practice, and proſperity to devotion. By often reading it, and doing what it directeth, you ſhall know what it is; for it hath no other character of its worth, than that of your virtues.

THE CHRISTIAN DIARY.

The First PART.

The first SECTION.

The Importance of well ordering every Action of the day.

A Wiſe Hermit (as *Pelagius* a Greek Authour relates) being demanded, if the way to perfection were very long, ſaid: *That the Virtues accompany one another, and if a man would himſelf, be might in one day attain to a proportionable meaſure of Divinitie.* Indeed our Virtues are all conjoyned in our Actions, our Actions in the Hours, the Hours in the Day, the Days in the Moneth, the Moneths in the Year, and the Years in the Ages. Every day is a little map of our life; and the way to be ſoon perfect, is to uſe much conſideration and perfection in the performance of every days action. See here a draught thereof, the lineaments of which I have taken in part from one endued with much wiſdom, religion & integrity, whom I would willingly name, did I not fear to offend his humility, which can ſuffer all things but his own praiſes.

The ſecond SECTION.

At Waking.

THe Sun hath long ſince, for your benefit chaſed away the ſhades of night, to delight you with the ſight of the wonderfull works of God, and your curtains are yet undrawn, to entertain you with a ſhadow of death. Ariſe out of bed, and conſider, that this great ſtar, which makes you begin the courſe of this day, muſt this day run about ten or twelve millions of leagues; and you, how many ſteps will you proceed towards virtue? This unwearied Harbinger is gone to take you up a lodging in the grave; Each minute is ſo much deducted from your life. Will you not follow the counſel of the Son of God, and *work while it is day?* A long night will ſhortly cover you with its wings, in which you will not have the power to work.

Suppoſe every day a day in Harveſt, ſuppoſe it a Market-day; ſuppoſe it a day, wherein you are to work in a golden Mine; ſuppoſe it a ring, which you are to engrave and ennammel with your actions, to be at night preſented on Gods Altar.

Set before you the excellent conſideration of *S. Bernard*, *That your actions in paſſing, paſs not away*; for every good work is a grain of ſeed for eternal life. Say with the famous Painter *Xeuxes*, *Æternitati pingo, I paint for eternity.*

Follow the counſel of *Thomas Aquinas*, Do every action in the name of Jeſus Chriſt, deſiring to have the appro-

approbation and good affections of all the Church, Militant and Triumphant. Do it as if the glory of God, the welfare of all the world, and your whole salvation depended on it, and as if that were to set the seal to all your works.

Contrive *over night* the good works you are to do the next day; on what points you are to meditate, what sin you are to vanquish, what virtue you are to practice, what business you are to do: that with a well-digested foresight, you may give birth to every thing in its own time. This is *Ariadnes* clew, which guides our actions in the great labyrinth of Time, without which all would go to confusion.

Be curious sometimes to know of what colour the dawning of the day is, prevent the light (as the *Wiseman* adviseth) to praise God. Take heed of imitating that Epicurean swine, who boasted, that he had grown old, without seeing the Sun either rise or set. It is a good custom to rise betimes, but hardly perswaded to Ladies, and those *Antipodes* to Nature, who change the night into day, and the day into night. The famous *Apollonius* being very early at *Vespasian's* gate, and finding him stirring, from thence conjectured, that he was worthy to govern an Empire, and said to his companion, Ἀνηρ ἄρξει, *This man surely will be Emperour, he is so early.*

That unto which you are to dispose the day, may be divided into four parts. *Devotion, Practice of Virtues, Business*, and *Recreation. Devotion* should bear the light, and open the door to all our actions.

As soon as you *awake*, make an account you are to give the first fruits of your *reason*, your *sense*, and *faculties*, to the Divine Majesty. Let the *Memory* immediately call to mind, that the works of God must be done. Let the *Understanding* cast an ejaculation upon its Creatour, like a flash of lightening. Let the *Will* enflame it self with love of him. Let the *Heart* let flie the burning shafts of desires and celestial affections. Let the *Mouth* and *Tongue* labour to pronounce some vocal prayer to the most blessed Trinitie. Let the *Hands* lift themselves up to Heaven. Let the *Arms* and *Feet* shake off the numbness of sleep, as S. *Peter* did his chains at the voice of the Angel. This were a beginning as it were of sacrificing our selves to God. They used to pluck the hair off the beast, and cast it into the fire, before they sacrificed it; so should we take these little actions from our uprising, as the beginning of our sacrifice.

The third SECTION.

Five good actions to begin the day.

THat Action, should be as a preparative to another more long and serious devotion, which you should perform in your Closet, as you come out of bed. If your attire be so curious, that it would require much time to dress you, it is a miserable slavery: Stay not till that be done, to give God your tribute; but clothe your self indifferently, so much as is necessary for decency and health: Then on bended knees do five things, *Adoration, Thanksgiving, Oblation, Contrition*, and *Petition*.

I will here shew you the way to frame these actions, which you may read at times: and I will adde examples and forms, taken partly out of Scripture, such as are fit to be repeated daily.

The fourth SECTION.

Of Adoration.

The first Act of Devotion.

YOu are to observe, that *Praise* is one thing, *Honour* another, *Reverence* another, *Adoration* another. *Praise* consists properly in words, *Honour* in outward signs, *Reverence* in inward respect; but *Adoration* (considered at large) comprehends all these acts with much eminence. For, *Adoration is an act of Religion, whereby we do homage to the sovereignty of God with a lowly submission, which is not communicable to any creature.*

This act is formed and composed of four things, which are as it were its four Elements. The first is a strong apprehension of the greatness and excellency of God. The second, a consideration of our own meanness, in comparison of that great Majesty. The third, a fervent act of the will, which at the thought hereof melts it self into respect. And the fourth, an outward expression both of the mouth and gestures of the body, testifying the resentment of our heart.

To discharge her self in this act of *Adoration*, the soul first conceives God, great, dreadfull, majestick; she conceives him as a sea, infinite in essence, goodness, beatitude, comprehending within himself all Being, all Good, all Truth; and not onely comprehending, but anticipating it to all eternity with an incomparable eminence.

She beholds the whole universe, in the immensity of God, like a spunge in the midst of the Ocean, an atome in the air, and a little diamond set in the highest Heaven. She acknowledgeth God to be the Foundation of all things possible, the Super-essential being of all things that are, and that are not, without whom nothing can subsist, neither actually nor potentially, and that he hath no hold which the understanding may take, to have knowledge of him. She represents God to her self, as the beginning and end of all things, the Creatour, the Founder, the Basis, the Support, the Place, the Continuation, the Bound, the Order, the Tie, the Concord, the Consummation of all creatures; who hath within himself all the good of Angels, of men, and universal Nature; who hath all glory, all dignities, all riches, all treasures, all pleasures, all comforts, all delights, all joys, all Beatitudes, as *Lessius* very well explains in his Treatise *of Infinitie*.

This soul unsatisfied, walks leisurely into these fourteen depths of greatness, which are in God; that is, *Infinitie, Immensitie, Immutabilitie, Eternitie, Omnipotence, Wisdom, Perfection, Holiness, Bountie, Dominion, Providence, Mercie, Justice, and the End to which all things tend.*

She considers every perfection, first absolutely, then by comparison and application, making return upon her self, and comparing this *Infinitie* of God with her *nothing*, this *Immensitie* with her *smalness*, this *Immutabilitie* with her *inconstancy*, this *Eternitie* with the *shortness of this temporal life*, this *Omnipotence* with her *weakness*, this *Wisdom* with her *ignorance*, this *Perfection* with her *defects*, this *Holiness* with her *vice*, this *Bountie* with her *ingratitude*, this *Dominion* with her *povertie*, this *Providence* with her *stupiditie*, this *Mercie* with her *obduratenes*, this *Justice* with her *iniquity*, this *End to which all things tend*, with the *necessarie dependances which arise from her infirmities.*

Here she is ravished in God, as a little pismire in the Sun, and like *Aristotle*, who (as it is said) being not able to comprehend the ebbe and flow of an arm of the Sea, threw himself into it: so she drowneth her self in such a multitude of wonders, not willing any longer to measure her love by the ell of her knowledge.

She is transported in this great labyrinth of miracles, otherwise than the Queen of *Sheba* at sight of the Palace of *Solomon*: and cannot at the last but break forth into an outward act, and say: *My God, and my All, the God of my heart, my portion and my inheritance to all Eternitie!*

The

The fifth Section.

Example of Adoration.

IN purſuit hereof you ſhall worſhip God proſtrate on the earth, ſounding like a ſmall ſtring of that great Harp, the world: offering to the Creatour the whole Univerſe, as a picture to hang up at his Altar, and reſigning your ſelf totally to his will: *The Hymn of the three children in the fiery furnace,* ſuiteth very well with this Act; who call all creatures (as by a catalogue) to praiſe God: or elſe take that form, which the Angels and Saints uſe in adoring this Sovereign Majeſtie.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almightie, which was, and is, and is to come; Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power: for thou haſt created all things, and for thy pleaſure they are and were created. Thou haſt made Heaven and earth, with all the ornaments thereof. Thou haſt compaſſed the ſea with bounds, by thy Almightie word. Thou haſt ſhut up the deep, and ſealed it by thy terrible and glorious Name. Thou makeſt the pillars of Heaven to tremble under thy feet. Thou ſtrikeſt terrour into all creatures, by the inſupportable brightneſs of thy Majeſty. Thou art in the Temple of thy holy glory; Thou beholdeſt the depths, and ſitteſt upon the Cherubims; I adore thee my God, from the center of my nothing, with all the creatures of the Univerſe; making an entire reſignation of all that I am, into thy hands; and deſiring now, and to all eternity, to depend on thy bleſſed will.

The ſixth Section.

Of Thanksgiving.

The ſecond Act of Devotion.

THis is an Act very neceſſary, conſidering the benefits that we receive continually from the hand of God: We ſhould not be like the clouds which obſcure the Sun that raiſed them; but let us rather imitate the Looking-glaſs, which returns the image ſo ſoon as the face is preſented to it.

We muſt not let ſlip any benefit proceeding from this ſovereign hand, without repreſenting to our ſelves the lively image of it in our acknowledgement. And if the Ancient Hebrews (as *Joſephus* relates) ſet marks and tokens, ſometimes on their arms, ſometimes at their gates, to publiſh to all the world the benefits that God hath conferred upon their families, is it not moſt fitting, that we endeavour to acknowledge in ſome manner the liberality of the Divine Majeſty.

This act conſiſteth in three things. Firſt, in the *Memory*, which repreſents to the Underſtanding, the benefit received; and this *Underſtanding* conſiders the hand that gives them, and to whom, and how, and wherefore, and by what ways, and in what meaſure. Thereupon an affectionate acknowledgement is framed in the *Will*, which not able to continue idle, ſpreads it ſelf into outward acts, to witneſs the fervour of its affection.

To practiſe this well, it is requiſite to make a catalogue of the benefits of God; which are contained in three kinds of *goodneſs* and *mercy*.

The firſt is, that whereby he drew this great Univerſe, out of the *Chaos* and darkneſs of nothing, to the light of being and life, for our ſakes creating a world of ſuch greatneſs, beauty, profit, meaſure, order, viciſſitude, continuance; and preſerving it as it were by the continual breathing of his ſpirit, affording to every thing its rank, form, propriety, appetite, inclination, ſcituation, limits, and accompliſhment. But above all, making man as a little miracle of Nature, with the adornments of ſo many pieces, ſo well ſet, to bear in his aſpect the beams of his own Majeſtie.

The ſecond bounty is, that whereby he hath decreed to raiſe in man all that is natural, to a ſupernatural eſtate.

The third, that whereby he hath raiſed the nature of man, being fallen into ſin, into miſerie, into the ſhadow of death, to innocence, bliſs, light, and eternal life.

This is the incomprehenſible myſtery of the Incarnation of the Word, which comprehends ſix other benefits; that is, the benefit of the doctrine and wiſdom of Heaven, conferred on us, the benefit of our Saviors good examples, the benefit of Redemption, the benefit of Adoption into the number of Gods children, the benefit of the treaſure of the merits of *Jeſus Chriſt*, the benefit of the bleſſed Euchariſt.

Beſides thoſe benefits, which are in the generality of Chriſtianity, we are to repreſent in all humility often to our ſelves, the *particular* favours received from God, in our birth, nouriſhment, education, inſtruction, in gifts of ſoul and body; in means and conveniences, in friends, allies, kinred; in vocation, eſtate, and profeſſion of life; in continued protection, in deliverance out of ſo many dangers, in viciſſitude of adverſities and proſperity, in guidance through the degrees of age; wherein every one in his own particular, may acknowledge infinite paſſages of the Divine Providence.

All this pouring it ſelf upon the ſoul, with conſideration of the circumſtances of each benefit, at laſt draws from the Will this act of acknowledgement, which maketh it to ſay with the Prophet *David, Who am I? O Lord God, and what is my houſe, that thou haſt brought me hitherto?* 2 Sam. 7. 18.

The ſeventh Section.

A Pattern of Thanksgiving.

HEreupon you ſhall give thanks for all benefits in general, and particularly for thoſe you have received at preſent, which at that time you are to ſet before you, that may ſeaſon this action with ſome new reliſh. The Church furniſheth us with an excellent form of Thanksgiving to God in the hymn *Te Deum*: or elſe ſay with the bleſſed ſpirits:

O God, power, and riches, and wiſdom, and ſtrength, and honour, and bleſſing, be unto thee for ever and ever.

O God, glory be to thee on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men: I bleſs thee, I worſhip thee, I give thanks to thee for thy great glory, and thy benefits, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty; and thou alſo O Lord Jeſus Chriſt my Saviour, onely Son of the Heavenly Father; perfect God and perfect man; Thou that takeſt away the ſins of the world, and ſitteſt at the right hand of God the Father; And thou, O Holy Ghoſt, conſubſtantial with the Father and the Son, moſt bleſſed Trinitie, receive my prayers in giving thanks.

The eighth Section.

Of Offering or Oblation.

The third Act of Devotion.

REligion and Sacrifice had their beginning in the worlds infancy, and ever ſince have been linked together by an indiſſoluble tie. God, who giveth all, will have us give to him, meaning we ſhould take out of his ſtore, that which our Nothing cannot afford. Obſerve here a thing remarkeable, That as in the Law of *Moſes* there were three kinds of

of Sacrifice, that is, *Immolations*, *Libations*, and *Victims*: *Immolations*, which were made of the fruits of the earth; *Libations*, of liquours, as oyl and wine; *Victims*, of living creatures: so likewise God requires that we give him our *actions* for fruits, our *affections* for liquours, and our *selves* for victims. This is done by the act of *Oblation* or *Offering*, which is a way of sacrifice, by which we offer our selves, and all that belongeth to us, at the Altar of the Divine Majesty.

To perform this act well we must have first, a pure apprehension of the power and dominion, which God hath over us: secondly, an intimate knowledge of our own dependence upon him; considering, that we not onely have received being, and all things annexed to being, from his goodness; but that we are also sustained perpetually by his hand, as a stone in the air; and that if he should let go never so little, we should be dissolved into that Nothing, out of which we are extracted. From thence will arise an act of Justice in the will, ready to give to God that which is his: and as the Holocaust, (where the hoast was quite consumed in honour to the Divine Majestie) was heretofore the noblest of all Sacrifices; so will we imitate this excellent act of Religion, by consecrating not onely our actions and affections, but all that we are, unto God; wishing to be dissolved and annihilated for his sake, if it might be for the glory of his Divine Majestie. But if this annihilation cannot be real, we must at the least form it to our mind, in an extraordinary manner, acquiring to our selves (as much as is possible) twelve diss-engagements, wherein the perfection of the Holocaust consisteth.

The first, is a divesting our selves of all affection to temporal things, so that we no longer love any thing but for God, of God, and to God. The second, a diss-entangling from our own interest in all our actions. The third, an absolute mortifying of sensuality. The fourth, a separation from friendships sensual, natural, and acquired, that they have no longer hold on our heart, to the prejudice of virtue. The fifth, a banishing of worldly imaginations, in such a manner, that the meer representation of them, may beget aversion and horrour in us. The sixth, a discharge from worldly cares not necessary to salvation. The seventh, a deliverance from bitterness of heart and discontents which ordinarily arise from excessive love to creatures. The eighth, a valiant flight from all kind of vanity of spirit. The ninth, a contempt of sensible consolations, when God would have us to be weaned from them. The tenth, a renouncing of scruples of mind, and of our own fantasies, to follow the counsel and will of those that are superiour unto us. The eleventh, an insensibility of the troubles that happen in adversity. The twelfth, an entire mortification of judgement and will, that we follow all the inspirations of God, as true dials the Sun.

He who hath proceeded therein thus far, maketh a true annihilation of himself, and an excellent oblation of all that he is: But if you cannot give the whole tree with such perfection, yet give at least the fruits; desiring in conclusion, to offer up all your faculties, senses, functions, words, works, and all that you are; remembering that saying of S. *Chrysostom*, *That it is the most wicked avarice, to defraud God of the oblation of our selves.* Offer to the Father your *memory*, to *fill* it as a choice vessel with profitable things; to the Son your *understanding*, to *enlighten* it with eternal truth; to the Holy Ghost your *will*, to *enkindle* it with his holy flame; Say particularly to the Incarnate Word, with the devout virgin *Gertrude*.

The ninth Section.

The manner of offering our selves to God.

O My sweet Saviour, illuminate my intentions with thy light, and support my weakness by thy mercy: I recommend the small service which I shall do this day, to the unspeakable sweetness of thy heart; and set it from hence forward before thine eyes, to direct, correct, and perfect it. I offer it, and all that I am to thee, with my whole affection, both for my self and all the faithfull; and I offer it unto thee, in the union of that most perfect intention which thou hadst, when thou prayedst upon earth to thy Father in Heaven.

The tenth Section.

Of Contrition.

The fourth Act of Devotion.

THis is an Act exceeding necessary in so dangerous an estate, and so great frailty as we continually live in. *Theodoret* in his *Questions upon the Scripture*, saith, That there are three kinds of life, intimated by the three sorts of creatures mentioned in *Abraham*'s sacrifice, *Gen.* 15. 9. There is a *Natural* life, represented by the four-footed beasts; a *Mourning* life, figured in the Turtle; a *pure* and *innocent* life, signified by the young pigeon. Natural lives are very frequent in the world; Dove-like, very rare, but there is no Dove so pure, but always needs the mourning of the Turtle.

This is the reason why we should not pray almost at no time, without stirring up some acts of Contrition. Every one knows, contrition is a detestation of sin, beyond all things most detestable, taking beginning from the love of God, and hope of his mercy, and ought always to be accompanied with a firm resolution of amendment. Its first foundation is the belief of a *living* God, of a God *clear-sighted*, of a God *dreadfull in all his judgements*, from whence a servile fear of the pains due to sin is begot, even in the most stupid hearts. Thunder causeth Doves to fawn, and raiseth tempests and earth-quakes in the soul. Then Hope ariseth above the horizon, scattering amorous beams, through the assured confidence we have to obtain pardon for our sins, by undergoing the yoke of Repentance. Then beginneth the love of God in the soul, to free and discharge it self of the interests of earth, that it may at last bring forth that heavenly grief, which is begot like pearls of the dew of heaven. Oh blessed a thousand-fold are they, that wash themselves with that *snow water* which holy *Job* mentioneth, *Job* 9. 30. and cleanse themselves in the wholesom pool of repentance!

Stir up acts of *contrition* often for all sins in general, and especially for those defects and imperfections, whereunto you are most subject, with a firm purpose to oppose them strongly, and by Gods help, to root them out. Say to that end, as followeth;

The eleventh Section.

A form of Contrition.

FAther, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son, having paid so great bountie with contempt, and so many benefits with ingratitude. I grieve not at the pains I suffer for my rebellion, but I grieve for having offended a God, who ought to be loved and honoured above all things. Where can I find punishment enough to be avenged on my self, and tears enough to wash away my offences? Father, from hence forward the face of sin shall be more hydeous to me than hell: Make me as one of thy hired servants. My God, thou art our Father, and we are nothing, but earth and dust in comparison of Thee! Thou art our Maker, and we are all but clay in thy hands. My God, be not incensed against so weak, so wicked an object. My God, have not the sins of my life past in remembrance.

The twelfth Section.

Of Petition or Requeſt.

The fifth Act of Devotion.

A Certain great Emperour coming into Ægypt, to ſhew the zeal he had to the publick good, ſaid to the Ægyptians, *Draw from me as from your river* Nilus; but what can be drawn from a man, but hopes, which ſwell like bubbles of water till they burſt. It is from God that we muſt draw, for he is a fountain which perpetually diſtilleth, who quenching the thirſt of all the world, hath himſelf but one, which is (ſaith *Gregory Nazianzen*) *that all men ſhould thirſt his bounty.*

We muſt neceſſarily beg of God, ſeeing our neceſſities conſtrain us, and his bounty invites us, we muſt beg of him, according as he himſelf hath taught us in the *Lords Prayer*, which is the ſum of all Divinity; we muſt ask in his Sons name, and with confidence to obtain. We muſt pray for the Church, for the Paſtours, for our King, for publick neceſſities, for our ſelves, for our neighbours: we muſt pray for ſpiritual and temporal bleſſings according to occaſion, as far as is lawfull. For which purpoſe it is good to have a collection of prayers for all occaſions, like a little Fort, furniſhed with all pieces of battery, to force even heaven it ſelf, with a religious fortitude, and a pious violence.

Deſire of God every morning at leaſt, *That* you may not offend him; *That* you may not want Grace, Light, and Courage to reſiſt thoſe ſins whereunto you are moſt enclined; *That* you may practiſe thoſe virtues that are moſt neceſſary for you: *That* you may be guided and governed this day by Gods providence, in all that concerns your ſoul, body, and outward things. *That* you may obtain new graces and aſſiſtance for the neceſſities of your neighbours, which you may then ſet before him. Say for your ſelf, and for all thoſe that concern you, this form of prayer, uſed by *Thomas Aquinas.*

The thirteenth Section.

A Form of Petition.

O God, give unto me, and to all thoſe whom I commend in my prayers, an Underſtanding to know thee, an affectionate Devotion to ſeek thee; a Wiſdom to find thee; a Converſation to pleaſe thee; a Perſeverance boldly to wait on thee; a Faith happily to embrace thee. My God, ſo order it, that I may be wounded with thy ſufferings in repentance, that in this life, I may uſe thy bleſſings in grace, and enjoy in the other, thy eternal joys in the boſom of Glorie. So be it.

The fourteenth Section.

Of the time proper for ſpiritual reading.

BElieve me, you ſhall do well at this time of the morning, when your mind is freeſt from earthly thoughts, to uſe ſome *ſpiritual reading*; ſometimes of the precepts, ſometimes of the lives of the Apoſtles and Saints, calling to mind that ſaying of *Iſidore* in his Book of *Sentences*: *He that will live in the exerciſe of God's preſence, muſt pray and read frequently.* When you pray, you ſpeak to God; and when you read, God ſpeaks to you; Good ſermons and good books are the ſinews of virtue.

Obſerve you not how colours (as Philoſophie teacheth) have a certain light, which in the night time is obſcured and buried (as it were) in matter: But as ſoon as the Sun riſeth, and diſplayeth his beams on ſo many beauties that languiſhed in darkneſs, he awakes them, and makes them appear in their true luſtre? So may we (truly) ſay, that we have all ſome ſeeds of knowledge, which would be quite choaked (as it were) with the vapours ariſing from our paſſions, did not the wiſdom of God (which ſpeaketh in the holy Scripture, and in good ſpiritual books) ſtir them up, and give them light and vigour to enflame the courſe of our actions to virtue. Always before you take a book in hand, invoke the Father of light to direct your reading. Read little if you have but little leiſure, but with attention: and make a pauſe at ſome ſentence, which all that day may come into your memory. You will find, that good books teach nothing but *truth*, command nothing but *virtue*, and promiſe nothing but *happineſs.*

The fifteenth Section.

An Abſtract of the doctrine of *Jeſus Chriſt*, to be uſed at the Communion.

JOhn 14.6. *I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh to the Father, but by me.*

Mark 1.15. *The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand: Repent ye, and believe the Goſpel.*

Matth. 11.28. *Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you reſt;*

29. *Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me: for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye ſhall find reſt unto your ſouls.*

30. *For my yoke is eaſie, and my burden is light.*

Matth. 7.12. *All things whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do to you, do ye even ſo to them: for this is the Law and the Prophets.*

John 15.12. *This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you.*

13. *Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.*

14. *Ye are my friends, if ye do whatſoever I command you.*

Matth. 5.44. *Love your enemies, bleſs them that curſe you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which deſpitefully uſe you, and perſecute you.*

45. *That you may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven: For he maketh his Sun to riſe on the evil and on the good, and ſendeth rain on the juſt, and on the unjuſt.*

Luke 5.35. *Be ye mercifull, as your Father alſo is mercifull.*

23. *Judge not, and ye ſhall not be judged: condemn not, and ye ſhall not be condemned: forgive, and it ſhall be forgiven.*

30. *Give, and it ſhall be given unto you.*

Luke 12.15. *Take heed and beware of covetouſneſs: for a mans life conſiſteth not in the abundance of the things which he poſſeſſeth.*

Matth. 7.13. *Enter ye in at the ſtrait-gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to deſtruction, and many there be which go in thereat.*

14. *Becauſe ſtrait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.*

Matth. 10.38. *He that taketh not his Croſs and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.*

John 16.33. *In the world ye ſhall have tribulation: but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.*

Matth. 28.20. *Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.*

Matth.

Matth. 26. 41. *Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the ſpirit indeed is willing, but the fleſh is weak.*

Luke 12. 36. *Let your loyns be girded about, and your lights burning.*

37. *And ye your ſelves like unto men, that wait for the Lord, when he will return from the wedding, that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately.*

Luke 21. 34. *Take heed to your ſelves, leſt at any time your hearts be overcharged with ſurfetting and drunkenneſs, and cares of this life.*

John 5. 28. *The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the grave, ſhall hear his voice,*

29. *And ſhall come forth, they that have done good, unto the reſurrection of life, and they that have done evil, unto the reſurrection of damnation.*

The ſixteenth SECTION.

What is to be done at the Celebration of the Sacrament.

AT the *Celebration of the Sacrament*, you ſhall endeavour to ſtir up in your ſelf a great reverence of this incomparable Majeſtie, who cometh to fill the Sacrifice with his preſence, and ſay:

O God, diſpoſe me to offer unto Thee the merits of the life and paſſion of thy well-beloved Son. At this preſent I offer up to thee, in the union thereof, my underſtanding, my will, my memorie, my thoughts, my words, my works, my ſufferings, and conſolations, my good, my life, all that I have, and all that I can ever pretend unto.

Afterwards, at the *Preface* when the Prieſt inviteth all to *lift up their hearts to God*, or when the Angelical Hymn, called by the Ancients *Triſagion*, is pronounced, may be ſaid as followeth, being taken out of the Liturgies of S. *James* and S. *Chryſoſtom*.

TO thee the Creatour of all things viſible and inviſible: To thee the Treaſure of eternal bleſſings: To thee the Fountain of life and immortalitie: To thee the abſolute Lord of the whole world, be given, as is due, all praiſe, honour, and worſhip. Let the Sun, Moon, and Quires of Stars; the Air, Earth, Sea, and all that is in the Celeſtial Elementarie world, bleſs thee. Let thy Jeruſalem, *thy Church, from the firſt-born thereof alreadie enrolled in Heaven, glorifie thee. Let the elect ſouls of Apoſtles, Martyrs, and Prophets; Let Angels, Arch-Angels, Thrones, Dominations, Principalities, Powers, and Virutes. Let the dreadfull Cherubims and Seraphins perpetually ſing the Hymn of thy triumphs.*

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hoſts, Heaven and Earth are full of thy glorie; Save us, O thou that dwelleſt in Heaven, the palace of thy Majeſtie.

O Lord Jeſus, thou art the everlaſting Son of the Father. When thou tookeſt upon thee to deliver man, thou clothedſt thy ſelf with fleſh in the Virgins womb. When thou hadſt overcome the ſharpneſs of death, thou didſt open unto us the Kingdom of Heaven. Thou ſitteſt at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father, and ſhalt judge both the quick and the dead. O Lord, help thy ſervants, whom thou haſt redeemed with thy precious bloud.

As ſoon as you have received the Sacrament, ſay this prayer of S. *Bernard* in his *Meditations upon the Paſſion.*

O Heavenly Father, look down from thy Sanctuary, from the Throne of thy glory, upon the bleſſed ſacrifice, which our High Prieſt Jeſus, thy moſt innocent and ſacred Son, doth offer unto thee for the ſins of his Brethren. Pardon the multitude of our offences, and have compaſſion upon our miſeries. Hearken to the voice of the bloud of that immaculate Lamb, which crieth out to thee, and he himſelf ſtandeth before thee at the right hand of thy Majeſtie, crowned with honour and glory. Behold, O Lord, the face of thy Meſſias, who hath been obedient to thee, even unto death; and put not his bleſſed wounds out of thy ſight, nor the ſatisfaction he made for our ſins, out of thy remembrance. O let every tongue praiſe and bleſs thee in commemoration of thy infinite goodneſs, who didſt deliver thy onely Son over to death upon Earth, to make him our moſt prevalent Advocate in Heaven.

For Petition. Immediately after you have recited the Lords Prayer, ſay theſe words of the aforeſaid Liturgie.

O God, be mindfull of all Paſtours and faithfull people, dwelling in all parts of the habitable world, in the union of the Catholick Faith, and preſerve them in thy holy peace.

O God, bleſs our moſt gracious King; and his whole Kingdom; hear the prayers which we offer up at thy Altar.

O God, remember all thoſe that travel by ſea or land, and are expoſed to ſo many dreadfull dangers. Remember the many poor priſoners and exiles, who groan under the miſeries of the world.

O God, remember the ſick, and all ſuch as are in any diſcomfort of mind: Remember the many poor ſouls oppreſt with bitterneſs, who implore thy ſuccour. Remember alſo the converſion of ſo many Hereticks, Infidels, and ſinners, whom thou haſt created after thine own image.

O God, remember our Friends and Benefactours: Accept this ſacrifice for us ſinners, and let us all feel the effects of thy Mercy; drive away ſcandal, war, and hereſie; and grant us thy peace and love.

And at the end of the Communion;

O God, pour down thy graces upon us; direct our ſteps in thy ways, ſtrengthen us in thy fear, confirm us in thy love, and give us at laſt the inheritance of thy children.

It is very expedient alſo to have our devotions ordered for every day of the week.

The ſeventeenth SECTION.

Devotion ordered for the days of the Week.

WE may derive an excellent practiſe of *Devotion for every day of the Week*, from the Hymn of S. *Ambroſe*, uſed by the Church. For therein we learn to give God thanks for every work of the Creation, and to make the greater world correſpond with the leſſer.

Sunday, which is the day wherein the *light* was created, *we ſhould render thanks* to God for having produced this *temporal light*, which is the ſmile of Heaven, and joy of the world, ſpreading it like cloth of gold, over the face of the air and earth, and lighting it as a torch, by which we might behold his works. Then penetrating further, *we will give him thanks* for having afforded us his Son, called by the Fathers, *The Day-bringer*, to communicate unto us the great *light of faith*, which is (as ſaith S. *Bernard*) *a Copy of Eternity; we will humbly beſeech him*, that this light may never be eclipſed in our underſtandings, but may repleniſh us every day more and more, with the knowledge of his bleſſed will. And for this purpoſe, we muſt hear the word of God, and be preſent at *Divine Service*, with all fervour and purity. Take great heed that you ſtain not this day (which God hath ſet apart for himſelf) with any diſorder, nor give the firſt fruits of the week to *Dagon*, which you ſhould offer up at the feet of the Ark of the Covenant.

Munday, which is the day wherein the *Firmanent* was created, to ſeparate the celeſtial waters from the inferiour and terreſtrial; *we will repreſent unto our*

ſelves, that God hath given us *Reaſon*, as a *Firmament* to ſeparate divine cogitations from animal; and *we will pray unto him*, to mortifie anger and concupiſcence in us, and to grant us abſolute ſway over all paſſions, which reſiſt the eternal Law.

Tueſday, the day wherein the *waters* (which before covered the whole element of Earth) were ranked in their place, and the *earth* appeared, to become the dwelling, nurſe, and grave of man; *we will figure unto our ſelves* the great work of the *juſtification* of the world, done by the Incarnate Word, who took away a great heap of *obſtacles* (as well of ignorance as of ſin) that covered the face of the whole world, and made a *Church*, which like a holy Land, appears laden with fruit and beauties, to raiſe us up in Faith, and to bury us in the hope of the Reſurrection, *We will beſeech him*, to take away all *hinderances* to our ſoul; (ſo many ignorances, ſins, imperfections, fears, ſorrows, cares, which detain it as in an abyſs,) and to repleniſh us with the *fruits* of juſtice.

Wedneſday, wherein the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars* were created; *we will propoſe unto our ſelves for object*, the *Beauty and Excellency* of the Church of God, adorned with the preſence of the Saviour of the world as with a *Sun*, and with ſo many Saints, as with *Stars* of the Firmament; and *we will humbly beſeech God* to embelliſh our ſoul with *light* and *virtue*, ſuitable to its condition. Eſpecially, to give us the ſix qualities of the Sun, *Greatneſs*, *Beauty*, *Meaſure*, *Fervour*, *Readineſs*, and *Fruitfulneſs*. *Greatneſs*, in the elevation of our mind, above all created things, and in a capacity of heart, which can never be filled with any thing, but God: *Beauty*, in gifts of grace; *Meaſure*, to limit our paſſions; *Fervour*, in the exerciſe of charity; *Readineſs*, in the obedience we ow to his Law: *Fruitfulneſs*, in bringing forth good works.

Thurſday, the day wherein God (as S. *Ambroſe* ſaith) drew the *birds* and *fiſhes* out of the waters, the birds to flie in the air, and the fiſhes to dwell in this lower Element. *We will imagine* the great *ſeparation* which ſhall be made at the day of Gods judgement; when ſo vaſt a number of men, extracted from one and the ſame maſs, ſome ſhall be raiſed on high to people Heaven, and enjoy the ſight of God; others ſhall be made a prey to hell and everlaſting torments. And in this great abyſs and horrour of thought, *we will beſeech God* to hold us in the number of his elect, and to be pleaſed to mark out our predeſtination, in our good and commendable actions.

Friday, wherein the other *creatures* were brought forth, and *man* created, who was then appointed to them for a King and Governour, *we will ſet before us* the greatneſs, excellency, and beauty of this *Man*, in the Talents which God hath given him, as well of grace, as of nature. How much it coſt to make him, the hands of the Creatour being employed in his production: *Hands* (ſaith S. *Baſil*) *which were to him as a womb*; but how much more it coſt to make him anew, drawing forth ſo much labour, ſweat, and bloud from the Son of God, *who annihilated himſelf for him, cheriſhing and foſtering him* (ſaith *Thomas Aquinas* in his Treatiſe of *Beatitude*) *in ſuch ſort, that one not well inſtructed by Faith, would ſay, Man were the God of God himſelf*: Hereupon *we will beg*, that we may not fruſtrate the merit of the life of God, given to eternize ours, and we will practiſe ſome kind of mortification, *to bear God in our fleſh*, (as ſaith S. *Paul*) & to conform our ſelves to the ſufferings of the King of the afflicted.

Saturday, which is the day wherein God *reſted* from the Creation of the world; *we will meditate* upon the *reſt* the bleſſed enjoy in Heaven. There, is no more poverty, no ſickneſs, no grief, no care, no calumnie, no perſecution, no heat, no cold, no night, no alteration, no confuſion, no noiſe. The body *reſteth* five or ſix foot under ground, freed from the relapſing employments of a frail and dying life. It is in the grave, as in an impregnable fortreſs, where it no longer fears debts, ſerjeants, priſons, nor fetters. And the ſoul, when it is glorified, leadeth the life of God himſelf; a vital life, an amiable life, an inexhauſtible life, for which we muſt ſigh and labour, and *beg it often of God, with the tears of our eyes, and the groans of our heart*, as ſaith S. *Auguſtine*.

It is requiſite, the ſame day to make a review of the whole week, to examine the ſtate of your ſoul, your paſſions, affections, intentions, aims, proceedings, and progreſſions.

And eſpecially at the moneths end, to conſider diligently what God would have of us, what we of him, and what courſe we take to pleaſe both him and our ſelves: what deſire we have of perfection, what obſtacles, what defects, what reſiſtance, what means; and to mannage all our endeavours under the protection of our great Captain *Jeſus Chriſt*.

The eighteenth SECTION.

Devotion for the hours of the day.

THE Church likewiſe aſsigneth us *a practice of Devotion for every hour of the day*, if we will apply it right. For as if ſhe meant of a Chriſtian champion, to make a true Bird of the Sun, which ſaluteth that bright Star almoſt every hour, ſeeming to applaud by its ſongs, and the clapping of its wings; ſo ſhe requireth, that in imitation thereof, we looſe not God out of ſight all the day long, but keep perpetual centinel, to worſhip and pray to him.

At the break of day.

(Not to ſay any thing of our nightly exerciſe) The Church inviteth us, in the Hymn of S. *Ambroſe*, to ask five things: the protection of God for all that day, peace, government of the ſenſe, guard of the heart, and Mortification of the fleſh.

At the third

Hour, from the riſing of the Sun; the hour wherein the *Holy Ghoſt* deſcended in the likeneſs of fiery tongues upon the Apoſtles; we pray to the *Holy Ghoſt* ſo to repleniſh our underſtandings, our wills, our ſenſes, our hearts, our tongues, our mouthes, with vigour and flame, that we may by our good example enkindle our neighbours.

At the ſixth,

Which is noon; we look up to our Son of Juſtice, to intreat of him four things; that is, alienation from the heat of concupiſcence, mortification of anger, health of body, and peace of mind.

At the ninth,

Which is about three a clock; when the Sun is now declining towards the weſt, we caſt our eye upon our great Star, and deſire him, (as he is the immoveable Centre, about which the whole world is turned; and holdeth the beginning and continuance of light, in his hand:) firſt, to grant us a happy evening: ſecondly, a conſtancy in virtue: thirdly, a good end.

At evening.

When darkneſs draweth near, we beſeech the Divine Majeſty to gather unto him our hearts, oppreſſed with ſin, and diſtracted by ſo great diverſity of actions; to cleanſe them, and to direct them in the way of Eternity; that when we ſhall be deprived of this *temporal light*, we may make a ſweet retreat into

into the bosom of God, who is the fountain of *Intellectual light*; and that having finished our life, as we have ended this present day, we may receive the prize of Beatitude.

At going to bed.

Now that darkness covereth the face of the earth, we will shelter our selves (like little birds) under Gods wing, beseeching him to keep us (according to his accustomed goodness) in his protection; to drive away evil dreams, and the illusions of night from our sleep; hindering the crafty surprizals of our adversary, who goeth up and down like a roaring Lion, besetting the sheep-fold.

These devotions are grave, authentick, and sufficient, throughly to instruct a soul that will practise them.

The nineteenth Section.

Of Confession, a very necessary Act of Devotion; and advice thereupon.

I Place *Confession* and *Communion*, amongst the weekly devotions, because for such as desire to lead a pure life, there is no excess, if at the weeks end, they acquit themselves of this duty. And although I have lately spoken enough, according to my scope, of the practise of these exercises, in Treatises upon this subject; and that to write more concerning them after so many books, were but to bring a drop of water to the river; yet am I obliged by the necessity of my design, to tell you in few words, that to make your *Confession* good, it ought to have the properties of a looking-glass. *Solidity*, *lively representation*, and *clearness*.

Solidity; 1. In going to it with much consideration of your own misery, sins and imperfections.

2. Much reverence towards the Majesty of God.

3. A reasonable examination of your conscience.

4. A dislike of your offences, more for Gods sake, than out of any other consideration.

Lively representation; 1. In avoiding confessions made by rote, which have always one and the same tune: or such as are over drie, and not sufficiently explained; or such as are too historical, and full of superfluitie.

2. In representing perspicuously the State of your soul, and succinctly discovering how you have behaved your self.

First, in those acts of devotion, which concern more particularly the *Divine Service*; accusing your self of impure intentions, negligences irreverences; voluntary distractions, contempt of holy things, coldness in Faith, and evil thoughts.

Secondly, towards *your self*; in the direction both of your interiour and exteriour, namely, in sins of vanity, pride, sensuality, intemperance, curiosity, impurity, idleness, pusillanimity, anger, envy, jealousie, quarrels, aversion, impatience, murmuring, lies, detraction, injuries, swearing, breach of promise, impertinent and idle discourse, flattery, scoffing, and mockery.

Thirdly, towards *your neighbours*, as well superiours and equals, as inferiours; unfolding the defects that may have happened in the duties, which Charity or Justice oblige you to render to every one according to his degree.

Here examine every word, and you shall find matter for accusation.

Clearness of Confession, consisteth in explaining your selves in *simple*, *honest*, and *significant* terms.

S. *Bernard*, in his book of the *Interiour house*, (which is the Conscience) hath composed a brief form of Confession, making the penitent say thus:

Father, I accuse my self, That I have been disquieted with anger, exasperated with envy, puffed up with pride, and have thereupon fallen into an inconstancy of mind, scoffings, slanders, and excesses of speech.

I accuse my self, That I have been more ready to judge my superiours, than to obey them: That being reprehended for my faults, I have murmured, and shewed my self refractory in matters of duty.

I accuse my self, That I have preferred my self before my betters; vaunting and boasting with much vanity and presumption, of all that belonged to me, and despising others with mockery and derision.

I accuse my self, That I have neglected the duty of my own charge, and ambitiously aimed at others.

I have neither had respect to obedience, nor modesty in my words, nor government in my carriage; but much self-opinion in my intentions, hardness in my heart, and vain-glory in my words.

I accuse my self, That I have been a Hypocrite, stiff in hatred and aversion from my neighbour, biting in speech; impatient of subjection, ambitious of honour, covetous of wealth, slothfull in works of Charity and Devotion, in conversation unsociable, and many times uncivil.

I accuse my self, That I have been ready to speak of the actions of others, rash in censuring, contentious in arguing, disdainful in hearing, presumptuous in informing others, dissolute in laughter, excessive in pleasures of tast, and in gaming, costly in apparel, burthensom to my friends, troublesom to the peacefull, ungratefull to those who have done me any good, harsh and imperious to such as were under my charge.

I have boasted to have done that which I did not, to have seen what I saw not, to have said what I said not, and on the contrary, have dissembled and denied to have seen what I have seen, to have said what I did say, and to have done what I did do.

I accuse my self of carnal thoughts, impure remembrances, dishonest motions, which I have not soon enough resisted.

They who live more dissolutely, shall find (as *Hamartolus*, a Greek Authour saith) that they have great accounts to cast up, at the audit of concupiscence: wherefore they may examine themselves concerning kisses, touchings, softness, pollutions, fornications, adulteries, abuse of marriage, and other sins called monstrous; adding also, impieties, sorceries, divinations, false oaths, perjuries, blasphemies, calumnies, contentions, disobediences, injustices, oppressions, falsehoods, thefts, usuries, sacriledges, and the like.

You must not think that there can be made a Form of Confession like a boot, fit for all legs; consciences are as faces, every one hath its diversity: what Saint *Bernard* hath said in general, may serve for a direction; yet must it be particularized with the circumstances, expressing the intention, quality, manner, and continuance of the vice.

The twentieth Section.

An excellent Prayer of S. Augustine, *for this exercise, taken out of a Manuscript of Cardinal* Seripandus.

O God, behold the stains and wounds of my sin, which I never can, nor will hide from the eyes of thy Majesty: I feel the smart of them already, in remorse of my conscience, and other sufferings ordained by thy providence for my correction; but all that I suffer, cannot equal my demerit. I onely wonder, that feeling the pain of sin so often, I still retain the malice and obstinacy of it. My weakness boweth under the burden; yet my iniquitie remaineth immoveable. My life groaneth in languishments, yet is not reformed in its works. If thou deferre the punishment, I deferre my amendment; and if thou chastise me, I can no longer endure. Whilest

thou correcteſt; I confeſs my offence, but after thy viſitation I remember my ſorrows no more. As long as thou haſt the rod in hand to ſcourge me, I promiſe all; But if thou withdraw it, I perform nothing. If thou touch me, I crie out for mercy: and if thou pardon, I again provoke thee to ſtrike: O Lord God, I confeſs my miſeries, and implore thy clemency, without which there is no ſalvation for me. O God, give me what I ask of thee, though without any merit of mine, ſince without any merit of mine, thou haſt taken me out of nothing, to ask it of thee.

The one and twentieth Section.

Of Communion, the chiefeſt of all acts of Devotion; with a brief Advice concerning the practiſe of it.

AS for *Receiving*, remember the ſix leaves of the Lilly, which it ought to have; I mean *deſire* and *purity*, before you preſent your ſelf at it; *Humility* and *Charity*, in preſenting your ſelf; *thanksgiving* and *newneſs of ſpirit* after you have preſented your ſelf. And if you deſire to know the qualities, whereby you may diſcern a luke-warm Communion from a fervent, I ſay, that a good Communion ought to be *light ſom, ſavoury, nouriſhing, & effectual. Light-ſom*, in illuminating you ever more and more with the light and truth of faith, which begets in you an eſteem of divine things, and a contempt of the worldly, fading, and temporal. *Savoury*, in making you to reliſh in will and ſenſe, what you know by the light of underſtanding. Yet if you have not this laſt, in a tender and ſenſible devotion, be not diſcomforted at it; for *ſenſible devotion will often happen to thoſe that have leaſt charity*; as *Richardus* obſerves upon the Canticles: *Affectuoſa dilectio interdum officit minùs diligentem.* It is ſufficient that you have good habits of virtue in the upper region of your ſoul. *Nouriſhing*, in keeping your ſelf in a good ſpiritual eſtate, in good reſentments of Heavenly things, in good affections towards the ſervice of God, free from drineſs, leanneſs, and voluntary barrenneſs. *Effectual*, in applying your ſelf immediately to the exerciſe of ſolid virtues, humility, patience, charity, and the works of mercy; for that is the moſt undoubted mark of a good Communion.

It is good to preſent your ſelf with ſincere intentions, pondered and fitted to occurrences; communicating (as *Bonaventure* obſerves) ſometimes for remiſſion of ſins, ſometimes for remedy of infirmities, ſometimes for deliverance out of ſome affliction, ſometimes to obtain a benefit, ſometimes for thankſgiving; ſometimes alſo for the help of our neighbour: And laſtly, to offer up a perfect praiſe to the moſt bleſſed Trinitie, to commemorate the paſſion of *Jeſus Chriſt*, and to grow daily in love toward him. To this end, before you communicate, you may ſay this Prayer of *Thomas Aquinas*:

O *Moſt ſweet* Jeſus, *My Lord and Maſter, O that the force of thy love, ſubtiler than fire, and ſweeter than honey, would engulf my ſoul in an Abyſs, drawing it from all inordinate affections to things beneath Heaven; that I might die with love of thee, ſince out of love thou didſt vouchſafe to die on the Croſs for me!*

And after Communion, make theſe Petitions of S. *Auguſtine*.

O *God, let me know thee; and let me alſo know my ſelf; Let the end of my deſires be ever where thou art: O God, let me bear no hatred, but to my ſelf; nor love, but to thee: and be thou the beginning, progreſs, and the end of all my actions. O God, let me humble my ſelf even to the deep, and exalt thee above the heavens; having my mind employed onely in thy praiſe. O God, let me die in my ſelf, and live in thy heart; and let me receive all that comes from thy providence, as gifts from Heaven. O God, let me perſecute my ſelf as an enemie, and follow thee as an onely friend. O God, let me have no aſſurance, but the fear of thy holy Name, nor confidence, but the diffidence of my ſelf. O God, when will the day come, when thou ſhalt take away the evil of the Temple, that I may behold thee face to face, to enjoy thee eternally?*

THE SECOND PART *of the* CHRISTIAN DIARY.

The firſt Section.

Twelve fundamental Conſiderations of Virtue.

YOu muſt firmly believe, that the chiefeſt Devotion conſiſteth in practiſe of virtues, without which, there is neither ſolid piety, nor hope of ſalvation.

Paradiſe holds none but bleſſed ſouls, and hell the wretched; but the world, wherein we live, hath many kinds of merchants; ſome traffick with *Babylon*, others with *Sion*; ſome, through their ill trading and diſorderly carriage, go on inſenſibly to the laſt miſery, which is a baniſhment from the life of God, into an eternity of puniſhment: Others, go on in a ſtreight line, to the firſt and ſovereign happineſs, which is the viſion, fruition, and poſſeſſion of God, in an eternity of inexplicable joys. If you deſire to take this latter courſe, I would adviſe you, to ſet often before you theſe twelve Conſiderations, (which I have inſerted in my Book of the *Holy Court*) for in my opinion they are twelve great motives to all actions of virtue.

The firſt, is the nature and dignity of man, that is to ſay, the firſt and continual ſtudy of man ought to be man himſelf; to behold what he was, what he is, and what he ſhall be. What he was, nothing; what he is, a reaſonable creature; what he ſhall be, a gueſt either of Paradiſe, or of hell, of eternal happineſs, or of everlaſting miſery. What he is by *Nature*; a Maſter-piece, in which there are a thouſand ſeveral motions; a Body framed with admirable Architecture; a Soul endowed with Underſtanding, Reaſon, Wit, Judgement, Will, Memory, Imagination, and Opinion:

nion: a Soul, which in an inſtant flieth from one Pole to the other; deſcends to the centre, and mounts up to the top of the world; which in one inſtant is in a thouſand ſeveral places; which fathoms the Univerſe, without touching it; which goes, gliſters, ſparkles, which ranſacks all the treaſures and magazins of Nature, which finds out all ſorts of inventions, which frameth Arts, which governeth States, which ordereth worlds. This ſoul in the mean time ſeeth her *paſſions* about her, like an infinite company of dogs, barking at her happineſs, and offering on every ſide to ſeize upon her with their teeth.

Love fools her, Ambition racks her, Covetouſneſs ruſts her, Luſt enflames her, Hope tickles her, Pleaſure melts her, Deſpair depreſſes her, Anger burns her, Hatred ſowers her, Envy gnaws her, Jealouſies prick her, Revenge exaſperates her, Cruelty hardens her, Fears freeze her, and Sorrow conſumes her.

This poor ſoul (ſhut up in the body, like a bird of Paradiſe in a cage) is quite amazed to ſee her ſelf aſſailed by all this mutinous multitude: and although ſhe holds in her hand the ſcepter of government, yet ſhe often ſuffers her ſelf to be deceived, raviſhed, and dragged into a miſerable ſlavery.

Conſider alſo what man is by *ſin*, vanity, weakneſs, inconſtancy, miſery, and curſe. What he is made by *Grace*; a child of light, an earthly Angel, ſon by adoption to the heavenly Father, brother and coheir with *Jeſus Chriſt*, a veſſel of election, the temple of the Holy Ghoſt. What he may be by *Glory*; an inhabitant of Heaven, beholding then thoſe ſtars under his feet, which are now over his head; feaſted with the ſight of God, his beginning, his end, his true, onely, and original happineſs.

The ſecond, the benefits received from God, conſidered in general as thoſe of Creation, Converſation, Redemption, Vocation; and in particular, the gifts of the body, of the ſoul, of nature, of capacity, ability, induſtry, diſcretion, nobility, offices, authority, means, credit, reputation, good ſucceſs in buſineſs, and the like; which are given us from Heaven as inſtruments to work out our ſalvation. And ſometimes one of the greateſt benefits, is that which few account a benefit, to have none of all thoſe helps which lead a preſumptuous, weak, and worldly ſoul to ruin; but on the contrary, their better wants in the eſteem of the world, beget in him an eſteem of heavenly things; Man (ſeeing what he was, what he is, and what he muſt be, whence he cometh, whither he goeth, and that union with God, his beginning, is his ſcope, mark, and aim;) if he follow the dictates of his reaſon, preſently reſolveth, that no ſinew nor vein he hath, but ſhall tend to this end, to ſubdue his paſſions, and to ſerve creatures no further than he knows them available to attain to the Creatour. *Serva commiſſum, expecta promiſſum, cave prohibitum.* Every creature ſaith theſe three things to man: *O man, preſerve that which is committed to thee, expect that which is promiſed thee, and eſchew that which is forbidden thee.*

The third conſideration, is the Paſſion of the Son of God; an Abyſs of grief, reproches, annihilations, love, mercy, wiſdom, humility, patience, charity; the book of books, the ſcience of ſciences, the ſecret of ſecrets; the ſhop where all good reſolutions are forged, where all virtues are refined, where all knots of holy obligations are tied; the ſchool of all Martyrs, Confeſſours, and Saints. Our weakneſs and faintneſs proceeds onely from want of contemplating this infinite tablet. Who would once open his mouth to complain of doing too much, of ſuffering too much, of being thrown too low, too much deſpiſed, too much diſquieted, if he conſidered the life of God delivered over, and reſigned for his ſake to ſo painful labour, ſo horrible confuſions, ſo inſupportable torments? *Nolo vivere ſine vulnere, cùm te video vulneratum*: *Oh my God! as long as I ſee thy wounds, I will never live without wound*; ſaith *Bonaventure*.

The fourth: the examples of all the Saints who have followed the King in the high way of the Croſs. When we look upon the progreſs of Chriſtianity, and the ſucceſſion of ſo many Ages, whereſoever our conſideration ſetteth foot, it finds nothing but bloud of Martyrs, combats of Virgins, Prayers, Tears, Faſtings, Sack-cloth, Hair-cloth, Afflictions, Perſecutions of ſo many Saints, who have taken Heaven, as it were, by violence: Some there have been, who having filled graves with their limbs (torn off with engines and ſwords of perſecution) yet remained alive to endure and ſuffer in their bodies, which had more wounds than parts: *Demorabantur in luce detenti, quorum membra pleni erant tumuli*, ſaith *Zeno*. Is it not a ſhame to have the ſame name, the ſame Baptiſm, the ſame Profeſſion, and to deſire ever to tread on Roſes; to be embarqued in this great ſhip of Chriſtianity, with ſo many brave ſpirits, and to go under hatches, to ſleep, like the out-caſts and ſcorns of humane Nature?

The fifth: the peace of a good conſcience, the inſeparable companion of honeſt men; which ſugereth all their tears, which ſweeteneth all their ſharpneſs, which melteth all their bitterneſs; a continual feaſt, a portable theater, a delicious torrent of unſpeakable content, which beginneth in this world, and is often felt in this life, even in chains, priſons, perſecutions; what then will it be, when conſummated in the other life? when the curtain of the great Tabernacle ſhall be withdrawn; when we ſhall ſee God face to face; in a body *impaſſible* as an Angel, *ſubtile* as a beam of light, *ſwift* as the wings of thunder, *bright* as the Sun; and when we ſhall dwell among ſo goodly and flouriſhing a company, in a palace of ineſtimable glory; where we ſhall enjoy no life but the life of God, the knowledge of God, the love of God, as long as God ſhall be God. *Neſcio quid erit, quod iſta vita non erit, ubi lucet quod non capiat locus, ubi ſonat quod non rapit tempus, ubi olet quod non ſpargit flatus, ubi ſapit quod non minuit edacitas, ubi hæret quod non divellit æternitas*, ſaid S. *Auguſtine*. *What will that life be, or rather, what will not that life be? Since all good, either is not at all, or is in ſuch a life: Light, which place cannot comprehend: Voices and muſick, which time cannot raviſh away: Odours, which are never diſſipated: a Feaſt, which is never conſumed: a Bleſſing, which Eternitie beſtoweth, but Eternity ſhall never ſee at an end.*

The ſixth, is on the other ſide to conſider the ſtate of this preſent life: A true dream, which hath onely the diſturbances, but never the reſt of ſleep; a childiſh ſport, a toil of burthenſom and ever-relapſing actions; where for one roſe we meet with a thouſand thorns; for an ounce of hony a tun of gall, for apparent good, real evil: The happieſt here may number their years, but not their cares; The paths here to the higheſt honours, are all of ice, and often bordered onely by precipices. Its felicities are floating Iſlands, which always retire, when we but offer to touch them; they are the feaſt of *Heliogabalus*, where are many invitations, many ceremonies, many complements, many ſervices, and at the end of all this, we find a table & banquet of wax, which melts at the fire, whence we return more hungry than we came. It is the enchanted egg of *Oromazes*, in which that Impoſtour boaſted, that *he* had encloſed all the happines of the world: but broken, there was found nothing but wind. *Omnia hæc conſpectui noſtro inſidioſis coloribus lenocinantur: vis illa oculorum attributa lumini, non applicetur errori*, ſaith *Eucherius*. *All theſe proſperities flatter our ſenſes with an impoſture of falſe colours: Why do we ſuffer thoſe eyes to be taken in the ſnares of errours, which are given us by Heaven to behold the light, and not to miniſter unto lying?* Beſides, another thing which ſhould put us into an infinite diſlike of this preſent life, is, that we live in a time as full of diſeaſes, as old age of indiſ-

positions; we live in a world extreamly corrupt, of which may be said, it is a monster, whose understanding, is a pit of darkness; his reason, a shop of malice; his will, a hell, where thousands of passions outragiously infest him; his eyes are two Conduit-pipes of fire, out of which flie sparkles of concupiscence; his tongue, an instrument of cursing; his face, a painted hypocrisie; his body, a spunge full of filth; his hands, harpies talons; and to conclude, he owns no faith, but infidelity; no Lord, but his passion; no God, but his belly; what content can there be in living with such a monster?

The seventh: If there are any pleasures in this life, they do nothing but overflow the heart slightly with a little superficial delectation. Sadness dives into the bottom of my soul, and when it is there, you would think it hath leaden feet, never to go thence; but pleasure doth onely tickle us in the outside of the skin, and then all those sweet waters run down with haste, to discharge themselves into the sea of bitterness. For this reason, Saint *Augustine* said, when any prosperity presented it self before his eyes, he durst not touch it; he beheld pleasure as a wandering bird, that would deceive him, and flie away as soon as he should offer to lay hold of it.

The eighth: Pleasures are begot in the sense, and like abortives die in their birth: their desires are full of disquiet; their access, of violent, forced and turbulent commotions; their satiety is seasoned with shame and repentance; they pass away as soon as they have wearied out the body, and leave it like a bunch of grapes, whose juice hath been pressed out as saith Saint *Bernard*. They stretch themselves out at full length, to much purpose, when they must end with this life; and it is a great chance, if even during life, they prove not executioner to him that entertains them. *I see no greater pleasure in this world, than the contempt of pleasure: Nulla major voluptas, quàm voluptatis fastidium*, saith *Tertullian*.

The ninth: He that consumeth his time in pleasures, when they slide away (like waters occasioned by a storm) findeth himself destitute and ashamed, like a Pilgrim despoiled by a Thief; so many golden harvests, which time presented to him, are passed away, and the rust of a heavy age furnished him with nothing, but sorrow for having done ill, and impotence to do well; what then remains, but to say with that miserable King, who gave away his scepter for a glass of water, *Alas! Must I for so short a pleasure, loose so great a Kingdom?*

The tenth: Sin always carrieth sorrow behind it, but not always true repentance: It is an extraordinary favour from God, to have time to bewail the offences of our life past, and to take that time by the foretop. Many are sent into the other world without once thinking of their departure; and some think of it at their death with many tears, but not one good act of repentance: they weep for the sins which forsake them, and not for God whom they have lost. True contrition is a hard work, how can he obtain it who hath ever falsified it? *Facilius inveni, qui innocentiam servarent, quàm qui congruè pœnitentiam agerent*, saith S. *Ambrose*.

The eleventh: Death all this while is coming on a great pace, he waits for you at all hours, in all places, and yet you cannot wait for him so much as one minute, so displeasing is this thought unto you; his sentence is more clear and perspicuous, than if it were written with the Suns beams, and yet cannot we read it; his trumpet soundeth perpetually, more audibly than thunder, and yet we hear it not. No wonder, that *David*, Psal. 49.4. calleth it (according to the Hebrew) *a Riddle*, every one beholds the Tablet, but few know the meaning: yet it is a granted truth, that we must bid a long farewel to all such things of life, as can extend no further than life it self; a granted truth, that we must inherit serpents and worms in a house of darkness: How excellent a lesson might be learned from hence! to know it once well, we must study it every day: Every where we see watches and clocks, some of gold, some of silver, others beset with precious stones; they give us notice of all hours except that which must be our last; and since they cannot strike that hour, we must make it sound in our conscience: The very instant that you are reading this, a thousand and perhaps a thousand souls, loos'd from their bodies, are presented before Gods tribunal; what would you do, if you were now to bear them company? *Omnia ista contemnito quibus solutus corpore non indigebis*, said *Diodore*: *In a word, despise timely, whilest you are in the body, those things whereof you shall have no need, when you are out of the body.*

The twelfth: your soul shall go forth, and of all her followers in life, shall onely be attended by good and evil: If she be surprized in sin, hell shall be her share; hell, the great lake of Gods wrath; hell, the common shore of all the filth of the world; hell, the store-house of eternal fire; hell, a bottomless depth, where there is no evil but must be expected, nor good that can be hoped.

These twelve considerations are very fit to be meditated upon monethly, at leisure.

The second Section.

Seven paths of Eternitie, which lead the soul to great Virtues.

THese twelve Considerations well weighed, make us take a serious resolution to proceed directly to good, whereof, if you desire further demonstration, *Bonaventure* points us out seven fair paths, and seven great gates, which lead us in a strait line to this blessed eternity: and I wish we had as much courage to follow them, as he grace to unfold them.

First, seeing the beginning of your virtue and felicity consisteth in the knowledge of God, and in the state of the next life, (of which we cannot, without some crime, be ignorant, and which we can never know, but with profit,) you must understand, that the first gate of eternity, is, *To* have good and sincere intentions in the performance of eternal things: *To* take a strong resolution to work out your salvatiõ, at what rate soever: *To* account all temporal things as wandering birds, which look upon us frõm a bough of some tree, make us a little chirping musick, and then flie away: *To* think, that to bear a vicious mind in a fair ornament of fortune, is to keep a leaden blade in an ivory sheath: *To* banish evil, hypocritical, impure, and mercenary intentions, throughout all the course of your life, and exercise of your charge: *To* go towards God: *To* do for God: *To* aim at the honour and glory of God above all things.

You are no little way on your journey, when you have gone this path. Thence you come to the second, which is, *the Meditation of eternal things*; wherein the Kingly Prophet exercised himself, like a stout Champion, when he said: *I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times*, Psal. 77. 5. This good intention which you take to advance to Eternity, will imprint daily in your thoughts an eternal God, an eternal Paradise, an everlasting hell, an everlasting life: and as *Iacobs* flocks, by looking upõ the streaked rods, brought forth ring-streaked and spotted cattel, so all you do, in contemplating this eternity, will be coloured with eternity: And if any temporal pleasure, or opportunity to commit a sin, were offered, you would say as *Demosthenes* the Oratour, did of the beautiful *Lais*, when he was asked an excessive sum of money to behold her, *I will not buy repentance so dear*; I am not so ill a Merchant, as to sell the eternal for the temporal.

Having

Having passed through this gate, you will come to the third, which is the gate of *Light*, called *Contemplation of Eternal things*: Here is it that we see the divine things, not onely by form of argument and discourse, as if we cast up some account, but with the light of our illuminated understanding, as if we should behold with a glance of the eye, an excellent piece of some eminent Master, almost with an extasie of admiration. So *Tiburtius* saw Paradise, when he walked upon burning coals: so all the Saints beheld Beatitude, when amidst so many afflictions they remained immoveable, drowning the pain of their bodies, in the overflowing content of the minds.

From this step we necessarily light upon the fourth gate, which is, *most fervent love of Eternal things*; *for as* (saith *Thomas Aquinas* very well) *the sight of temporal beauty begetteth temporal love, oftentimes filling the soul with fire and flame; so the contemplation of eternity, begetteth eternal love, which is an ardent affection towards God, and all that appertaineth to his glory*; as was that of S. *Mary Magdalen*, who saith in *Origen*, *That Heaven and the Angels are a burthen to her, and that she could live no longer, except she beheld him who made both Heaven and the Angels*: She had crossed seas armed with monsters and tempests, without any sails, but those of her desires, to reach her Beloved: She had past through flames, and grapled a thousand times with lances and swords, to cast her self at his feet. The perfect love of God is a wonderfull Alchimie, when we have attained it, it changeth iron to Gold, ignominies to Crowns, and all sufferings to delights.

At the fifth gate, which is called *the Revelation of Eternal things*, God speaketh in the ear of the heart, and repleniſheth the soul with extraordinary light and knowledge, *darting even here upon it* (as saith *Gerson*) *some lightening flashes of Paradise*, as when a torch casteth some beams through the chinks of a door or window.

And as the knowledge of the understanding is nothing without the fervour of the will, from this gate we go on to the sixth, called the *Tast of Experience*, by which we begin to relish the joys of Paradise in this life, and contentments which cannot be expressed. A hundred thousand tongues may discourse to you the sweetness of honey, but you can never have such knowledge of it, as by tast; so a world full of books may tell you wonders of the science of God, but you can never understand it exactly, but by the tast of experience. *True science* (as *Thomas Aquinas* saith upon the Canticles) *consisteth more in relish, than in knowledge*; *In sapore, non in sapere*. I had rather have the feeling which a simple soul hath with God, than all the definition of Philosophers.

Lastly, the seventh gate of Eternity, is called *The deifying*, or *divinized operation*, which S. *Dionysius* termeth θεοειδῆ, is, when a soul worketh all its actions by eternal principles, in imitation of the Incarnate Word, and a perfect union with God. *Clemens Alexandrinus* called him that hath arrived at this degree, δεὸν ἐν σαρκὶ περιπολοῦντα, *a little Deitie conversing in mortal flesh*: and addeth, *That as all good Oratours endeavour to be like* Demosthenes, *so our whole employment in this life must be to beget in our selves a resemblance to God*; it is that wherein lies all our perfection.

The third SECTION.

Perfection, and wherein it consisteth.

NOw lest this Doctrine (which is something too sublime) should dazle your sight, and not enflame your courage, I will lay before you a more familiar Divinity, which is, that there are two kinds of Perfection, the one, of *Glory*, the other, of *Pilgrimage*. That of *Glory* is reserved for the next life, that of *Pilgrimage* is our chiefest affair in this: It is divided ordinarily into perfection of *state*, and perfection of *operation*; Perfection of *state* is as that of Ecclesiastical degrees and Magistrates, who are obliged by the duty of their profession, not onely to the common virtues, but also to others more eminent. Perfection of *operation* is that, which consisteth in good habits. Never trouble your self with the perfection of *state*, but live contented with that condition wherein Gods Providence hath placed you, assuring your self, that the best philosophie is to discharge your office well. It imports not upon what stuff you work, so you work well; for it is the manner, and not the matter which shall bear the prize. Great dignities are oftentimes great vizards, behind which lies no brain; and small fortunes may with little noise do such things, as are of no small value with God.

Apply your self earnestly to the perfection of *operation*, which consisteth in guiding the Heart, Tongue, and Hands in perfect charity. Addict your self to the practise of good and solid virtues, which produce all wonders on earth, and receive all Crowns in Heaven.

The fourth SECTION.

Virtues, and their degrees.

IF you desire to know their names, qualities, and degrees, I will tell you a wise saying of *Plato*: There are four kinds of *Virtues*; the first *Purgative*, the second *Illuminative*, the third *Civil*, the fourth *Exemplary*. The *Purgative* serve to cleanse our hearts of vices and imperfections, to which our depraved nature is subject. The *Illuminative* settle the soul in a calm, resulting from the victory we have gained over passions. The *Civil* encline a man to the duty he oweth his neighbour, every one according to his degree, and to a good conversation amongst men. The *Exemplary* are those which make the furthest progress into perfection, and may be looked upon as models, whereof the beholders are to take copy.

So order it, that your virtues may arrive at such a height, as that they may not onely purge your heart, enlighten your soul, and dispose you to good conversation, but may be as a light also to others to manifest you in them, by imitation of your good example.

I adde here in few words, the definitions and acts of virtue, by which you may direct your practise.

Prudence.

Prudence (according to *Aristotle*) is a virtue, which ordereth and prepareth all things that concern the ordering of our life.

Richardus de Sancto Victore assigneth to it five parts, that is, *Judgement*, *Deliberation*, *Disposition*, *Discretion*, and *Moderation*. *Judgement* discerneth the good from the bad; *Deliberation* teacheth how to do all things advisedly; *Disposition* sheweth what order we must observe; *Discretion* instructeth how to give way sometimes to occasions, and yield to humane infirmities, not adhering obstinately to our own opinions; *Moderation* holdeth the scales and measure of every affair.

The effects hereof (according to *Albertus Magnus*) are these; To proceed to the knowledge of God, by the knowledge of your self; to see in every thing what is best, and to embrace that; to weigh the beginnings, proceedings, and events of affairs; to take care your thoughts go not out of God, your affections be not too much employed upon creatures, your intentions

tentions be without mixture; your judgement diverted from evil, and applied to good; your words polished, your actions measured, all the motions of your body well ordered: To avoid the four rocks that molest all good affairs, which are Passion, Precipitation, Vanity, and Self-opinion; To keep secrets carefully, to know, to choose, to execute.

Devotion.

Devotion, is a readiness of mind to those things which concern the service of God: the parts of it are, Adoration, Thanksgiving, Oblation, Repentance, Prayer, Mortification, Union with God by contemplation, Frequentation of the Sacrament, Conformity of will to the Divine Providence, and the zeal of souls.

Humilitie.

Humilitie, (according to Saint *Bernard*) is a virtue which maketh a man disesteem himself, out of a deep knowledge of himself; the chief points thereof are, To know our selves well, to prize our selves little, to flie humane applause, to preserve our senses free from itch of honour, to despise bravely all worldly things, to affect a retired life, to acknowledge and confess freely our faults, to hearken willingly to advice, to yield to others, to submit your will and judgement to obedience, to shun splendour and pomp in such things as concern our selves, to converse freely with the poor.

Povertie.

Povertie, is the moderation of covetousness, respecting temporal things, the parts whereof are, *To* cut off superfluities, to have no inordinate care of worldly things, to bear the want of necessities patiently, to enter into an absolute nakedness of spirit.

Obedience.

Obedience, according to *Bonaventure*, is a reasonable sacrifice of our own will; and according to *Climachus*, a life without curiositie, a voluntary death, a secure danger. The points thereof are, To perform what you are commanded readily, stoutly, humbly, indefatigably, though it be contrary to your own inclination, to make an entire resignation of your own judgement, opinion, and will; to be sent imperiously upon hard and troublesom employments, and to undergo them chearfully, without delay, excuse, or reply; to be indifferent in all things; to covet nothing, nor refuse any thing; to do nothing of your self, nor to presume; to have a greater inclination to such things as are mean and laborious, than to such as are more splendid, and less burdensom.

Chastitie.

Chastitie, is an abstinence from impure pleasures: Its parts are, purity of mind and body, vigilant guard of the senses, shunning of occasions, honesty of speech, mortification of Curiositie, exact decencie, care of our self.

Modestie.

Modestie, is a composure of your self, consisting in government of the whole body, gesture, attire, play, recreation, but especially of the tongue, which is to be restrained from detraction, contention, boasting, disclosing of secrets, idleness, imprudence, importunitie, irreverence, affected silence.

Abstinence.

Abstinence, is a virtue which moderates the concupiscence that relateth to delectation of sense: The parts thereof are, To have no rule but necessity, in all which concerneth the pleasures of the body; to fear the very least stains of all those things, which reason counteth dishonest, and to preserve your self in a holy bashfulness; to observe the Fasts commanded, and to adde some out of private devotion; to put far from you all curiosity of diet, apparel, and sensual pleasures.

Fortitude.

Fortitude, is a virtue which confirms us against the pusillanimity that may hinder good actions: It hath two arms, one to undertake, the other to suffer: *Aristotle* assigneth it four parts, that is, confidence, patience, love of labour, and valour,

Patience.

Patience, is an honest suffering of evils incident to nature: The points thereof are, To bear the loss of goods, sickness, sorrows, injuries, and other accidents with courage; neither to complain, nor to groan, but discreetly to conceal your grief; to be afflicted in innocency for justice sake, and sometimes, even by those that are good, to covet and embrace persecutions, out of a generous desire to be conformable to the patience of the Saviour of the world.

Justice.

Justice, is a virtue which giveth to every one that which is his due; and all the acts of it are included in this sentence, *You must measure others by the same measure wherewith you desire to be measured your self.*

Magnanimitie.

Magnanimitie, according to *Thomas Aquinas*, is a virtue which aimeth at great things, by the direct means of reason: The acts thereof are, To frame your self to an honest confidence, by purity of heart and manners; to expose your self reasonably to difficult and dreadfull exploits for Gods honour; neither to be bewitched with prosperitie, nor dejected at adversitie; not to yield to opposition; not to make a stay at mean virtues; to despise complacence and threats for love of virtue; to have regard onely to God, and for his sake to disesteem all frail and perishable things: to keep your self from presumption, which often ruins high spirits, under colour of Magnanimitie.

Gratitude.

Gratitude, is the acknowledgement and recompence (as far as lies in our power) of benefits received. The acts thereof are, To preserve the benefit in our memory, to profess and publish it, to return the like without any hope of requital.

Amitie.

Amitie, is a mutual good will, grounded upon virtue and communitie of goods: The acts thereof are, To choose friends by reason for virtues sake, communicating of secrets, bearing with imperfections, consent of wills, a life serviceable and officious, protection in adversities, observance of honesty in every thing, care of spiritual profit, accompanied with necessary advice, in all love and respect.

Simplicitie.

Simplicitie, is nothing but union of the outward man with the inward: The acts thereof are, To be free from all false colour, never to lie, never to dissemble,

ſemble, or counterfeit, never to preſume, to ſhun equivocation and double ſpeech, to interpret all things to the beſt, to perform buſineſs ſincerely, to forgo multiplicity of employments and enterprizes.

Perſeverance.

Perſeverance, is a conſtancy in good works to the end, through an affection to purſue goodneſs and virtue. The acts thereof are, firmneſs in good, quietneſs in ſervices, offices, and ordinary employments, conſtancy in good undertakings, flight from innovations, to walk with God, to fix your thoughts and deſires upon him; neither to give way to bitterneſs, nor to ſweetneſs, that may divert us from our good purpoſes.

Charitie toward God and our neighbour.

Charitie, the true Queen of virtues, conſiſteth in love of God and our Neighbour; the love of God appeareth much, in the zeal we have of his Glory; the acts thereof are, to embrace mean and painfull things, ſo they conduce to our Neighbours benefit; To offer the cares of your mind, and the prayers of your heart unto God for him; To make no exceptions againſt any in exerciſe of your charge; to make your virtues a pattern for others; To give you what you have, and what you are, for the good of ſouls, and the glory of God; to bear incommodities and diſturbances, which happen in the execution of your dutie, with patience; Not to be diſcouraged in ſucceſsleſs labours; To pray fervently for the ſalvation of ſouls; to aſſiſt them to your power, both in ſpiritual and temporal things; to root out vice, and to plant virtue and good manners in all who have dependence on you.

Charitie in Converſation.

Charitie in the ordinary courſe of life, conſiſteth in taking the opinions, words and actions of our equals in good part; To ſpeak ill of no man, to deſpiſe none, to honour every one according to his degree, to be affable to all, to be helpfull, to compaſſionate the afflicted, to ſhare in the good ſucceſs of the proſperous, to bear the hearts of others in your own breaſt; to glory in good deeds, rather than ſpecious complements, to addict your ſelf diligently to works of mercy.

Degrees of Virtues.

Bonaventure deciphers unto us certain degrees of Virtue, very conſiderable for practiſe; his words are theſe:

It is a high degree in the virtue of *Religion*, continually to extirpate ſome imperfection; a higher than that, to encreaſe always in Faith; and higheſt of all, to be inſatiable for matter of good works, and to think you have never done any thing.

In the virtue of *Truth*, it is a high degree to be true in all your words; a higher, to defend Truth ſtoutly; and higheſt, to defend it to the prejudice of thoſe things which are deareſt to you in the world.

In the virtue of *Prudence*, it is a high degree, to know God by his creatures; a higher, to know him by the Scriptures; but higheſt of all, to behold him with the eye of Faith.

It is a high degree to know your ſelf well; a higher, to govern your ſelf well, and to be able to make good choice in all enterprizes: and the higheſt, to order readily the ſalvation of your ſoul.

In the virtue of *Humilitie*, it is a high degree to acknowledge your faults freely; a higher, to bow with the weight, like a tree laden with fruit: the higheſt, to ſeek out couragiouſly humiliations and abaſements, thereby to conform your ſelf to our Saviours life.

It is a high degree (according to the old Axiom) to deſpiſe the world: a higher, to deſpiſe no man: yet a higher, to deſpiſe our ſelves: but higheſt of all, to deſpiſe deſpiſal. In theſe four words you have the full extent of Humility.

In *Povertie*, it is a high degree to forſake temporal goods: a higher, to forſake ſenſual amities: and higheſt, to be divorced from your ſelf.

In *Chaſtitie*, reſtraint of the tongue, is a high degree: guard of all the ſenſes, a higher: undefiledneſs of body, a higher than that: puritie of heart, yet a higher: and baniſhment of pride and anger, which have ſome affinity with uncleanneſs, the higheſt.

In *Obedience*, it is a high degree to obey the Law of God: a higher, to ſubject your ſelf to the commands of a man, for the honour you bear your Sovereign Lord: yet a higher, to ſubmit your ſelf, with an entire reſignation of your opinion, judgement, affection, will; but higheſt of all, to obey in difficult matters, gladly, couragiouſly, and conſtantly even to death.

In *Patience*, it is a high degree to ſuffer willingly, in your goods, in your friends, in your good name, in your perſon: a higher, to bear, being innocent, the exaſperations of an enemy, or an ungratefull man: a higher yet, to ſuffer much and repine at nothing: but higheſt of all, to go to meet croſſes and afflictions, and to embrace them as liveries of *Jeſus Chriſt*.

In *Mercy*, it is a high degree, to give away temporal things: a higher, to forgive injuries: the higheſt, to oblige them who perſecute us.

It is a high degree to pitie all bodily afflictions; a higher, to be zealous for ſouls: and higheſt to compaſſionate the torments of our Saviour, in remembering his Paſſion.

In the virtue of *Fortitude*, it is a high degree, to overcome the world: a higher, to ſubdue the fleſh: the higheſt, to vanquiſh your ſelf.

In *Temperance*, it is a high degree to moderate your eating, drinking, ſleeping, watching, gaming, recreation, your tongue, words, and all geſtures of your body; a higher, to regulate your affections; and higheſt, to purifie throughly your thoughts and imaginations.

In *Juſtice*, it is a high degree, to give unto your Neighbour that which belongeth to him; a higher, to exact an account of your ſelf: and higheſt, to offer up to God all ſatisfaction, which is his due.

In the virtue of *Faith*, it is a high degree to be well inſtructed in all that you are to believe: a higher, to make profeſſion of it in your good works: and higheſt, to ratifie (when there is neceſſitie) with the loſs of goods and life.

In the virtue of *Hope*, it is a high degree, to have good apprehenſions of Gods power: a higher, to repoſe all your affairs upon his holy providence: a higher than that, to pray to him and ſerve him inceſſantly, with fervour and purity: but higheſt of all, to truſt in him, in our moſt deſperate affairs.

Laſtly, for the virtue of *Charitie*, which is the accompliſhment of all the others, you muſt know, there are three kinds of it: The firſt the *beginning* Charitie. The ſecond, the *proficient*. The third, the *perfect*.

Beginning Charitie, hath five degrees. 1. Diſlike of offences paſt. 2. Good reſolution of amendment. 3. Reliſh of Gods Word. 4. Readineſs to good works. 5. Compaſſion of the ill, and joy at the proſperity of others.

Proficient Charity, hath five degrees more. 1. An extraordinary puritie of Conſcience, which is cleanſed by very frequent examination. 2. Weakneſs of concupiſcence. 3. Vigorous exerciſe of the faculties of the inward man. For, as good operations of the exteriour ſenſes are ſigns of bodily health; ſo holy occupations of the underſtanding, memory, and will, are

ſigns

ſigns of a ſpiritual life. 4. Ready obſervance of Gods law. 5. Reliſhing knowledge of Heavenly Truth, and Maxims.

Perfect Charity, reckoneth alſo five other degrees. 1. To love your enemies. 2. To receive contentedly, and to ſuffer all adverſities couragiouſly. 3. Not to have any worldly ends, but to meaſure all things by the fear of God. 4. To be diſ-entangled from all love to creatures. 5. To reſign your own life, to ſave your neighbours.

The fifth Section.

Of four Orders of thoſe who aſpire to Perfection.

NOw conſider what virtues, and in what degree you would practiſe; for there are four ſorts of thoſe who aſpire to perfection.

The firſt are very *innocent*, but little valiant in exerciſe of virtues. The ſecond have beſides innocency, *courage* enough to employ themſelves in worldly actions, but they are very ſparing towards God, and do meaſure their perfections by a certain Ell, which they will upon no terms exceed; like the ox of *Suſis*, that drew his uſual number of buckets of water out of the Well very willingly, but could by no means be brought to go beyond his ordinary proportion. The third order is of the *Fervent*, who are innocent, couragious, and virtuous, without reſtriction, but they will not take charge of others, ſuppoſing they are troubled enough with their own bodies; wherein they may be often deceived. The fourth rank comprehends thoſe, who having with much care profited themſelves, do charitably refreſh the neceſſities of their neighbour, when they are called to his aid; thinking, that to be good onely to ones ſelf, is to be in ſome ſort evil.

Obſerve what God requires of you, and emulate the moſt abundant graces. But if the multiplicity of theſe degrees of virtue perplex your mind, I will ſhew you a ſhorter and eaſier way to perfection.

The ſixth Section.

A ſhort way to Perfection, uſed by the Ancients.

THe Ancients were accuſtomed to reduce all virtue to certain heads; and ſome addicted themſelves with ſo much fervour, and perfection, to the exerciſe of one ſingle virtue, as poſſeſſing that in a ſupream degree, by one link onely they drew inſenſibly the whole chain of great actions. One dedicated all his lifes ſtudy to government of the tongue, another to abſtinence, another to meekneſs, another to obedience. So that at the death of a holy man, named *Orus* (as *Pelagius* relates) it was found, he had never lied, never ſworn, never ſlandered, never (but upon neceſſity) ſpoken. So *Phaſius* (in *Caſſian*) ſaid upon his death-bed, that the Sun had never ſeen him take his refection; for he faſted every day until ſun ſet. So *John* the Abbot profeſſeth, that the Sun had never ſeen him angry, that he had never done his own will, nor ever had taught others any thing, which he had not firſt practiſed himſelf. To arrive at this, requires much fortitude of ſpirit. If you deſire things more imitable, be aſſured you ſhall lead a good life, if you endeavour continually to practiſe theſe three words, *To abſtain*, *To ſuffer*, *To go forward in well doing*, as S. *Luke* ſaith, in the Acts of the Apoſtles of the Son of God. *To abſtain.* 1. By refraining from all unlawful things, and ſometimes even from lawful pleaſures, through virtue. 2. By mortifying concupiſcence, anger, deſire of eſteem and wealth. 3. By well ordering your ſenſes, your will, your judgement, and obtaining always ſome victory over your ſelf, by the maſtery of your paſſions. *To ſuffer.* 1. By enduring the burdens of life with patience, eſteeming your ſelf happy to partake of our Saviours ſufferings, which are the nobleſt marks of your Chriſtianity. 2. By endeavouring to uſe a ſingular meekneſs in bearing with the oppreſſions and imperfections of others. 3. By undergoing (with advice) ſome bodily auſterities. 4. By keeping your foot firm in the good you have already begun; For, (as old *Marcus* the Hermit ſaid) *The wolf and ſheep never couple together, nor did change and diſlike ever make up a good virtue. To go forward in well-doing.* By becoming ſerviceable and obliging to all the world, every one according to his degree: but above all, having a catalogue of the works of mercy, as well ſpiritual as temporal, continually before your eye; as a leſſon, wherein you muſt be ſeriouſly examined, either for life or death eternal. And for this purpoſe ſome Saints had theſe words (in ſtead of all books) in their Libraries.

Viſito, Poto, Cibo, Redimo, Tego, Colligo, Condo, Conſule, Caſtiga, Solare, Remitte, Fer, Ora.

To	*Viſit*	To	*Teach*
	Quench thirſt		*Counſel*
	Feed		*Correct*
	Redeem		*Comfort*
	Cloath		*Pardon*
	Lodge		*Suffer*
	Bury		*Pray.*

Mans beſt knowledge is how to oblige man; the time will come when death ſhall ſtrip us to the very bones, and leave us nothing but that, which we have given for God.

The ſeventh Section.

The way to become perfect.

TO this end you muſt keep a perpetual watch over your actions, and *be like a Seraphim, beſet all over with eyes, and lights*, as *Baſſarion* ſaid: you ſhall perceive your progreſſion in virtue, when you begin, purged from greater ſins, to be fearfull of the leaſt; when you feel your ſelf looſed from ardent deſires of intereſt and honour; when your tongue is reſtrained from ſlander and vanity; when your heart is more purified in its affections, and that you draw near to indifferency.

The means to make your ſelf thus perfect, is, firſt, to be enflamed with a fervent deſire of perfection; ſecondly, not to neglect the extirpation, even of the ſlighteſt imperfections; thirdly, to have a good directour, who may be to you as the Angel *Raphael* was to young *Tobias*, and withal, to confer very often with ſpiritual men, and to be warned by their good example; fourthly, to make, as it were, a noſe-gay of flowers out of the lives of Saints, to take from it, odour and imitation; fifthly, to become conſtant in good purpoſes, and to offer them up to God, as by the hands of our Saviour, *Jeſus Chriſt.*

The eighth Section.

How we muſt govern our ſelves againſt temptations, tribulations and Obſtacles occurring in the way of virtue.

FInally, ſeeing in the practiſe of virtue we muſt ever be ready armed to overthrow the power of our

our adversary, and to further our own affairs of salvation, call to mind these twelve maxims, which I propose against such obstacles as may happen.

The way to resist temptation, is, not to frame your self to a spiritual insensibility, unmoved with any thing; that is hard to attain, so sensible is self-love, and to have it, were to be stone, not man; it is not to expel one temptation by another, and to do one evil, to be delivered from another: for to take that course were to wash your self in ink. It is not to hide your self upon all occasions, and never to do good, for fear of fighting with evil, but to resist stoutly as I shall shew you. The great Scholar, *Joannes Picus Mirandula*, hath collected twelve remarkble *Maxims*, the practise whereof is exceeding profitable, when we address our selves to spiritual combat against weakness.

The first Maxim. That you must be tempted on what side soever it happen: *In hoc positi sumus*: It is our profession, our trade and continual exercise. The eagle complaineth not of her wings, neither the Nightingale of her voice, nor the Peacock of his train, because these are natural to them; and it is as natural to a man to be tempted, as to a bird to flie, to sing, to prune her feathers. If you desert the course of spiritual life through fear of being tempted, and turn about to worldly delights, assure your self you will be much more engaged; and which is worse, without comfort, honour, or recompence; you forsake a cross of paper, which if you knew well how to carrie, would be no heavier burthen than feathers to a bird; you forsake it I say, to take up another which is hard, toilsome, and bloudy, and will make you of one confraternity with the bad thief. *Sidonius Apollinaris* relateth, how a certain man named *Maximus*, arriving by unlawfull and indirect means at the top of honour, was the very first day much wearied, and fetching a deep sigh, said thus, *Fœlicem*, te Damocle, *qui non longius uno prandio regni necessitatem toleraſti. O Damocles, how happy do I esteem thee for having been a King but the space of a dinner! I have been one a whole day, and can bear it no longer.*

The second. Remember, that in the affairs of the world, we fight longest, we work hardest, and reap least; the end of one labour is the beginning of another; in pains taking the onely hope is ever to take pains; and temporal labour doth many times pull after it eternal punishment.

The third. Is it not direct folly to believe there is a Paradise, an eternal life, and a *Jesus Christ*, who, of the Cross, made a ladder, to get up to his throne of glory, and yet to desire to live here with folded arms? to see the master open the way to heaven through so many thorns, and the servant unwilling to tread on any thing but flowers? to see a fresh and tender limb, to a head worn away with sufferings, like a brazen Colossus with feet of flax?

The fourth. Were there no other fruit in tribulation but conformity with *Jesus Christ*, who is the Sovereign wisdom, yet were it a high recompence. A famous captain said to a souldier dying with him, *hadst thou been obscure all thy life, yet art thou not a little honoured to day, in dying with thy master*; and who would not glory, to have the Son of God for his leader, his companion, his spectatour, his theatre, his reward in all afflictions and Tribulations? who would not account it a great honour, to be crucified daily with him? to stretch his hands and arms upon the Cross, by restraining them from violence, rapine, and ruin, whereunto we are carried away by the spirit of lying? to fetter his feet, by hindering them from running after the unbridled desires of his heart? to embitter his tongue, by overcoming the pleasures of the taste? to annihilate himself, by despising honour after his example, who when he might have walked upon the wings of the *Cherubims*, would rather creep amongst us like a little worm of the earth? what a glorie were it, to say with *S. Paul, I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus*, Gal. 6. 17.

The fifth. Not to put any trust in humane means, when you undertake to subdue a temptation; It is not a thing depending wholly upon us; God must go before, and we contribute our will; for if he watch not over us, to much purpose is it for us to keep centinel. None is so weak as he that thinks himself strong. *Multa in homine bona fiunt, quæ non facit homo. Nulla verò facit homo bona quæ non Deus præstet ut faciat homo* saith the councel of *Orange*. *Many good things are done in man, which man doth not; But man doth not any good which God doth not.* He that thinks to resist temptations without his aid, is like one that would go to the wars, and stumbles at his own threshold. And therefore an effectual means in this combat, is to insist much on prayer, especially at the first assault of a temptation.

The sixth. When you have overcome a temptation, take heed of unbending and softening your courage, as if you had no more enemies to encounter. As distrust is the mother of safety, so security is the gate of danger. If the enemy goeth up and down continually like a roaring Lion, be you on the other side a watchfull Lion in the centinels of the Lord of hoasts; and take for your word, *super speculam Domini ego sto; I stand upon the watch-tower of the Lord.*

The seventh. Rest not satisfied onely with not being beaten your self, but beat your enemy: when Satan layes a snare to entrap you, make it an instrument of virtue; if he present a good work, which glisters in the sight of the world, thereby to tempt you to pride, do the work, and let alone the vanity; referring all to the greater honour of God.

The eighth. When you are in combate, fight chearfully, as if you were already assured of the victory. Turn away the eye of your consideration from what you suffer, and keep it continually fixt upon the reward. One great misfortune, which causeth many to fall when they are tempted is, that their mind is set and bent so wholly upon the pain, that no room in it is left to contemplate the reward which waits for them. When the fourty Martyrs were in the frozen lake, thirty nine looked upon their future Crowns, but one of them thought of nothing but his pain; all were victorious, except this wretch, who sullying the glorie of patience, came out of the pool, to die presently after in infidelity. Do you not think, the glorious mirrour, wherein he beheld all his sufferings Crowned, was that which comforted our Saviour on the Cross in that Abyss of reproch and torment. This is the course you must take; to insist little on the present, and to have a lively imagination of the future, bearing these words of *S. Paul* always in mind, *Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory*, 2. Cor. 4. 17. Fight then valiently, as if this were the last temptation which should assail you; and perswade your self, that herein consisteth the evidence of your predestination. When you have overcome it, behave your self like one always ready to re-enter the list, and to make one victory the step to another.

The ninth. Though you are never so valiant, do not provoke danger; tempt not temptation, by thrusting your self into occasions, through presumption of heart: he that loveth danger, shall instead of finding glory, mark out his grave in it.

The tenth. A Sovereign means to overcome temptation, is to discover the Mine betimes; to open your heart freely to your spiritual counsellour, to disclose your thoughts, to know them well, to consider their nature, and to seek what power they have upon your soul. It happens commonly as *Epictetus* saith; *It is not the things themselves, that trouble us, but our own fancies.* How many temptations might be

vanquiſhed by ſlighting them; if we took but a little leiſure to laugh at them? We make elephants of flies, and of little pigmies, which pinch us by ſtealth, ſtrange giants. We are like young children, who frighted with a vizard, hide their heads in their nurſes boſom, crying; but take off the vizard, and give it them in their hand, they will make ſport with it. How many things ſeem terrible and impoſſible, which we find ridiculous, and eaſie to be overcome, if we touch them never ſo little with our finger? In temptations of *puſillanimity*, it is good to conceive theſe counterfeit giants, as pigmies; but in thoſe of *concupiſcence*, we muſt not deſpiſe any thing, but rather lay hold of ſmall threads, as if they might grow to huge cables. In the one and the other, there is nothing like daſhing theſe children of Babylon againſt the ſtones; to withſtand beginnings, and not to ſuffer our enemies to fortifie themſelves to our diſadvantage. The eleventh. A ſtumbling block to many is, that they repreſent the ſweetneſs of ſin to the like in their imagination, and never conſider the pleaſure which follows victory over ſin. A man is no ſooner plunged in the puddle, but his aſhamed ſoul is immerſed in penſiveneſs, melancholly, and deſpair by a loathſom pleaſure, which paſſeth away like the dream of a dream, furniſhed with a huge heap of ſcorn, ſorrow, and confuſion. Whereas on the contrary, the ſoul which hath held out, remains contented, ſprightly, elevated, and fed with divine comforts, coming from Gods paradiſe. On this thought (which S. *Cyprian* highly commendeth) few reflect, which is the reaſon why the number of the reprobates is ſo great: And do you not yet think it very fitting, that one who hath fallen a thouſand times under temptation, ſhould once in his life taſte the ſweetneſs which is in victory over temptation, to rejoyce at it for ever? Many have been put by from ſteep and evident precipices, by pondering theſe words, *Well then, to covenant with ſin, what will be the event? To purchaſe repentance ſo dear? To give up the credit of ſo many years, a prey to one unhappy minute of pleaſure? Where is the Faith thou haſt promiſed to God? Let us at leaſt ſeek out ſome place where he is not: and where is he not? So many ſtars, ſo many intelligences, wherewith the world is repleniſhed, are ſo many eyes of God which behold thee: He himſelf ſeeth into thee, even to the bottom of thy conſcience, if thou wilt ſin, get leave of him; but how wilt thou beg it of him, and how obtain? Patience a while: This temptation is a cloud which will paſs away. Thou art going to commit a ſin, whoſe pardon is very uncertain; but it is certain that when thou haſt done it, God himſelf cannot in all eternity make it not to have been done.*

The twelfth. Think not you are the leſs in Gods favour becauſe he ſuffers you to be tempted, though with diſhoneſt thoughts, which are extreamly odious to chaſt ſouls; Why ſo? If S. *Paul*, that Cherubim, ſcorched with celeſtial heat, who ſet his foot upon the ſtars, (according to the opinion of S. *Ambroſe*, *Theophylact*, and *Oecumenius*) felt the ſtings of concupiſcence in a body that had been taken up to the third heaven; do you think, that becauſe you have ſome good diſpoſitions to do well, you muſt be freed from the wars of nature, which preſerve your mind, being to indulgent to its ſelf always in humility?

To conclude, follow the counſell of *Caſſian*, conſider daily the paſſions which are bred in your heart, as a fiſherman beholds the fiſhes ſwimming in the water, on purpoſe to catch them: Look on that which is moſt predominant within you, from what root it ſpringeth, when it began, what progreſs it hath made, what rule it uſurpeth ordinarily over your ſoul, what effects it produceth, whether it be more ſpirituall or temporall, what things uſe to foment it, what remedies you have taken to divert it; provide counſell and means to root it out; proceed to this with courage and fervour, as to the acquiſition of an incomparable good.

The nineth SECTION.

Remedies againſt paſsions, and temptations proceeding from every vice.

FIrſt, to conſider, That paſſion is a motion of the ſenſual appetite, ariſing from the imagination of good or ill, with ſome commotion of the body.

2. That there are eleven paſſions; ſix in the *concupiſcible* appetite, which are *Love, Hatred, Deſire, Loathing, Joy, Sadneſs*: five in the *iraſcible*, that is, *Hope, Deſpair, Confidence, Fear, and Anger.*

3. That there are two ways to overcome all paſſions; the firſt is a precaution of mind againſt the occaſions, and vain appearances of all worldly things. The ſecond, a ſerious diverſion to better things, as prayer, ſtudy, labour, and buſineſs; But above all, you muſt pray to God for the light and ſtrength of his holy grace, which infinitely tranſcends all humane remedies.

Againſt Gluttony.

1. REpreſent unto your ſelf the miſerable ſtate of a ſoul polluted and plunged in the fleſh. 2. The hardneſs of heart. 3. The dulneſs of underſtanding. 4. The infirmities of body. 5. The loſs of goods. 6. The diſparagement of Reputation. 7. The horrour, of the members of Jeſus Chriſt, to make members of an unclean creature. 8. The indignity to worſhip and ſerve the belly, as a bruitiſh and vile God. 9. The great inundation of ſins flowing from this ſpring. 10. The puniſhments of God upon the voluptuous.

Againſt ſloth.

1. The ceaſeleſs travell of all creatures in the world, naturall and civil. 2. The eaſineſs of good works, after grace given by Jeſus Chriſt. 3. The anxiety of a wavering and uncertain mind. 4. The ſhame and contempt. 5. The confuſion at the day of judgement. 6. The irreparable loſs of time.

Againſt Covetouſneſs.

1. The diſquiet of a greedy mind. 2. The inſatiability of deſire. 3. The many wars and battels which we muſt run through, to ſatisfie one ſingle deſire. 4. The diſhonour of denial, inſupportable to a generous ſoul. 5. The dependance and ſervitude we muſt undergo, to comply with thoſe from whom we expect the accompliſhment of our wiſhes. 6. The eaſineſs of offending God, through exceſſive greedineſs of temporall things. 7. The tranſitory and fleeting pleaſure of thoſe things which we moſt ardently deſire. 8. That God many times allows us the fulfilling of our deſires, as a puniſhment for our faults.

Againſt carnall love.

1. To conſider the barrenneſs of worldly loves, which are true gardens of *Adonis*, where we can gather nothing but triviall flowers, ſurrounded with many bryars. 2. To ſet a value on things, and not to be deceived with ſhows. 3. To guard your ſenſes, to ſhun accidents and occaſions of ſinning; and above all, to have a particular recourſe to God upon the firſt impreſſion of thoughts. 4. To pull your ſelf away by main force from preſented objects, and to direct your ſelf by ſerious deſigns, and good employments. 5. To ſet often before you the imperfection, the ingratitude, the levity, the inconſtancy, the perfidiouſneſs of thoſe creatures we moſt ſervilely affect.

Againſt

Against Sadneſs.

THere is a *holy* ſadneſs: as when we are moved at our Saviours Paſſion, or for our own ſins: which is the gift of God, not a puniſhment.

There is one *furious*, which hath no ears, and is rather cured by miracle than precept.

There is another *natural*, ariſing from our diſpoſition: and another *vicious*, which is nouriſhed by ill habits, and neglect of our own ſalvation.

1. Againſt this laſt we muſt conſider, That our deſires and love, cauſe, for the moſt part, our ſadneſs: and that the true way to diminiſh the cares that conſume us, is, to ſweeten the ſharp and ardent Affection we bear to worldly things.

2. The little eſteem we have of God, is the cauſe that we are often troubled at frivolous things, whether they threaten or happen. He that would truly love this great God, which deſerveth to poſſeſs all love of heaven and earth, ſhould not entertain fear or ſadneſs for any thing, but for the loſs of God; & no man can looſe him, but he that purpoſely forſakes him.

3. There is nothing beyond remedy, but the tears of the damned: A man who may perſiſt in the way to paradiſe, ſhould not place himſelf in the condition of a little hell: and he, who can hope for that great All, ought not to be ſad for any thing.

Againſt Envy.

1. THe way not to envy any thing, is to account nothing in this life great. 2. To covet onely the inheritance of the land of the living, which is never leſſened by the multitude or ſhares of the poſſeſſours. 3. To conſider ſeriouſly the motives which induce us to love our neighbour, as participation of the ſame nature.

THE THIRD PART OF THE CHRISTIAN DIARY.

The firſt SECTION.

BUSINESSE, Of what importance.

THe third employment of the day is buſineſs, whether *Publick* or *Private*; the government of your *Family*, or diſcharge of ſome *Office*, Good devotion is a good employment, and nothing is more to be avoided than idleneſs, which is the very ſource of ſin. *He that labours* (ſaid the old Hermite) *is tempted but by one devil; he that is idle, is aſſaulted by all.* No man is too Noble to have an occupation; If iron had reaſon, it would chooſe rather to be uſed in labour, than to grow ruſty in a corner.

The ſecond SECTION.

Two Heads, to which all Buſineſs is reduced.

IN Buſineſs we muſt conſider the *Subſtance*, and the *Form*. The *Subſtance*; for it is great wiſdom to make good choice herein, to take in hand good employments; and to leave the bad, the dangerous, and burthenſom, which do nothing but ſtop up the mind, and choke all feeling of devotion; eſpecially, when there is no obligation to undertake them. They are truly ſick even in health, who interpoſe out of curioſity, to know, to do, and ſolicite the buſineſs of others. *It is ſufficient* (ſaid the Emperour *Antonius*) *that every one in this life do that well which belongs to his calling.* The Sun doth not the office of the rain, nor the rain that of the Sun. Is it not abſolute madneſs of ſome in the world, whoſe onely employment is to attempt all things, but perform none?

As for the *Form*, in the exerciſe of charge, offices, and buſineſs, there is required *knowledge*, *conſcience*, *induſtry*, and *diligence*. *Knowledge*, 1. In learning that which is requiſite to be known for the diſcharge of your duty. 2. In informing your ſelf of that which of your ſelf you cannot apprehend. 3. In hearkening very willingly to adviſe, examining and weighing it with prudence and governing your ſelf altogether by counſel. *Conſcience*, in performing every thing with good intention, and great integrity, according to the Divine and Humane laws. *Induſtry*, in doing all diſcreetly and peaceably, with more fruit than noiſe: ſo that we expreſs no anxiety in buſineſs; like that Prince of whom it was ſaid, That he ſeemed always vacant in his moſt ſerious employments. *Diligence*, in ſpying out occaſions, and doing every thing in due time and place, without *diſorder*, *confuſion*, *paſſion*, *haſte*, *irreſolution*, *precipitation*: For theſe are the faults which commonly deſtroy good government. He that hath never ſo little wit & good inclination, ſhall ever find wherein to buſie himſelf, eſpecially in works of mercy, amongſt ſo many objects of the miſeries of his neighbour.

The third SECTION.

Of the government of a Family.

THat man hath no little buſineſs, who hath a Family to govern; a good Father who breedeth his Children well, that they may one day ſerve the Common-wealth, is employed in an important affair for the publick. A Mother, who bringeth up a little *Samuel* for the ſervice of the tabernacle, (as S. *Monica* did her ſon *Auguſtine*) obliged all poſterity. A Maſter & Miſtreſs, who keep their ſervants in good order, pleaſe both God and men. Four things very conſiderable are here required; *Choiſe*, *Diſcretion*, *Example*. *Entertainment*. *Choiſe*, in conſidering the *Quantity*, *Quality*, *Capacity*, *Faithfulneſs*, of thoſe you take into your ſervice. For the *Quantity*, it is evident that it ought to be proportionable to your eſtate and revenues. It is a great folly to make oſtentation of many ſervants merely through vanity. As *Herod* the ſophiſt did, according to the relation of *Philoſtratus*, who allowed his ſon four and twenty pages, every one of them bearing the name of ſome letter in the Alphabet; for ſo blockiſh was the child, that he could not any way elſe learn the firſt rudiments. Stars which have leaſt circuit are neareſt the Pole; and men who are leaſt perplexed with buſineſs, are commonly neareſt to God. A great retinue is a mark of a great want. Were there ſuch a beaſt as the Hebrew fables have feigned, that muſt have the graſs of a thouſand mountains for his daily allowance, would you account him happier than a Nightingale, which is ſatisfied with a few ſeeds, or a Bee, which liveth on dew? The rich need many pounds, the poor a little bread; both are indigent, but the one not ſo much as the other, for his want is the leſſer. A great number of ſervants make not a man happy;

for none is a greater Master, or better obeyed, than he that serves himself.

For *Quality*, take heed of resembling witches, who care not to give the devil wages, so they may make use of his service for their own ends: you must either take good servants, or make them such; In the one, there is good luck, & in the other, for the most part, difficulty. For many are like the ass of *Vincent Ferrerius*, that did more for a Carter, who swore by the devil, than for his Master who led him in the name of God; which the holy man seeing, turned him off, not able to endure such bruitishnesh in a beast; and can you think, that for the necessities of your business, it may be lawfull for you to maintain one, who hath neither God nor conscience; that your children may at the very first be corrupted by his poisonous conversation?

For *Capacity*, it is necessary, that besides honesty, there must be an ability to discharge his office: and though we say the saints are good at all things, yet God doth not ever give them either desire or means to undergo all kinds of business. Our abilities are limited, as well as our minds; and every one hath his particular talent, which must be known by those that will make use of him.

For *Faithfulness*, it is one of the qualities, which the Gospel gives a good servant; you have reason to require it, and discreetly to make trial of it, not by suspicions & jealousies, which onely serve to provoke such as have a disposition to do well: A man is oftentimes made faithfull, by being thought faithfull; and many through continual fear to be cozened, have taught others to cozen; *justifying their deceit by their own distrust*, as the Romane Philosopher saith: you must allow your officers, what command and freedom their charges require, not quarreling with them every minute for trifles; notwithstanding you must carefully reserve the state of your affairs, for your own private knowledge: For it is an equal fault indifferently to trust all, or to distrust all.

The fourth Section.

Of Government in spiritual things.

When you have met with a good choice, the government is not hard: For S. *Augustine* saith, *nothing is so easie as to perswade those to good, who have a great desire to put it in practice.* Govern your family proportionably as the good *Eleazar* did his, which *Binet* hath so lively designed. First banish vice & scandal from your house; let wanton love and impurity never come near it, no more than the serpent to the flower of the vine; Let not surfetting, drunkenness or excess know so much as the gate; let neither unclean speech nor blasphemy be heard in it. For, as *Nebuchadnezzar* made the pages that attend on him learn his language, so the devil teacheth those of his acquaintance, his Dialect.

Having exiled vice, accustom your Family to some devotion, causing them to hear diligently the word of God, especially on Sundays and Holydays; inviting them to frequent the Sacrament according to their condition, assembling them as *Charles Boromeus* did, at evening or some time of the day, to say certain prayers together, if convenience of place permit, and to see how they are instructed in the Articles of Faith.

Your example will do more than all your words: For the life of a Good Master and Mistress is a perpetual monitour in a house. Those that seek to gain their good opinion, study to be like them, and in endeavouring to be beloved, become good. We live in an age, where we have more need of patterns than precepts, servants adhere to the pillars of a house, as Ivie to great trees; & in a word, to the commands of great ones, all affections are of wax, they become so pliable.

It is fitting likewise that to preserve this opinion you be liberal, according to your means, in ordering your Family, honourable in such expences as are requisite both for necessity and decorum. For we make use of nets, to take fishes, and of liberality, as a golden hook to take men.

Remember besides, in mannaging your business, more peculiarly to invoke Gods assistance; saying often unto him these words of *Solomon*. Wisd. 9. *O God, give me wisdom that sitteth by thy Throne; & send her out of thy holy Heavens, and from the Throne of thy glorie, that being present, she may labour with me, that I may know what is pleasing unto thee*, to put it in execution.

Take heed of indiscreet precipitation in the beginning of an enterprize, of anxiety in the progression, and of despair in the conclusion. If your project have good issue, give the praise to God, and an example of modesty to your neighbour; but if business keep not time to your will, learn you to keep time to the Divine providence, which maketh all harmony in the world; you have power over your own designs, but not over their events; you are not to pray, that things may prove as you desire, but to desire them as they prove. Accustom your self not to be grieved at worldly accidents, no more than for an ill dream: For all things here below, pass away like a dream; and we do much, if in losing all, we retain that belief: But by long soothing our own wils, we have forsaken (as *Cassian* saith) the very shadow of patience.

The fifth Section.

Advice for such as are in office and government.

Bonaventure hath made an excellent Treatise, which he calleth *The wings of the Seraphin*, wherein he giveth very wise instructions to those that are in office and government; whereof in part I present you here with the quintessence and marrow, desiring you to tast of it. He gives his *Seraphin* six wings. The first is *Zeal of Gods honour*; which you shall exercise in observing four things; that is,

1. Neither to do; nor shew to those under you, the least shadow of evil or sin.

2. Not to give way to it in any kind, notwithstanding allurements on one side, and importunities on the other.

3. Never to be pleased that an evil act be done, though without your knowledge; for that were to betray your own conscience.

4. To correct, and take away disorders, as much as possibly you can.

The second wing, which you must have is, *The spirit of compassion*, to help the sick, the aged, the weak, the faint-hearted, the afflicted; for these are poor Porcupines laden with prickles and acerbities, to whom you must be a Sanctuary and Rock of refuge: *Petra refugium Herinaceis.*

The third, *Patience* in the many labours and cares, as are (in a manner) inseparable from offices and governments. Patience, in ill success of business, which doth not always answer our endeavours and wishes. Patience, in bearing with the ungratefull, who often throw stones at those that give them honey; like the *Atlantes*, who shot arrows at the Sun. Patience, in occasions of speech and dealing with such as easily take distast, and are galled with their own harness. It is a great virtue, to soften them with a peacefull, still, and charitable sweetness, as if we cast oyl into the raging sea. It was said long since, *He that can bear an injury, is worthy an Empire.* His very silence will disarm the passionate man, and lay him prostrate at his feet, who seemed to thunder over his head.

The Fourth wing is, *Example*; which is observed in three things. 1. In putting in practice the good coun-

counſel and precepts which we give others. 2. In managing your dignity in ſuch a way, as is neither harſh, imperious, nor arrogant; but mild, affable, and communicative. 3. In retaining withall a decent and moderate gravity, that the ſtamp which God ſets on thoſe he calleth to offices and commands, may not be debaſed.

The Fifth and principal Wing, is called *Diſcretion*, without which all virtues become vices: For the honour of great actions lies not ſo much in doing good, as in doing well.

This Diſcretion conſiſteth in four things. To govern the good with good judgement; To correct the bad; To adminiſter well the temporal affairs of your charge; To uphold and preſerve your ſelf amidſt theſe encumbrances, like freſh water in the ſalt ſea.

The ordering of good is maintained in Three principal Acts. The firſt, to cauſe thoſe under us to obſerve ſtrictly ſuch things as are neceſſary, and cannot be omitted without diſorder or ſcandal. The ſecond, To invite, and ſweetly attract every one according to his condition, capacity, and judgement, to works of moſt perfection; whereunto they have no formal obligation. The third, To diſpoſe charges and burthens with a good Oeconomy, according to their inclinations and ſtrength of mind, whom you are to govern.

For correction; Either they are ſleight faults of well conditioned perſons, which you are to correct, & ſuch are to be handled very gently; Or they are hidden vices of ſome evil conſcience, which you neither muſt nor can make known; and there you muſt uſe much induſtry, patience, and wiſdom to diſlodge vice; and to draw the crooked ſerpent out of his cave *obſtetricante manu*, as the Scripture ſpeaketh, *Job* 26.23. Or they are known ſins of deſperate people, who offend without hope of amendment, infecting a multitude; and here you muſt ſet your ſelf with all your ſtrength, to take away both the fault and the faulty.

For temporal affairs, manage them as we have already ſhewed, and take heed of entangling your mind in them, like a fiſh in a net, depriving your ſelf of the liberty of Gods children, to ſerve the earth.

But above all, continually look into your ſelf, as the firſt piece of your government. Let your conſcience be pure, firm, and peaceable; ſpeaking and doing every thing with much conſideration; and never deſpiſing the counſel of thoſe who are able to adviſe you.

Laſtly, your ſixth wing is *Devotion*, which is divided into three kinds, the *common*, the *ſingular*, the *continual*. The *common* conſiſteth in performing exactly thoſe duties of piety, which are within the bounds of your profeſſion; and to do them by way of *imitation* of that celeſtial *Militia*, which is always employed in praiſing God; and by way of *edification* of thoſe, to whom you ow this good example. *Singular* devotion obligeth you to ſeek your principal refuge, in the tabernacle (following *Moſes* ſteps) for the neceſſities of your charge. *Continual* devotion ties you to a moſt fervent exercile of Gods preſence, which you teſtifie by a deſire to pleaſe him in all places, occaſions and actions, by dedicating all your works to him, before you begin them; and when you end them, always to ſet upon them the ſeal of thanki-giving due to his Divine Majeſty.

Engrave deeply in your heart this ſaying of S. *Bernard*, in his firſt book of *Conſideration*, Chap. 5. *Cum omnes te habeant, eſto etiam tu ex habentibus unus. Quid ſolus fraudaris munere tui? Uſquequò vadens ſpiritus, & non rediens? If you are one full of buſineſs, and that all the world ſhare in you; take a part as well as others in your ſelf. Deprive not your ſelf of a good ſo juſtly yours, and be not one of thoſe that are ever travelling, yet never return home.*

THE FOURTH PART OF THE CHRISTIAN DIARY.

The firſt SECTION.

RECREATION, how neceſſary.

AS concerning Recreation uſed in company, at meals, in lawfull games, in taking the air, in good converſation, it is neceſſary to divert the mind, and refreſh the ſtrength. *Caſſian* in his 24. *Collation* chap. 21. relates, how an Archer finding S. *John the Evangeliſt* playing with a Partridge, wondered that ſo renowned a man could paſs the time with ſo ſlight a recreation: The Saint looking towards the bow in his hand, asked him why he did not always carry it bent; who anſwering, it would ſpoil it; the Apoſtle replied, ſo it is with the mind of man, which muſt ſometimes be unbent, that it may ſhoot the better.

Treat not your belly as *Caligula* did his horſe; for he allow'd a Beaſt (for whom nature intended nothing but oats and hay) Princely delicacies and attendance. And you do the like, if you beſtow ſo much coſt and pains to feed your moſt ſenſual part, which the Divine Providence wills ſhould be nouriſhed ſparingly. Great feaſts, which begin in vanity, and continue in riot, end always in folly, and often in repentance. Nothing is got by pleaſures of the Taſte, but a more crazy body, a more cloſe priſon of fleſh, & a more ſtinking ſepulchre. Unhappy are thoſe feaſts, which the hunger of the poor acculeth before God. Above theſe ſixteen ages the tongue of the Rich Glutton hath burned in hell, all his tuns of delicious wine, not having left him ſo much as one drop to refreſh himſelf.

If you deſire to know what were the banquets of the Primitive Chriſtians, which ought to be models for ours) *Tertullian* gives you a diſcourſe thereon in his *Apology*. *Our feaſts* (ſaith he) *expreſs what they are, in their names. They are called* Ἀγάπαι (Charities) *becauſe they are inſtituted for relief of the poor: Our Table reſembleth an Altar, and our Supper a Sacrifice: We mind not the expence; to ſpend in the name of Pietie, is gain. Our Table hath nothing ſavouring of baſeneſs, ſenſuality, or immodeſty;*

The ſecond SECTION.

Of the Pleaſures of the Taſte.

MArk, that our minds muſt onely be *unbent*, not *unſtrung*: Avoid thoſe exceſſes which make men now adays as gluttonous in the eye, as the belly. It is a ſtrange vanity to affect the repute of a good taſte; to ſet the whole mind to ſerve that part of the body, which hath leaſt of the mind; and to nouriſh an eſteem which is fed onely with the ſteam of the kitchin.

We feed by measure: We drink the rules of temperance; We satiate our selves as much as is necessarie for those, who must rise at midnight, to offer up their prayers unto God; We speak and converse as in the presence of God, our hands washed, and candles lighted, every one repeateth what he knoweth out of the holy Scriptures, and his own invention to the praise of God. Prayer, as it began the banquet, concludes it: From the Table we go unto the exercise of modesty and decency: You would say, if you behold us, that we were not at supper, but at a lecture of holiness.

Alass! Confer the feasts of most Christians with these, and you compare the table of the *Centaurs* to that of the Angels.

The third Section.

Of Gaming.

BE not over-violent likewise at those Games of chance, which have in them so much covetousness, heat, and flame: Did a man commit no other sin, but conversing the third part, or half of his life with Kings and knaves of cards, being invited to the conversation of Angels, yet were he guiltie of no small offence: But besides, gaming was the invention of that devil *Zabulon*, as S. *Cyprian* observes, in a Treatise upon this subject. It is the altar of Fortune, detested by the Prophet; It is the shop of deceit, the school of covetousness, the apprentiship of blasphemy, the academy of anger; where are begot mad amities, unpunished thefts, pleasing murthers, and whence nothing for the most part is brought away, but a tempest in the mind, gall in the heart, and air in the purse: What excuse at the last day can he have, who gameth with a full hand, and detains (in the mean while) the wages of a servant, or the relief of some begget that pineth and quaketh at his gate?

Pilat's Souldiers cast lots on the garments of the Son of God, whilest the bloud distilled from his body; but they were executioners and infidels; who would not be struck with horrour to see a Christian, amidst so many images of the Son of God, without regard either of time, of God, or of man, play away the bloud of his family, whom he neglecteth, or of the poor, whom he despoileth? Away with these delights, which are bred (like the Salamander) in the tears of heaven.

Clemens Alexandrinus in his *Pædagogue*, sheweth plainly, that these games of cards, dice, and the like, were not allowed by the Primitive Church; for he teacheth us, that such pastimes are often as an ebullition of ungovern'd delights, and an indigestion of evil idleness.

If we must of necessity play, in complacence to others, we ought at least to have a care, that it be for some good end; that it be with our equals; without passion, little, moderate, and to the profit of the poor.

The fourth Section.

Of Dancing.

AS for *Dancing*, *Balls*, and *Masks*, it is true what the pious Bishop, and excellent Authour hath said in his *Introduction*; *they resemble mushroms, the best of which are worth nothing.* Luxury, vanity, foolish expence, masking, good chear, night, youth, love, liberty, are as dangerous counsellours of wisedom, as ill teachers of modesty: some may be sanctified in them by miracle, but every day more are lost in them, through weakness: since our force is weak, not miraculous, we ought, by flying from occasions, to seek that safetie which we cannot find in our own strength.

The fable saith, that the butterfly asked the owl, how she should deal with the fire, which had singed her wings; who counselled her, not to behold so much as its smoak. With what conscience can a faithfull soul frequent those worldly recreations, which have stain'd her puritie with so many blemishes? Must we stay till we are burned, ere we retire from the flame? I wonder at those who would spiritualize dancing, and make it agree with frequent communion; such in effect, with the Emperour *Adrian*, Lay *Adonis* in the manger of *Jesus*. There must be so many circumstances, of the intention, time, place, persons, and manner, to season such pleasures, that it were easier to abstain from them, than to use them well.

The fifth Section.

Of wanton songs, and plays.

IF you speak of wanton *songs*, of reading ill books, of unchaste comedies and plays, your conscience (which is the School-mistress of the soul) will perhaps tell you more than you are willing to believe. Such recreations are fore-runners of disorder, instruments of sensuality, tinder to sin, and scandal to virtue; evil, at that time entereth into you, by every gate of the sence, and goeth out onely at the gate of repentance, which is not always open to our indispositions. A young soul is surprized in these, as in a golden snare; to whom the description of sin, is invitation. For we live now in an age, where to know ill, and to do it, have scarce any *Medium* to sever them; and if at any time we are good, it is rather through ignorance of vice, than principles of virtue, saith *Salvian*.

The sixth Section.

Of walking, and running.

RECreations, the most innocent, are ever the most commendable; as those in the countrey, for exercise of the body; *for the Countrey life* (saith *Columella*) *is the couzen germane to wisdom.*

Setting aside the comfort of Churches, Justice, Learning, Arts and Traffick, what are great Cities, but great prisons? Men live there, like birds in a cage, they crowd, defile one another, & by frequent and infectious conversation, the trouble of business, the importunity of visits, the foolish tyranny of complements steal from them half their life. In the Countrey, the heaven, air, earth and waters, (which Cities snatch from us) are restored with greatest liberty. There, all the creatures of God speak to us face to face, to tell us the wonders of the Creatour. The Christians of the primitive Church made hermitages of their farms, to found a retreat from worldly business, and to prepare for their time of rest: but many now, make their gardens temples of *Baal-peor*, where no God is worshipped, but the belly, luxury, gaming, and uncleanness.

Many make walks and races, wherein none can run far without stumbling; for they resemble the list of *Atalanta* and *Hippomenes*, rather than the race where-S. *Paul* exhorted Christians to run; there the sences flattered with a thousand delightfull objects, many times put themselves in array; there the bloud is enflamed; the tongue untied; concupiscence enkindled; there, licentiousness often rendeth the vail, which until then was over the face of modesty; and impudently becomes portress to love; These are the sacrileges, which drie up years, breed disorder amongst seasons, barrenness in the bowels of the earth, and despair in our miseries.

The

The ſeventh SECTION.

The four conditions of recreation.

YOur recreation muſt have four eſpecial things; *choiſe of perſons, good intention, innocency, moderation.*

Choiſe of perſons, in avoiding evil company as the moſt dangerous ſhelf of life; for the friendſhip of wicked men is like a bundle of thorns, tied together to burn and crackle in the fire. Your friendſhip muſt be virtuous, faithful, diſintereſted, if you mean to have any fruits of it.

Good intention, as, to cheriſh health and ſtrength, that they may ſerve the ſoul; for a good man ſhould ſeek good even in play and at meals; like the ſaint, who roſe in the night, and fed with a poor hungry brother, that he might not be aſhamed of eating at a diſorderly hour.

Innocency; for much conſideration muſt be uſed therein, leſt nature ſhould diſſolve into bruitiſh life, unworthy a generous heart. Behind, comes gluttony, intemperate gaming, fooliſh jeſting, and detraction, in this age hard to be avoided.

The book moſt ordinary in companies of men, is man himſelf: Now very few take delight to diſcourſe of the Old and New Teſtament; nay not ſo much as of the old Roman Councels, Ægyptian Pyramids, or ancient wars of *Ceſars*. Men ſtudy books of the time, talk of garbs, clothes, looks, conditions, buſineſs, cuſtoms, alliances; and though we have no intent to wrong any, yet is it very eaſie, in ſuch variety of diſcourſe to let fall many words of far leſs value than ſilence; it is an excellent quality to ſtill good matter into company; either upon occaſion, by queſtion, conſequence, narration or propoſition, as the reverend *Jaquinot* obſerves in his *Addreſs*.

Moderation. For as the wiſe man ſaith, *Prov.* 25. 16. We glut our ſelves with hony: ſo ought we to have a care, that recreations (made to refreſh the mind) tend not by exceſs to diſſoluteneſs. You muſt obſerve what the time, place, and perſons require; and to paſs the time, muſt not exceed your ſelf by profuſeneſs.

The eighth SECTION.

Of vicious converſation, and firſt of impertinent.

THe Hebrews ſay, *play, anger, the cup, and converſation, are the windows of the ſoul, through which ſhe is many times ſeen more than ſhe would be*; he is wiſe, who makes uſe of meetings and company, as of a file to poliſh his mind, and to make it continually more apt for its functions.

Vicious converſation, may be reduced almoſt to three heads, that is, *impertinent, vain, evil. Impertinent*, as the clowniſh, fooliſh, troubleſom, which many have through want of diſcretion, faſhion and civility.

Theophraſtus, one of the quainteſt wits of antiquity, relateth ſome paſſages, which he ſaith he obſerved in his time, arguing a great weakneſs of judgement; ſome (ſaith he) lay hold on one that is going about buſineſs of concernment, to tell him ſomething (as they pretend) of great importance, which when told, is nothing but foolery. Others invite a travellour, newly come out of the countrey very weary, to walk up and down; others pull a man out of a ſhip ready to weigh anchor, to entertain him with follies on the ſhore; others come to bear witneſs, after the cauſe is judged; and bring with much ſweat, a Phyſitian to the dead: others pretend to know the way, and undertake to lead the reſt, but go wrong at the very firſt, and proteſt, they have forgot it. Others make rude enquiry into buſineſs, and ask a General of an Army, whither he goes, and what is his deſign. Some alſo there are (ſaith he) ſo ruſtick, that (not admitting any thing worth admiration in civil life) they ſtand ſtill to look upon an ox, as men in rapture; and in company, have no better behaviour, than to take their dog by the muzzle, and ſay *what a fine dog this is, well he keeps the houſe!* Such converſation is able greatly to vilifie a man, and to take from him all eſtimation he can gain in his profeſſion.

The ninth SECTION.

Of vain converſation.

VAin converſation, is that of *talkers, flatterers, vain-glorious*, and the like; poor *Theophraſtus* (in my opinion) was much tormented with a *talker*; ſince he ſo well deſcribeth one, who, with much paſſion, praiſed his wife? told what he dreamed the laſt night; what he had to dinner; that he had a weakneſs of ſtomack: From thence taking flight, he diſcourſed of times; and aſſured him, the men of ours came not near the ancients in any thing: Then he told him, that corn was cheap; that there were many ſtrangers in the city; that if it would rain, the year would be fruitfull; that he had a field to be ploughed; that *Damippus* gave the greateſt wax light at an offering; that there were ſo many ſtairs in ſuch a building, & that he had counted them, with a thouſand of the like. *Such people* (adds the Author) *are more to be feared than a feaver. He that would live in quiet, muſt ſeldom keep them company.* *Horace* mentions one very like, who put him into a great ſweat, and when he ſaw he was ſo tired, that he knew not which way to turn himſelf. *I ſee Sir*, ſaith he, *that I am troubleſom, but there is no remedy; ſince I have met with you, I muſt needs wait on you; for (God be thanked) I have nothing elſe to do.*

Flatterers, are much more acceptable, though many times more dangerous, for they will tell you, that all the world caſt their eyes upon you; that you are much eſteemed; that the whole town talks of ſuch a fortunate action of yours; that you have an excellent wit, a handſom body, a good grace, winning behaviour; that every thing becomes you, and that it ſeems *Nature*, when ſhe had made you broke her mold, becauſe ſhe never ſince framed the like; If you ſpeak, they bid ſilence to all the world; then extol your words as oracles; and if you jeſt at any, they burſt with laughter to pleaſe you; and deifie your imperfections: This is that which poyſons freindſhip, and blinds humane life.

The Vain-glorious, will for the moſt part entertain you with commendations of themſelves; and have a thouſand petty ſingularities in their carriage, their attire, their ſpeech, their houſes, their attendants; to ſhew, that they have ſomething more than others: The aforeſaid Authour ſaith, he hath obſerved ſome, that held it a great honour to have a Blackamore lackey, that they might be the more noted: and if they ſacrificed an ox, they nailed the horns at their gates, to give the world notice of their offering; and to conclude, were ſo great ſelf-lovers, that they made Epitaphs, even upon their dogs, ſpecifying their age, qualities and conditions; Theſe are teſtimonies of a ſoul very frivolous, and deſtitute of all Humility.

The tenth Section.

of evil Converſation.

Evil Converſation, is the worſt of all; as is that of the *Harſh*, who make themſelves unſociable in company; that of the *Opinionated*, who bear for their motto, *It is ſo*, and *It is not ſo*; ever contradicting, even the cleareſt truths; that of the *Crafty* and *Deceitfull*, who endeavour to diſcover all the ſecrets of others, whileſt they diſguiſe themſelves with a maſk of diſſimulation, and intricate ſpeech; feigning ignorance of what they know, knowledge of what they are ignorant, forgetfulneſs of promiſe, good will to thoſe they would circumvent, and many ſuch like. That of the *Proud*, who ſcorn and deſpiſe all but themſelves. That of the *Cholerick*, who are diſpleaſed upon every accident: That of *Scoffers*, *Buffons*, and *Slanderers*, who are obſcene, biting, and offenſive in all occaſions.

It were a long buſineſs to examine all theſe particularly; and I had freely unfolded them, in a Treatiſe *of Manners and Paſſion*, wherein I hoped to give the Reader ſatisfaction, but that the deſign of this little book diverted me. It were to ſmall purpoſe, to make ſo long a work of it; and it is always better to conclude well, than to enlarge ill.

The eleventh Section.

The Conditions of good Converſations.

I Tell you in brief, S. *Bernard*, *Thomas Aquinas* and other learned men are of opinion, that in Converſation we ought to be affable and pleaſing, yet not too familiar, nor inquiſitive into other mens buſineſs, not ſuſpicious, not light, not riotous, not diſcontented, not affected, not imperious, not croſs, not exceptious, not jeering, not fretfull, not triviall, not churliſh not too ceremonious, not too talkative, not too ſoft and compliant, not cholerick, not too reſerved, not proud, not vain. all thoſe through vanity (which is onely rich in fooleries) diſcourſe perpetually of themſelves, as if they were deities. But we muſt govern our ſelves with great diſcretion and modeſty; we muſt play, but not debaſe our ſelves, laugh, but not to exceſs; take recreation, but not to effeminacy; be conſtant, but not obſtinate; prudent, but not crafty; ſimple, but not ſtupid; concealing ill, furthering good, correcting our own faults by thoſe, we diſlike in others; always bringing home ſome fruit from this garden of Graces; and if acquainted with any ſecret fit to be concealed, we muſt make our breaſt its tomb.

You will find, there are ordinarily five qualities, which make converſation pleaſant; The firſt is, *an obliging way*, which ſweetly ſcattereth benefits, from which (in their due time and place) ſpring up recompences: This deſire of doing good to all the world, is a bait we muſt keep ever in the water; for by it men are taken more eaſily than fiſhes: And ſuch there have been, who by giving a glaſs of water opportunely, have obtained a Kingdom; as we ſee in the ſtory of *Thaumaſtus* and King *Agrippa*.

The ſecond *Affability*, joyned with a grace and ſweet behaviour, which hath a moſt powerfull charm over ſouls naturally enclined to honeſty. To do good, and not to do it handſomely is nothing. A benefit given with grudging, is a ſtony loaf, onely taken for neceſſity.

The third, a quick and wary *prudence*, to diſcern the diſpoſitions, capacities, manners, humours, affections, and aims of thoſe with whom we converſe; and to ſuit our carriage to every mans temper.

The fourth, *Humility*, without ſottiſhneſs or ſervile baſeneſs, which teacheth to yield to reaſon, and not to preſume upon our own ſtrength.

The fifth, (whereof we have already ſpoken) is a diſcreet *Patience*, to bear with men and buſineſs unmoved, ſo that you may keep your heart always in a good poſture, even in unexpected, and thorny accidents. He that underſtands this myſtery well, deſerves to command men, being here placed by virtue in a degree next the Angels.

A good rule for converſing well, is to propoſe unto your ſelf for pattern, one of a perfect converſation: So S. *Auguſtine* referred thoſe that deſired to profit in virtue, to the converſation of S. *Paulinus*. *Vade in Campaniam, diſce Paulinum.*

But the moſt effectuall precept is, to think how the Incarnate Word would converſe, if he were in our room; by his example, we ſhall do as *Joſeph* in *Ægypt*, of whom the Scripture Pſal. 105. (according to the Hebrew phraſe) ſaith, *he tied the Princes of Pharaob's Court about his heart.*

The Reverend *Gontery*, a man of great Judgement, and no leſs virtue, hath written a little Treatiſe *of Converſation*, wherein he deſcendeth very far to particulars. He that will read it, ſhall find wiſe inſtructions in it.

The twelfth Section.

Concluſion of the Diary.

AT night, before you go to bed, you are to make the examen of Conſcience, (which is the little Conſiſtory of the ſoul, as *Philo* terms it) where having given thanks to God, and invoked his holy grace, you muſt recall your thoughts, your words, your actions, your faults, and neglects to account, that you may ſee the gain, the loſs, and reckonings of that day; to further good, to correct evil; remitting the one to your own diſcretion, and the other to Gods mercy.

Eſteem this ſaying of S. *Bernard*, (in his book of the the *Interiour houſe*,) as an oratle, that *one of the chiefeſt mirrours to behold God in, is a reaſonable ſoul, which finds it ſelf out.*

There, we muſt ſeat the Conſcience in a Throne, with a Sceptre in her hand; and all paſſions, and imperfections at her feet.

There ſhe muſt take the liberty to ſay to you, *Wicked ſervant, thou haſt loſt a day: what ſluggiſhneſs at thy riſing? what negligence in labour? how great words? how little works? Why this curious queſtioning? this raſh judgement? theſe wandering eyes? theſe ſtraying thoughts? Should you have been angry for ſo ſlight a cauſe, upon ſuch an occaſion; ſhould you ſo freely have cenſured and murmured at the actions of another? ſhould you have taken your refection ſo ſenſually? and ſought your eaſe in, and by all things, ſo greedily? and ſo of the reſt.* If by the grace of God, you ſhall find ſome kind of virtues, yet muſt you well pick and ſift them, (as the perfume, which was to be ſet before the Tabernacle) to preſent them before the face of God; and ſay in concluſion with all humility, as the devout *Southwell*, *Quod fui, Domine, ignoſce, quod ſum corrige, quod ero dirige. O Lord, forgive what I have been, correct what I am, direct what I ſhall be.*

This done, ſay ſome vocall prayer, to ſhut the day up happily with ſome acts of contrition, of faith, of hope, of ſupplication, for your ſelf and friends.

Say here.

O Light of the Children of light! bright day which haſt no evening! The world is buried in the darkneſs

nesse of night, and this day quite finished, wherein I see, as in a little Map, how my life shall end. O God, what benefits do I see in it, on thy part, what ingratitudes on mine? Preserve me in what is thine; and wash away with the precious bloud of thy Son, what is mine. Shelter me under the wings of thy protection, from so many shadows, apparitions, and snares of the father of darkness; and grant, that though sleep close my eys; yet my heart may never be shut to thy love.

Lastly, fall asleep upon some good thought, that your night (as the Prophet saith) may be enlightened with the delights of God; and if you chance to have any interruption of sleep, supply it with ejaculatory prayers, and elevations of heart; as the just did of old, called for this reason, *The crickets of the night.*

Thus shall you lead a life full of honour, quiet, and satisfaction to your self, and shall make every day a step to Eternity. The marks, which may amongst others give you good hope of your predestination, are eleven principall.

1. Faith, lively, simple, and firm. 2. Purity of life, exempt ordinarily from grievous sins. 3. Tribulation, 4. Clemency and mercy. 5. Poverty of spirit disengaged from the earth. 6. Humility. 7. Charity to your neighbour. 8. Frequentation of the blessed Sacrament. 9. Affection to the word of God. 10. Resignation of your own mind to the will of your Sovereign Lord. 11. Some remarkable act of virtue, which you have upon occasion exercised.

You will find this Diary little in volume, but great in virtue, if relishing it well, you begin to put it in practice. It contains many things, worthy to be meditated at leisure; for they are grave and wise precepts, choisely extracted out of the moral doctrine of the Fathers. Though they seem short, they cost not the less pains. Remember, that famous Artist *Myrmecides*, employed more time to make a Bee, than an unskilfull workman to build a house.

EJACULATIONS FOR THE DIARY.

In the Morning.

MY voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up, *Psal.*5.3.

Thou shalt make thy face to shine upon me, and all the beasts of the forest shall gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens, *Psal.*184.22.

My dayes are like the dayes of an hireling. Untill the day break, and the shadows flie away, *Job* 7.1. *Cant.*4.6.

Beginning a good work.

In the volume of the book it is written of me. I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy Law is within my heart, *Psal.*40.7.8.

In good Inspirations.

The Lord God hath opened mine ear, and I was not rebellious, neither turned away back, *Isaiah* 50.5.

At Church.

How amiable are thy Tabernacles! O Lord of hosts, *Psal.*84.1.

Before reading.

Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth, 1 *Samuel* 3.9.

Speaking.

My heart is inditing a good matter; I speak of the things which I have made touching the King, *Psal.* 45.1.

Eating.

Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing, *Psal.* 145.

In Prosperity.

If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth: If I prefer not thee above my chief joy, *Psal.*137.6.

Adversity.

The Lord killeth, and maketh alive, 1 *Sam.*2.6. Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil? *Job* 2.10. Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glorie? *Luke* 24.26.

Troubles.

Surely man walketh in a vain shew; surely they are disquieted in vain, *Psal.*39.6.

Calumnies.

If I pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ, *Gal.*1.10.

Praises.

Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy Name give glorie, *Psal.*115.1.

Against vain hope.

As a dream when one awaketh, so, O Lord, when thou awakest, thou shalt despise their image, *Psalm* 73.20.

Pride.

Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased, *Luke* 14.11.

Covetousnes.

It is more blessed to give, than to receive, *Acts* 20.35.

Luxury.

Know ye not, that your bodies are the members of Christ? 1. *Cor.*6.15.

Envy.

He that loveth not his brother, abideth in death, 1 *John* 3.14.

Gluttony.

The Kingdom of God is not meat and drink, *Rom.*14.17.

Anger.

Anger.

Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, *Matth.*11.29.

Sloth.

Curſed be he that doth the work of the Lord negligently, *Jer.*48.10.

Rules of Faith.

God cannot be known but by himſelf. What is to be underſtood of God, is to be learned by God, *Hilar. lib. 5. de Trin.*

God doth not call us to the bleſſed life by hard queſtions. In ſimplicity muſt we ſeek him, in piety profeſs him. *Idem lib.* 10.

Remove not the ancient bounds which thy fathers have ſet, *Prov.*22.28.

Many are the reaſons which juſtly hold me in the boſom of the Catholick Church: Conſent of people and nations; Authority, begun by miracles, nouriſhed by hope, encreaſed by charity, confirmed by antiquity. *Auguſt. lib. De utilitate credendi.*

To diſpute againſt that which the univerſal Church doth maintenance, is inſolent madneſs. *Idem Epiſt.*118.

Let us follow univerſality, antiquity, conſent: Let us hold that which is believed every where, always, by all. *Vincentius Lyrinenſis De profanis vocum novitatibus.*

Acts of Faith.

Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief, *Marc.*9. 24.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, &c. *Job* 19.25.

Hope.

Though I walk through the valley of the ſhadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me, *Pſal.*24.4.

I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him, *Pſal.*90.15.

Charity.

Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I deſire beſides thee. My fleſh and my heart faileth; but God is the ſtrength of my heart, and my portion for ever. *Pſal.*73.25,26.

Feed me, O Lord, thy ſuppliant with the continual influence of thy Divinity: This I requeſt, this I deſire; that vehement love may throughly pierce me, fill me, and change me into it ſelf. *Bloſius.*

PRAYERS

for all Perſons and occaſions.

For the Church.

WE beſeech thee, O Lord, graciouſly to accept the prayers of thy Church, that ſhe being delivered from all adverſitie and errour, may ſerve thee in ſafety and freedom, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.

For the King.

WE beſeech thee, O Lord, that thy ſervant CHARLS by thy gracious appointment our King and Governour, may be enriched with all encreaſe of virtue, whereby he may be able to eſchew evil, and to follow Thee, the Way, the Truth, and the Life, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.

For a Friend.

ALmighty and ever-living Lord God, have mercy upon thy ſervant N. and direct him by thy goodneſs into the way of eternall ſalvation: that through thy grace, he may deſire thoſe things which pleaſe thee, and with his whole endeavour perform the ſame, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.

For Peace.

O God, from whom all holy deſires, all good counſels, and all juſt works do proceed, give unto us thy ſervants that peace which the world cannot give, that both our hearts may be ſet to obey thy Commandments, and alſo that by thee we being defended from the fear of our enemies, may paſs our time in reſt and quietneſs, through the merits of Jeſus Chriſt our Saviour.

In the time of Plague.

LEt thy anger ceaſe, O Lod, and be appeaſed for the iniquity of thy people, as thou haſt ſworn by thy ſelf. O holy God, holy and ſtrong, holy and immortal, have mercy upon us.

For the Clergy.

ALmighty and everlaſting God, who by thy Spirit doſt ſanctifie and govern the whole body of the Church, graciouſly hear our prayers for all thoſe whom thou haſt ordained, and called to the publick ſervice of thy Sanctuary; that by the help of thy grace they may faithfully ſerve thee in their ſeveral degrees, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.

For a Citie.

COmpaſs this Citie, O Lord, with thy protection, and let thy holy Angels guard the walls thereof; O Lord, mercifully hear thy people.

For the ſick.

O God the onely refuge of our infirmities, by thy mighty power relieve thy ſick ſervants, that they with thy gracious aſſiſtance, may be able to give thanks unto thee in thy holy Church, through Jeſus Chriſt.

For grace.

LOrd, from whom all good things do come; grant unto us thy humble ſervants, that by thy holy inſpiration we may think thoſe things that be good, and by thy merciful guiding, may perform the ſame through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.

For the afflicted.

O Almighty God, the afflicted ſoul, the troubled ſpirit crieth unto thee: Hear O Lord, and have mercy; for thou art a merciful God.

For friends.

IBeſeech thee, O Lord, for all thoſe to whom I am indebted for my birth, education, inſtruction, promotion; their neceſſities are known unto thee; thou art rich in all things; reward them for theſe benefits, with bleſſings both temporal and eternal.

For enemies.

O God the lover and preſerver of peace and charity, give unto all our enemies thy true peace and love, and remiſſion of ſins: and mightily deliver us from their ſnares, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.

For travellers.

ASſiſt us mercifully, O Lord, in our ſupplications and prayers; and diſpoſe the way of thy ſervants towards the attainment of everlaſting ſalvation, that among all the changes and chances of this mortal life, they may ever be defended by thy moſt gracious and ready help, through Chriſt our Lord.

For a Family.

ALmighty and everlasting God, ſend down thy holy Angel from heaven, to viſit, protect and defend all that dwell in this houſe, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.

For the dying.

FAther of ſpirits and God of all fleſh, receive the ſouls which thou haſt redeemed with thy bloud, returning unto thee.

For the fruits of the earth.

O God in whom we live, and move, and have our being, open thy treaſure in the due ſeaſon, and give a bleſſing to the works of thy hands.

For women in travel.

O Lord, of thy goodneſs help thy ſervants, who are in pains of child-birth; that being delivered out of their preſent danger, they may glorifie thy holy name, bleſſed for ever.

Againſt temptation.

ALmighty God, which doſt ſee that we have no power of our ſelves to help our ſelves, keep thou us both outwardly in our bodies, and inwardly in our ſouls, that we may be defended from all adverſities, which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts, which may aſſault and hurt the ſoul, through Jeſus Chriſt.

For misbelievers and ſinners.

ALmighty and everliving God, who deſireſt not the death of a ſinner, mercifully look upon all that are deceived by the ſubtility of Satan, that all evil prejudice laid aſide, they may return to the unity of thy truth and love.

For Priſoners.

O God, who didſt deliver S. *Peter* from his chains, and reſtoredſt him to liberty, have pitie upon thy ſervants in captivity, releaſe their bonds, and grant them freedom and ſafety, for his merits who liveth and reigneth with thee and the holy Ghoſt, ever one God, world without end.

For temporal neceſſaries.

REpleniſh thoſe, O Lord, we beſeech thee, with temporal nouriſhment, whom thou haſt refreſhed with thy bleſſed Sacraments.

Againſt tempeſts.

DRive ſpiritual wickedneſs from thy houſe, O Lord, and preſerve it from the malignity of tempeſtuous weather.

A Prayer of Thomas Aquinas *before ſtudy.*

OUnſpeakable Creatour, who out of the treaſure of thy wiſdom, haſt ordained Hierarchies of Angels, and haſt placed them above the higheſt heaven, in a wonderfull order, and diſpoſed them ſweetly for all parts of the world; Thou, the true fountain, and incomprehenſible principle of light and wiſdom, vouchſafe to illuminate the darkneſs of my underſtanding with a beam of thy light; remove the darkneſs wherein I was born, ſin and ignorance; Thou who makeſt the tongues of infants eloquent, looſen my tongue, and pour forth the grace of thy ſpirit upon my lips; give me acutenes, to apprehend, capacity to retain, ſubtility to interpret, aptneſs to learn, readineſs to ſpeak; direct my beginning, further my progreſſion, and perfect my concluſion.

THE PENITENT, OR, ENTERTAINMENTS for LENT:

And for the firſt day upon the Conſideration of Aſhes.

THou art Duſt, and to Duſt thou ſhalt return, Geneſ. 3.

1. It is an excellent way to begin Lent with the conſideration of Duſt, whereby Nature gives us beginning, and by the ſame, Death ſhall put an end to all our worldly vanities. There is no better way to abate and humble the proudeſt of all Creatures, than to repreſent his beginning and his end. The middle part of our life (like a kind of *Proteus*) takes upon it ſeveral ſhapes not underſtood by others; but the firſt and laſt part of it deceive no man; for they do both begin and end in Duſt. It is a ſtrange thing that Man, knowing well what he hath been, and what he muſt be, is not confounded in himſelf, by obſerving the pride of his own life, and the great diſorder of his paſſions. The end of all other creatures is leſs deformed than that of man: Plants in their death retain ſome pleaſing ſmell of their bodies: The little roſe buries it ſelf in her natural ſweetneſs, and carnation colour. Many Creatures at their death leave us their teeth, horns, feathers, skins, of which we make great uſe. Others after death are ſerved up in ſilver and golden diſhes, to feed the greateſt perſons of the world. Onely mans dead carcaſe is good for nothing but to feed worms: and yet he often retains the preſumptuous pride of a Giant, by the exorbitancie of his heart, and the cruel nature of a murderer, by the furious rage of his revenge. Surely that man muſt either be ſtupid by nature, or moſt wicked by his own election, who will not correct and amend himſelf, having ſtill before his eyes Aſhes for his Glaſs, and Death for his Miſtreſs.

2. This conſideration of Duſt is an excellent remedy to cure vices, and an aſſured Rampire againſt all temptations. S. *Paulinus* ſaith excellently well; That holy *Job* was free from all temptations, when he was placed upon the ſmoke and duſt of his humility. He that lies upon the ground can fall no lower, but may contemplate all above him, and meditate how to raiſe himſelf by the hand of God, which pulls down the proud and exalts the humble. Is a man tempted with pride? The conſideration of Aſhes will humble him. Is he burned with wanton love, which is a direct fire?) But fire cannot conſume Aſhes. Is he perſecuted with covetouſneſs? Aſhes do make the greateſt

greateſt Leeches and Bloud-Suckers caſt their Gorges. Every thing gives way to this unvalued thing, becauſe God is pleaſed to draw the inſtruments of his power out of the object of our infirmities.

If we knew how to uſe rightly the meditation of death, we ſhould there find the ſtreams of life: All the world together is of no eſtimation to him, that rightly knows the true value of a juſt mans death. It would be neceſſary, that they who are taken with the curioſity of Tulips, ſhould ſet in their Gardens a Plant called Napel, which carries a flower that moſt perfectly reſembles a Deaths head. And if the other Tulips do pleaſe their ſenſes, that will inſtruct their reaſon. Before our laſt death we ſhould die many other deaths; by forſaking all thoſe creatures and affections which lead us to ſin. We ſhould reſemble thoſe creatures (ſacred to the Ægyptians) called *Cynocephales*, which died piece-meal, and were buried long before their death: So ſhould we burie all our concupiſcences before we go to the grave, and ſtrive to live ſo, that when death comes, he ſhould find very little buſineſs with us.

Aſpiration.

O Father of all Eſſences, who giveſt beginning to all things, and art without end; This day I take Aſhes upon my head, thereby profeſſing (before thee) my being nothing; and to do thee homage for that which I am, and for that I ought to be by thy great bounties. Alas, O Lord, my poor ſoul is confounded to ſee ſo many ſparkles of pride and covetouſneſs, ariſe from this caitiffe duſt which I am: ſo little do I yet learn how to live, and ſo late do I know how to die. O God, of my life and death, I moſt humbly beſeech thee, ſo to govern the firſt in me, and ſo to ſweeten the laſt for me, that if I live, I may live onely for thee: and if I muſt die, that I may enter into everlaſting bliſs, by dying in thy bleſſed love and favour.

2. It imports us much to begin Lent well, entering into thoſe liſts, in which ſo many holy ſouls have run their courſe with ſo great ſtrictneſs, have been glorious before God, and honourable before men. The difficulty of it is apprehended onely by thoſe who have their underſtandings obſtructed by a violent affection to kitchen-ſtuffe. It is no more burdenſom to a couragious ſpirit, than feathers are to a bird. The chearfulneſs which a man brings to a good action in the beginning, does half the work. Let us waſh our faces by confeſſion: Let us perfume our Head (who is Jeſus Chriſt) by alms-deeds. Faſting is a moſt delicious feaſt to the conſcience, when it is accompanied with pureneſs and charity: but it breeds great thirſt, when it is not nouriſhed with devotion, and watered with mercy.

3. What great pain is taken to get treaſure; what care to preſerve it; what fear to looſe it; and what ſorrow when it is loſt? Alas, is there need of ſo great covetouſneſs in life, to encounter with ſuch extream nakedneſs in death? We have not the ſouls of Giants, nor the body of a Whale. If God will have me poor, muſt I endeavour to reverſe the decrees of heaven and earth, that I may become rich? To whom do we truſt the ſafety of our treaſures? To ruſt, to moths and thieves: were it not better we ſhould in our infirmities depend onely on God Almighty, and comfort our poverty in him who is onely rich, and ſo carrie our ſouls to heaven, where Jeſus on the day of his Aſcenſion did place our Sovereign good. Onely Serpents and covetous men deſire to ſleep among treaſures as Saint *Clement* ſaith. But the greateſt riches of the world is poverty, free from Covetouſneſs.

Aſpiration.

I Seek thee, (O inviſible God) within the Abyſs of thy brightneſs, and I ſee thee through the vail of thy creatures. Wilt thou always be hidden from me? Shall I never ſee thy face, which with a glimpſe of thy ſplendour canſt make Paradiſe? I work in ſecret, but I know thou art able to reward me in the light. A man can loſe nothing by ſerving thee, and yet nothing is valuable to thy ſervice, for the pain it ſelf is a ſufficient recompence. Thou art the food of my faſtings, and the cure of my infirmities. What have I to do with Moles, to dig the earth like them, and there to hide treaſures? Is it not time to cloſe the earth, when thou doeſt open heaven? and to carrie my heart where thou art, ſince all my riches is in thee? Doth not he deſerve to be everlaſtingly poor, who cannot be content with a God ſo rich as thou art?

The Goſpel for Aſhwedneſday. S. *Matthew* 6.

Of Hypocritical Faſting.

WHen you faſt, be not as the hypocrites, ſad, for they diſfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to faſt. Amen, I ſay to you that they have received their reward.

But thou when thou doeſt faſt, anoint thy head, and waſh thy face; that thou appear not to men to faſt, but to thy Father which is in ſecret: and thy Father which ſeeth in ſecret, will repay thee.

Heap not up to your ſelves treaſures on the earth: where the ruſt and moth do corrupt, and where thieves dig through and ſteal. But heap up to your ſelves treaſures in heaven: where neither the ruſt nor moth doth corrupt, and where thieves do not dig through nor ſteal. For where thy treaſure is, there is thy heart alſo.

Moralities.

1. THat man goes to Hell by the way of Paradiſe, who faſts and afflicts his body, to draw the praiſe of Men. Sorrow and vanity together, are not able to make one Chriſtian Act. He deſerves everlaſting hunger, who ſtarves himſelf, that he may ſwell and burſt with vain glory. He ſtands for a ſpectacle to others, being the murderer of himſelf, and by ſowing vanity, reaps nothing but wind. Our intentions muſt be wholly directed to God, and our examples for our neighbour. The Father of all virtues is not to be ſerved with counterfeit devotions; ſuch lies are abominations in his ſight, and *Tertullian* ſaith, they are, as many adulteries.

The Goſpel for the firſt Thurſday in Lent, S. *Matthew* 18. of the Centurions words.

O Lord I am not worthy.

AND when he was entered into Capharnaum, there came to him a Centurion, beſeeching him, and ſaying, Lord my boy lieth at home ſick of the palſie, and is ſore tormented.

And Jeſus ſaith to him, I will come and cure him.

And the Centurion making anſwer, ſaid, Lord, I am not worthy that thou ſhouldeſt enter under my roof: but onely ſay the word, and my boy ſhall be healed. For I alſo am a man ſubject to Authority, having under me ſouldiers: and I ſay to this, go, and he goeth: and to another, come, and he cometh: and to my ſervant, do this, and he doth it. And Jeſus hearing this, marvelled, and ſaid to them that followed him, Amen, I ſay to you, I have not found ſo great faith in Iſrael.

And

And I ſay to you, that many ſhall come from the Eaſt and Weſt, and ſhall ſit down with Abraham, Iſaac, *and* Jacob *in the Kingdom of Heaven: but the children of the Kingdom ſhall be caſt out into the exteriour darkneſs, there ſhall be weeping and gnaſhing of teeth. And* Jeſus *ſaid to the Centurion, Go, and as thou haſt believed, be it done to thee. And the boy was healed in the ſame hour.*

Moralities.

1. OUr whole Salvation conſiſts in two principles; The one is, in our being ſenſible of God; and the other, in moving toward him; the firſt, proceeds from faith; the other, comes of charity and other virtues. O what a happy thing it is to follow the examples of this good Centurion, by having ſuch elevated thoughts of the Divinity, and to know nothing of God, but what he is: To behold our heavenly Father, within this great family of the world, who effects all things by his ſingle word; Creates by his power; governs by his counſel; and orders by his goodneſs this great univerſality of all things. The moſt inſenſible creatures have ears to hear him. Feavers and tempeſts are part of that running camp, which marcheth under his Standard: They advance and retire themſelves under the ſhadow of his command: he onely hath power to give meaſures to the Heaven, bounds to the Sea, to joyn the Eaſt and Weſt together in an inſtant, and to be in all places where his pleaſure is underſtood.

2. O how goodly a thing it is to go unto him, like this great Captain: To go ſaid I? Nay, rather to flie as he doth, by the two wings of Charity and Humility. His charity made him have a tender care of his poor ſervant, and to eſteem his health more dear, than great men do the rareſt pieces in their Cabinets. He doth not truſt his ſervants, but takes the charge upon himſelf: making himſelf (by the power of love) a ſervant to him, who by birth was made ſubject to his command. What can be ſaid of ſo many Maſters and Miſtreſſes now adays, who live always ſlaves to their paſſions? having no care at all of the Salvation, health, or neceſsities of their ſervants, as if they were nothing elſe but the very ſcum of the world. They make great uſe of their labours and ſervice (which is juſt) but neglect their bodies, and kill their ſouls by the infection of their wicked examples. Mark the humility of this ſouldier, who doth not think his houſe worthy to be enlightened by one ſole glimpſe of our bleſſed Saviours preſence. By the words of Saint *Auguſtine* we may ſay, he made himſelf worthy by believing, and declaring himſelf ſo unworthy: yea, worthy that our Saviour ſhould enter, not onely into his houſe, but into his very ſoul. And upon the matter he could not have ſpoken with ſuch faith and humility, if he had not firſt encloſed (in his heart) him, whom he durſt not receive into his houſe.

3. The Gentiles come near unto God, and the Jews go from him; to teach us, that ordinarily the moſt obliged perſons are moſt ungratefull; and diſeſteem their benefactours for no other reaſon, but becauſe they receive benefits daily from them. If you ſpeak courteouſly to them, they anſwer churliſhly; and in the ſame proportion wherein you are good, you make them wicked; therefore we muſt be carefull that we be not ſo toward God. Many are diſtaſted with devotion, as the Iſraelites were with Manna: All which is good doth diſpleaſe them, becauſe it is ordinary: And you ſhall find ſome, who (like naughty grounds) caſt up thorns where roſes are planted. But we have great reaſon to fear, that nothing but hell fire is capable to puniſh thoſe, who deſpiſe the graces of God, and eſteem that which comes from him as a thing of no value.

Aſpirations.

O Almighty Lord, who doeſt govern all things in the family of this world, and doeſt bind all inſenſible creatures, (by the bare ſound of thy voice) in a chain of everlaſting obedience: Muſt I onely be ſtill rebellious againſt thy will? Feavers and Paſſies have their ears for thee, and yet my unruly ſpirit is not obedient. Alas, alas, this family of my heart is ill governed; It hath violent paſſions; my thoughts are wandering, and my reaſon is ill obeyed. Shall it never be like the houſe of this good Centurion, where every thing went by meaſure, becauſe he meaſured himſelf by thy commandments? O Lord, I will come reſolutely by a profound humility, and an inward feeling of my ſelf, ſince I am ſo contemptible before thine eyes. I will come with Charity toward theſe of my houſhold, and toward all that ſhall need me. O God of my heart, I beſeech thee, let nothing from henceforth move in me, but onely to advance my coming toward thee, who art the beginning of all motions, and the onely repoſe of all things which move.

The Goſpel for the firſt Friday in *Lent*, S. *Matth.* 5. Wherein we are directed to pray for our Enemies.

YOu have heard that it was ſaid, thou ſhalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemie. But I ſay to you, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you: and pray for them that perſecute and abuſe you: that you may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven, who maketh his Sun to riſe upon good and bad, and raineth upon juſt and unjuſt. For if you love them that love you, what reward ſhall you have? Do not alſo the Publicans this? And if you ſalute your brethren onely, what do you more? Do not alſo the heathen this? Be you perfect therefore, as alſo your heavenly Father is perfect.

Moralities.

1. A Man that loves nothing but according to his natural inclination, loves onely like a beaſt or an infidel. The beſt ſort of love is that which is commanded by God, and is derived from judgement, conducted by reaſon, and perfected by Charity. Me thinks it ſhould be harder for a good Chriſtian to hate, than love his enemy. Hate makes him our equal, whereas love placeth us quite above him. By hating a mans enemy, he breaks the laws of God; he fights againſt the Incarnation of Chriſt, which was acted to unite all things in the bands of love: he gives the lie to the moſt bleſſed Euchariſt, whoſe nature is to make the hearts of all Chriſtians the ſame: he lives (like another *Cain* in the world) always diſquieted by ſeeking revenge, and it is a very death to him to hear another mans proſperity. Whereas to love an enemy, doth not bind us to love the injury he hath done us; for we muſt not conſider him as a maleſactour, but as a man of our own nature, as he is the Image of God, and as he is a Chriſtian. God doth onely command perfect things, not impoſſible. That which is very hard to fleſh and bloud, become eaſie by the help of grace and reaſon. Our bleſſed Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, being the Father of all harmony, can, and doth reconcile all contrarieties at his will and pleaſure.

2. If revenge ſeem ſweet, the gaining of it is moſt bitter: But there is nothing in the world more profitable,

fitable, than to pardon an enemy by imitation of our Saviour. For it is then that our conſcience can aſſure us to be the children of God, and inheritours of his glory. We muſt not fear to be deſpiſed for eſteeming virtue, for ſuch contempt can onely proceed from thoſe, who know not the true value of that glory which belongs to the juſt. There is no better way to revenge, than leave it to God, who always doth his own buſineſs. When *David* wept for *Saul*, who was his enemy, his Clemency did inſenſibly make degrees, by which he mounted up to the throne of *Judah*. A good work which comes from the ſpirit of vanity, is like an emptied Mine, good for nothing. God, who is inviſible, would have our aſpects turned always toward him, and blind toward the world. Alms given by the ſound of a Trumpet, makes a great noiſe on earth, but reaps little fruit in Heaven. The flie of vanity is a miſchievous thing, which deſtroys all the perfumes of Charity. What need we any ſpectatours of our good works, every place is full where God is, and where he is not, there onely is Solitude.

Aſpirations.

O God of all holy affections, when ſhall I love all which thou loveſt, and have in horrour all that diſpleaſeth thy divine Majeſty: If I cannot love in ſome perſon his defects and ſins, I will love in him thine Image, and in that will I acknowledge thy mercies. If he be a piece of broken glaſs, in that little piece, there will ſhine ſome lines of a God-Creatour, and of a God-Redeemer. If thou haſt choſen him to exerciſe my patience, why ſhould I make him the object of my revenge, ſince he gives me trouble to gain me a Crown. He is a hammer to polliſh and make me bright, I will not hurt him, but reverence the arm that ſtrikes me. I reſign all vengeance into thy hands, ſince it is a Right reſerved for thy Almighty power. And certainly, the beſt revenge I can take, is to gratifie my enemy. Give unto me (O moſt mercifull Prince) the grace to ſuffer, and let the ſacrifice of my ſufferings mount up to thy propitiatory Throne.

The Goſpel for the firſt Saturday in *Lent*, S. *Matth.* 6.

Of the Apoſtles danger at Sea, and relief by our SAVIOUR.

AND when he had diſmiſſed them, he went into the mountain to pray, and when it was late, the boat was in the midſt of the Sea, and himſelf alone on the land. And ſeeing them labouring in rowing (for the wind was againſt them) and about the fourth watch of the night, he cometh to them, walking upon the ſea: and he would have paſſed by them. But they ſeeing him walking upon the ſea, thought it was a ghoſt, and cried out, for all ſaw him, and were troubled. And immediately he talked with them, and ſaid to them, Have confidence, it is I, fear ye not. And he went up to them into the ſhip, and the wind ceaſed; and they were far more aſtonied within themſelves, for they underſtood not concerning the loaves, for their heart was blinded.

And when they had paſſed over, they came into the land of Geneſareth, and ſet to the ſhore. And when they were gone out of the boat, incontinent they knew him, and running through that whole Countrey, they began to carry about in couches, thoſe that were ill at eaſe, where they heard he was. And whitherſoever he entered into towns, or into villages, or cities, they laid the ſick in the ſtreets, and beſought him, that they might touch but the hem of his garment, and as many as touched him, were made whole.

Moralities.

1. WHat a painfull thing it is to row, when *Jeſus* is not in the boat; all our travel is juſt nothing without Gods favour: A little blaſt of wind is worth more than an hundred ſtrokes of oars. What troubleſom buſineſſes there are: how many intricate families do labour much, and yet advance nothing, becauſe God withdraws himſelf from their iniquities; if he do not build, the workman deſtroyes what he is building. But all falls out right to thoſe, that embark themſelves with *Jeſus*. They may paſs to the Indies in a basket, when others ſhall miſcarry in a good ſhip, well furniſhed.

2. But how comes it about, that the ſhip of the poor Apoſtles is beaten ſo furiouſly by the winds and tempeſts? There are many ſhips with ſilver beaks, with fine linnen ſails, and ſilken tackles, upon which the ſea ſeems to ſmile. Do the waters reſerve their choller, onely to vent it upon that ſhip which carries juſt perſons? This is the courſe of mans life: The brave and happy men of this world enjoy their wiſhes, but their ſhip doth periſh in the harbour, as it is ſporting; whereas God by his infinite providence, gives tempeſts to his elect, that he may work a miraculous calm by his Almighty power. Dangers are witneſſes of their floting, and Combats are cauſes of their merit. Never think any man happy in his wickedneſs, for he is juſt like a fiſh that playes with the bait, when the hook ſticks faſt in his throat. We muſt wait and attend for help from Heaven patiently (without being tired) even till the fourth, which is the laſt watch of the night. All which proceeds from the hand of God, comes ever in fit time, and that man is a great gainer by his patient attendance, who thereby gets nothing but perſeverance.

3. They know *Jeſus* very ill, that take him for a Phantome or an illuſion, and crie out for fear of his preſence, which ſhould make them moſt rejoyce: So do thoſe ſouls which are little acquainted with God, who live in blindneſs, and make much of their own darkneſs. Let us learn to diſcern God from the illuſions of the world: The tempeſt ceaſeth when he doth approach; and the quietneſs of our heart is a ſure mark of his preſence, which fills the ſoul with ſplendour, and makes it a delicious garden. He makes all good whereſoever he comes, and the ſteps which his feet leave, are the bounties of his heart. To touch the Hem of his Garment, cures all that are ſick; to teach us, that the forms which cover the bleſſed Sacrament are the fringes of his holy humanity, which cures our ſins.

Aſpiration.

O Lord, my ſoul is in night and darkneſs, and I feel that thou art far from me. What billows of diſquiet riſe within my heart; what idle thoughts which have been too much conſidered? Alas (moſt redoubted Lord and Father of mercy) canſt thou behold from firm land this poor veſſel, which labours ſo extreamly, being deprived of thy moſt amiable preſence? I row ſtrongly, but can advance nothing, except thou come into my ſoul. Come (O my adored Maſter) walk upon this tempeſtuous Sea of my heart; aſcend into this poor veſſel; ſay unto me, Take courage, It is I. Be not conceited that I will take thee for an illuſion; for I know thee too well by thy powers and bounties, to be ſo miſtaken. The leaſt thought of my heart will quiet it ſelf to adore thy ſteps. Thou ſhalt reign within me; thou ſhalt diſperſe my cares; thou ſhalt recover my decayed ſenſes; thou ſhalt lighten my underſtanding; thou ſhalt inflame my will; thou ſhalt cure all my infirmities: And to conclude, thou onely ſhalt work in me, and I will be wholly thine.

The

The Gospel for the first Sunday in *Lent*, S. *Matthew* 4.

Of our SAVIOUR's being tempted in the Desart.

THen Jesus was led of the Spirit into the Desart, to be tempted of the Devil, and when he had fasted fourty days and fourty nights, afterward he was hungry: And the Tempter approched, and said to him, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread: Who answered and said, It is written, not in bread alone doth man live, but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God.

Then the Devil took him up into the holy Citie, and set him upon the pinacle of the Temple, and said to him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thy self down, for it is written, That he will give his Angels charge of thee, and in their hands shall they hold thee up, lest perhaps thou knock thy foot against a stone. Jesus said to him again, It is written, thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

Again the Devil took him up into a very high mountain, and he shewed him all the Kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, and said to him, All these will I give thee, if falling down thou wilt adore me. Then Jesus saith to him, Avant Satan; for it is written, the Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and him onely shalt thou serve. Then the Devil left him, and behold Angels came, and ministered to him.

Moralities.

1. JESUS suffered himself to be tempted (saith Saint *Augustine*) to the end he might serve for a Mediatour, for an example, and for a remedy to work our victory over all temptations. We must fight on his side: Our life is a continual warfare, and our days are Champions which enter into the lists. There is no greater temptation, than to have none at all: Sleeping water doth nourish poison. Motion is the worlds soul; fighting against temptations, is the soul of virtues, and glory doth spring and bud out of tribulations. Virtue hinders not temptation, but surmounts it. Jesu fasted (saith the ordinary gloss) that he might be tempted, and is tempted because he did fast. He fasted fourty days, and then was hungry; he did eat with his Disciples the space of fourty days after his resurrection, without any more necessity of meat, than the Sun hath of the earths vapours: to make us thereby know, that it onely appertained to him, to teach that great secret how to mannage want and abundance, by which S. *Paul* was glorified.

2. The first victory over a Temptation, is, to know that which tempts us: Some temptations are gay and smiling at their beginning, as those of love and pleasure, which end in terrible and bitter storms: Others are troublesom and irksom: Others doubtfull and intricate: Others rapide and sudden, which seize upon their prey like an Eagle: Others are close and catching. These are the snares of Satan, who comes like a Bore, roars like a Lion, and hisseth like a Serpent. We should always have an eye ready, to mark from whence the Temptation comes, whither it tends, what is the root of it, what the course, what the progress, and what power it may have over our spirit.

3. Solitude of heart, fasting, prayer, the word of God, are weapons of an excellent temper, which the Word Incarnate teacheth us to use in this conflict. These things are to be used with discretion, by the counsel of a good directour, to whom a man must declare all his most secret thoughts, and bear a breast of chrystal toward him, with a firm purpose to let him see all the inward motions of his heart. It is also good to note here, that our Lord would expressly be tempted in that Desart, which is between *Jerusalem* and *Jericho*, where the Samaritane (mentioned in the Parable) did pour wine and oyl into the sores of the poor wounded man; to teach us, that by his combat, he came to cure the wounds of *Adam*, and all his race, in the very place where they were received.

4. Sin is killed by flying the occasions of it. Absence, resistance, coldness, silence, labour, diversion, have overcome many assaults of the enemy. Sometimes a Spiders web is strong enough to preserve chastity, and at other times the thick walls of *Semiramis* are not sufficient. God governs all, and a good will to concur with him, is a strong assurance in all perils, and it will keep us untoucht amidst the flames of lust.

5. Since it imports us so much to fight valiantly, let us bring the hearts of Lions. Where is our Christianity, if we do not give testimony of it to God, both by our fidelity and courage? How many Martyrs have been rosted and broiled, because they would not speak one ill word? What honour can you expect by yielding at the first enterance, to a temptation? Look not upon the violence of it, but contemplate the Crown, which you should gain by conquering it; think at your enterance how you will come off, and know for certain, that he who truly considers the consequence of a wicked action, will never begin it.

6. Lent is the Spring-time for sanctified resolutions, it mortifies the body, that the spirit may triumph, it is a time of grace which tends to salvation and mercy. It imports extreamly to commend all to God at the beginning, to sanctifie this fasting, which is part of our devotion: we must abstain from flesh, and be content with one meal at seasonable hours, without making over large collations; except age, infirmity, or weakness, labour, or necessity of other functions, shall dispence with our diet: for those who are unable to fast suffer more by their disability, than others do by fasting. It is good to follow the counsel of *Athanasius*, who adviseth to eat late, and little, and at a table where there is but one sort of meat. We must also fast by abstinence from vice. For to weaken our body, and yet nourish our naughty passions, is to fast as the devils do, who eat nothing, and yet devour the world by the rage of their malice. Sobriety is a stream which waters all virtues. Our soul and body are as the scales of a ballance; if you pull down the one, you raise up the other; and if you tame your flesh, it makes the Spirit reign and govern.

Aspirations.

O Most mercifull Lord, Father, and Protectour of all my life, how great are the temptations and snares, whereunto I am subject; when I eat, drink, sleep, when I do business, when I am both in conversation and solitude? Whither shall this poor soul go, which thou hast thrown into a body so frail, in a world so corrupt, and amongst the assaults of so many pernicious enemies? Open, O Lord, thine eyes for my guidance, and compassionate my infirmities: without thee I can do nothing, and in thee I can do all that I ought. Give me, O Lord, a piercing eye, to see my danger, and the wings of an Eagle, to flie from it, or the heart of a Lion to fight valiantly, that I may never be wanting in my duty and fidelity to thee. I ow all that I am or have, to thy gracious favour, and I will hope for my salvation, not by any proportion of my own virtues (which are weak and slender) but by thy boundless liberalities, which onely do crown all our good works.

The Goſpel upon Munday, the firſt week of *Lent*, out of Saint *Matthew* 25.

Of the Judgement-Day.

And when the Son of man ſhall come in his Majeſty, and all the Angels with him, then ſhall he ſit upon the ſeat of his Majeſty. And all Nations ſhall be gathered together before him, and he ſhall ſeparate them one from another, as the Paſtour ſeparateth the ſheep from the goats: And ſhall ſet the ſheep at his right hand, but the goats at his left.

Then ſhall the King ſay to them that ſhall be at his right hand, Come ye bleſſed of my Father, poſſeſs you the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungred, and you gave me to eat: I was athirſt, and you gave me to drink: I was a ſtranger, and you took me in: naked, and you covered me: ſick, and you viſited me. I was in priſon, and you came to me. Then ſhall the juſt anſwer him, ſaying, Lord, when did we ſee thee an hungred, and fed thee: athirſt, and gave thee drink? and when did we ſee thee a ſtranger, and took thee in? or naked, and covered thee? or when did we ſee thee ſick, or in priſon, and came to thee? And the King anſwering, ſhall ſay to them, Amen I ſay to you, as long as you did it to one of theſe my leaſt brethren, you did it to me.

Then ſhall he ſay to them alſo that ſhall be at his left hand, Get you away from me you curſed into fire everlaſting, which was prepared for the Devil and his Angels. For I was an hungred, and you gave me not to eat: I was athirſt, and you gave me not to drink: I was a ſtranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and you covered me not: ſick, and in priſon, and you did not viſit me. Then they alſo ſhall anſwer him, ſaying, Lord, when did we ſee thee an hungred, or athirſt, or a ſtranger, or naked, or ſick, or in priſon, and did not miniſter to thee? Then ſhall he anſwer them, ſaying, Amen I ſay to you, as long as you did it not to one of theſe leſſer, neither did you it to me. And theſe ſhall go into puniſhment everlaſting: but the juſt, into life everlaſting.

Moralities.

1. Behold here a Goſpel of great terrour, where our ſpirit, like the Dove of *Noah*, is placed upon the great deluge of Gods wrath, and knows not where to find footing. Every thing is moſt dreadfull; But what can be more terrible, than the certainty of Gods judgement, joyned with the great uncertainty of the hour of our death? It is an unchangeable decree, that we muſt all be preſented before the high Tribunal of the living God, to render a juſt account of all which our ſoul hath done, while it was joyned with our body, as we are taught by S. *Paul*. We muſt make an account of our time ſpent, of our thoughts, words, actions, of that we have done, and that we have omitted, of life, death, and of the bloud of Jeſus Chriſt; and thereupon receive a judgement of everlaſting life or death. All men know that this muſt certainly be done, but no man knows the hour or moment when it ſhall be. So many clocks ſtrike about us every day, and yet none can let us know the hour of our death.

2. O how great is the ſolitude of a Soul in her ſeparation, from ſo many great enticements of the world, (wherein many men live) and in an inſtant to ſee nothing but the good or ill we have done on either ſide us, what an aſtoniſhment will it be for a man ſuddenly to ſee all the actions of his life (as upon a piece of Tapiſtree) ſpred befor his eyes; where his ſins will appear like ſo many thorns, ſo many ſerpents, ſo many venemous beaſts. Where will then be that cozening vail of reputation, and reaſon of ſtate, which as yet cover ſo many wicked actions? The ſoul ſhall (in that day of God) be ſhewed naked to all the world, and her own eyes will moſt vex her, by witneſſing ſo plainly what ſhe hath done.

3. O what a parting water is Gods judgement, which in a moment ſhall ſeparate the mettals ſo different? O what a diviſion will then be made of ſome men which now live upon earth? Some ſhall be made clear and bright like the ſtars of heaven, & others like coals burning in hell. O what a dreadfull change will it be to a damned ſoul at her ſeparation from this life, to live onely in the company of devils, in that piercing ſenſe of torments, and eternal puniſhment? It is a very troubleſom thing, to be tied with ſilken ſtrings in a bed of Roſes, for the ſpace of eight days together. What may we think of a damned ſoul, which muſt dwell in a bed of flames, ſo long as there ſhall be a God.

4. Make uſe of the time given you to work your ſalvation, and live ſuch a life as may end with a happy death, and ſo obtain that favourable judgement, which ſhall ſay; Come, O thou ſoul bleſſed of God my Father, poſſeſs the kingdom which is prepared for thee from the beginning of the world. There is no better means to avoid the rigour of Gods judgements, than to fear them continually. Imitate the tree (mentioned in an Emblem) which being deſigned to make a ſhip, and finding it ſelf wind-ſhaken as it grew upon the land, ſaid, What will become of me in the ſea? If we be already moved in this world, by the bare conſideration of the puniſhment due to ſin, think what it will be in that vaſt ſea, and dreadfull Abyſs of Gods judgements.

Aſpirations.

O King of dreadfull Majeſty, who doeſt juſtly damn, and undeſervedly ſave ſouls; ſave me, O Fountain of Mercy. Remember thy ſelf (ſweet Jeſus) that I was the cauſe of that great journey which thou tookeſt from God to man; and do not deſtroy me in that dreadfull day, which muſt decide the Queſtion of my life or death for all eternity. Take care of my laſt end, ſince thou art the cauſe of my beginning, and the onely cauſe of all that I am. O Father of bounties, wouldeſt thou ſtop a mouth which deſires ſo earneſtly to praiſe and confeſs thee everlaſtingly? Alas (O eternal Sweetneſs) wouldeſt thou damn a ſoul which hath coſt thee ſo much ſweat and bloud, giving it for ever to thoſe cruel and accurſed powers of darkneſs? Rather, O Lord, pierce my heart with ſuch a fear of thy judgement, that I may always dread, and never feel them: If I forget, awake my memory, if I flie from thee, recal me again: If I deferre my amendment, ſtay for me; If I return, do not deſpiſe my ſoul, but open thoſe arms of mercy, which thou didſt ſpread upon the Croſs, with ſuch rigorous juſtice againſt thy ſelf, for ſatisfaction of my ſins.

The Goſpel upon Tueſday, the firſt week in *Lent*, out of Saint *Matthew* 21.

Jesus drove the Buyers and Sellers out of the Temple.

And when he was entered Jeruſalem, *the whole City was moved, ſaying, Who is this? And the people ſaid, This is* Jeſus *the Prophet, of Nazareth in Galilee. And* Jeſus *entered into the Temple of God, and caſt out all that ſold and bought in the Temple, and the tables of the bankers, and the chairs of them that ſold pigeons he overthrew: and he ſaith to them, It is written, My houſe ſhall be called the houſe of prayer, but*

you have made it a den of thieves. And there came to him the blind and the lame in the Temple: and he healed them. And the chief Priests and Scribes seeing the marvellous things that he did, and the children crying in the Temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David: they had indignation, and said to him, Hearest thou what these say? And Jesus *said to them, Very well, have you never read, that out of the mouthes of infants and sucklings thou hast perfected praise? and leaving them, he went forth out of the City into* Bethania, *and remained there.*

Moralities.

1. JEsus entering into *Jerusalem*, went streight to the Temple, as a good Son goes to his Fathers house; as a High-Priest to the Sanctuary; and as a sacrifice to the Altar. He doth very lively intereſt himself in the goods of his Heavenly Father, and chaseth out every prophane thing out of that sacred place, to give thereby glory to the living God, and to put all things in order. It is a wicked stain to Religion, when Ecclesiastical persons are vicious, and when Churches are profaned. Saint *John Chrysostom* saith, That Priests are the heart of the Church, but when they are wicked, they turn all into sin. A decaying tree hath always some ill quality about the root; so when any people are without discipline, the Pastours are without virtue. The want of reverence in Churches, begets the contempt of God; they cannot have Jesus in their hearts, when they give him affronts even in his own Temple.

2. His house (saith he) is a house of Prayer; but your heart should be the Sanctuary, and your lips the door. So long as you are without the exercise of prayer, you shall be like a Bee without a sting, which can make neither honey nor wax. Prayer is the chiefest and most effectual means of that Angelical conversation, to which God calls us, by the merits of his passion, and by the effects of his triumphant resurrection. It is the sacred business which man hath with God, and (to speak with Saint *Gregory Nazianzen*) it is the art, to make our souls divine. Before all things you must put into an order, the number, the time, the place, the manner of your prayers; and be sure that you pay unto God this tribute, with respect, fervour, and perseverance. But if you desire to make a very good prayer, learn betimes to make a prayer of all your life. Incense hath no smell without fire, and prayer is of no force without charity. A man must converse innocently and purely with men, that desire to treat worthily with God.

3. Keep your person and your house clean, from ill managing all holy things, and from those irreverences, which are sometimes committed in Churches. It is a happy thing for a man to be ignorant of the trade of buying and selling benefices, and to have no intercourse with the tribunals of iniquity. Many other sins are written in sand, and blown away with a small breath of Gods mercy; But the faults of so great impiety, are carved upon a corner of the Altar, with a graver of steel, or with a diamond point, as the Prophet saith. He deserves to be made eternally culpable, who dries up the fountain, which should waste himself, or poisons the stream, which he himself must drink; or contanimates the Sacraments which are given him, to purifie his soul.

Aspirations.

SPirit of God, which by reason of thy eminent height, canst pray to no body, and yet by thy divine wisdom, makest all the world pray to thee; Give me the gift of prayer, since it is the mother of wisdom; the seal of virginity, the sanctuary for our evils, and fountain of all our goods. Grant that I may adore thee in Spirit with reverence, stedfastness, and perseverance: and if it be thy divine pleasure that I pray unto thee as I ought; inspire into me (by thy virtue) such prayers as thou wilt hear by thy bountie.

The Gospel for Wednesday the first week of *Lent*, S. *Matth.* 12.

The Pharisees demand a Sign of JESUS.

THen answered him certain of the Scribes and Pharisees, saying, Master, we would see a sign from thee, who answered, and said to them: The wicked and adulterous generation seeketh a sign: and a sign shall not be given it, but the sign of Jonas *the Prophet: For as* Jonas *was in the Whales belly three days, and three nights: so shall the Son of man be in the heart of the earth three days and three nights. The men of* Nineveh *shall rise in the judgement with this generation, and shall condemn it, because they did penance at the preaching of* Jonas. *And behold more than* Jonas *here, The Queen of the South shall rise in the judgement with this generation, and shall condemn it; because she came from the ends of the earth, to hear the wisdom of* Solomon, *and behold more than* Solomon *here. And when an unclean spirit shall go out of a man, he walketh through drie places, seeking rest and findeth not. Then he saith, I will return into my house whence I came out. And coming, he findeth it vacant, swept with besoms, and trimmed, then goeth he, and taketh with him seven other spirits, more wicked than himself, and they enter in, and dwell there, and the last of that man be made worse than the first. So shall it be also to this wicked generation.*

As he was yet speaking to the multitudes, behold his mother and his brethren stood without, seeking to speak to him, and one said unto him, Behold thy mother and thy brethren stand without, seeking thee. But he answering him that told him, said, Who is my mother, and who are my brethren? And stretching forth his hand upon his Disciples, he said, Behold my mother and my brethren: for whosoever shall do the will of my Father that is in Heaven, he is my brother, and sister, and mother.

Moralities.

1. IT is a very ill sign, when we desire signs to make us believe in God. The signs which we demand to fortifie our faith, are oft-times marks of our infidelity. There is not a more dangerous plague in the events of worldly affairs, than to deal with the devil, or to cast nativities. All these things fill men with more faults than knowledge. For divine Oracles have more need to be reverenced than interpreted. He that will find God, must seek him with simplicity, and profess him with piety.

2. Some require a sign, and yet between Heaven and earth, all is full of signs. How many creatures soever they are, they are all steps and characters of the Divinity. What a happy thing it is to study what God is by the volume of time, and by that great Book of the world. There is not so small a flower of the meadows, nor so little a creature upon earth, which doth not tell us some news of him. He speaks in our ears by all creatures, which are so many Organ-pipes to convey his Spirit and voice to us. But he hath no sign so great as the Word Incarnate, which carries all the types of his glory and power. About him only should be all our curiosity, our knowledge, our admiration, and our love, because in him we can be sure to find all our repose and consolation.

3. Are we not very miserable, since we know not our own good, but by the loss of it, which makes

us esteem so little of those things we have in our hands? The Ninivites did hear old *Jonas* the Prophet. The Queen of *Sheba* came from far to hear the wisdom of *Solomon*: Jesus speaks to us usually from the Pulpits, from the Altars; in our conversations, in our affairs and recreations: And yet we do not sufficiently esteem his words nor inspirations. A surfeited spirit mislikes honey, and is distasted with Manna, raving after the rotten pots of *Ægypt*. But it is the last and worst of all ills, to despise our own good. Too much confidence, is mother of an approching danger: A man must keep himself from relapses, which are worse than sins, which are the greatest evils of the world; he that loves danger, shall perish in it. The first sin brings with it one devil, but the second brings seven: There are some, who vomit up their sins, as the Sea doth cockles, to swallow them again. Their life is nothing but an ebbing and flowing of sins, and their most innocent retreats, are a disposition to iniquity. For as boiled water doth soonest freeze, because the cold works upon it with the greater force; so those little fervours of Devotion, which an unfaithfull soul feels in confessions, and receiving (if it be not resolute quite to forsake wickedness) serve for nothing else but to provoke the wicked spirit, to make a new impression upon her: It is then we have most reason to fear Gods justice, when we despise his mercie. We become neerest of kin to him, when his Ordinances are followed by our manners, and our life by his precepts.

Aspirations.

O Word Incarnate, the great sign of thy heavenly Father, who carriest all the marks of his glory, and all the characters of his powers. It is thou alone whom I seek, whom I esteem and honour: All that I see, all I understand, all that I feel, is nothing to me, if it do not carry thy name, and take colour from thy beauties, nor be animated by thy Spirit. Thy conversation hath no trouble, and thy presence no distast. O let me never lose by my negligence, what I possess by thy bounty. Keep me from relapses, keep me from the second gulf, and second hell of sin. He is too blind, that profits nothing by experience of his own wickedness, and by a full knowledge of thy bounties.

The Gospel for Thursday, the first week in *Lent*, out of S. *Matth* 15.

Of the Woman of *Canaan*.

AND Jesus *went forth from thence, and retired into the quarters of* Tyre *and* Sidon. *And behold a woman of* Canaan *came forth out of these coasts, and crying out, said to him, Have mercy upon me, O Lord, the Son of* David: *my daughter is sore vexed of a devil, who answered her not a word. And his Disciples came and besought him, saying, Dismiss her, because she crieth out after us: And he answering, said; I was not sent but to the sheep that are lost of the house of* Israel. *But she came and adored him, saying, Lord help me, who answering, said: It is not good to take the bread of children, and to cast it to the dogs: but she said, Yea Lord, for the dogs also eat of the crums that fall from the tables of their masters. Then* Jesus *answering, said to her, O woman, great is thy faith, be it done to thee as thou wilt: and her daughter was made whole from that hour.*

Moralities.

1. OUr Saviour *Jesus Christ*, after his great and wondrous descent from heaven to earth; from being infinite to be finite; from being God to be man; used many several means for salvation of the world. And behold entering upon the frontiers of *Tyre* and *Sidon*, he was pleased to conceal himself: But it is very hard to avoid the curiosity of a woman, who seeking his presence, was thereby certain to find the full point of her felicity. A very small beam of illumination reflecting upon her, carried her out of her Countrey, and a little spark of light brought her to find out the clear streams of truth. We must not be tired with seeking God, and when we have found him, his pteesence should not diminish, but encrease our desire to keep him still. We are to make enterance into our happiness, by taking fast hold of the first means offered for our salvation; and we must not refuse or lose a good fortune which knocks at our door.

2. Great is the power of a woman, when she applies her self to virtue; behold at one instant, how one of that sex assails God and the devil, prevailing with the one by submission, and conquering the other by command: And he which gave the wild Sea arms to contain all the world, finds his own arms tied by the chains of a prayer, which himself did inspire. She draws unto her (by a pious violence) the God of all strength, such was the fervency of her prayer, such the wisdom of her answers, and such the faith of her words. As he passed away without speaking, she hath the boldness to call him to her; whiles he is silent, she prays; when he excuseth himself, she adores him; when he refuseth her suit, she draws him to her. To be short, she is stronger than the Patriarch *Jacob*, for when he did wrestle with the Angel, he returned lame from the conflict, but this woman, after she had been so powerfull with God, returns strait to her house, there to see her victories, and possess her conquests.

3. Mark with what weapons she overcame the greatest of all conquerours. Charity drew her from home, to seek health for her daughter, because like a good mother, she loved her not with a luxurious love, but in her affliction; feeling all her dolours, by their passionate reflection upon her heart. Her faith was planted upon so firm a rock, that amongst all the apparances of despair, her hope remained constant. Humility did effect, that the name of Dog, was given her for a title of glory, she making profit of injuries, and converting into honour the greatest contempt of her person. Her words were low and humble, but her faith was wonderous high, since in a moment she chased away the devil, saved her daughter, and changed the word Dog, into the name of a Sheep of Christs flock, as *Sedulius* writes. Perseverance was the last of her virtues in the Combat, but it was the first which gained her Crown. If you will imitate her in these four virtues; Love, Faith, Humility, and Perseverance, they are the principal materials of which the body of your perfection must be compounded.

Aspirations.

O *Jesus Christ*, Son of *David*, I remember well that thy foresather did by his harp chase away the devil from *Saul*. And wilt not thou, who art the Father of all blessed harmonies, drive away from me so many little spirits, of Affections, of Appetites and Passions, which trouble and discompose my heart? This poor soul, which is the breath of thy mouth, and daughter of thine infinite bounties, is (like the Sun under a cloud) possessed with many wicked spirits, but it hath none worse than that of self-love. Look upon me (O Lord) with thine eyes of mercy, and send me not away with silence, since thou art the Word. Rather call me Dog, so that I may be suffered to gather up the crums which fall from thy table: Whatsoever proceeds from thy mouth is sacred, and must

must be taken by me as a relique. If thou say I shall obtain my desire, I say I will have no other, than what thou inspirest, and I can be contented with nothing, but what shall be thy blessed will and pleasure.

The Gospel upon Friday, the first week in *Lent*, S. *John* 15.

Of the Probatick Pond.

After these things, there was a festival day of the Jews, and Jesus *went up to* Jerusalem: *and there is at* Jerusalem *upon Probatica, a Pond, which in Hebrew is named* Bethsaida, *having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of sick persons, of blind, lame, withered, expecting the stirring of the water.*

And an Angel of our Lord descended at a certain time into the Pond; and the water was stirred. And he that had gone down first into the Pond, after the stirring of the water, was made whole, of whatsoever infirmity he was holden. And there was a certain man there that had been eight and thirty years in his infirmity. Him, when Jesus *had seen lying, and knew that he had now a long time, he saith to him, Wilt thou be made whole? The sick man answered him, Lord, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the Pond: for whiles I come, another goeth down before me.* Jesus *saith to him, Arise, take up thy bed, and walk. And forthwith he was made whole: and he took up his bed, and walked. And it was the Sabbath that day. The Jews therefore said to him that was healed, it is the Sabbath, thou mayest not take up thy bed. He answered them, He that made me whole, he said to me, Take up thy bed, and walk. They asked him therefore, What is that man that said to thee, Take up thy bed, and walk? But he that was made whole, knew not who it was. For* Jesus *shrunk aside from the multitude, standing in the place. Afterward* Jesus *findeth him in the Temple, and said to him, Behold thou art made whole: sin no more, lest some worse thing chance to thee. That man went his way, and told the Jews that it was* Jesus *that made him whole.*

Moralities.

1. ALl the world is but one great Hospital, wherein so many persons languish, expecting the moving of the water, and the time of their good fortune. The Angels of earth which govern our fortunes, go not so fast as our desires. But *Jesus*, who is the great Angel of Counsel, is always ready to cure our maladies; to support our weakness, and make perfect our virtues. We need onely to follow his motions and inspirations, to meet with everlasting rest. It is a lamentable thing, that some can patiently expect the barren favours of men twenty or thirty years together, and yet will not continue three days in prayer, to seek the inestimable graces of God.

2. The first step we must make toward our salvation is to desire it. That man is worthy to be eternally sick, who fears nothing else but the loss of his bodily health. Men generally do all what they can possibly, to cure their corporal infirmities; they abide a thousand vexations (which are but too certain) to recover a health, which is most uncertain. And as for the passions of the mind, some love the Feavers of their own love, and their worldly ambition above their own life. They suck the head of a venemous aspick, and are killed by the tongue of a viper. They will not part with that which kills them; and if you take from them the worm which makes them itch, or the executioner who doth indeed torment them, they believe you take away the chiefest of their felicity. Happy is that soul which holds nothing so dear in this world, but will forsake it willingly to find God, and will spare nothing, to gain Paradise.

3. There is nothing more common, nor so rare as man. The world is full of vicious and unprofitable men. But to find one very compleat in all good things, is to find a direct Phenix. There are more businesses without men, than men without businesses. For how many charitable employments might many lazy and idle persons find out? So many poor mens affairs continue at a stand: so many miserable creatures languish: so many desolate persons long to find some man, who (with little trouble to himself) would take some small care of their affairs, and make up some little piece of their fortunes. *Jesus* is the man of God desired of all Ages; to him we must apply our selves, since he is both life and truth. By him we may come to all happiness, by him we may live in the fountains and streams of life, and in him we may contemplate the chiefest of all truths.

Aspirations.

WHat patience have I in committing sins, and how impatient am I in my sufferings for them? I am ever most ready to execute vice, and unwilling to abide the punishment. O good God, there are many years in which I have retained an inclination to this disorder, to that sin. My soul is bound, as it were, with iron chains, in this unhappy bed: will there be no Angel to move the water for me? But art not thou the Lord and Prince of Angels? Then I most humbly beseech thee (O blessed Saviour) do thou command, and by thy onely word my affairs will go well, and receive a happy dispatch; my body will become sound, my soul innocent, my heart at rest, and my life an eternal glory.

The Gospel upon Saturday the first week in *Lent*, and the Sunday following, out of S. *Matthew* 17.

Of the Transfiguration of our Lord.

And after six days, Jesus *taketh unto him* Peter *and* James, *and* John *his brother, and bringeth them into a high mountain apart: and he was transfigured before them. And his face did shine as the Sun: and his garments became white as snow. And behold there appeared to them,* Moses *and* Elias *talking with him. And* Peter *answering, said to* Jesus, *Lord, it is good for us to be here, if thou wilt, let us make here three Tabernacles, one for thee, one for* Moses, *and one for* Elias. *And as he was yet speaking, behold a bright cloud over-shadowed them. And lo, a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my well-beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him. And the Disciples hearing it, fell upon their face, and were sore afraid. And* Jesus *came and touched them: and he said to them, Arise, and fear not. And they lifting up their eyes, saw no body but onely* Jesus. *And as they descended from the Mount,* Jesus *commanded them, saying, Tell the vision to no body, till the Son of man be risen from the dead.*

Moralities.

1. THe words of the Prophet *Osee* are accomplished; the nets and toils planted upon mount *Tabor*, not to catch birds, but hearts. The mountain which before was a den for Tigers and Panthers (according to the story) is now beautified by our Saviour, and becomes a place full of sweetness & ravishments. *Jesus* appears transfigured in the high robes of his glory. The cloud made him a pavillion of gold, and the Sun made his face shine like it self. The heavenly

Father doth acknowledge his Son as a true Prince of glory; *Moſes* and *Elias* both appear in brightneſs, the one bearing the Tables of the Law, and the other carried in a burning Chariot (as *Origen* ſaith) which made the Apoſtles know him. For the Hebrews had certain figures of the moſt famous men of their Nation in books. They both (as Saint *Luke* ſaith) were ſeen in glory and Majeſty, which fell upon them by reflection of the beams which came from the body of *Jeſus*, who is the true fountain of brightneſs. The Apoſtles loſe themſelves in the deliciouſneſs of this great ſpectacle; and by ſeeing more than they ever did, deſired to loſe their eyes. O that the world is moſt contemptible to him, that knows how to value God as he ought. So many fine powders, ſo many pendents and favours of Glaſs, ſo many Towers and Columns of dirt plaiſtered over with gold, are followed by a million of Idolaters. To conclude, ſo many worldly jewels are like the empty imaginations of a ſick ſpirit, not enlightened by the beams of truth. Let us rely upon the word (ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*) which remains for ever, while men paſs like the water of a fountain, which hides it ſelf in the Spring, ſhews it ſelf in the ſtream, and loſeth it ſelf at laſt in the Sea. But God is always himſelf, there needs no Tabernacle made by the hands of man, to remain with him; for in Paradiſe, he is both the God and the Temple.

2. *Tabor* is yet but a ſmall pattern, we muſt get all the piece; we muſt go to the Palace of Angels and brightneſs, where the Tabernacles are not made by the hands of men. There we ſhall ſee the face of the living God clearly and at full: There the beauties ſhall have no vails to hide them from us: Our being ſhall have no end: Our knowledges will not be ſubject to errour, nor our loves and affections to diſpleaſure. O what a joy will it be to enjoy all, and deſire nothing; to be a Magiſtrate without a ſucceſſour, to be a King without an enemy, to be rich without covetouſneſs, to negotiate without money, and to be ever-living without fear of death.

3. But who can get up to this mountain, except he of whom the Prophet ſpeaks? who hath innocent hands and a clean heart? who hath not received his ſoul of God in vain, to bury it in worldly pelf. To follow *Jeſus*, we muſt transform our ſelves into him; by hearing and following his doctrine, ſince God the Father propoſeth him for the teacher of mankind, and commands us to hearken unto him. Wee muſt follow his examples, ſince thoſe are the originals of all virtues. The beſt trade we can practiſe in this world, is that of transfiguration: and we may do it by reducing our form to the form of our Lord, and walking upon earth like men in Heaven. Then will the Sun make us have ſhining faces, when purity ſhall accompany all our actions and intentions. Our clothes ſhall be as white as ſnow, when we ſhall once become innocent in our converſations, we ſhall then be raviſhed like the Apoſtles, and after we have been at Mount *Tabor*, we ſhall be blind to the reſt of the world, and ſee nothing but *Jeſus*. It is moreover to be noted, that our Saviour did at that time entertain himſelf with diſcourſe of his great future ſufferings, and of his death; to teach us, that his Croſs was the ſtep by which he mounted up to beatitude.

Aſpirations.

O Bleſſed Palace, O magnificent *Tabor*, which this day didſt hold upon thee the Prince of Glory; I love and admire thee, but I admire ſomewhat elſe above thee: It is the Heavenly Jeruſalem, that triumphant company, that face of God, where all thoſe beauties are, which ſhall never ceaſe to be beauties. It is for that I live, for that I die, for that I languiſh with a holy impatience. O my Jeſus, my moſt benign Lord, transform me then into thee, that I may thereby be transformed into God. If I have carried the earthly Image of *Adam*, why ſhould I not alſo carry the form of *Jeſus*? Catch me, O Lord, within thoſe tiſſued nets and golden toils of brightneſs, which thou didſt plant upon this ſacred mountain. It is there I would leave mine eyes, it is there I reſolve to breath out my ſoul. I ask no Tabernacles to be there built for me; I have long ſince contemplated thy heart, (O Father of eſſences and all bounties) as the moſt faithfull abode of my eternity.

The Goſpel upon Munday the ſecond week in *Lent*, S. *John* 8.

Jeſus ſaid to the Jews, Where I go, ye cannot come.

AGain therefore Jeſus *ſaid to them, I go, and you ſhall ſeek me, and ſhall die in your ſin. Whither I go, you cannot come. The Jews therefore ſaid, Why, will he kill himſelf, becauſe he ſaith, Whither I go, you cannot come? And he ſaid to them, You are from beneath, I am from above: you are of this world, I am not of this world. Therefore I ſay to you, That you ſhall die in your ſins. For if you believe not that I am he, ye ſhall die in your ſins. They ſaid therefore to him, Who art thou?* Jeſus *ſaid to them, The beginning, who alſo ſpeak to you. Many things I have to ſpeak and judge of you: but he that ſent me, is true: and what I have heard of him, theſe things I ſpeak in the world. And they knew not that he ſaid to them, that his Father was God.* Jeſus *therefore ſaid to them, When you ſhall have exalted the Son of man, then you ſhall know that I am he, and of my ſelf I do nothing, but as the Father hath taught me, theſe things I ſpeak: and he that ſent me, is with me: and he hath not left me alone, becauſe the things that pleaſe him, I do always.*

Moralities.

1. ONe of the greateſt misfortunes of our life, is, that we never ſufficiently know our own good, till we loſe it. We flie from that we ſhould ſeek: we ſeek that we ſhould avoid, and never begin to bewail our loſſes, but when they are not to be recovered. Thoſe Jews poſſeſſed an ineſtimable treaſure, by the preſence and converſation of the Son of God. But they ſet light by it, and ſo at laſt they lamented amongſt eternal flames, what they would not ſee in ſo clear a light. Let us take heed of deſpiſing holy things, and avoid hardneſs of heart, which is a gulf of unavoidable miſchiefs.

2. It is a ſtrange thing that God is ſo near us, and yet we ſo far from him. That which hinders us from finding him, is becauſe he is above, and we below. We are too much for the world; too faſt nailed to the earth; too much bound to our ſuperfluous buſineſſes and cares of this life; and too much ſubject to our own appetites. He muſt not be ſlave to his body, that pretends to receive good from God, who is a Spirit: He muſt not embark himſelf deeply into worldly matters, who deſires the ſociety of Angels. He muſt paſs from his ſenſe to his reaſon, from reaſon to grace, from grace to glory. If you deſire to find God, ſearch for him, as the three Kings did in the manger, in his humility: Look for him as the bleſſed Virgin did in the temple, in his piety: Seek him as the *Maries* did in his Sepulcher, by the meditation of death: But ſtay not there, ſave onely to make a paſſage to life.

3. When you have lifted me up to the Croſs, (ſaith our Saviour) you ſhall know that I am the true Son of God. And indeed it is a great wonder, that the infinite power of that Divinity, would manifeſt it ſelf in the infirmity of the Croſs. It was onely for God

God to perform this great deſign, & aſcend up to his throne of glory, by the baſeſt diſgraces of the world. The good thief ſaw no other title or ſign of his kingdom, but onely his body covered over with bloud, and oppreſſed with dolours. He learned by that book of the Croſs all the glory of Paradiſe: & he apprehended that none but God could endure with ſuch patience ſo great torments. If you will be children of God, you muſt make it appear by participation of his croſs, and by ſuffering tribulation: By that Sun our Eagle, tries his young ones, he who cannot abide that ſhining ray ſprinkled with bloud, ſhall never attain to beatitude. It is not comely to ſee a head crowned with thorns, ſit in a rotten chair of delicacies.

Aſpirations.

O Bleſſed Saviour, who doſt lift up all the earth with three fingers of thy power, raiſe up a little this painfull maſs of my body, which weighs down it ſelf ſo heavily. Give me the wings of an Eagle to flie after thee, for I am conſtantly reſolved to follow thee, whitherſoever thou goeſt: for though it ſhould be within the ſhadow of death, what can I fear being in the arms of life? I am not of my ſelf, nor of the world, which is ſo great a deceiver. Since I am thine by ſo many titles, (which bind me to adoration) I will be ſo in life, in death, in time, and for all eternity. I will take part of thy ſufferings, ſince they are the ſcarfs of our Chriſtian warfare. Tribulation is a moſt excellent engine: the more a man is kept under, the higher he mounts: He deſcends by perfect humility, that he may aſcend to thee by the ſteps of glory.

The Goſpel for Tueſday the ſecond week in *Lent*, S. *Matthew* 23.

Jeſus ſaid, The Phariſees ſit in *Moſes* chair, believe therefore what they ſay.

THen Jeſus ſpake to the multitudes, and to his Diſciples, ſaying, Upon the chair of Moſes *have ſitten the Scribes & Phariſees. All things therefore whatſoever they ſhall ſay to you, obſerve ye, and do ye: but according to their works do ye not, for they ſay and do not: for they bind heavy burdens and importable, and put them upon mens ſhoulders, but with a finger of their own they will not move them. But they do all their works for to be ſeen of men, for they make broad their Phylacteries, and enlarge their fringes. And they love the firſt places at ſuppers, and the firſt chairs in the Synagogues, and ſalutations in the market-place, and to be called of men Rabbi: But be not you called Rabbi, for one is your Maſter, and all you are brethren. And call none father to your ſelf upon earth, for one is your Father, he that is in Heaven, neither be ye called Maſters, for one is your Maſter, Chriſt: he that is the greater of you, ſhall be your ſervitour. And he that exalteth himſelf ſhall be humble: and he that humbleth himſelf ſhall be exalted.*

Moralities.

1. IT is a very dangerous errour, to think that our Saviour in this Goſpel, had a purpoſe to introduce an Anarchy, and to make all men equal. He ſheweth in many places, that he would have Kings, Princes, Magiſtrates, Fathers, and Doctours. But he would not have men to come to honours by a vain ambition, nor others to honour them but onely as they have dependency upon the power of God Almighty. Let every ſoul (ſaith the Apoſtle) be ſubject to higher Powers, for there is no power, but it cometh from God: He gives us ſuperiours, not for us to judge, but to obey them. If a man cannot approve their manners, he muſt at leaſt reverence the character of their authority. They ſhould be good Chriſtians for themſelves, but they are ſuperiours for us. He that reſiſteth their power, doth reſiſt God, who ordained them. And all the great evils happening by hereſies and rebellions, proceed from no other fountain, but from contempt of powers eſtabliſhed by the decree of heaven: A man may pretend zeal, but there is no better ſacrifice than that of obedience. If great perſons abuſe their offices, God will find it out, and as their dignities are great, ſo their puniſhment ſhall be anſwerable.

2. One of the greateſt diſorders of this life, is, that we go for the moſt part outwardly, to pleaſe the world, and are little careful of a good inward application of our ſelves to pleaſe God. In ſtead of taking the way of Gods image (from whence we all come) we are content to have virtues onely by imagination, and vices in their true eſſence. *Nembroth* profeſſed himſelf a ſervant of the true God, and yet adored the fire in ſecret. Jeſus hath many worſhippers in words, but few in truth. Some ſtand upon formalities, others upon diſguiſed habits, others amuſe themſelves about ceremonies, others go as upon certain ſprings, to make themſelves counted wiſe. Moſt men would ſeem what they are not, and much troubled to be ſeen what they are. All their time doth paſs in faſhions and countenances; but death and Gods judgements take off all thoſe masks.

3. To ſay that we have ſeen a man exteriourly devout and ſpiritual (except he be ſo inwardly) is to ſay, we have ſeen a houſe without a foundation, a tree without a root, a veſſel move upon the ſea without a bottom, and an excellent clock without a ſpring. For the ſame which the foundation is to a houſe, the root to a tree, the bottom to a ſhip, and the ſpring to a clock, the ſame is a mans interiour life to all virtue. What is a man the better, who reſembles window-cuſhions, which are covered with velvet, and ſtuft with hay; or to be like the picture of *Diana*, in *Homers* Iſland, which wept to ſome, and laught to others. A little ſpark of a good conſcience is better than all the lights of the world. Why do we crucifie our ſelves with ſo many diſſimulations, ſo many ceremonies, ſo many enforcements upon our natures, to ſerve and pleaſe men, onely to get ſmoke? He that ſows wind (ſaith the Prophet) ſhall reap a ſtorm. Let us live to our ſelves in the purity of a good conſcience, and of a perfect humility; if we deſire to live for ever with God. Thoſe ſhadows of falſe devotion proceed from the leaves of that fig-tree, wherwith *Adam* and *Eve* covered their nakedneſs: do not we know that hypocriſie is the ſame thing to virtue, which painting is to faces? and that it is the very moth which devours ſanctity, and will at the day of judgement make all thoſe appear naked, which to the world ſeem well apparrelled.

Aſpiration.

O God of all truth, wherefore are there ſo many fictions, and counterfeit behaviours? Muſt we always live to pleaſe the eyes of others, and run after the ſhadow of vanity, which leaves nothing but illuſion within our eyes, and corruption in our manners. I will live unto thee (O fountain of lives) within whom all creatures have life. I will retire my ſelf into my own heart, and negotiate with it by the ſecret feeling of a good conſcience, that I may treat with thee. What need I the eyes of men, if I have the eyes of God? They alone are ſufficient to do me good, ſince by their aſpect they give happineſs to all the Saints. I will ſeek for thee (O my beloved Lord) from the break of day, till the dead time of the night. All places are ſolitary where thou art not, and where thou art, there onely is the fullneſs of all pleaſures.

The

The Goſpel for Wedneſday, the ſecond week in *Lent*, S. *Matth* 20.

The Requeſt of the wife of *Zebedee*, for her ſons *James* and *John*.

AND Jeſus going up to Jeruſalem, took the twelve Diſciples ſecretly, and ſaid to them, Behold we go up to Jeruſalem, and the Son of man ſhall be delivered to the chief Prieſts, and to the Scribes, and they ſhall condemn him to death, and ſhall deliver him to the Gentiles, to be mocked, and ſcourged, and crucified, and the third day he ſhall riſe again.

Then came to him the mother of the ſons of Zebedee, *with her ſons, adoring and deſiring ſomething of him: who ſaid to her, What wilt thou? She ſaith to him, Say that theſe my two ſons may ſit one at thy right hand, and one at thy left hand in thy Kingdom. And Jeſus anſwering, ſaid, You know not what you deſire. Can ye drink of the cup that I ſhall drink of? They ſay to him, We can. He ſaith to them, My cup indeed you ſhall drink of: but to ſit at my right hand and left, is not mine to give to you, but to whom it is prepared of my Father.*

Moralities.

1. WHat a ſhort life have we, and yet ſuch large and vaſt ambitions? We fear every thing like mortal men, and yet deſire all, as if we ſhould be immortal upon earth. It is a ſtrange thing to obſerve how the deſire of honour ſlides even amongſt the moſt refined devotions. Some one is counted an Angel of Heaven amongſt men, who hath not forſaken his pretence upon earth. Ambition ſleeps in the boſoms of perſons conſecrated for the Altars. It overthrows ſome whom luxury could not ſtir; and moves thoſe whom avarice could not touch. We deſire all to be known, and to ſeem what we are not: but this ſeeming is that which doth bewitch us. All paſſions grow old and weaker by age; onely the deſire of worldly riches and honours, is a ſhirt which we never put off, till we come to the grave. Why do we ſo extreamly torment our poor life, by running after this ſhadow of honour, which we cannot follow without trouble, nor poſſeſs without fear, nor loſe without ſorrow? Is it not a ſtrange folly, that men love ſuch vanities, till the very laſt inſtant of their own ruins, and fear nothing, ſo they may tumble into precipices of gold and ſilver?

2. What great pains you take for theſe children, as if they did not more belong to God than you: you caſt day and night where to place them, when the Providence of God (which is the great Harbinger of the world) hath already markt their lodgings. One is ſettled in a good Religious courſe, another in the grave, another perhaps ſhall have more than is neceſſary to make him a good man. *Eve* imagined that her ſon *Cain* (having all the world) would have become ſome great God, when ambition made him a devil incarnate. You ſhall rarely make your children great Saints, by getting them great honours. You deſire they ſhould poſſeſs all that which overthrows them; and pretending to make a building with one hand, you deſtroy it with the other. By all your earneſt wiſhes, and all your laborious endeavours (for advancement of your children) you effect nothing, but thereby give them enticements to pleaſure, and weapons for iniquity.

3. Whereupon ſhould we build our ambitions, if not upon the bloud of the holy Lamb? At the foot of the Croſs we behold a God covered with bloud, crowned with thorns and reproches, who warns us to be humble; and at the ſame time we eagerly purſue worldly glory and ambition: We reſemble that unhappy daughter of *Miltiades*, who did proſtitute her ſelf under her fathers Tropheys. By our unmeaſurable hunting after honours, amongſt the ignominies of Jeſus Chriſt, we abandon our ſelves to diſhonour, and make no other uſe of the Croſs, but onely to be a witneſs of our infidelity.

Aſpirations.

AVoid, be gone you importunate cares of worldly goods and honours! you little tyrants, which burn the bloud within our veins, and fill the moſt innocent pleaſures of our life, with bitter ſorrows, what have I more to do with you? My children ſhall be what God will. They ſhall be but too rich, when they have virtue for their portion, and but too high, when they ſhall ſee a true contempt of the world under their feet. God forbid that I ſhould go about any worldly throne upon the holy Lambs bloud, or that I ſhould talk of honours, when there is mention made of the holy Croſs. O Jeſus, thou father of all true glories, thou ſhalt from henceforth be my onely crown. All greatneſs where thou art not, ſhall to me be onely baſeneſs, I will mount up to thee by the ſtairs of humility, ſince by thoſe thou cameſt down to me. I will kiſs the paths of Mount *Calvary*, which thou haſt ſprinkled with thy precious bloud, & eſteem the Croſs above all worldly things, ſince thou haſt conſecrated it by thy cruel pains; and brought us forth upon that dolorous bed, to the day of thy eternity.

The Goſpel upon Thurſday, the ſecond week in *Lent*, out of S. *Luke* 16.

Of the rich Glutton, and poor *Lazarus*.

THERE was a certain rich man, and he was clothed with purple and ſilk, and he fared every day magnifically. And there was a certain begger called Lazarus, *that lay at his gate full of ſores, deſiring to be filled of the crums that fell from the rich mans table, but the dogs alſo came, and licked his ſores. And it came to paſs that the begger died, and was carried of the Angel into* Abraham's *boſom. And the rich man alſo died, and he was buried in hell, and lifting up his eyes, when he was in torments, he ſaw* Abraham *afar off, and* Lazarus *in his boſom. And he crying, ſaid, Father* Abraham, *have mercy on me, and ſend* Lazarus, *that he may dip the tip of his finger into water, for to cool my tongue, becauſe I am tormented in this flame. And* Abraham *ſaid to him, Son, remember that thou didſt receive good things in thy life time, and* Lazarus *likewiſe evil: but now he is comforted, and thou tormented. And beſides all theſe things, between us and you there is fixed a great Chaos: that they which will paſs from hence to you, may not, neither go from thence hither. And he ſaid, Then father, I beſeech thee that thou wouldeſt ſend him unto my fathers houſe, for I have five brethren, for to teſtifie unto them, leſt they alſo come into this place of torments. And* Abraham *ſaid to him, They have* Moſes *and the Prophets: let them hear them. But he ſaid, No, father* Abraham, *but if ſome man ſhall go from the dead to them, they will do penance. And he ſaid to him, If they hear not* Moſes *and the Prophets, neither if one ſhall riſe again from the dead, will they believe.*

Moralities.

1. A Rich man and a poor meet in this world, the one loaden with treaſures, the other with ulcers. They both meet in the other world, the one in a gulf of fire, the other in Abyſs of delights: Their ends are as different, as their lives were contrary:

contrary: to teach us, that he which ſhall conſider rightly, the end of all worldly ſins and vanities, will have in horrour the deſire of them. And as there is nothing, for which goodly poor men may not hope, ſo is there nothing, which wicked rich men ſhould not fear. He that is proud of riches, is proud of his burdens and chains, but if he unload them upon the poor, he will be eaſed of his pain, and ſecured in his way.

2. The life of man is a marvellous Comedie; wherein the greateſt part of our actions are plaid under a curtain, which the Divine Providence draws over them, to cover us. It concealed poor *Lazarus*, and kept him in obſcurity, like the fiſh, which we never ſee till it be dead. But *Jeſus* draws the curtain, and makes himſelf the hiſtorian of this good poor man, ſhewing us the ſtate of his ſoul, of his body, of his life and death. He makes him appear in *Abrahams* boſom, as within the temple of reſt and happineſs, and makes him known to the rich man, as to the treaſurer of hells riches. Are we not unworthy the name which we carry, when we deſpiſe the poor, and hate poverty, as the greateſt miſery? ſince the Son of God having once conſecrated it upon the throne of his manger, made it ſerve for his ſpouſe during life, and his bride-maid at the time of his death.

3. This rich glutton dreamed, and at the end of his dream found himſelf buried in hell. All thoſe pomps of his life, were ſcattered in an inſtant, as ſo many nocturnal illuſions, and his heart filled with eternal grief and torment. His firſt miſery is a ſudden, unexpected, and hydeous change, from a huge ſea of delicacies, into an inſufferable gulf of fire: where he doth acknowledge, that one of the greateſt vexations in miſery, is to have been happy. Another diſaſter which afflicts him, is to ſee *Lazarus* in *Abrahams* boſom; to teach us, that the damned are tormented by Paradiſe, even to the very loweſt part of hell; and and that the moſt grievous of their torments, is, they can never forget their loſs of God. So ſaith *Theophylact*, that *Adam* was placed over againſt the terreſtrial Paradiſe, from whence he was baniſhed, that in his very puniſhment, he might ſee the happineſs he had loſt by his foul fault. Now you muſt adde to the reſt of his ſufferings, the great Chaos which (like a diamond wall) is between hell and Paradiſe, together with the privation of all comfort; thoſe loſſes without remedy; that wheel of eternity; where death laſteth for ever, and the end begins again without ceaſing, and the torments can never fail or diminiſh.

4. Do good with thoſe goods which God hath given you, and ſuffer them not to make you wicked; but employ your riches by the hands of virtue: If gold be a child of the Sun, why do you hide him from his father? God choſe the boſom of rich *Abraham*, to be the Paradiſe of poor *Lazarus*. So may you make the needy feel happineſs by your bounty; your riches ſhall raiſe you up, when they are trodden under feet. The Prophet ſaith, you muſt ſow in the field of Alms, if you deſire to reap in the mouth of Mercy.

Aſpirations.

O God of Juſtice, I tremble at the terrour of thy judgements. Great fortunes of the world (full of honour and riches) are fair trees, oftimes the more ready for the ax: Their weight makes them apt to fall, and prove the more unhappy fuel for eternal flames. O Jeſus, father of the poor, and King of the rich, I moſt humbly beſeech thee, never give my heart in prey to covetouſneſs, which (by loading me with land) may make me forget Heaven. I know that death muſt conſume me to the very bones, and I ſhall then poſſeſs nothing, but what I have given for thee. Muſt I then live in this world (like a Griffin) to hoard up much gold, and ſilver whereof I ſhall never have uſe, and ſtill be vexed with care how to preſerve it? O moſt mercifull Lord, ſuffer me not to be taught by hell fire, that which I may have neglected to learn out of thy Goſpel. I moſt heartily renounce all luxury and pomp of the world, and this carnal life, which would always buſie it ſelf about my body. If thou be pleaſed to make me rich, I will be ſo for the poor; and if thou make me poor, I will make my ſelf rich in thee, who art the true riches of all thine elect.

The Goſpel upon Friday the ſecond week in *Lent*, S. *Matth.* 21.

Of the Maſter of a Vineyard, whoſe ſon was killed by his Farmers.

ANother Parable hear ye: A man there was, an houſholder, who planted a Vineyard, and made a hedge round about it, and digged in it a preſs, and builded a tower, and let it out to huſbandmen, and went forth into a ſtrange Countrey. And when the time of fruits drew nigh, he ſent his ſervants to the huſbandmen, to receive the fruits thereof. And the huſbandmen apprehending his ſervants, one they beat, another they killed, and another they ſtoned. Again, he ſent other ſervants, more than the former; and they did to them likewiſe. And laſt of all, he ſent to them his Son, ſaying, They will reverence my Son. But the huſbandmen ſeeing the Son, ſaid within themſelves, This is the heir, come, let us kill him, and we ſhall have his inheritance. And apprehending him, they caſt him forth out of the Vineyard, and killed him. When therefore the Lord of the Vineyard ſhall come, what will he do to thoſe huſbandmen! They ſay to him, The naughty men he will bring to nought: and his Vineyard he will let out to other huſbandmen, that ſhall render him the fruit of their ſeaſons.

Jeſus ſaith to them, Have you never read in the Scriptures, The ſtone which the builders rejected, the ſame is made into the head of the corner? By our Lord was this done, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Therefore I ſay to you, That the Kingdom of God ſhall be taken away from you, and ſhall be given to a Nation, yielding the fruits thereof. And he that falleth upon this ſtone, ſhall be broken: and on whom it falleth, it ſhall all to bruiſe him. And when the chief Prieſts and Phariſees had heard his Parables, they knew that he ſpake of them. And ſeeking to lay hands upon him, they feared the multitudes: becauſe they held him as a Prophet.

Moralities.

WE have reaſon to fear all that is in us, yea, even the gifts of God: All his favours are ſo many chains; If they bind us not to do our duty, they will bind us to the puniſhment due for that neglect. Our ſoul is given us by God, as a thing borrowed from Heaven, we muſt not be too prodigal of it. We muſt dig up ill roots, as we do in land cultivated: The time will come, that we muſt render up the fruits; and ſhall we then preſent thorns? Examine every day how you profit, and what you do: draw every day a line, but draw it toward eternity. What can you hide from God who knows all? What can you repay to God who gives all? and how can you requite *Jeſus* who hath given himſelf?

2. How many meſſengers doth God ſend to our hearts without intermiſſion, and how many inſpirations which we reject? So many Sermons which we do not obſerve, and ſo many examples which we neglect. Jeſus comes in perſon by the Sacrament of the Altar, and we drive him from us; to crucifie him, when we place the Devil and Mortal ſin in his toom. What other thing can we expect for reward of all

theſe

these violences, but a most fearfull destruction, if ye do not prevent the sword of justice, by walking in the paths of Mercy? Our vanities, which at first are like small threeds, by the contempt of Gods grace, come to be great cables of sin. He that defers his repentance, is in danger to lose it, and will be kept out of the Ark, with the croaking Raven, since he hath neglected the mourning of the sorrowfull Dove.

3. It is a most horrible thing, to see a soul left to it self, after it hath so many times forsaken the inspirations of God. It becomes a desolate vineyard, without inclosure. The wild Boar enters into it, and all unclean and ravenous creatures do there sport and leap without controle. God hangs clouds over it, but will let no drop of water fall upon it. The Sun never looks upon it with a loving eye: all there is barren, venemous, and neat to hell. Therefore above all things, we must fear to be forsaken of God. Mercy provoked, changes it self into severe Justice. All creatures will serve (as Gods instruments) to punish a fugitive soul, which flies from him by her ingratitude, when he draws her to him by the sweetness of his benefits.

Aspiration.

ALas, O great Father of the worlds family, I am confounded to see thy vineyard so ill ordered, made so barren, and spoiled. My passions domineer, like wild beasts, and devours the fruits due to thy bounty. I am heartily sorry I have so little esteemed thy graces, and to have preferred all that, which makes me contemptible, before thee. I do this day renounce all the abuses of my soul. I will grow and prosper under thy blessings: I will flourish under thy aspect, and fructifie under thy protection. Command onely thy graces and sweet dews of Heaven (which are as paps of thy favours) to rain upon me, and water this rotten trunk of my heart. Speak to that eye of love; that beautifull eye of Jesus, that it will shine upon me but once with that ray, which doth make souls happy for ever.

The Gospel upon Saturday, the second week in *Lent*, S. *Luke* 15.

Of the prodigal Child.

AND he said, A certain man had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of substance that belongeth to me: and he divided unto them the substance. And not many days after, the youngest son gathering all his things together, went from home into a far Countrey, and there he wasted his substance, living riotously. And after he had spent all, there fell a sore famine in that Countrey, and he began to be in need: and he went and cleaved to one of the Citizens of that Countrey, and he sent him into his Farm to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly of the husks that the swine did eat, and no body gave unto him. And returning to himself, he said, How many of my fathers hirelings have abundance of bread, and I here perish for famine? I will arise, and will go to my father, and say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, I am not now worthy to be called thy son, make me as one of thy hirelings. And rising up, he came to his father; and when he was yet far off, his father saw him, and was moved with mercy, and running to him, fell upon his neck and kissed him. And his son said to him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, I am not now worthy to be called thy son. And the father said to his servants, Quickly bring forth the first stole, and do it on him, and put a ring upon his hand, and shoes upon his feet, and bring the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat and make merry, because this my son was dead, and is revived, was lost, and is found. And they began to make merry. But his elder son was in the field, and when he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard musick and dancing. And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things should be? And he said to him, Thy brother is come, and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe, But he had indignation, and would not go in. His father therefore going forth, began to desire him. But he answering, said to his father, Behold, so many years do I serve thee, and I never transgressed thy commandment, and thou didst never give me a Kid to make merry with my friends. But after that thy son, this, that hath devoured his substance with whores, is come, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf. But he said to him, Son, thou art always with me, and all my things are thine. But it behoved us to make merry and be glad, because this thy brother was dead, and is revived; was lost, and is found.

Moralities.

1. THis parable is a true table, expressing the excursions of a prodigal soul, and her return to the mercy of God, by the way of repentance. Note, that the first step which she trode toward her own destruction (as *Cain* did) was her departing from God, not by changing of place, but of heart. It departed from the chiefest light, which made it fall into an eclipse of reason, and so into profound darkness. She diverted her self from the greatest bounty, which made her encline toward all wickedness, (being strayed from her sovereign being) which made her become just nothing.

2. She continued in sin, as in a Countrey which was just nothing, where she was vexed on all sides with disquiet, with cares, with fears and discontents. All sins toss their followers, as the ball is tossed at Baloon. Vanity sends them to pride: pride to violence: violence to avarice: avarice to ambition: ambition to pomp and riot: pomp to gluttony: gluttony to luxury: luxury to idleness: idleness to contempt and poverty, and that poverty brings them to all worldly misery. For all mischiefs follow a wicked soul, which departing from God, thinks to find a better condition.

3. Affliction opens the eyes of man, and makes him come to himself, that he may the better return to God. There is no journey so far, as when a man departs from himself, not by place, but by manners. A sea of Licentiousness interposeth it self between his soul and innocence, to divorce her from the way of goodness: But Gods grace is a burning wind, which dries it up; and having brought man to himself, takes him by the hand, and leads him even to God.

4. O what a happy thing it is, to consider the effects of Gods mercy in the entertainment of the good father, to his prodigal son: The one had lost all which he had of a good son: but the other had not lost what belonged to a good father. The son had yet said nothing, when fatherly affection pleaded for him in the heart of his father, who felt the dolours of a spiritual labour; and his entrails were moved to give a second birth to his son. Though he were old, yet he went the pace of a young man: Charity gives him wings to flie to the embracements of his lost child. He is most joyfull of that comes with him, even of his very poverty. This without doubt, should give us a marvellous confidence in Gods mercy, when we seek it with hearty repentance. It is a sea of bounty, which washeth away all that is amiss. Since he hath changed the name of master, into that of father, he will rather command by love, than reign by a predominant power. No man ought to despair of pardon, except he, who can be as fully wicked, as

God

God is good, none is ſo mercifull as God, none is ſo good a father as he: for when you may have loſt your part of all his virtues, you can never (while you live) loſe the poſſibility of his mercy. He will receive you between his arms without any other reaſon, but your return by repentance.

5. The ſame Parable is alſo a true glaſs, ſhewing the life of thoſe young unthrifts, who think they are born onely for ſport, for their bellies, and for pleaſure. They imagine their fathers keep for them the golden mines of Peru; and their life being without government, their expences are without meaſure. Some of them run through the world, they wander into all places, but never enter into conſideration of themſelves. They return from forrain parts loden with debts, and bring home nothing but ſome new fantaſtical faſhions, cringes, and corantoes. There are many of them in whom pride and miſery continue inſeparable, after they have loſt their money and their brains. Their fathers are cauſes of their faults, by gathering ſo much wealth for thoſe, who know not how to uſe it. Yet if they have the true repentance of the prodigal child, he muſt not deny them pardon: But mercy muſt not be had of thoſe who ask it by ſtrong hand, or ſeek it by a counterfeit ſorrow.

Aſpirations.

IT is an accurſed wandring to travel into the countrey of nothing, where pleaſure drops down as water from a ſtorm; the miſerable conſequences whereof have leaden feet, which never remove from the heart. Good God what a countrey is that, where the earth is made of quick-ſilver, which ſteals it ſelf from under our feet, when we think to tread upon it. What a countrey is that, where if a man gather one bud of roſes, he muſt be forced to eat a thouſand thorns, and be companion with the moſt naſty, filthy beaſts in their ſtinking ordures, and be glad to eat of their loathſom draffe for want of other meat. Alas, I have ſurfetted, and ſuch a miſery as this, is neceſſary to make me remember the happineſs which I poſſeſſed in thy houſe: O mercifull Father, behold my prodigal ſoul which returns to thee, and will have no other advocate but thy goodneſs; which as yet pleads for me within thy heart. I have conſumed all which I had, but I could not conſume thy mercy. For that is as an Abyſs which ſurpaſſeth that of my ſins, and Miſeries. Receive me as a mercenary ſervant, if I may not obtain the name of a ſon. Why ſhouldſt not thou receive that which is thine, ſince the wicked ſpirits have taken that which was not theirs? Either ſhew me mercy, or elſe ſhew me a heart more fatherly than thine, and if neither earth nor heaven can find the like, to whom wouldſt thou have me go but to thy ſelf, who doeſt not yet ceaſe to call me?

The Goſpel upon the third Sunday in *Lent*, S. *Luke* 11.

Jeſus caſt out the Devil which was dumb.

AND he was caſting out a devil, and that was dumb. And when he had caſt out the devil, the dumb ſpake, and the multitudes marvelled. And certain of them ſaid, in Belzebub the Prince of Devils he caſteth out Devils. And others tempting, asked him a ſign from Heaven. But he ſeeing their cogitations, ſaid to them: Every Kingdom divided againſt it ſelf, ſhall be made deſolate, and houſe upon houſe ſhall fall. And if Satan alſo be divided againſt himſelf, how ſhall his Kingdom ſtand? becauſe you ſay, that in Belzebub I do caſt out Devils. And if I in Belzebub caſt out Devils; your children, in whom do they caſt out? Therefore they ſhall be your judges. But if I in the finger of God do caſt out Devils, ſurely the Kingdom of God is come upon you. When the ſtrong armed keepeth his court, thoſe things are in peace that he poſſeſſeth; but if a ſtronger than he come upon him, and overcome him, he will take away his whole armour, wherein he truſted, and will diſtribute his ſpoils. He that is not with me, is againſt me; and he that gathereth not with me, ſcattereth. When the unclean ſpirit ſhall depart out of a man, he wandreth through places without water, ſeeking reſt; and not finding, he ſaith, I will return into my houſe whence I departed. And when he is come, he findeth it ſwept with a beſom, and trimmed. Then he goeth and taketh ſeven other ſpirits worſe than himſelf, and entering in, they dwell there. And the laſt of that man be made worſe than the firſt.

And it came to paſs, when he ſaid theſe things, a certain woman lifting up her voice out of the multitude, ſaid to him, Bleſſed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps that thou didſt ſuck. But he ſaid, Yea, rather, bleſſed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it.

Moralities.

1. THE Almond-tree is the firſt which begins to flouriſh, and it is often firſt nipt with froſt. The tongue is the firſt thing which moves in a mans body, and is ſooneſt caught with the ſnares of Satan. That man deſerves to be ſpeechleſs all his life, who never ſpeaks a word better than ſilence.

2. Jeſus, the eternal word of God, came upon earth to reform the words of man: his life was a lightening, and his word a thunder, which was powerfull in effect, but always meaſured within his bounds. He did fight againſt ill tongues in his life, and conquered them all in his death. The gall and vinegar which he took to expiate the ſins of this unhappy tongue, do ſhew how great the evil was, ſince it did need ſo ſharp a remedy. He hath cured by ſuffering his dolours, what it deſerved by our committing ſins. Other vices are determined by one act, the tongue goes to all: it is a ſervant to all malitious actions, and is generally confederate with the heart in all crimes.

3. We have juſt ſo much Religion as we have government of our tongues: A little thing ſerves to tame wild beaſts, and a ſmall ſtern will ſerve to govern a ſhip; Why then cannot a man rule ſo ſmall a part of his body? It is not ſufficient to avoid lying, perjuries, quarrels, injuries, ſlanders and blaſphemies, ſuch as the Scribes and Phariſees did vomit out in this Goſpel againſt the purity of the Son of God: We muſt alſo repreſs idle talk, and other frivolous and unprofitable diſcourſes. There are ſome perſons who have their hearts ſo looſe, that they cannot keep them within their breſts, but they will quickly ſwim upon their lips, without thinking what they ſay, and ſo make a ſhift to wound their ſouls.

4. Imitate a holy Father called *Siſus*, who prayed God thirty years together every day to deliver him from his tongue, as from a capital enemy: You ſhall never be very chaſte of your body, except you do very well bridle your tongue. For looſneſs of the fleſh proceeds ſometimes from liberty of the tongue: Remember your ſelf that your heart ſhould go like a clock, with all the juſt and equal motions of his ſprings; and that your tongue is the finger, which ſhews how all the hours of the day paſs. When the heart goes of one ſide, and the tongue of another, it is a ſure deſolation of your ſpirits Kingdom. If Jeſus ſet it once at peace and quiet, you muſt be very carefull to keep it ſo; and be very fearfull of relapſes. For the multiplying of long continued ſins, brings at laſt hell it ſelf upon a mans ſhoulders.

Aſpirations.

O Word incarnate, to whom all juſt tongues ſpeak, and after whom all hearts do thirſt and languiſh; chaſe from us all prating devils, and alſo thoſe which are dumb: the firſt provoke and looſe the tongue to ſpeak wickedly, and the other bind it when it ſhould confeſs the truth. O peace-making *Solomon*, appeaſe the diviſions of my heart, and unite all my powers to the love of thy ſervice. Deſtroy in me all the marks of Satans Empire, and plant there thy Trophees and Standards, that my ſpirit be never like thoſe devils which ſeek for reſt, but ſhall never find it. Make me preſerve inviolable the houſe of my conſcience, which thou haſt cleanſed by repentance, and clothed with thy graces: that I may have perſeverance to the end without relapſes, and ſo obtain happineſs without more need of repentance.

The Goſpel upon Munday the third week in *Lent*, S. *Luke* 4.

Jeſus is required to do Miracles in his own Countrey.

AND he ſaid to them, Certes, you will ſay to me this ſimilitude, Phyſitian cure thy ſelf: as great things as we have heard done in Capharnaum, do alſo here in thy Countrey. And he ſaid, Amen, I ſay to you, that no Prophet is accepted in his own Country. In truth I ſay to you, there were many widows in the dayes of Elias in Iſrael, when the heaven was ſhut three years and ſix moneths, when there was a great famine made in the whole earth; and to none of them was Elias ſent, but into Sarepta of Sidon, to a widow woman. And there were many Lepars in Iſrael under Elizeus the Prophet, and none of them made clean but Naaman the Syrian. And all in the Synagogue were filled with anger, hearing theſe things. And they roſe, and caſt him out of the Citie: and they brought him to the edge of the hill whereupon their Citie was built, that they might throw him down headlong. But he paſſing through the midſt of them, went his way.

Moralities.

1. THe malignity of mans nature undervalueth all that which it hath in hand, & little eſteems many neceſſary things, becauſe they are common. The Sun is not counted rare, becauſe it ſhines every day, and the elements are held contemptible, ſince they are common to the poor as well as the rich. Jeſus was deſpiſed in his own Countrey, becauſe he was there known to all the world, and the diſdain of that ungratefull Nation cloſed the hands of his great bounty. Is it not a great unhappineſs to be weary and tyred with often communicating? to be wicked becauſe God is good, and to ſhut up our ſelves cloſe, when he would impart himſelf to us: Men make little account of great benefits and ſpiritual helps, for that they have them preſent. They muſt loſe thoſe favours to know them well, and ſeek outragiouſly without effect, what they have kickt away with contempt, becauſe it was eaſily poſſeſt.

2. The choices and elections of God are not to be comprehended within our thoughts, but they ſhould be adored by our hearts. He is Maſter of his own favours, and doth what he will in the Kingdoms of Nature, Grace, and Glory. He makes veſſels of Potters earth, of gold and ſilver. He makes Holy-dayes and working-dayes (ſaith the Wiſeman) his liberalites are as free to him, as his thoughts. We muſt not examine the reaſon why he doth elevate ſome, and abaſe others. Our eye muſt not be wicked, becauſe his heart is good. Let us content our ſelves that he loves the humble, and to know that the loweſt place of all, is moſt ſecure. No man is made reprobate without juſtice, no man is ſaved without mercy. God creates men to repair in many, that which he hath made; and alſo to puniſh in the perſons of many, that which he hath not made.

3. Jeſus doth not cure his brethren, and yet cures ſtrangers; to ſhew, that his powers are not tied to any nation, but his own will. So likewiſe the graces of God are not to be meaſured according to the nature of him who receives them, but by the pure bounty of him who gives them. The humility of ſome doth call him, when the preſumption of others doth eſtrange him. The weak grounds of a dying law, did no good to the Jews, who diſdained the grace of Jeſus Chriſt, And that diſdain deprived them of their adoption, of the glory of the New Teſtament, of all the promiſes, and of all Magiſtracy. They loſt all, becauſe they would keep their own wills. Let us learn by the grace of God to deſire earneſtly that good, which we would obtain effectually. Perſons diſtaſted and ſurfetted cannot advance much in a ſpiritual life. And he that ſeeks after perfection coldly, ſhall never find it.

Aſpirations.

THy beauties (moſt ſweet Jeſus) are without ſtain, thy goodneſs without reproch, and thy converſation without importunity. God forbid I ſhould be of the number of thoſe ſouls which are diſtaſted with Manna and languiſh after the onions of Egypt. The more I taſte thee, the more I incline to do thee honour. Familiarity with an infinite thing, begets no contempt but onely from thoſe whom thou doeſt deſpiſe for their own faults. O what high ſecrets are thy favours. O what Abyſſes are thy graces. We may wiſh and run: But except thou cooperate, nothing is done. If thou ceaſe to work, all is undone. I put all my happineſs into thy hands: It is thou alone which knoweſt how to chuſe what we moſt need by thy Sovereign wiſdom, and thou giveſt it by thy extream bounty.

The Goſpel upon Tueſday the third week in *Lent*, S. *Matth.* 18.

If thy brother offend thee, tell him of it alone.

BUt if thy brother ſhall offend againſt thee, go and rebuke him between thee and him alone: if he ſhall hear thee, thou ſhalt gain thy brother: and if he will not hear thee, joyn with thee beſides one or two, that in the mouth of two or three witneſſes every word may ſtand. And if he will not hear them, tell the Church; and if he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the Heathen and the Publican. Amen, I ſay to you, whatſoever ye ſhall bind upon earth, ſhall be bound alſo in heaven: and whatſoever ye ſhall looſe upon earth, ſhall be looſed alſo in heaven. Again I ſay to you, that if two of you ſhall conſent upon earth, concerning every thing whatſoever they aſk, it ſhall be done to them of my Father which is in heaven: for where there be two or three gathered in my name, there am I in the midſt of them.

Then came Peter unto him, and ſaid, Lord, how often ſhall my brother offend againſt me and I forgive him? until ſeven times? Jeſus ſaid to him, I ſay not to thee until ſeven times, but until ſeventy times ſeven times.

Moralities.

1. THe heavens are happy that they go always in one meaſure, and in ſo great a revolution of ages do not make one falſe ſtep; but

but man is naturally ſubject to fail: He is full of imperfections, and if he have any virtues, he carries them like duſt againſt the wind, or ſnow againſt the ſun. This is the reaſon which teaches him that he needs good advice.

2. It is ſomewhat hard to give right correction, but much harder to receive it profitably. Some are ſo very fair ſpoken, that they praiſe all which they ſee; and becauſe they will find nothing amiſs, they are ordinarily good to no body. They ſhew to thoſe whom they flatter, their virtues in great, and their faults in little; they will ſay to thoſe who are plunged in great diſorders, they have no other fault, but that they are not ſufficiently carefull of their own health. Others do correct with ſuch ſharpneſs and violence, that they wound their own hearts to cure other mens, and ſeem to have a greater mind to pleaſe their own paſſions, than to amend thoſe whom they would inſtruct. Correction ſhould be accompanied with ſweetneſs, but it muſt carry withall a little vigour to make a right temper, and to keep a mean between ſoftneſs and auſterity. Jeſus in the Prophet *Iſaiah* is called both a rod and a flower: to ſhew us (according to *Origen*) that he carries ſeverity mingled with ſweetneſs; to uſe either of them according to the diverſity of perſons.

3. It is not a very eaſie thing to receive brotherly correction patiently, we are ſo far in love with being well thought of. And after we have loſt the tree of life, (which is virtue it ſelf) we would keep the bark of it, which is onely reputation. All ſhadows proceed from thoſe bodies upon which ſomewhat ſhines; honour is the child of a known virtue: and many, when they cannot get one lawfull, are willing to have a Baſtard. This is the cauſe, why ſo many reſemble thoſe ſerpents, which requite them with poiſon, who ſing to them pleaſant ſongs. Whatſoever is ſpoken to inſtruct them, makes them paſſionate, and dart out angry ſpeeches againſt thoſe, who ſpeak to them mild and gentle words of truth, and tending to their ſalvation. Reſt aſſured, you can never get perfection, except you count it a glorie to learn, and diſcover your own imperfections.

4. There is nothing of more force than the prayers of juſt men: which are animated by the ſame ſpirit, and cimented together with perfect concord. They are moſt powerfull both in heaven and earth. When they deſire what God will, they are always heard; if not according to the wiſhes of their own nature, yet according to the greater profits of his grace. He is always happie, who hath that which he would; becauſe he knows how to wiſh what is fitting, and finds means to obtain what he deſires, by reaſon of his abſtinence from coveting that which cannot be had.

5. We muſt not offer to limit our goodneſs, but as it comes from an infinit God, we ſhould make it as near being infinite as we can. He gives the lie to virtues, who will reduce them to a certain number. We muſt never be weary of well doing, but imitate the nature of celeſtial things, which never make any end but to begin again.

Aſpiration.

O God, what ſpots are in my ſoul, and how little do I look into my own imperfections? Wilt thou never ſhew me to my ſelf (for ſome good time) that I may cure my ſelf by horrour of ſeeing what I am, ſince I do ſo often wound my ſelf, by being too indulgent to my own naughty affections. It is a great offence to break the glaſs which repreſenteth me to my ſelf by brotherly correction, and to think, I ſhall commit no more ſins when no body will take liberty to reprove me. I will humble my ſelf to the very duſt, and mount up to thy glorie by contempt of my own baſeneſs: Alas, muſt my ſoul be always ſo far in love with it ſelf, that it cannot ſuffer the remonſtrance of a friend? how will it then endure the tooth of an enemy? what can ſhe love being ſo partial to her ſelf, if ſhe do not love moſt ugly darkneſs, O my redoubted Maſter, I fear thine eyes which ſee thoſe obſcurities, which the fooliſh world takes to be brightneſs. If I cannot be always innocent, make me at leaſt acknowledge my ſelf faulty, that I may know my ſelf as I am; to the end thou mayeſt know me for an object capable of thy mercy.

The Goſpel upon Wedneſday the third week in *Lent*, S. *Matthew* 15.

The Phariſees asked Jeſus, Why do thy Diſciples contradict ancient Traditions.

THen came to him from Jeruſalem, Scribes and Phariſees, ſaying, Why do thy Diſciples tranſgreſs the tradition of the ancients? For they waſh not their hands when they eat bread. But he anſwering, ſaid to them, Why do you alſo tranſgreſs the commandment of God for your tradition? For God ſaid, Honour father and mother: and he that ſhall curſe father or mother, dying let him die. But you ſay, Whoſoever ſhall ſay to father or mother, The gift whatſoever proceedeth from me, ſhall profit thee, and ſhall not honour his father or his mother: and you have made fruſtrate the commandment of God for your own tradition. Hypocrites, well hath Eſaiah prophecied of you, ſaying, This people honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me. And in vain do they worſhip me, teaching doctrines and commandments of men.

And having called together the multitudes unto him, he ſaid to them, Hear ye and underſtand, Not that which entereth into the mouth defileth a man, but that which proceedeth out of the mouth, that defileth a man. Then came his Diſciples and ſaid to him, Doſt thou know that the Phariſees when they heard this word were ſcandalized? But he anſwering, ſaid, All planting which my heavenly Father hath not planted, ſhall be rooted up. Let them alone, blind they are, guides of the blind: and if the blind be guide to the blind, both fall into the ditch. And Peter anſwering, ſaid to him, Expound us this parable. But he ſaid, Are you alſo as yet without underſtanding? Do you not underſtand, that all that entereth into the mouth, goeth into the belly, and is caſt forth into the privie? But the things that proceed out of the mouth, come forth from the heart, and thoſe things defile a man. For from the heart come forth evil cogitations, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, falſe teſtimonies, blaſphemy: Theſe are the things that defile: but to eat with unwaſhen hands, doth not defile a man.

Moralities.

1. THe ſpirit of man is wretched, and makes it ſelf buſineſs by being diſquieted with petty little things: and tormenting it ſelf with formalities, whiles it lives in a deep neglect of all that which is moſt eſſential to her ſalvation. The Phariſees did place their perfections in waſhing themſelves every hour of the day; in bearing writs of the Law upon their foreheads, and thorns upon their heels; but made no ſcruple to take away the honour due to fathers and mothers from their children; to make ſpoil of the world by a ravenous avarice (which took upon it the appearance of piety) and to give up innocent bloud under ſhew of juſtice. The world doth now furniſh it ſelf with ſuch like devotions. Some make it a ſin to look

upon a fair flower with delight: to eat with a good appetite; to drink cool wine in hot weather: to burn a paper, upon which the name of Jesus is written: to tread upon two straws that lie a cross. But to set money to usury, to remember injuries for ever, to keep a poor workmans wages, to oppress the weak, to accuse the innocent, to spoil miserable persons: These are the little sins which pass for virtues in this world. Assure your self that such proceedings are abominable before God; and there can be no better devotion in the world, than to have a true and right feeling of God, and to live in honesty, not sophisticated, but such as is produced out of the pure lights of nature. The conscience of hypocrites is a spiders web, whereof no garment can ever be made. Hypocrisie is a very subtil fault, and a secret poison, which kils other virtues with their own swords.

2. Jesus is our great Master, who hath abridged six hundred and thirteen Precepts of the old Testament within the Law of love. Do but love (saith Saint *Augustine*) and do what you will: but then your love must go to the right fountain, which is the heart of God. It is in him you must cherish and honour your neatest friends; and for him also you are bound to love even your greatest enemies. Be not afraid to shew him your heart stark naked, that he may pierce it with his arrows; for the wounds of such an archer are much more precious than rubies. You shall gain all by loving him; and death it self, which comes from this love, is the gate of life. If you love him truly, you will have the three conditions of love, which are, to serve him, to imitate him, and to suffer for him. You must serve him with all fidelity in your prayers, and all your actions: you must imitate him (what possibly you can) in all the passages of his life; And you must hold it for a glory to participate (with a valiant patience) all the fruits of his Cross.

Aspirations.

O Great God, who judgest all hearts, and doest penetrate the most secret retirements of our consciences, drive away from me all counterfeit Pharisaical devotions, which are nothing but shews, and cannot subsist but by false apparencies. O my God, my Jesus, make me keep the Law of thy love, and nothing else. It is a yoke which brings with it more honour than burden; It is a yoke which hath wings, but no heavines: Make me serve thee, (O my Master) since thou beholdest the services of all the Angels under thy feet: Make me imitate thee, (O my Redeemer) since thou art the original of all perfections: make me suffer for thee, (O King of the afflicted) and that I may not know what it is to suffer, by knowing what it is to love.

The Gospel upon Thursday the third week in *Lent*, S. *Luke* 4.

Jesus cured the Feaver of *Simons* Mother in Law.

And Jesus rising up out of the Synagogue, entered into Simons house, and Simons wives mother was holden with a great Feaver, and they besought him for her. And standing over her, he commanded the Feaver, and it left her: And incontinent rising, she ministred to them. And when the Sun was down, all that had diseased of sundry maladies, brought them to him: But he imposing hands upon every one, cured them. And Devils went out from many, crying and saying, that thou art the Son of God. And rebuking them, he suffered them not to speak, that they knew he was Christ. And when it was day, going forth, he went into a desart place, and the multitudes sought him, and came even unto him: and they held him, that he should not depart from them. To whom he said, That to other Cities also must I Evangelize the Kingdom of God: because therefore I was sent. And he was preaching in the Synagogues of Galilee.

Moralities.

1. A Soul within a sick body, is a Princess that dwels in a ruinous house: Health is the best of all temporal goods; without which, all honours are as the beams of an eclipsed sun: Riches are unpleasing, and all pleasures are languishing. All joy of the heart subsists naturally in the health of the body. But yet it is true, that the most healthfull persons are not always the most holy. What profit is there in that health, which serves for a provocation to sin, for an inticement to worldly pleasure, and a gate to death? The best souls are never better nor stronger, than when their bodies are sick: their diseases are too hard for their mortal bodies, but their courage is invincible. It is a great knowledge to understand our own infirmities. Prosperity keeps us from the view of them, but adversity shews them to us. We should hardly know what death is, if so many diseases did not teach us every day that we are mortal. *Semiramis* the proudest of all Queens had made a law, whereby she was to be adored in stead of all the gods, but being humbled by a great sickness, she acknowledged her self to be but a woman.

2. All the Apostles pray for this holy woman which was sick, but she herself asked nothing, nor did complain of any thing. She leaves all to God, who is onely Master of life and death. She knew that he which gives his benefits with such bounty, hath the wisdom to chuse those which are most fit for us. How do we know, whether we desiring to be delivered from a sickness, do not ask of God to take away a gift which is very necessary to our salvation? That malady or affliction which makes us distaste worldly pleasures, gives us a disposition to taste the joyes of heaven.

3. How many sick persons in the heat of a Feaver promise much, and when they are well again perform nothing. That body which carried all the marks of death in the face, is no sooner grown strong by health (which rejoyceth the heart, and fils the veins with bloud) but it becomes a slave to sin. The gifts of God (being abused) serve for nothing but to make it wicked; and so the soul is killed by recovery of the flesh. But this pious woman is no sooner on foot but she serves the Authour of life, and employes all those limbs, (which Jesus cured of the Feaver) to prepare some provisions to refresh him. He that will not use the treasures of heaven with acknowledgement, deserveth never to keep them. When a man is recovered from a great sickness, as his body is renewed by health, so on the other side, he should renew his spirit by virtue. The body (saith Saint *Maximus*) is the bed of the soul, where it sleeps too easily in continual health, and forgets it self in many things. But a good round sickness doth not onely move, but turn over this bed, which maketh the soul awake, to think on her salvation, and make a total conversion.

Aspirations.

O Word Incarnate, all Feavours and Devils flie before the beams of thy redoubled face. Must nothing but the heat of thy passions always resist thy powers and bounties? To what maladies and indispositions am I subject? I have more diseases in my soul

soul then limbs in my body. My weakness bends under thy scourges, and yet my sins continue still unmoveable. Stay (O benign Lord) stay thy self near me. Cast upon my dull and heavy eyes, one beam from those thine eyes, which make all storms clear, and all disasters happie. Command that my weakness leave me, and that I may arise to perform my services due to thy greatness, as I will for ever ow my salvation to thine infinite power and bounty.

The Gospel upon Friday the third week in *Lent*, S. *John* 4.

Of the Samatitan woman at *Jacobs* Well, neer Sichar.

He cometh therefore into a Citie of Samaria, which is called Sichar, beside the Mannor that Jacob gave to Joseph his son. And there was there the fountain of Jacob. Jesus therefore wearied of his journey, sate so upon the fountain. It was about the sixth hour.

There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water, Jesus saith to her, Give me to drink: for his Disciples were gone into the Citie to buy meats: therefore that Samaritan woman saith to him, How dost thou being a Jew ask of me to drink which am a Samaritan woman? for the Jews do not communicate with the Samaritanes. Jesus answered and said to her, If thou didst know the gift of God, and who he is that saith unto thee, Give me to drink, thou perhaps wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water. The woman saith to him, Sir, neither hast thou wherein to draw, and the well is deep; whence hast thou the living water? Art thou greater than our father Jacob who gave us the well, and himself drank of it, and his children and his cattel. Jesus answered, and said to her, Every one that drinketh of this water, shall thirst again; but he that shall drink of the water that I will give him, shall not thirst for ever: but the water that I will give him, shall become unto him a fountain of water springing up unto life everlasting. The woman saith to him, Lord, give me this water, that I may not thirst, nor come hither to draw.

Jesus said to her, Go call thy husband, and come hither. The woman answered and said, I have no husband. Jesus saith to her, Thou hast said well that I have no husband: for thou hast had five husbands, and he whom thou now hast, is not thy husband. This thou hast said truely.

The woman saith to him, Lord, I perceive that thou art a Prophet. Our fathers adored in this mountain, and you say, that Jerusalem is the place where men must adore. Jesus saith to her, Woman believe me, that the hour shall come, when you shall neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem, adore the Father. You adore that you know not: we adore that we know; for salvation is of the Jews: but the hour cometh, and now is, when the true adorers shall adore the Father in spirit and verity. For the Father also seeketh such to adore him. God is a spirit, and they that adore him, must adore in spirit and verity. The woman saith to him, I know that Messias cometh, (which is called Christ) therefore when he cometh, he will shew us all things. Jesus saith to her, I am he that speak with thee.

And incontinent his Disciples came: and they marvelled that he talked with a woman. No man for all that said, What seekest thou, or why talkest thou with her? The woman therefore left her water-pot, and she went into the Citie, and saith to those men, Come and see a man that hath told me all things whatsoever I have done: Is not he Christ? They went forth therefore out of the Citie, and came to him.

In the mean time the Disciples desired him, saying, Rabbi, eat. But he said to them, I have meat to eat which you know not. The Disciples therefore said one to another, hath any man brought him for to eat? Jesus saith to them, My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, to perfect his work. Do not you say, that yet there are four moneths, and harvest cometh? Behold, I say to you, lift up your eyes, and see the Countries, that they are white already to harvest: And he that reapeth, receiveth hire, and gathereth fruit unto life everlasting, that both he that soweth, and he that reapeth, may rejoyce together. For in this is the saying true, that it is one man that soweth, and it is another that reapeth. I have sent you to reap that for which you laboured not: others have laboured, and you have entered into their labours.

And of that Citie many believed in him of the Samaritanes, for the word of the woman giving testimonie, that he told me all things whatsoever I have done. Therefore when the Samaritanes were come to him, they desired him that he would tarrie there. And he tarried there two dayes. And many moe believed for his own word: and they said to the woman, That now, not for thy saying do we believe: for our selves have heard, and do know, that this is the Saviour of the world indeed.

Moralities.

1 THe God of all power is weary, the main sea desires a drop of salt water: the King of Angels becomes a suppliant for a little part of all that which is his own. This Gospel shews us clearly the love of God toward humane nature, and the infinite zeal which he hath to the salvation of souls. Is it not a thing, which should load us with confusion, to see, that he who is filled with all felicities hath onely one thirst, which is, that we should thirst after him? and that we should make chief account of that living water, which he carrieth within his breast, which indeed properly is grace, the onely way to glory.

2. Behold the difference between *Jacobs* Well, and the Well of Jesus; between contentments of the world, and the pleasures of God. The Well of *Jacob* is common to men and beasts; to shew unto us, that a man which glorieth himself of his sensual delights, makes a Trophee of his own baseness, and a Triumph of his fault. It is just s if *Nabucadnezzar* forsaking his Crown and Throne (to transform himself into a beast) should brag, that he had gotten a hansom stable, and very good hay. But the fountain of Jesus holds in it the water of graces, a wholesom water, pure and Christalline; which brings us to the society of Angels. The water of *Jacob* though it be but a water for beasts, yet it is hard to obtain: There are many which run mad after riches, honours and contentments of this world, and can never come to possess them: They live in a mill, and gain nothing out of it, but the noise and dust. They turn round about upon the wheel of disquiet, and never rest. But if good fortune sometime cast them a bone, there are a hundred dogs which strive to catch it. All their life is nothing but expectation, and their end onely despair. Whereas the Well of Jesus is open to all the world; he seeketh, he asketh, he calleth, he giveth *gratis*, he requireth nothing of us but our selves, and would have us for no other reason but onely to make us happie. The Well of *Jacob* begetteth thirst, but doth not quench it. Do not you consider that the Samaritan woman left her pot there, and did not drink? After so many fantasms and illusions, which do amuse worldlings, they must part from the world with great thirst. But the fountains of our Saviour free us from the desire of all creatures, and do establish within mans spirit, an object of which the heart can never lose the delight. O happy Samaritan! (saith Saint *Ambrose*) which left her pot empty, that she might return full of Jesus Christ. She did no wrong to her fellow Citizens, for if she brought no water to the Town, yet she made the fountain it self come thither.

3. Is it not a ſhamefull thing that God ſhould ſeek us amongſt the heats of his love and ſufferings, deſireth nothing but us, is contented with the poſſeſſion of our heart, and yet we cannot be content with him? Shall not we forſake all the diſorders of a ſenſual life which hinder the effect of Gods grace? Shall not we forſake and leave behind us our pitcher, bidding farewell to all thoſe occaſions which lead us to ſin, to avoid that fire whereof we have reaſon to fear the ſmoke?

Aſpirations.

O (Unexhauſtible fountain of all beauties) that my ſoul hath been long alienated from thee. I have ſo many times run after the ſalt waters of worldly pleaſures and contentments, which have not ceaſed to kindle a wicked thirſt within my veins, in ſuch a violent proportion, that I could not quench it. But now (O ſweet Saviour) my ſoul (being weary and diſtaſted with all the fading delights of this tranſitory world) doth languiſh inceſſantly after thee. Whether the break of day begin to gild the mountains with his brightneſs, whether the Sun be advanced high in his courſe, or whether the night do caſt a dark vail over all mortall things. I ſeek and deſire thy entertainments, which are the onely ſweet Idea's of my ſoul. I plunge my ſelf within the contemplation of thy greatneſs, I adore thy powers: The firſt which torments me (by loving thee) is ſo precious, that I would not loſe it to drink Nectar; and I can never quench it, but in the ſtreams of thoſe delights and pleaſures, which proceed from the throne of the holy Lamb.

The Goſpel upon Saturday the third week in Lent, S. *John* the 8.

Of the woman found in adultery.

And Jeſus went into the mount Olivet, and early in the morning again he came into the temple, and the people came to him, and ſitting he taught them.

And the Scribes and Phariſees bring a woman taken in adultery, and they did ſet her in the midſt, and ſaid to him, Maſter, this woman was even now taken in adultery. And in the law Moſes commanded to ſtone ſuch. What ſayeſt thou therefore? and this they ſaid tempting him, that they might accuſe him. But Jeſus bowing himſelf down, with his finger wrote in the earth. When they therefore continued asking him, he lifted up himſelf, and ſaid to them, He that is without ſin of you, let him firſt throw the ſtone at her. And again bowing himſelf, he wrote in the earth. And they hearing, went out one by one, beginning at the Seniours, and Jeſus alone remained, and the woman ſtanding in the midſt. And Jeſus lifting up himſelf, ſaid to her, Woman, where are they that accuſed thee? Hath no man condemned thee? who ſaid, No man, Lord. And Jeſus ſaid, Neither will I condemn thee. Go, and now ſin no more.

Moralities.

1. MEn naturally love better to cenſure the life of another, than to examine their own. The Ravens accuſe Doves, and he ſits often upon a Tribunal to condemn vice, who doth lodge it in his heart. Many reſemble the Cocks which crow againſt a Baſilisk, and yet bear the ſeed of it in their entrails. Reaſon would always, that we begin to reform others, by the cenſure of our own life. No word can carrie ſuch life and vigour with it, as that which is followed by action. To talk all and do nothing, is to build with one hand, and deſtroy with the other. The land of the living ſhall never be for thoſe, who have their tongues longer than their arms.

2. To what purpoſe is it to ſpeak good words, and yet lead an ill life? A man can neither hide himſelf from God nor himſelf: his conſcience is a thouſand witneſſes. Thoſe, who were ready to lift up their hands to ſtone the adulterous woman, were diverted, and departed with confuſion, ſeeing their ſins written in the duſt, with certain figures to expreſs them. If we could always behold our own life before our eyes (as a piece of Tapiſtry) we ſhould there ſee ſo many Serpents amongſt flowers, that we would have more horrour of our own ſins, than will to cenſure thoſe who are like our ſelves.

3. God ſhews mercy, but will not ſuffer his mildneſs to be abuſed, ſin muſt not print its ſteps upon his clemency. It is a falſe repentance for a man to act that which himſelf hath condemned: and after ſo many relapſes, to take but one fall into everlaſting pain. The ordinary Gloſs obſerves, that our Saviour bended down, when he wrote upon the earth, to ſhew that the remembrance of our ſins lay heavy upon him: But when he began to pardon, he aroſe up; to teach us, what joy and comfort he takes in the Kingdom of his mercy.

Aſpirations.

O Sovereign Judge, who ſitteſt upon a Tribunal ſeat, born up with truth and power; make me rather judge mine own life, than cenſure the lives of others. Muſt I be full of eyes without, and blind within? Shew me my ſtains, and give me water to waſh them out. Alas, I am altogether but one ſtain, and thou art all purity. My ſoul is aſhamed to ſee it ſelf ſo dark before thy light, and ſo ſmutted over, before thine immortal whiteneſs. Do not write me upon the ground, as a child of earth; write me in heaven, ſince I am the portion which thou haſt purchaſed with thy precious bloud: Blot out my ſins, which are but too deeply graven upon my hands, and pardon, by thine infinite mercy, what thou mayeſt condemn by juſtice.

The Goſpel upon Sunday the fourth week in Lent, S. *John* 6.

Of the five Fiſhes, and two Barly loaves.

After theſe things Jeſus went beyond the Sea of Galilee, which is of Tiberias; and a great multitude followed him, becauſe they ſaw the ſigns which he did upon thoſe that were ſick. Jeſus therefore went up into the mountain, and there he ſate with his Diſciples. And the Paſcha was at hand, the feſtival day of the Jews. When Jeſus therefore had lifted up his eyes, and ſaw that a very great multitude cometh to him, he ſaith to Philip, Whence ſhall we buy bread, that theſe may eat? and this he ſaid, tempting him, for himſelf knew what he would do. Philip anſwered him, two hundred penyworth of bread is not ſufficient for them, that every man may take a little piece. One of his Diſciples, Andrew the brother of Simon Peter, ſaith to him, There is a Boy here that hath five Barly loaves, and two Fiſhes, but what are theſe among ſo many? Jeſus therefore ſaith, Make the men ſit down. And there was much graſs in the place. The men therefore ſate down, in number about five thouſand. Jeſus therefore took the loaves, and when he had given thanks, he diſtributed to them that ſate. In like manner alſo of the Fiſhes, as much as they would. And after they were filled, he ſaid to his Diſciples, Gather the fragments that are remaining, leſt they be loſt. They gathered therefore, and filled twelve baskets with fragments of the five Barly loaves which remained to them that had eaten. Thoſe men therefore when they had ſeen What a ſign Jeſus had done, ſaid, That this is the Prophet indeed that is to come into the world. Jeſus therefore when he knew that they would come to take him, and make him a King, he fled again into the mountain himſelf alone.

Mora-

Moralities.

1. WHat a happie thing it is to ſerve God, whoſe converſation is ſo worthy all love! See how he carried himſelf toward this poor multitude, which followed him with ſuch zeal and conſtancy. It ſeems they were his children, that he carried them all upon his ſhoulders, that he had their names, their Countries, their qualities, and the conditions of their ſmall fortunes graven in his heart. He is ſo tender over them, he ſo afflicts himſelf about them, as a Shepherd over his poor flock. He inſtructs them, he ſpeaks to them of heavenly things, he heals their maladies, he comforts their ſadneſs; he lifts his eyes up to heaven for them; and for them he opens his divine hands (the treaſures of Heaven) and nouriſhes them by a miracle, as they had wholly reſigned themſelves to him with ſuch abſolute confidence. O how are we cheriſhed by heaven, ſince God doth bind himſelf to help us! And we ſhould be unfaithfull not to truſt him, who makes nature it ſelf ſo faithfull to us. It is here much to be obſerved, that God doth no miracles for his own profit; he doth not change ſtones into bread in the Deſart to nouriſh himſelf after that long faſt which he did there make; but for his faithfull ſervants he alters the courſe of nature; and being auſtere to himſelf, he becomes indulgent to us; to teach us, that we ſhould deſpoil our ſelves of ſelf-love, which ties us to our own fleſh, and makes us ſo negligent to our neighbour.

2. What precious thing is to be gotten by following the world, that we ſhould forſake Jeſus in the Deſart, and run after vain hopes at Court, and great mens houſes, where we pretend to make ſome fortune? How many injuries muſt a man diſſemble? How many affronts muſt he ſwallow? How many deadly ſweats muſt he endure, to obtain ſome reaſonable condition? How many times muſt he ſacrifice his children, engage his own conſcience, and offer violences to others, to advance the affairs of great men? And after many years ſervice, if any foreaird or ruinous buſineſs committed to his charge (in the purſuit whereof he muſt walk upon thorns) ſhall chance to miſcarry, all the fault muſt be laid upon a good officer; and if he prove unlucky, he ſhall ever be made culpable, and in the turning of a hand, all his good ſervices forgotten and loſt: and for a final recompence, he muſt be loaden with infinite diſgraces. It is quite contrary in the ſervice of God: for he encourages our virtues, he ſupplies our defects, governs our ſpiritual, and yet neglects not our temporal occaſions. He that clothes the flowers of the Meadows more gorgeouſly than Monarchs, who lodges ſo many little Fiſhes in golden and azure ſhels, he, who doth but open his hand and repleniſhes all nature with bleſſings, if we be faithfull in keeping his Commandments, will never forſake us at our need. But yet we find all the difficulties of the world to put our truſt in him, we vilifie our cares of eternity: and by ſeeking after worldly things whereby to live, we torment our ſelves, and in the end loſe our own lives. A man that muſt die, needs very few wordly things; a very little Cabbin will ſuffice nature, but whole Kingdoms will not ſatisfie covetouſneſs.

3. Jeſus flies from Scepters, and runs to the Croſs; he would have no worldly Kingdoms, becauſe their Thrones are made of Ice, and their Crowns of Glaſs. He valued the Kingdom of God above all things, that he might make us partakers of his precious conqueſt, and infinite rich prize. But now it ſeems that heaven is not a ſufficient Kingdom for us; men run after land, and itch after the ambition of fading greatneſs: and ſometimes all their life paſſeth away in great ſins, and as great troubles to get a poor title of three letters upon their Tomb. Alas! do we know better than God, in what honour conſiſts, that we muſt ſeek after that which he did avoid, and not imitate that which he followed?

Let us follow God, and believe that where he is, there can be no deſart or ſolitude for us. They ſhall never taſte the delights of virtue that feed upon the joys of vanity. All worldly pleaſures are Comets made fat with the ſmokes and vapours of the earth: and in ſtead of giving light and brightneſs, they bring forth murders and contagions: but the following of God is always ſweet, and he which ſuffers thereby, changes his very tears into nouriſhment.

Aſpiration.

O My God! Shall I always run after that which flies from me, and never follow Jeſus who follows me by incomparable paths, and loves me even while I am ungratefull. I will no more run after the ſhadows of worldly honour, I will no more have my own will, which both is, and hath proved ſo unfaithfull. I will put my ſelf into the happy courſe of Gods diſpoſition, for all which ſhall happen unto me, either in time or eternity; his carefull eye watches over me; it is for me that his hands have treaſures, and the very Deſarts poſſeſs abundance. O crucified love, the moſt pure of all beauties, it is for thee that ſo many generous Champions have peopled the Deſarts, and paſſed the ſtreams of bitterneſs and ſorrow, bearing their croſſes after thee; and thereupon have felt the ſweetneſs of thy viſits amongſt their cruel rigours. God forbid, that I ſhould give the lie to ſo great and ſo generous a company. I go to thee, and will follow thee amongſt the deſarts; I run not after bread, I run after thy divine perſon, I will make much of thy wounds, I honour thy torments, I will conform my ſelf to thee, that I may find joy amongſt thy dolours, and life it ſelf amongſt thine infinite ſufferings.

The Goſpel upon Munday the fourth week in *Lent*, S. *John* 2.

Of the whipping buyers and ſellers out of the Temple.

AND the Paſch of the Jews was at hand, and Jeſus went up to Jeruſalem, and he found in the Temple them that ſold Oxen, and Sheep, and Doves, and the Bankers ſitting. And when he had made, as it were, a whip of little cords, he caſt them all out of the Temple, the ſheep alſo and the oxen, and the money of the Bankers he poured out, and the tables he overthrew. And to them that ſold Doves, he ſaid, Take away theſe things hence, and make not the houſe of my Father a houſe of merchandiſe. And his Diſciples remembered that it is written, The zeal of thy houſe hath eaten me. The Jews therefore anſwered, and ſaid to him, What ſign doeſt thou ſhew us, that thou doeſt theſe things? Jeſus anſwered and ſaid to them, Diſſolve this Temple, and in three dayes I will raiſe it. The Jews therefore ſaid, in fourty and ſix years was this Temple built, and wilt thou raiſe it in three dayes? But he ſpake of the Temple of his body. Therefore when he was riſen again from the dead, his Diſciples remembered that he ſaid this, and they believed the Scripture, and the word that Jeſus did ſay. And when he was at Jeruſalem in the Paſche upon the feſtival day, many believed in his name, ſeeing his ſigns which he did. But Jeſus did not commit himſelf unto them, for that he knew all, and becauſe it was not needfull for him that any ſhould give teſtimony of man: for he knew what was in man.

Moralities.

1. PIety is a ſilver chain hanged up aloft, which ties heaven and earth, ſpiritual and temporal, God

and man together. Devotion is a virtue derived to us from the Father of all light, who gives us thereby means to hold a traffick or commerce with Angels. All which is here below, ſinks by its proper weight, and leans downward toward natural corruption: Our ſpirit though it be immortal, would follow the weight of our bodies, if it were not indued with the knowledge of God which works the ſame effect in it, as the Adamant doth with iron: for it pierceth and gives it life, together with a ſecret and powerful ſpirit, from which all great actions take their beginning: You ſhall never do any great act, if the honour of God, and the reverence of ſacred things ſhall not accompany all your pretences. For if you ground your piety upon any temporal reſpects, you reſemble that people, which believes the higheſt mountains do ſupport the skies.

2. There are no ſins which God doth puniſh more rigorouſly, nor ſpeedily, than thoſe which are committed againſt devotion and piety: He doth not here take up the ſcourge againſt naughty Judges, uſurers and unchaſte perſons, becauſe the Church is to find remedy againſt all faults which happen in the life of man. But if a man commit a ſin againſt Gods Altar, the remedy grows deſperate. King *Ozias* felt a leoproſie riſe upon his face at the inſtant when he made the ſume riſe from the cenſor, which he uſurped from the high Prieſts. *Ely* the chief Prieſt was buried in the ruins of his own houſe, for the ſacriledge of his children, without any conſideration of thoſe long ſervices, which he had performed at the Tabernacle. Keep your ſelf from ſimonies, from irreverence in Churches, and from abuſing Sacraments. He can have no excuſe, which makes his Judge a witneſs.

3. Jeſus was violently moved by the zeal which he bare to the houſe of his heavenly Father. But many wicked rich men limit their zeal onely to their own families. They build great Palaces upon the peoples bloud, and they nothing care though all the world be in a ſtorm, ſo long as they (and what belongs to them) be well covered. But there is a revenging God who doth inſenſibly drie up the roots of proud Nations, and throws diſgrace and infamy upon the faces of thoſe, who neglect the glories of Gods Altars to advance their own. He who builds without God, doth demoliſh, and whoſoever thinks to make any great encreaſe without him, ſhall find nothing but ſterility.

Aſpiration.

O Moſt pure Spirit of Jeſus, which waſt conſummate by zeal toward the houſe of God, wilt thou never burn my heart with thoſe adored flames, wherewith thou inſpireſt chaſte hearts? Why do we take ſo much care of our houſes (which are built upon quick-ſilver, and roll up and down upon the inconſtancies of humane fortunes) while we have no love nor zeal towards Gods Church, which is the Palace which we ſhould chuſe here upon earth, to be as the Image of heaven above? I will adore thy Altars (all my life) with a profound humility. But I will firſt make an Altar of my own heart, where I will offer ſacrifice; to which I doubt not but thou wilt put fire with thine own hand.

The Goſpel upon Tueſday the fourth week in *Lent*, S. *John* 7.

The Jews marvel at the learning of Jeſus who was never taught.

And when the feſtivity was now half done, Jeſus went up into the Temple and taught. And the Jews marvelled, ſaying, how doth this man know letters, whereas he hath not learned? Jeſus anſwered them, and ſaid, my doctrine is not mine but his that ſent me. If any man will do the will of him, he ſhall underſtand of the doctrine, whither it be of God, or I ſpeak of my ſelf; he that ſpeaketh of himſelf ſeeketh his own glorie, but he that ſeeketh the glorie of him that ſent him, he is true, and injuſtice in him there is not. Did not Moſes give you the Law, and none of you doth the Law? Why ſeek you to kill me? The multitude anſwered and ſaid, thou haſt a Devil, who ſeeketh to kill thee? Jeſus anſwered and ſaid to them, One work I have done, and you do all marvel, Therefore Moſes gave you circumciſion, not that it is of Moſes, but of the Fathers, and in the Sabbath ye circumciſe a man. If a man receive circumciſion in the Sabbath, that the law of Moſes be not broken, are you angry at me becauſe I have healed a man wholly in the Sabbath? Judge not according to the face, judge juſt judgement.

Certain therefore of Jeruſalem ſaid, Is not this he whom they ſeek to kill: And behold, he ſpeaks openly, and they ſay nothing to him. Have the Princes known indeed that this is Chriſt? But this man we know whence he is. But when Chriſt cometh, no man knoweth whence he is. Jeſus therefore cried in the Temple, teaching and ſaying, Both me you do know, and whence I am you know; and of my ſelf I am not come. But he is true that ſent me, whom you know not. I know him, becauſe I am of him, and he ſent me. They ſought therefore to apprehend him, and no man laid hands upon him, becauſe his hour was not yet come. But of the multitude many believed in him.

Moralities.

1. IT appears by this Goſpel that Jeſus was judged according to apparences, not according to truth. It is one of the greateſt confuſions which is deeply rooted in the life of man, that every thing is full of painting, and inſtead of taking it off with a ſpunge, we foment it, and make our illuſions voluntary. The Prophet *Iſay* adviſeth us to uſe our judgement, as men do leaven to ſeaſon bread. All the objects preſented to our imaginations, which we eſteem are fading, if we do not adde ſome heavenly vigour to help our judgement.

2. To judge according to apparences is a great want both of judgement and courage. The firſt makes us prefer vanity before truth; the ſecond gives that to ſilk and golden clothes, which is properly due to virtue: We adore painted coals and certain dark fumes covered outwardly with ſnow; But if we did know how many great miſeries, and what beaſtly ordure is hidden under cloth of gold, ſilk, and ſcarlet, we would complain of our eyes for being ſo far without reaſon. It is a kind of Apoſtacy and rebellion againſt Gods providence, to judge without calling God to be a preſident in our counſel; or to take in hand any humane inventions without the aſſiſtance of his Spirit.

3. God is pleaſed to lodge pearls within cockles; and beſtows his treaſures of wiſdom and virtue, many times upon perſons, who have the moſt unfaſhionable outſides, to countercheck humane wiſdom. He makes his orators of thoſe who are ſpeechleſs; and numbers of frogs and flies to overthrow mighty armies. He makes Kings out of ſhepherds, and ſerves himſelf of things which are not, as if they were. The moſt pleaſing Sacrifice which he receives upon earth, is from the humble; and when we deſpiſe thoſe, we divert the honours of God. We offer Sacrifice to the worlds opinion, like the Sages of Egypt; who did light candles and burn incenſe to Crocodiles. The Jews loſt their faith to follow apparences: and there is no ſhorter way to Apoſtacy, than to adore the world and neglect God.

4. An ill opinion make folks many times paſs a raſh judgement: They mount into Gods chair to judge the hearts of men: The chaſte doves are uſed like

like Ravens, and Ravens like Swans. Opinion puts falſe ſpectacles upon our eyes, which make faults ſeem virtues, and virtues crimes. Yet nevertheleſs we ſhould think that virtuous perſons will not conceive an ill ſuſpition of their neighbour without a very ſure ground: Saint *John Climacus* ſaith, fire is no more contrary to water, than raſh judgement is to the ſtate of repentance. It is a certain ſign, that we do not ſee our own ſins, when we ſeek curiouſly after the leaſt defects of our neighbour. If we would but once enter into our ſelves, we ſhould be ſo buſie to lament our own lives, that we ſhould not have time to cenſure thoſe of others.

Aſpirations.

O Judge moſt redoubtable, who doſt plant thy Throne within the heart of man, who judgeſt the greateſt Monarchs, without leaving them power to appeal; Thy judgements are ſecret and impenetrable: That which ſhines to our eyes like a Diamond, is like a contemptible worm in thy ballance. That which we value as a Star thou judgeſt to be a coal. We have juſt ſo much greatneſs, virtue, and happineſs, as we have by enterance into thy heart. And he whom thou eſteemeſt, needs not the judgement of mortal man. No innocent is juſtified, nor guilty perſon condemned without thee, and therefore I will from henceforth judge onely according to thee. I will lay down all my affections, and take thine, ſo far as I ſhall be able; and I will account nothing great, but what ſhall be ſo in thy eſteem.

The Goſpel upon Wedneſday the fourth week in *Lent*, S. *John* 9.

Of the blind man cured by clay and ſpittle.

And Jeſus paſſing by, ſaw a blind man from his nativitie: and his Diſciples asked him, Rabbi, Who hath ſinned, this man or his parents, that he ſhould be born blind, Jeſus anſwered, Neither hath this man ſinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God may be manifeſted in him. I muſt work the works of him that ſent me while it is day, the night cometh when no man can work. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world. When he had ſaid theſe things, he ſpit on the ground, and made clay of the ſpittle, and ſpred the clay upon his eyes, and ſaid to him, Go, waſh in the Pool of Silo, which is interpreted, ſent. He went therefore and waſhed, and he came ſeeing.

Therefore the neighbours, and they which had ſeen him before, that he was a beggar, ſaid, Is not this he that ſate and begged? Others ſaid, that this is he. But others no, not ſo, but he is like him. But he ſaid that I am he. They ſaid therefore to him, How were thine eyes opened? He anſwered, that man that is called Jeſus, made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and ſaid to me, Go to the Pool of Silo and waſh: and I went and waſhed, and ſaw. And they ſaid to him, Where is he? He ſaith, I know not. They bring him that had been blind to the Phariſees: And it was the Sabbath when Jeſus made the clay, and opened his eyes.

Again therefore the Phariſees asked him, how he ſaw. But he ſaid to them, he put clay upon mine eyes, and I waſhed, and I ſee. Certain therefore of the Phariſees ſaid, This man is not of God, that keepeth not the Sabbath. But others ſaid, How can a man that is a ſinner do theſe ſigns? And there was a ſchiſm among them. They ſay therefore to the blind again. Thou, what ſayeſt thou of him that opened thine eyes? And he ſaid, that he is a Prophet. The Jews therefore did not believe of him, that he had been blind, and ſaw, until they called the Parents of him that ſaw, and asked them, ſaying; Is this your ſon, whom you ſay that he was born blind? how then doth he now ſee? His parents anſwered them, and ſaid, we know that this is our ſon, and that he was born blind: but how he now ſeeth we know not, or who hath opened his eyes we know not, ask himſelf, he is of age, let himſelf ſpeak of himſelf. Theſe things his parents ſaid, becauſe they feared the Jews. For the Jews had now conſpired, that if any man ſhould confeſs him to be Chriſt, he ſhould be put out of the Synagogue. Therefore did his parents ſay, that he is of age, ask himſelf. They therefore again called the man that had been blind, and ſaid to him, Give glorie to God, we know that this man is a ſinner.

He therefore ſaid to them, Whether he be a ſinner, I know not; one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I ſee. They ſaid therefore to him, What did he to thee? How did he open thine eyes? He anſwered them, I have now told you, and you have heard, why will you hear it again? will you alſo become his Diſciples? They reviled him therefore, and ſaid, be thou his Diſciple, but we are the Diſciples of Moſes: we know that to Moſes God did ſpeak: but this man we know not whence he is. The man anſwered and ſaid to them, For in this it is marvellous, that you know not whence he is, and he hath opened mine eyes. And we know that ſinners God doth not hear. But if a man be a ſerver of God, and do the will of him, him he heareth. From the beginning of the world it hath not been heard, that any man hath opened the eyes of one born blind; unleſs this man were of God, he could not do any thing. They anſwered and ſaid to him, Thou waſt wholly born in ſins, and doſt thou teach us? And they did caſt him forth.

Jeſus heard that they caſt him forth, and when he had found him, he ſaid to him, Doſt thou believe in the Son of God? He anſwered and ſaid, Who is he Lord, that I may believe in him? And Jeſus ſaid to him, Both thou haſt ſeen him, and he that talketh with thee, he it is. But he ſaid, I believe Lord: and falling down, he adored him.

Moralities.

1. JEſus the Father of all brightneſs (who walked accompanied with his twelve Apoſtles, as the Sun doth with the hours of the day) gives eyes to a blind man, and doth it by clay and ſpittle: to teach us, that none hath power to do works above nature, but he that was the Authour of it. On the other ſide, a blind man becomes a King over perſons of the cleareſt ſight; and being reſtored to light, he renders again the ſame, to the firſt fountain from whence it came. He makes himſelf an Advocate to plead for the chiefeſt truth, and of a poor beggar becomes a confeſſour; and after he had deplored his miſery at the Temple gate, teacheth all mankind the eſtate of its own felicities. We ſhould (in imitation of him) love the light by adoring the fountain of it, and behave our ſelves as witneſſes and defenders of the truth.

2. God is a light, and by his light draws all unto him: he makes a break of day by his grace in this life, which becomes afterward a perfect day for all eternity. But many loſe themſelves in this world, ſome for want of light, ſome by a falſe light, and ſome by having too much light.

3. Thoſe loſe themſelves for want of light, who are not at all inſtructed in the faith and maxims of Chriſtian Religion; and thoſe inſtead of approching near the light, love their own darkneſs. They hate the light of their ſalvation, as the ſhadow of death: and think, that if you give them eyes to ſee their blindneſs, you take away their life. If they ſeem Chriſtians, they yet have nothing but the name and the appearance, the book of Jeſus is ſhut from them, or if they make a ſhew to read, they may name the letters, but never can produce one right good word.

4. Others deſtroy themſelves by falſe lights, who being wedded to their own opinions, and adoring the Chimera's of their ſpirit, think themſelves full of knowledge, juſt and happy; that the ſun riſeth onely for them, and that all the reſt of the world is in darkneſs; they conceive they have the faireſt ſtars for conductours; but at the end of their career, they

find

find (too late) that this pretended light, was but an *Ignus fatuus*, which led them to a precipice of eternal flames. It is the worst of all follies to be wise in our own eye-sight, and the worst of all temptations is, for a man to be a devil to himself.

5. Those ruin themselves with too much light, who have all Gods law by heart, but never have any heart to that law. They know the Scriptures, all learning and sciences: they understand every thing but themselves: they can find spots in the sun; they can give new names to the stars; they perswade themselves, that God is all that they apprehend: But after all this heap of knowledge, they are found to be like the Sages of *Pharaoh*: and can produce nothing but bloud and frogs: They embroil and trouble the world; they stain their own lives, and at their deaths leave nothing to continue but the memory of their sins. It would be more expedient for them (rather than have such light) to carry fire, wherewith to be burning in the love of God, and not to swell and burst with that kind of knowledge. All learning which is not joyned with a good life, is like a picture in the air, which hath no table to make it subsist. It is not sufficient to be elevated in spirit (like the Prophets) except a man do enter into some perfect imitation of their virtues.

Aspirations.

O Fountain of all brightness, before whom night can have no vail, who seest the day spring out of thy bosom, to spread it self over all nature, will thou have no pitie upon my blindness? will there be no medicine for my eyes, which have so often grown dull & heavy with earthly humours. O Lord, I want light, being always so blind to my own sins. So many years are past, wherein I have dwelt with my self, and yet know not what I am. Self-love maketh me sometimes apprehend imaginary virtues in great, and see all my crimes in little. I too often believe my own judgement, and adore my own opinions, as gods, and goddesses, and if thou send me any light, I make so ill use of it, that I dazle my self, even in the brightness of thy day; making little or no profit of that which would be so much to my advantage, if I were so happy as to know it. But henceforth I will have no eyes but for thee: I will onely contemplate thee, (O life of all beauties) and draw all the powers of my soul into my eyes, that I may the better apprehend the mystery of thy bounties. O cast upon me one beam of thy grace so powerfull, that it may never forsake me till I may see the day of thy glory.

The Gospel upon Thursday, the fourth week in *Lent*, S. *Luke* the 7.

Of the widows son raised from death to life at Naim by our Saviour.

And it came to pass afterward he went into a Citie that is called Naim, and there went with him his Disciples, and a very great multitude: And when he came nigh to the gate of the Citie, behold a dead man was carried forth, the onely son of his mother: and she was a widow, and a great multitude of the Citie with her; whom when our Lord had seen, being moved with mercy upon her, he said to her, Weep not. And he came near, and touched the Coffin: And they that carried it, stood still: and he said, Young man, I say to thee, Arise. And he that was dead sate up, and began to speak. And he gave him to his mother: and fear took them all; and they magnified God, saying, That a great Prophet is risen among us: and that God hath visited his people. And this saying went forth into all Jewry of him, and into all the Countrey about.

Moralities.

JEsus met at the Gates of Naim, (which is interpreted the Town of Beauties) a young man carried to burial, to shew us, that neither beauty nor youth are freed from the laws of death. We fear death, and there is almost nothing more immortal; here below every thing dies, but death it self. We see him always in the Gospels, we touch him every day by our experiences, and yet neither the Gospels make us sufficiently faithfull, nor our experiences well advised.

2. If we behold death by his natural face, he seems a little strange to us, because we have not seen him well acted. We lay upon him sithes, bows and arrows; we put upon him ugly antick faces, we compass him round about with terrours and illusions, of all which he never so much as thought. It is a profound sleep, in which nature lets it self fail insensibly, when she is tired with the disquiets of this life. It is a cessation of all those services which the soul renders to the flesh. It is an execution of Gods will, and a decree common to all the world. To be disquieted and drawn by the ears, to pay a debt which so many millions of men (of all conditions) have paid before us, is to do as a frog that would swim against a sharp stream of a forcible torrent. We have been as it were dead to so many ages which went before us; we die piece-meal every day; we assay death so often in our sleep; discreet men expect him, fools despise him, and the most disdainfull persons must entertain him. Shall we not know and endeavour to do that one thing well, which being once well performed, will give us life for ever? Me thinks it is rather a gift of God to die soon, than to stay late amongst the occasions of sin.

3. It is not death, but a wicked life we have cause to fear. That onely lies heavy, and both troubles us, and keeps us from understanding and tasting the sweets of death. He that can die to so many little dead and dying things (which makes us die every day by our unwillingness to forsake them) shall find that death is nothing to him. But we would fain (in death) carry the world with us upon our shoulders to the grave; and that is a thing we cannot do. We would avoid the judgement of a just God, and that is a thing which we should not so much as think. Let us cleat our accounts before we die, let us take order for our soul by repentance, and a moderate care of our bodies burial: Let us order our goods by a good and charitable Testament, with a discreet direction for the poor, for our children and kinred, to be executed by fit persons. Let us put our selves into the protection of the Divine providence, with a most perfect confidence; and how can we then fear death, being in the arms of life?

Aspirations.

O Jesus, fountain of all lives, in whose bosom all things are living; Jesus, the fruit of the dead, who hast destroyed the kingdom of death; why should we fear a path, which thou hast so terrified with thy steps, honoured with thy bloud, and sanctified by thy conquests? Shall we never die to so many dying things? All is dead here for us, and we have no life, if we do not seek it from thy heart. What should I care for death, though he come with all those grim, hideous and antick faces, which men put upon him, for when I see him through thy wounds, thy bloud, and thy venerable death, I find he hath no sting at all. If I shall walk in the shadow of death, and a thousand terrours shall conspire against me on every side to disturb my quiet, I will fear nothing, being placed in the arms of thy providence. O my sweet Master, do but once touch the winding sheet

of

of my body, which holds down my ſoul ſo often within the ſleep of death and ſin. Command me to ariſe and ſpeak, and then the light of thy morning ſhall never ſet: my diſcourſes ſhall be always of thy praiſes, and my life ſhall be onely a contemplation of thy beautifull countenance.

The Goſpel upon Friday the fourth week in *Lent*, S. *John* 11.

Of the raiſing of *Lazarus* from death.

And there was a certain ſick man, Lazarus of Bethania, of the Town of Mary and Martha her ſiſter. (And Marie vvas ſhe that anointed our Lord vvith ointment, and vviped his feet vvith her hair, vvhoſe brother Lazarus vvas ſick) his ſiſters therefore ſent to him, ſaying, Lord, behold, he vvhom thou loveſt is ſick. And Jeſus hearing, ſaid to them, This ſickneſs is not to death, but for the glorie of God, that the Son may be glorified by it. And Jeſus loved Martha and her ſiſter Marie, and Lazarus. As he heard therefore that he vvas ſick, then he tarried in the ſame place two dayes: Then after this he ſaith to his Diſciples, Let us go into Jewry again, The Diſciples ſay to him, Rabbi, now the Jews ſought to ſtone thee, and goeſt thou thither again? Jeſus anſwered, Are there not twelve hours of the day? If a man vvalk in the day, he ſtumbleth not, becauſe he ſeeth the light of this vvorld: but if he vvalk in the night, he ſtumbleth, becauſe the light is not in him. Theſe things he ſaid: and after this he ſaith to them, Lazarus our friend ſleepeth; but I go that I may raiſe him from ſleep. His Diſciples therefore ſaid, Lord, if he ſleep, he ſhall be ſafe. But Jeſus ſpake of his death, and they thought that he ſpake of the ſleeping of ſleep. Then therefore Jeſus ſaid to them plainly, Lazarus is dead, and I am glad for your ſake, that you may believe, becauſe I vvas not there: but let us go to him. Thomas therefore vvho is called Didymus, ſaid to his condiſciples, Let us alſo go to die with him. Jeſus therefore came, and found him now having been four dayes in the grave. And Bethania vvas nigh to Jeruſalem, about fifteen furlongs. And many of the Jews vvere come to Martha and Mary to comfort them concerning their brother. Martha therefore vvhen ſhe heard that Jeſus vvas come, vvent to meet him: but Mary ſate at home. Martha therefore ſaid to Jeſus, Lord, if thou hadſt been here, my brother had not died. But now alſo I know, that vvhat things ſoever thou ſhalt ask of God, God vvill give thee. Jeſus ſaith to her, Thy brother ſhall riſe again. Martha ſaith to him, I know that he ſha'l riſe again in the reſurrection in the laſt day. Jeſus ſaid to her, I am the reſurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, although he be dead, ſhall live. And every one that liveth, and believeth in me, ſhall not die for ever. Believeſt thou this? She ſaid to him, Yea, Lord, I have believed that thou art Chriſt the Son of God, that art come into this vvorld.

Moralities.

1. OUr Saviour Jeſus makes here a ſtrong aſſault upon death, to cure our infirmities at the coſt of his deareſt friends; He ſuffered *Lazarus*, whom he loved tenderly, to fall into a violent ſickneſs, to teach us, that the bodies of Gods favourites are not free from infirmities; and that, to make men Saints, they muſt not enjoy too much health. A ſoul is never more worthy to be a houſe for God, than when ſhe raiſeth up the greatneſs of her courage, the body being caſt down with ſickneſs. A ſoul which ſuffers is a ſacred thing. All the world did touch our Saviour before his Paſſion, The throng of people preſſed upon him, but after his death he would not be touched by S. *Mary Maudlin*, becauſe he was conſecrated by his dolours.

2. The good ſiſters diſpatch a meſſenger, not to a ſtrange God, as they do who ſeek for health by remedies, which are a thouſand times worſe than the diſeaſe: But they addreſſed themſelves to the living God; the God of life and death, to drive away death. And to recover life, they were content onely to ſhew the wound to the faithfull friendſhip of the Phyſician, without preſcribing any remedies: for that is better left to his providence, than committed to our paſſion.

3. He defers his cure to raiſe from death. The delay of Gods favours, is not always a refuſal, but ſometimes a double liberality. The vows of good men are paid with uſury: It was expedient that *Lazarus* ſhould die, that he might triumph over death, in the triumph of Jeſus Chriſt. It is here that we ſhould always raiſe high our thoughts, by conſidering our glory in the ſtate of reſurrection; he would have us believe it, not onely as it is a leſſon of Nature imprinted above the skies, upon the plants or elements of the world, and as a doctrine which many ancient Philoſophers had by the light of nature; but alſo as a belief, which is faſt joyned to the faith we have in the Divine providence, which keeps our bodies in truſt under its ſeal within the boſom of the earth, ſo that no preſcription of time can make laws to reſtrain his power, having paſſed his word, and raiſed up *Lazarus* who was but as one grain of ſeed in reſpect of all poſterity.

4. Jeſus wept over *Lazarus*, thereby to weep over us all. Our evils were lamentable, and could never ſufficiently be deplored, without opening a fountain of tears within heaven, and within the eyes of the Son of God. This is juſtly the river which comes from that place of all pleaſure to water Paradiſe. How could thoſe heavenly tears come from any other, than the place of all delight, ſince they iſſued from a brain, and from eyes which were united to the divinity? And how ſhould they not water Paradiſe, ſince for ſo many ages they have flowed over the Church for producing the fruits of juſtice. The balm of Egypt could not grow without water of that Well, which was commonly called the fountain of Jeſus: becauſe the bleſſed Virgin had there waſhed the clothes of her dear Son: And we have no Odour of virtue, nor good converſation, (which is not directly barren) except it be endued with the merit of our Saviours tears.

Aſpirations.

O Eyes of my Saviour, from whence the ſun receives his cleareſt light: fair eyes which onely deſerve eternal joyes and delights. Why ſhould you this day be moiſtened with tears? Thou doſt give me (O onely love of my heart) the bloud of thy ſoul, before thou ſhedſt that of thy body. There are ſo many things to make me weep and I feel them ſo little, that if thy tears do not weep for me, I ſhall always be miſerable. Water then (O my ſweet Maſter) the barrenneſs of my ſoul from that fountain of bleſſing, which I have opened within thine eyes and heart: I have opened it by my ſins, and let it I beſeech thee bleſs me by thine infinite mercies.

The Goſpel upon Saturday the fourth week in *Lent*, S. *John* 8.

Upon our Saviours words, I am the light of the world.

Again therefore Jeſus ſpake to them, ſaying, I am the light of the vvorld, he that followeth me, vvalketh not in darkneſs, but ſhall have the light of life. The Phariſees therefore ſaid to him, Thou giveſt teſtimonie of thy ſelf, thy teſtimonie is not true. Jeſus anſwered and ſaid to them, although I do give teſtimonie of my ſelf, my teſtimonie is true; becauſe I know vvhence I came, and vvhither I go: but you know not vvhence I came,

or

or whither I go. You judge according to the flesh, I do not judge any man. And if I do judge, my judgement is true, because I am not alone, but I and he that sent me, the Father. And in your law it is written, that the testimonie of two men is true. I am he that give testimonie of my self; and he that sent me, the Father, giveth testimonie of me. They said therefore to him, where is thy Father? Jesus answered, Neither me do you know, nor my Father: if you did know me, perhaps you might know my Father also. These words Jesus spake in the Treasurie, teaching in the Temple, and no man apprehended him, because his hour was not yet come.

Moralities.

1. THere is in the blessed Trinity a communicating light, to which nothing is communicated: another light which is communicative and communicated: and a third light which is communicated, but not communicating. The first is the heavenly Father, who gives but takes nothing. The second is that of the Son, who takes from his Father and gives to the holy Ghost all that can be given; The third is the holy Ghost, which receives equally from the Father and the Son, and doth produce nothing in the Trinity. But Jesus illuminating from all eternity, this state (for ever to be adored) did vouchsafe to descend into the countrey of our darkness, to scatter it by his brightness. It is he that hath thrown down the Crocodiles and Bats from prophane Altars; who hath broken so many idols; who hath overthrown so many Temples of the adulterers and murdering gods, to plant the honours of his heavenly Father. He hath invested the world during so many ages, with the shining of his face. He doth not cease to give light, nor to kindle in our hearts many inspirations, which are like so many stars to conduct us to the fountain of all our happiness. You are very blind if you do not see this, and much more miserable if you despise it.

2. It is most dangerous to do as the Jews did, to speak every day to the light, and yet love their own darkness. Screech-owls find holes and nights to keep themselves from day, which they cannot abide. But he that flies from the face of God, where can he find darkness enough to hide himself? When he shall be within the gulf of sin, his own conscience will light up a thousand torches to see his punishments. It is the worst of all mischiefs, to pay for the contempt of the fountain of light by suffering eternal darkness.

3. Let us behold the conversation of Jesus Christ as a sea mark, stickt all over with lights: his life gives Testimony of his Sanctity: his miracles publish his power; his law declares his infinite wisd m, his Sanctity gives us an example to imitate, his power gives the strength of Authority, to make him the more readily obeyed; and from his wisdom faith is given us to regulate and govern our belief.

Aspirations.

O My Lord Jesus, the spirit of all beauties, and the most visible of all lights, what do the eyes of my soul, if they be not always busied in the contemplation of thy brightness. When I find thou art departed from me, me thinks I am buried within my self, and that my soul is nothing else, but a Sepulchre of terrours, phantasms and deaths; But when thou returnest by thy visits and consolations, I am chearfully revived, and my heart leaps in thy presence, as a child rejoyceth at sight of his dear nurse. O Light of lights, which dost illuminate man coming into this world, I will contemplate thee at the sun-rising above all creatures. I will follow thee with mine eyes all the day long, and I will not leave thee at sun-setting, for there is nothing can be in value near like thee. It belongs onely to thee, (O Sun of my Soul) to arise at all hours, and to give light at Mid-night, as well as at Noonday.

The Gospel upon Passion Sunday, S. *John* the 8.

upon these words, Who can accuse me of sin?

WHich of you shall argue me of sin? If I say the verity, why do you not believe me? He that is of God, heareth the words of God: therefore you hear not, because you are not of God. The Jews therefore answered, and said to him, Do not we say well that thou art a Samaritan, and hast a Devil? Jesus answered, I have no Devil: but I do honour my Father, and you have dishonoured me. But I seek not mine own glorie. There is that seeketh and judgeth. Amen, Amen, I say to you, if any man keep my word, he shall not see death for ever. The Jews therefore said, now we have known that thou hast a Devil; Abraham is dead, and the Prophets, and thou sayest, if any man keep my word, he shall not taste death for ever. Why, art thou greater than our Father Abraham who is dead? and the Prophets are dead. Whom doest thou make thy self? Jesus answered, if I do glorifie my self, my glorie is nothing. It is my Father that glorifieth me, whom you say that he is your God, and you have not known him, but I know him. And if I shall say that I know him not, I shall be like to you, a lier: but I do know him, and do keep his word. Abraham your father rejoyced that he might see my day, and he saw and was glad. The Jews therefore said to him, Thou hast not yet fifty years, and hast thou seen Abraham? Jesus said to them, Amen, Amen, I say to you, before that Abraham was made, I am. They took stones therefore to cast at him. But Jesus hid himself, and went out of the Temple.

Moralities.

1. THe Saviour of the world being resolved to suffer death as the Priest of his own sacrifice, and sacrifice of his priesthood, shews that it is an effect of his mercy, and not a suffering for any fault. He doth advance the standard of the Cross (which was the punishment of guilty persons) but he brought with him innocencie, which is the mark of Saints: he honours it with his dolours, and sanctifies it with his bloud, to glorifie it in the estimation of all the just. He is without spot, and capable to take all stains, by his infinite sanctity: and yet he suffered as a sinner, to blot out all our sins; It is in this suffering he would have us all imitate him. He doth not require us to make a heaven, nor stars, nor to enlarge the sea, or to make the earth firm; but to make our selves holy as he is holy (according to our capacity). And this we may gain by his favour, which he hath by his own nature. No man is worthy to suffer with Jesus, who doth not purifie himself by the sufferings of Jesus. If we suffer in sin, we carrie the Cross of the bad thief. We must carrie the Cross of Jesus, and consecrate our tribulations by our own virtues.

2. It is said that the venomous serpent called a Basilisk (which kills both men and beasts by his pestilent breath) kills himself when he looks upon a looking glass, by the very reflection of his own poison. The Jews do here the very same; They come about this great mirrour of sanctity, which carried all the glory of the living God; he casts his beams upon them, but envy, the mother of murder (which kills it self onely by the rayes of golden arrows) makes them dart out venomous words to dishonour

diſhonour him: yet his incomparable virtue kills them, without loſing any of his own brightneſs; to teach us, that the beauty of innocency, is the beſt buckler againſt all ſlanders. Though it ſeem to be tarniſhed for a time, yet her brightneſs will thereby become more lively: for it is a ſtar which the blackeſt vail of night cannot darken.

3. *Abraham* did rejoyce at this day of God two thouſand years before it was manifeſted to the world: All the Patriarchs did long after it; and did anticipate their felicities by the purity of their thoughts. This bleſſed Day hath been reſerved for us, and yet many of us deſpiſe it. We ſo much love the day of man, that by the force of too much love to it, we forget the love of God. We ſhould, and muſt contemn thoſe periſhing dayes of worldly honours and pleaſures, which are covered with eternal night, that we may partake the eternity of that beautifull day, which ſhall never have any evening.

Aſpirations.

O God of purity, in whoſe preſence the Angels (raviſhed with admiration) do cover their faces with their wings, and have no ſweeter extaſies, than the admiration of thy beauty: The ſtars are not pure enough before thy redoubted Majeſty. The Sun beholds thee as the true Authour of his light. Thou onely canſt purifie all humane kind, by a ſanctity which ſpreads it ſelf over all Ages. Alas, I am confounded to ſee my ſinfull ſoul ſo often dyed black with ſo many ſtains, and beaſtly ordures, before thoſe moſt pure beams of thy glory. Waſh, O waſh again out all that which diſpleaſeth thee. Regenerate in my heart a Spirit, that ſhall be worthy thy ſelf. How ſhall I follow thee to Mount *Calvarie*, if I be purſued with ſo many ill habits, which I have often deteſted before thine eyes? How can I go in company with the firſt and greateſt of all Saints, drawing after me ſo many ſins? The increaſe of my offences would multiply thy croſſes: I will therefore do my beſt to drown all my imperfections within thy bloud. I will procure light to my nights (by that bright and beautiful day which *Abraham* ſaw) from that glorious day which took beginning from thy Croſs. I will no more care for the day of man, that I may the better apply my ſelf to the day of God.

The Goſpel upon Munday, the fifth week in *Lent*, S. *John* 7.

Jeſus ſaid to the Phariſees, You ſhall ſeek and not find me: and he that is thirſty, let him come to me.

AND the Princes and Phariſees ſent Miniſters to apprehend him. Jeſus therefore ſaid to them: Yet a little time, and I will be with you, and I go to him that ſent me: you ſeek me, and ſhall not find, and where I am, you cannot come. The Jews therefore ſaid among themſelves, Whither will this man go, that we ſhall not find him? will he go into the diſperſion of the Gentile, and teach the Gentiles: what is this ſaying, that he hath ſaid? You ſhall ſeek me, and ſhall not find: and where I am, you cannot come.

And in the laſt, the great day of the feſtivity, Jeſus ſtood and cried, ſaying, If any man thirſt, let him come to me and drink. He that believeth in me, as the Scripture ſaith, out of his belly ſhall flow rivers of living water. (And this he ſaid of the Spirit) that they ſhould receive, which believed in him.

Moralities.

1. TAke for your comfort this excellent word of our Saviour: he that is thirſty, and deſires in this world to thirſt after God, let him come unto me, and he ſhall quench his thirſt at the chiefeſt fountain. S. *Auguſtine* ſaith, We are all here, as *David* was in the deſart of Idumea: our life is a perpetual alteration, which will never be ſettled while we live. If we be weary, we deſire reſt, and if we reſt overlong, our bed becomes troubleſom, though it ſhould be all of roſes. Then again, we thirſt to be in action and buſineſs, which alſo in a ſhort time tires us, and puts us into another alteration; and that carries us again to a deſire to do nothing. All our life goeth like *Penelopes* web: what one hour effects, the next deſtroys. We do ſufficiently perceive that we are not well in this world: It is a large bed, but very troubleſom, wherein every man ſtirs and tumbles himſelf up and down, but no man can here attain to his perfect happineſs.

2. This ſhews us plainly that we are made for God, and that we ſhould thirſt after divine things, if we deſire true contentment. There is no default in him, becauſe all that can be deſired, is there, and yet there is no ſuperfluity, becauſe there can be nothing beyond him. There onely we abound without neceſſity, we are aſſured without fear, & glorious without change. And it is there onely where we find all our ſatisfactions perfectly accompliſhed. For to ſpeak truth, contentment conſiſteth in four principal things, which are, to have a contenting object, to have a heart capable to apprehend it; to feel a ſtrong inclination to it, and to enter into an abſolute full poſſeſſion of it. Now God hath provided for all this by his infinite bounty. He will not have us affect any other object of pleaſure but his own. He is God, and therefore can have nothing but God for his ſatisfaction, and intends graciouſly that we ſhall have the ſame. He will have us thirſt after him, and quench our thirſt within himſelf: and to this, our ſoul is ſingularly diſpoſed; for as God is a Spirit, ſo is our ſoul onely ſpiritual. We have ſo ſtrong an inclination to love God, that even our vices themſelves (without thinking what they do) love ſomewhat of God. For if pride affect greatneſs, there can be nothing ſo great, as the Monarch of it. If luxury love pleaſure, God containeth all pure delights in his boſom: and this which I ſay, may be verified of all ſins whatſoever. If the preſence of a right object, and the enjoying be wanting, we have nothing ſo preſent as God. S. *Paul* ſaith, We are all within him, within him we live, and within him we have the fountain of all our motions: we ſee him through all his creatures, until he take off the vail, and ſo let us ſee him, and taſte of his Glory.

3. A true and perfect way to make us thirſt after God, is to forſake the burning thirſt which we have after bodily and worldly goods: Our ſoul and fleſh go in the ſeveral ſcales of a ballance, the riſing of one, pulls down the other: It is a having two wives, for us to think we can place all our delights in God, and withal enjoy all worldly contentments. A man muſt have a conſcience free from earthly matters, to receive the infuſion of grace; we muſt paſs by *Calvary*, before we come to *Tabor*; and firſt taſte gall with Jeſus, before we can taſte that honey-comb, which he took after his reſurrection.

Aſpirations.

O God, true God of my ſalvation, My heart which feeleth it ſelf moved with an affectionate zeal, thinks always upon thee, and in thinking, finds an earneſt thirſt after thy beauties, which heats my veins. My ſoul is all conſumed, & I find that my fleſh it ſelf inſenſibly followeth the violence of my ſpirit. I am here, as within the deſarts of *Affrica*, in a barren world, the drought whereof makes it a direct habitation for dragons. O my God, I am tormented with this flame, and yet I cheriſh it more

than my ſelf. Will there be no good *Lazarus* found to dip the end of his finger within the fountain of the higheſt Heaven, a little to allay the burning of my thirſt. Do not tell me (O my dear Spouſe) that there is a great Chaos between thee and me: Thou haſt already paſſed it in coming to me by thy bounty: and wilt not thou lift me up then by thy mercy?

The Goſpel upon Tueſday the fifth week in *Lent*, S. *John* 7.

Jeſus went not into *Jewry*, becauſe the Jews had a purpoſe to take away his life.

After theſe things Jeſus *walked into* Galilee: *for he would not walk into Jewry, becauſe the Jews ſought to kill him. And the feſtival day of the Jews Scenopegia was at hand. And his brethren ſaid to him, Paſs from hence, and go into* Jewry, *that thy Diſciples alſo may ſee thy works which thou doſt. For no man doth any thing in ſecret, and ſeeketh himſelf to be in publick: if thou do theſe things, manifeſt thy ſelf to the world: for neither did his brethren believe in him: Jeſus therefore ſaith to them; My time is not yet come: but your time is always ready. The world cannot hate you, but me it hateth, becauſe I give teſtimony of it, that the works thereof are evil. Go you up to this feſtival day, I go not up to this feſtival day, becauſe my time is not yet accompliſhed.*

When he had ſaid theſe things, himſelf tarried in Galilee: But after his brethren were gone up, then he alſo went up to the feſtival day, not openly, but as it were in ſecret. The Jews therefore ſought him in the feſtival day, and ſaid, Where is he? And there was much murmuring in the multitude of him. For certain ſaid that he is good: And others ſaid, No, but he ſeduceth the multitudes: yet no man ſpake openly of him for fear of the Jews.

Moralities.

1. Jeſus hides himſelf in this Goſpel (as the Sun within a cloud) to ſhew himſelf at his own time: to teach us, that all the ſerets of our life conſiſteth in well concealing, and well diſcovering our ſelves. He did conceal the life which he took from nature, when he might have been born a perfect man as well as *Adam*, and yet did he hide himſelf in the hay of a baſe ſtable. He concealeth his life of grace, diſſembling under ſilence, ſo many great and divine virtues, as if he had lockt up the ſtars under lock and key, as holy *Job* ſaith. He keeps ſecret his life of Glory, retaining for thirty three years the light of his ſoul, which ſhould without intermiſſion have glorified and caſt a divine brightneſs upon his body. But when he concealed himſelf, the ſtars diſcovered him at his birth; the Sun at his death: all the Elements did then confeſs him, and all creatures gave teſtimony of his Divinity.

2. We ſhould be well known of God, if we did not ſo curiouſly enquire into the knowledge of the world. Vanity at this day opens all her gates to manifeſt divers men to the world, who ſhould otherwiſe be buried in obſcurity and darkneſs. It maketh ſome appear by the luxurious exceſs of their apparrel, as ſo many ſale creatures, whoſe heads (being high and coſtly dreſt up) go to the market of idle love. Others by the riches and pomps of the world, others by honours and dignities, others by the ſpirit of induſtry, and others by the deeds of arms and policy. Every one ſets out himſelf to be ſeen and eſteemed in the world. It ſeemeth that life is made for nothing but to be ſhewed, and that we ſhould always live, for that which makes us die. We are a kind of walking ſpirits, which return late to our lodgings: But yet nevertheleſs, giving our ſelves ſo continually to the world, me thinks we ſhould at leaſt ſtay with our ſelves every day one ſhort hour. It is ſaid, that the Pellican hides her egs, and that they muſt be ſtollen from her, to make them diſcloſe: But vanity is an egge, which all the world hatcheth under her wings, and none are willing to forſake it.

3. If it be needfull to ſhew your ſelf to the world, be then known by your virtues, which are characters of the Divinity. Let men know you by your good examples, which are the ſeeds of eternity, and of all fair actions. You muſt be known by your alms and bounty, which are the ſteps which God left imprinted in this world. If you muſt riſe to honours and dignities, take them as inſtruments of holineſs: and be not powerfull, but to be more obliged to do good by ſo being.

Aſpirations.

O God, which didſt conceal thy ſelf; how comes it about, that I deſire ſo much to be ſeen, and make my ſelf known to the world? What can I diſcover, if I ſhew that which I am, but onely ſin, vanity, miſery, and inconſtancy, which make the four elements of my life? To what ſerves this itch of ſeeing, but onely to receive into our eyes the ſeeds of curioſity? Why do we covet to be ſo much ſeen, but to expoſe our ſelves to vanity, and to carry a Torch in a blaſt of wind? Alas (O Merciſull Lord) I have very long lived for my ſelf, and for the eyes of the world, when ſhall I begin to live for thee? Shall I never ſee thoſe happy moments of my life, which will receive light onely from the day of thy face? Let me (O moſt beloved of my heart) be blind to all the world, ſo that I may have eyes for thee. If the condition of my eſtate muſt needs ſhew me to the world, let it be to give it part of thy light, without receiving any part of that darkneſs which covereth it. Let me be in the world to do good, but let me dwell in thee, as within the Fountain of all goodneſs.

The Goſpel upon Wedneſday the fifth week in *Lent*, S. *John* 10.

The Jews ſaid, If thou be the Meſſias, tell us plainly.

And the Dedication was in Jeruſalem, *and it was in winter: And* Jeſus *walked in the Temple in* Solomons *Porch. The Jews therefore compaſſed him round about, and ſaid to him, How long doſt thou hold our ſoul in ſuſpence? If thou be Chriſt, tell us openly.* Jeſus *anſwered them, I ſpeak to you, and you believe not. The works that I do in the Name of my Father, they give teſtimony of me. But you do not believe, becauſe you are not of my ſheep. My ſheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me, and I give them life everlaſting, and they ſhall not periſh for ever, and no man ſhall pluck them out of my hand. My Father, that which he hath given me, is greater than all, and no man can pluck them out of the hand of my Father. I and the Father are one.*

The Jews took up ſtones to ſtone him: Jeſus anſwered them, Many good works I have ſhewed you from my Father, for which of theſe works do you ſtone me? The Jews anſwered him, for a good work we ſtone thee not, but for blaſphemie, and becauſe thou, being a man, makeſt thy ſelf God. Jeſus anſwered them: Is it not written in your Law, that I ſaid, You are Gods? If he called them Gods, to whom the word of God was made, and the Scripture cannot be broken: whom the Father hath ſanctified, and ſent into the world, ſay you, That thou blaſphemeſt, becauſe I ſaid, I am the

Son

Son of God? If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not. But if I do, and if you will not believe me, believe the works, that you may know and believe that the Father is in me, and I in the Father.

Moralities.

1. THe Wolfs encompaſs the good ſhepheard, counterfeiting Lambs, to draw truth out of his mouth, which they would perſecute. They reſembled a certain plant, which carrieth the name and ſhape of a Lamb, but hath a contrary ſubſtance, and different qualities, for it is ravenous as a wolf, and devours all the herbs which grow about it. So are there many who do inſinuate themſelves into the friendſhip of good men, by fair (but counterfeit) reſpects, to the end that afterward they may be made the object of their cruelty. Thoſe men look after the Meſſias in the Porch of *Solomon*, as *Herod* ſought after him in the Manger, not to adore, but to kill him. Their mouth carries honey, when their heart hatcheth poiſon: but nothing is unknown to God, from whom hell it ſelf hath not darkneſs enough to hide it ſelf.

2. Jeſus knows his flock, and his flock reciprocally knows him, and in that conſiſts all our happineſs, to know God, and to be known of him. The chiefeſt of all wiſdom, is to know him, and to be known by him, and to be written in the Book of life, which is the laſt and chiefeſt of all felicities. It is true, that he knows all things by the knowledge of a clear intelligence, which ſerves the wicked onely to diſcover plainly their crimes: whereas he knows the juſt by a ſcience of favour and approbation, which indeed is eternal predeſtination. If we be unknown to God, we muſt make our ſelves known to him by ſome good virtue, which doth not depend onely upon us. The firſt beam is of prevenient grace, and our vocation to Chriſtianity, which is part of our predeſtination, and is not all within our power. We have not been elected, becauſe we have believed in God, by our own forces; but we believe, becauſe we have been elected. The firſt knowledge comes purely from God, but it is in us by his grace, to purſue this firſt light, and to advance our predeſtination to glory, by forcing our ſelves to know him perfectly, who hath known us ſo liberally.

3. Jeſus will not be known ſingly by his words, but by his works. Our words muſt agree with our good actions, as the needle of a clock agrees with the ſprings. When we have heard, or read ſome good doctrine, that Sermon, or reading, muſt paſs into our manners. It is ſurely a ſtrange thing, that many employ their leiſure to know much, and yet will not ſpend ſome conſiderable time, to make themſelves good Chriſtians. We muſt be Philoſophers, more by imitating the example of God, than by any curious enquiry of his greatneſs. Our Chriſtianity teacheth us, that we ſhould be more knowing and skilfull in the practiſe of our life, than of our tongue; and that we are rather made to perform great actions, than to ſpeak them. We muſt have a ſpecial care that our hands do not give our mouth the lie. What can we gain (in the judgement of God) by being like thoſe trees, which have a fair outſide, garniſhed with leaves, yet good for nothing but to give a ſhadow, and to make a little noiſe when the wind blows? God requires of us fruit, ſince he is the Father of all fertility, and nothing is barren in the land of the living.

Aſpirations.

O My God, I know thee, becauſe thou was firſt pleaſed to know me: Thou haſt known me by thy goodneſs, and I will do my beſt to know thee, that I may obtain all happineſs. O that I might know that my name is written in the Book of life; and alſo know the life which I may poſſeſs within the heart of Jeſus, in which ſo many lives do live. O how ſhould I then find my ſpirit raviſhed in thoſe beautifull Idæas of glory? Fix thine eyes on me (O Lord) and thou ſhalt thereby bring to me the fountain of all happineſs. The Father hath given me to thee, and I am the conqueſt of thy precious bloud; Suffer not a ſoul to be taken away from thee, which hath coſt thee ſo many ſweats and ſufferings. I am thine by ſo many titles, that I will be no more mine own, but onely to have the right of renouncing that which I am, and to eſtabliſh what ſhall be thine in this little kingdom of my heart.

The Goſpel upon Thurſday, the fifth week in *Lent*, S. *John* 7.

Upon S. *Marie Magdalen*'s waſhing our Saviour's feet in the Phariſees houſe.

AND one of the Phariſees deſired him to eat with him. And he being entered into the houſe of the Phariſee, he ſate down to meat. And behold, a woman that was in the Citie, a ſinner, as ſhe knew that he ſet down in the Phariſees houſe, ſhe brought an Alabaſter box of ointment; and ſtanding behind, beſide his feet, ſhe began to water his feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, and kiſſed his feet, and anointed them with ointment. And the Phariſee that had bid him, ſeeing it, ſpake within himſelf, ſaying, This man, if he were a Prophet, would know certes who, and what manner of woman ſhe is which toucheth him, that ſhe is a ſinner. And Jeſus *anſwering, ſaid to him*, Simon, *I have ſomewhat to ſay unto thee. But he ſaid, Maſter, ſay. A certain Creditour had two debtours, one did owe five hundred pence, and the other fifty; they having not wherewith to pay, he forgave both, whether therefore doth love him more:* Simon *anſwering, ſaid, I ſuppoſe that he to whom he forgave more. But he ſaid to him, Thou haſt judged rightly. And turning to the woman, he ſaid unto* Simon, *Doeſt thou ſee this woman? I entered into thy houſe, water to my feet thou didſt not give: but ſhe with tears hath watered my feet, and with her hairs hath wiped them. Kiſs thou gaveſt me not; but ſhe, ſince I came in, hath not ceaſed to kiſs my feet. With oyl thou didſt not anoint my head: but ſhe with ointment hath anointed my feet. For the which I ſay to thee, many ſins are forgiven her, becauſe ſhe hath loved much. But to whom leſs is forgiven, he loveth leſs. And he ſaid to her, Thy ſins are forgiven thee. And they that ſate together at the table, began to ſay within themſelves, Who is this that alſo forgiveth ſins? And he ſaid to the woman, Thy faith hath made thee ſafe, Go in peace.*

Moralities.

1. SAint *Marie Magdalen* is under the feet of Jeſus Chriſt, as is that work of Saphires (mentioned in *Exodus*) under the feet of God. It is a work wrought by the right hand of the Higheſt, the wonder of women, the moſt happy of all lovers; who made profit of ſin, which deſtroyes all; who ſanctified that love, which ſo little knew the way to any ſanctity. This is the fountain mentioned in the Book of *Eſther*, in the viſion of *Mordochens*; A fountain which became a river, and after changes it ſelf into the Sun, which gives beams and ſhowers at one inſtant. She is a fountain at the Phariſees talbe ſhe is a river in her ſolitary grove, ſhe is a Sun both in Paradiſe, and in that great exaltation, wherein the Catholick Church now beholds her. Being now in glory, ſhe doth not yet forbear to open fountains of tears (by imitation of her) within the

ſouls of repentant ſinners, of whom inceſſantly ſhe procures the converſion. Happy is that heart which is pierced with the imitation of her virtues, thereby to gain ſome part of her crowns.

2. Every thing is admirable in her converſion: A ſinner wounded with love, cures her ſelf by love. She changes the fire of *Babylon*, into that of *Jeruſalem*. She plucks out of her wound the venemous dart of worldly love, to make large room for the arrows of *Jeſus*, which pierce her heart; and at an inſtant make a harmony of heavenly paſſions within the bottom of her ſoul. She holds the wound dearer than life, and goes ſtreight to her conquerour, to deſire death, or increaſe of love.

3. She appears moſt ingenious in her affections, to provide no water wherewith to waſh her Maſters feet, ſince ſhe could draw it ſo fitly out of her own eyes. This was the water which *Jeſus* did thirſt after, when he asked of the Samaritane woman ſome to drink; But that poor woman was ſo aſtoniſhed, that ſhe forſook her pitcher, and forgot that which *Jeſus* asked. Now the holy *Magdalen* brings her eyes to the Phariſees table, as to veſſels full of Chryſtal water, which was of that pure ſtream which comes from the holy Lamb. Heaven is wont to water the earth, but here the earth waters Heaven. A ſoul which was before black, and burnt up with the fire of concupiſcence, provides a Fountain for the KING of higheſt Heaven. She drawes tears from her ſins, to make them become the joyes of Paradiſe.

4. She ſanctifies all that which was eſteemed moſt prophane. Her hairs, which were the nets wherein ſo many captive ſouls did figh under the yoke of wanton love, are now (as the enſigns and ſtandards of wicked *Cupid*) trampled under the feet of her Conquerour. Thoſe kiſſes, which carried the poiſon of a luxurious paſſion in her heart, do now breath from her nothing but the delicacies of chaſtity. Her pleaſing odours which were before vowed to ſenſuality, are now become the ſweeteſt exhalations from that Amber Iſle, which brings an odoriferous perfume to Jeſus Chriſt. She brings with her Aromatick ſpices, to burn her ſelf at the Mountain of her Sun, who makes himſelf her Prieſt, her Advocate, and Bride-man.

5. She had gained the great Jubilee, and was aſſured of it, by the word of the Eternal Biſhop; and yet during all the reſt of her life, ſhe practiſed upon her ſelf a ſanctified revenge, and her penance never ends, but with her life; to confound our coldneſs, who know ſo little what it is to bewail a ſin. She is as timorous in the aſſurance of her pardon, as we are ſecure at the approch of Gods juſtice. No body could be ſo patient, and ſo conſtant in her love, but ſhe, that had a holy emulation toward heavenly charity. It is her perſeverance which draws to the earth a perfect copy of that life (without limit) which the bleſſed ſouls enjoy in heaven. It is ſhe alone to whom eternity was then given, becauſe ſhe had power to offer repentant frailty to Eternity it ſelf.

Aſpirations.

Upon Saint *Mary Magdalens* great Repentance.

O Jeſus, my Conquerour, and my Sovereign Biſhop, thou art pleaſed to be ſatisfied of thy unworthy ſervant; but I am not yet content with my ſelf. No, no, my life and penance ſhall end together, ſince I have loſt that which ſhould never have been ſeparated from my body, before the ſeparation of my ſoul. And ſince I cannot enter chaſt into my grave, I will now go repentant into an obſcure and ſavage Cave, where the Sun ſhall ſhine no more upon a head ſo ſinfull as mine. Mine eyes (O mine eyes) who have firſt received that fire which hath ſo paſſionately devoured my ſoul, I will make you imitate the Pond of *Heſebon*, and ſooner ſhall thoſe two fountains be dried up, which ſerve the ſtream of *Jordan*, than you ſhall want water to waſh the ſteps of your Concupiſcences. I will have that neck (which hath ſuffered it ſelf to be embraced by unlawfull Arms) held under the yoke of him that hath overcome me, and ſo happily ſubjected me to to his Empire. Theſe arms and hands, which have been the chains of wanton embracements, ſhall henceforth for ever be lifted up to Heaven in prayer, and they ſhall have no other Altars, but the feet of my Lord and Maſter, if I dare think my ſelf worthy to kiſs them. This mouth, which hath been the gate of unchaſtity, ſhall now become a Temple of Gods praiſes. And this heart, which hath been a burning furnace of worldly love, ſhall be a burning lamp of holy affections before God; and ſhall have no other oyl to maintain it, but that water which ſhall be drawn from mine eyes. O my God, ſince I have ſo betrayed my heart, abuſed my youth, ſpent prodigally thy Treaſures, and made crowns to Baal out of thy ſilver; ſince I have forſaken thee, who art eternal, unchangeable, and incomparable Goodneſs, (without whom all other goods are nothing) to follow a wanton fire, which hath brought me to the brim of everlaſting precipice; where ſhall I find ſufficient tears to waſh my offences? where ſhall I find enow parts of my body, to be continually offered up as the ſacrifice of my repentance? I would make my life immortal, to have my pains ſo laſting, and if thy mercy will not let me be the object of thy vengeance, let me at leaſt ſerve for a ſacrifice at thy Altars.

The Goſpel upon Friday the fifth week in *Lent*, S. *John* 11.

The Jews ſaid, What ſhall we do? for this man doth many miracles.

THe chief Prieſts therefore and the Phariſees, gathered a Councel, and ſaid, What ſhall we do? for this man doth many ſigns: if we let him alone ſo, all will believe in him, and the Romans *will come and take away our place and Nation. But one of them named* Caiaphas, *being the High Prieſt of that year, ſaid to them, You know nothing, neither do you conſider that it is expedient for us, that one man die for the people, and the whole Nation periſh not. And this he ſaid not of himſelf, but being the High Prieſt of that year, he propheſied that* Jeſus *ſhould die for the Nation: and not onely for the Nation, but to gather in one the children of God that were diſperſed. From that day therefore they deviſed to kill him.* Jeſus *therefore walked no more openly among the Jews, but he went into the Countrey beſide the Deſart, unto a Citie that is called* Ephrem, *and there he abode with his Diſciples.*

Moralities.

1. ONe of the greateſt Tragedies acted in the life of man, which makes curious perſons to queſtion, wiſe men to wonder, good men to groan, and the wicked to rejoyce; is to ſee an innocent man oppreſſed by colour of juſtice. Now Jeſus being reſolved to eſpouſe our miſeries, as far as they can reach, was pleaſed to paſs through thoſe rigours and formalities of the wicked, coloured with a pretext of equity. He is not here condemned by a mean people without conſideration, without power, without formality of proceſs: But by theſe chief Prieſts

and

and principal men of that Nation assembled in Counsel; they informed themselves, they reason, and conclude his death. The Lions of *Solomons* throne, did anciently bear certain Writs of the Law, to signifie, that it was to be handled by courageous and clear-seeing Judges. But here Foxes got it into their hands, and did manage it by crafty deceits and wickedness. Alas, we are far from the Laws of God, when we cannot abide the least word spoken against our reputation. We are troubled to suffer for innocency, as if it were a greater honour to suffer for a direct offence. Shall we never think, that the triumph of vertue consists in well doing, and (thereby) sometimes receiving harm, even from those who are esteemed good men?

2. There are some difficulties in affairs, where truth is shut up, as within a cloud. Wise men can hardly find out where the point lies, but God doth so order it, that falshood leaves always certain marks by which it may be known; and the beauty of truth is ever like that lake of *Affrick*, which early or late discovers all that is cast into it, and makes all impostures plainly appear, when we think they are most concealed. And this appears by the proceeding of *Caiaphas*, who chose to condemn *Christ*, for those things which were the certain tokens, that he was the true Messias. He concluded his death by reason of his miracles, and those gave him authority, as to the Prince of life. A troubled spirit makes darts of every thing, (which it can) to fight against reason, and kills it self, not suspecting its own poison.

3. The devil publisheth Jesus for the true Messias, and so doth likewise *Caiaphas* prophesie the same. It is not always a certain mark of goodness, to speak that which is good, but it is an assurance of vertue to avoid that which is ill. There are many from whom good works do escape, while they both think and do ill. Truth makes use of their tongues, when Devils command their hearts. It is this which makes us to see our Saviours Empire, and the extent of his conquests, which is not limited by time, he being already entered into possession of Eternity: and it is not bounded by place; because it contains all Immensity. Night hath no power to cover it, because it is light it self; It cannot be shut up in any deceitfull shadow, because it scatters and discovers all falshood: It cannot be comprehended within our senses, because it exceeds their Capacity; and it is present in all places, being omnipotent and eternal in all time.

Aspirations.

O Jesus, Father of all blessed unions, who hast suffered death to unite all the children of God together, who are scattered over all the countreys of the world; wilt thou have no pitie of my heart, so many times torn in pieces, & strayed among a great multitude of objects, which estrange and draw me from the first of all Unities? My soul melts through all the Gates of my senses, by running after so many creatures which do kindle covetousness, but never serve to refresh or cool the heat of it. Draw me (O Lord) from the great throng of so many exteriour things, that I may retire into my own heart, and from thence arise to thine, where I may find that peace, which thou hast cemented fast with thy most precious bloud.

When shall I see the first beams of that liberty, which thou grantest to thy children? When shall my thoughts return from wandering in those barren regions, where thou art not acknowledged? When shall I be re-united, and so purified by thy favours, that they may celebrate continual days of feast in my soul? I am already there in desire, and shall be there in presence, when by help of thine infinite grace and mercy, I can be wholly thine.

The Gospel upon Saturday, the fifth week in *Lent*, S. *John* 12.

The chief Priests thought to kill *Lazarus*, because the miracle upon him, made many follow JESUS.

But the chief Priests devised for to kill Lazarus *also; because many for him of the Jews went away, and believed in* Jesus.

And on the morrow a great multitude that was come to a festival day, when they had heard that Jesus *cometh to* Jerusalem, *they took the boughs of Palms, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of our Lord, the King of* Israel. *And* Jesus *found a young Ass, and sate upon it, as it is written, Fear not daughter of* Sion: *behold, thy King cometh, sitting upon an Asses colt. These things his Disciples did not know at the first: but when* Jesus *was glorified, then they remembered that these things had been written of him, and these things they did to him. The multitude therefore gave testimony, which was with him when he called* Lazarus *out of the grave, and raised him from the dead. For therefore all the multitude came to meet him, because they heard that he had done this sign. The Pharisees therefore said among themselves, Do you see that we prevail nothing? Behold the whole world is gone after him.*

And there were certain Gentiles of them that came up to adore in the festival day. These therefore came to Philip, *who was of* Bethsaida *of Galilee, and desired him, saying, Sir, we are desirous to see* Jesus. Philip *cometh and telleth* Andrew. *Again,* Andrew *and* Philip *told* Jesus: *but* Jesus *answered them, saying, The hour is come that the Son of man shall be glorified. Amen, Amen, I say to you, Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground, die, it self remaineth alone: but if it die, it bringeth much fruit. He that loveth his life, shall lose it: and he that hateth his life in this world, doth keep it to life everlasting. If any man minister to me, let him follow me: and where I am, there also shall my minister be. If any man minister to me, my Father will honour him.*

Moralities.

1. ADmire here the extasies of our sweet Saviour: He is ravish'd by the object of his death, and is transported by the Idæa of his sufferings. The trumpet of Heaven sounded in the voice which was heard by this great multitude. He encourages himself to his combat; he looks confidently upon the Cross, as the fountain of his glories, and planted his elevation upon the lowest abasements. Shall not we love this Cross, which *Jesus* hath cherished as his Spouse? He gave up his soul in the arms of it, to conquer our souls. We shall never be worthy of him, till we bear the Ensigns of his war, and the ornaments of his peace. Every thing is Paradise to him, that knows how to love the Cross: and every thing is hell to those who flie from it; and no body flies it, but shall find it. It is the gate of our mortality, whither we must all come, though we turn our backs to it.

2. What a great secret it is, to hate our soul, that we may love it; To hate it for a time, that we may love it for all eternity; to punish it in this life, to give it thereby a perpetual rest in that to come; To despise it, that we may honour it: To handle it roughly, that it may be perfectly established in all delights? And yet this is the way which all just men have passed, to arrive at the chiefest point of their rest. They have resembled the Flowers-de-luce, which weep for a time, & out of their own tears produce seeds which renew

their beauties. The salt sea for them becomes a flourishing field, as it did to the people of God, which they came forth of the chains of *Ægypt*. The cloud which appeared to the Prophet *Ezechiel*, carried with it winds and storms, but it was environed with a golden circle, to teach us that the storms of afflictions which happen to Gods children, are encompassed with brightness, and smiling felicity. They must rot as a grain of wheat, that they may bud out and flourish in the ear. They must abide the diversity of times, and endure the sythe and flail; They must be ground in a mill, and pass by water and fire, before they can be made bread pleasing to Jesus Christ. Our losses are our advantages; we loose nothing, but to gain by it; we humble and abase our selves to be exalted, we despoil our selves to be better clothed, and we mortifie our selves, to be revived. O what a grain of wheat is Jesus Christ, who hath past all these trials, to make the heighth of all heavenly glories bud out of his infinite sufferings.

Aspirations.

O God, I have that passionate desire, which these strangers had, to see Jesus. I do not ask it of *Philip*, nor shall *Philip* have cause to ask *Andrew*. My Jesus, I ask it of thy self. Thou art beautifull even in the way of the Cross; Thou didst shew thy self couragious in the Abyss of thy pains: thou art admirable in the contempt of death. The heavenly trumpet hath already sounded for thee, and chearfulness gives wings to carry thee to this great combat, where death and life fight singly together: which makes life die for a time, and death live for ever. I will forsake my very soul, to follow thee in this Agonie, and find my life in thy death, as thou hast extinguished death in thy life.

The Gospel upon Palm-Sunday, S. *Matthew* 21.

Our SAVIOUR come in triumph to *Jerusalem* a little before his Passion.

AND when they drew nigh to Jerusalem, *and were come to* Bethphage, *unto mount* Olivet, *then* Jesus *sent two Disciples, saying to them, Go ye into the Town that is against you, and immediately you shall find an Ass tied, and a colt with her: loose them, and bring them to me. And if any man shall say ought unto you, say ye, That our Lord hath need of them, and forthwith he will let them go. And this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the Prophet, saying, Say ye to the daughter of* Sion, *Behold thy King cometh to thee, meek, and sitting upon an Ass, and a Colt, the foal of her that is used to the yoke. And the Disciples going, did as* Jesus *commanded them: and they brought the Ass, and the Colt; and laid their garments upon them, and made him to sit thereon. And a very great multitude spred their garments in the way: and others did cut boughs from the trees, and strawed them in the way, and the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying: Hosanna to the Son of* David, *blessed is he that cometh in the Name of the Lord.*

Moralities.

1. OUr Saviour goes to his death in triumph: he appears to be a King, but a King of hearts, who requires nothing of us, but our selves, onely to make us happy and contented in him. He triumphs before the victory, because none but he could be sure of the future certainty of his happiness. But he watered his triumphs with tears, to weep for our joys, which were to proceed out of his sadness. It is related by an ancient Orator, that when *Constantine* made his entery into great Britany, (where he was born) the people received him with so great applause, that they kissed the Sails and Oars of the vessel which brought him, and were ready to pave the streets with their bodies for him to tread on. If they did so for a mortal man, what should we not do for an eternal God, who comes to buy us with his precious bloud, and demands enterance into our hearts, onely to give us Paradise.

2. He walks towards his Cross, amongst the cries of favours and joy, to teach us, with what chearfulness we should conform our selves to abide our own sufferings, imitating the Apostles, who received their first reproches, as Manna from heaven. He would have us prepared and resolved always to suffer death patiently; whether it be a death which raiseth up our spirit to forsake sensuality, or a natural death. Whethersoever it be, we should embrace it as the day which must bring us to our lodging, after a troublesom pilgrimage. Doth it not appear plainly, that those who are loth to forsake the world, are like herbs put into an earthen pot among straw and dung, and yet would be unwilling to come forth of it. The furniture of our worldly lodging grown rotten, the roof is ready to fall upon our heads, the foundation shakes under our feet, and we fear that day, which (if we our selves will) shall be the morning of our eternal happiness. It is not death, but onely the opinion of it, which is terrible, and every man considers it according to the disposition of his own spirit.

3. The Palm-branches which we carry in our hands, require from us the renewing of a life purified and cleansed in the bloud of the holy Lamb. In the beginning of Lent we take upon our heads the ashes of Palm branches, to teach us, that we do then, enter (as it were) into the Sepulcher of repentance: But now we carry green bows, to make us know, that now we come out of the tomb of Ashes, to enter again into the strength of doing good works, in imitation of the trees, which having been covered with snow, and buried in the sharpness of winter, do again begin to bud out in the Spring time.

4. The garments spred under the feet of Jesus, declare, that all our temporal goods should be employed toward his glory; and that we must forsake our affections to all things which perish, that we may be partakers of his kingdom. No man can stand firm, that is delighted with moveable things. He that is subject to worldly affections, binds himself to a wheel which turns about continually. Jesus accepted this triumph, onely to despise it: he reserved the honour of it in his own hands, to drown it in the floud of his tears, and in the sea of his precious bloud. If you be rich and wealthy, do not publish it vainly, but let the poor feel it. You must live amongst all the greatness and jollity of this world, as a man whose onely business must be to go to God.

Aspirations.

O Sovereign King of hearts, after whom all chaste loves do languish, I am filled with joy to see thee walk amongst the cries of joy, and the Palms and garments of thy admirers, which served for carpets. I am ravished with thy honours, and the delights of thy glory, and I applaud thy triumphs. Alas, that all the earth is not obedient to thy laws; and that the tongues of all people do not make one voice, to acknowledge thee sole Monarch of Heaven and earth. Triumph at least in the hearts of thy faithfull servants (O my magnificent Master) make a triumphal Ark composed of hearts; Put fire to it with thy adored hand; Pour out one spark of that heat, which thou camest to spread upon the earth. Let every thing burn for thee, and consume it self in

thy

thy love. I do irevocably bind my heart to the magnificence of thy triumph, and I love better to be thy ſlave, than to be ſaluted King of the whole world.

The Goſpel upon Munday in holy week, S. *John* 12.

Saint *Marie Magdalen* anointed our Saviours feet with precious Ointment: at which *Judas* repined.

JEſus *therefore ſix days before the Paſche, came to* Bethania, *where* Lazarus *was, that had been dead, whom* Jeſus *raiſed: and they made him a ſupper there, and* Martha *miniſtered, but* Lazarus *was one of them that ſate at the table with him.* Marie *therefore took a pound of Ointment of right Spikenard precious, and anointed the feet of* Jeſus, *and wiped his feet with her hair: and the houſe was filled of the odour of the Ointment. One therefore of his Diſciples,* Judas Iſcariot, *he that was to betray him, ſaid, Why was not this Ointment ſold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor? And he ſaid this, not becauſe he cared for the poor, but becauſe he was a thief, and having the purſe, carried the things that were put in it.* Jeſus *therefore ſaid, Let her alone, that ſhe may keep it for the day of my burial: for the poor you have always with you, but me you ſhall not have always. A great multitude of the Jews knew that he was there: and they came, not for* Jeſus *onely, but that they might ſee* Lazarus, *whom he raiſed from the dead.*

Moralities.

1. LAzarus being raiſed from his grave, converſeth familiarly with Jeſus and to preſerve the life which he had newly received, he ties himſelf continually to the fountain of lives: to teach us, that ſince we have begun to make a ſtrong converſion from ſin to grace, we muſt not be out of the ſight of God: we muſt live with him, and of him; with him, by applying our ſpirit, our prayers, our ſervours, our paſſionate ſighs toward him: and live of him, by often receiving the bleſſed Sacrament. Happy they (ſaith the Angel in the Apocalyps) who are invited to the wedding-ſupper of the Lamb. But note, that he who invites us to this feaſt, ſtands upright amidſt the Sun, to ſignifie, that we ſhould be as pure as the beams of light, when we come unto the moſt holy Sacrament. *Lazarus* did eat bread with his Lord, but (to ſpeak with S. *Auguſtine*) he did not then eat the bread of our Lord, and yet this great favour is reſerved for you, when you are admitted to that heavenly banquet, where God makes himſelf meat, to give you an Antepaſt of his Immortality.

2. God will have us acknowledge his benefits, by the faithfulneſs of our ſervices. S. *Peter*'s mother in law, as ſoon as ſhe was healed of her Feaver, preſently ſerved her Phyſitian. And obſerve, that *Martha* ſerved the Authour of life, who had redeemed her brother from the power of death. The faithfull *Mary*, who had ſhed tears, gave what ſhe had moſt precious, and obſerves no meaſure in the worth, becauſe Jeſus cannot be valued. *Cleopatra*'s pearl (eſtimated to be worth two hundred thouſand crowns) which ſhe made her friend ſwallow at a Banquet, this holy woman thought too baſe; She melts her heart in a ſacred Limbeck of love, and diſtils it out by her eyes. And Jeſus makes ſo great account of her waters and perfumes, that he would ſuffer no body to waſh his feet, when he inſtituted the bleſſed Sacrament, as not being willing to deface the ſacred characters of his ſacred Lover.

3. *Judas* murmures and covers his villanous paſſion of Avarice, under the colour of Charity, and Mercy towards the poor. And juſt ſo do many cover their vices with a ſpecious ſhew of virtue. The proud man would be thought Magnanimous; the prodigal would paſs for liberal, the covetous for a good huſband; the brain-ſick raſh man, would be reputed couragious; the glutton, a hoſpitable good fellow; Sloth puts on the face of quietneſs, timorouſneſs of wiſdom, impudence of boldneſs, inſolence of liberty, and over-confident or ſawcy prating, would be taken for eloquence. Many men (for their own particular intereſts) borrow ſome colours of the publick good, and very many actions, both unjuſt and unreaſonable, take upon them a ſemblance of piety. S. *Irenæus* ſaith, that many give water, coloured with ſleckt white-lime or plaſter, in ſtead of milk. * And all their life is but a Farſe, where Blackamores are whited over with meal. Poor truth ſuffers much more amongſt theſe cozenages: But you muſt take notice that in the end, wicked and diſſembling *Judas* did burſt, and ſhew his damned ſoul ſtark naked. Yet ſome think fairly to cover foul intentions, who muſt needs know well, that hypocriſie hath no vail to cozen death.

* A Farſe is a French Jig, wherein the faces of all the actours are whited over with meal.

Aſpirations.

I See no Altars in all the world more amiable than the feet of our Saviour; I will go by his ſteps to find his feet; and by the excellencies of the beſt of men, I will go find out the God of gods. Thoſe feet are admirable, and S. *John* hath well deſcribed them to be made of mettal, burning in a furnace, they are feet of mettal by their conſtancy, and feet of fire by the enflamed affections of their Maſter. Let *Judas* murmure at it, what he will; but if I had a ſea of ſweet odours, and odoriferous perfumes, I would empty them all upon an object ſo worthy of love. Give, (O mine eyes) Give at leaſt tears to this precious Holocauſt, which goes to ſacrifice it ſelf for ſatisfaction of your libidinous concupiſcences. Waſh it with your waters, before it waſh you with its bloud. O my ſoul, ſeek not after excrements of thy head, to drie it: Thy hairs are thy thoughts, which muſt onely think of him, who thought ſo kindly and paſſionately of thee, on the day of his Eternity.

The Goſpel upon Maunday Thurſday, S. *John* the 13.

Of our Saviours waſhing the feet of his Apoſtles.

AND *before the feſtival day of the Paſche,* Jeſus *knowing that his hour was come, that he ſhould paſs out of this world to his Father: whereas he had loved his that were in the world, unto the end he loved them. And when ſupper was done, whereas the devil now had put into the heart of* Judas Iſcarior, *the ſon of* Simon, *to betray him, knowing that the Father gave him all things into his hands, and that he came from God, and goeth to God: he riſeth from ſupper, and layeth aſide his garments, and having taken a towel, girded himſelf. After that he put water into a baſon, and began to waſh the feet of the Diſciples, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded. He cometh therefore to* Simon Peter; *and* Peter *ſaith to him, Lord, doſt thou waſh my feet?* Jeſus *anſwered, and ſaid to him, That which I do, thou knoweſt not now, hereafter thou ſhalt know.* Peter *ſaith to him, Thou ſhalt not waſh my feet for ever.* Jeſus *anſwered him, if I waſh thee not, thou ſhalt not have part with me.* Simon Peter *ſaith to him, Lord, not onely my feet, but alſo hands and head.* Jeſus *ſaith to him, He that is waſhed, needeth not but to waſh his feet, but is clean wholly: and you are clean, but not all; for he knew who he was that would betray him, therefore he ſaid, You are not clean all.*

Therefore after he had waſhed their feet, and taken his garments, being ſet down, again he ſaid to them, Know you what I have done to you? You call me Maſter, and Lord, and you ſay well, for I am ſo. If then I have waſhed your feet, Lord and Maſter, you alſo ought to waſh one anothers feet. For I have given you an example, that as I have done to you, ſo do you alſo.

Moralities.

1. JEſus loves his ſervants for an end, and till the full accompliſhment of that end. The world loves his creatures with a love which tends to concupiſcence; but that is not the end for which they were made, or ſhould be loved. There is a very great difference between them: for the love of worldly men, plays the tyrant in the world; ſnatching and turning all things from the true ſcope and intention, for which they were made by God, diverting them to profane uſes, by turbulent and forcible ways. The world pleaſeth it ſelf to ſet up Idols every where, to make it ſelf adored in them, as chief Sovereign. It makes uſe of the Sun to light his crimes; of the fatneſs of the earth to fatten his pleaſures, of apparrel for his luxury, of all mettals to kindle Avarice, and of the pureſt beauties to ſerve ſenſuality. And if by chance it love any creature, with a well-wiſhing love, and as it ought to be loved, that is not permanent. The wind is not more inconſtant, nor a calm at Sea more unfaithfull than worldly friendſhip. For ſometimes it begins with Fire, and ends in Ice. It is made as between a pot and a glaſs, and is broken ſooner than a glaſs. The ancient *Almans* tried their children in the *Rhine*, but true friendſhip is tried in a ſea of Tribulation. It is onely Jeſus (the preſerver and reſtorer of all things) who loves us from Eternity to Eternity. We muſt follow the ſacred ſteps of his examples, to reduce our ſelves to our firſt beginning, and to bring our ſelves to the final point of our happineſs.

2. The water at firſt was a mild element, which ſerved the Majeſty of God, as a floting chariot, ſince (as the Scripture ſaith) his Spirit was carried upon the waters, from whence he drew the ſeeds which produced all the world. But after man had ſinned, like a Supream Judge, he made uſe of the gentleſt things to be the inſtruments of our puniſhments. The water which carried the Divine Mercies, was choſen at the deluge, to drown all mankind. Now at this time Jeſus ſanctified it by his ſacred touch: He took the Baſon, which being in his hands, became greater and more full of Majeſty, than all the Ocean. Our ſpots, which eternity could not waſh clean, are taken away at Baptiſm, by one onely drop of water, ſanctified by his bleſſing. He prevents the bath of his bloud, by the bath of an element: which he doth expreſly before his inſtitution of the bleſſed Sacrament; to teach us, what purity of life, of heart, of faith, of intentions and affections, we muſt bring to the holy Euchariſt. It is neceſſary to chaſe away all ſtrange gods (which are ſins and paſſions) before we receive the God of *Iſrael*: we muſt waſh our ſelves in the waters of repentance, and change our attire by a new converſation. Is it too much for us to give fleſh for fleſh, the body of a miſerable man, for that of Jeſus Chriſt? The conſideration of our ſins ſhould bring up the bloud of bluſhing into our cheeks, ſince they were the onely cauſe why he ſhed his moſt precious bloud upon the Croſs for us. Alas, the Heavens are not pure before his moſt pure Spirit, which purifies all nature: Then how can we go to him, with ſo many voluntary ſtains and deformities? Is it not to caſt flowers upon a dung-hill, and to drive Swine to a clear fountain, when we will go to Jeſus (the Authour of innocency) carrying with us the ſteps and ſpots of our hanious ſins?

3. Jeſus would not onely take upon himſelf the form of man, but alſo of a baſe ſervant, as S. *Paul* ſaith. It was the office of ſlaves to carry water to waſh bodies; which made *David* ſay, That *Moab* ſhould be the Baſon of his hope, expreſſing thereby, that he would humble the Moabites ſo low, that they ſhould ſerve onely to bring water to waſh unclean houſes. Alas, who would have ſaid, that the Meſſias was come amongſt us to execute the office of a Moabite? What force hath conquered him, what arms have brought him under, but onely love? How can we then become proud, and burn incenſe to that Idol, called *Point of honour*, when we ſee how our God humbled himſelf in this action? Obſerve with what preparation the Evangeliſt ſaid, that his Heavenly Father had put all into his hands: that he came from God, and went to God; yet in ſtead of taking the worlds Scepter, he takes a Baſon, and humbles himſelf to the moſt ſervile offices. And if the waters of this Baſon cannot burſt in us the foul impoſtume of vanity, we muſt expect no other remedy, but the eternal flames of hell fire.

Aſpirations.

O King of Lovers, and Maſter of all holy Loves, Thou loveſt for an end, and till the accompliſhment of that end. It appertains onely to thee, to teach the Art of loving well, ſince thou haſt practiſed it ſo admirably. Thou art none of thoſe delicate friends, who onely make love to beauties, to gold, and ſilk; thou loveſt our very poverty, and our miſeries; becauſe they ſerve for objects of thy charity. Let proud *Michol* laugh (while ſhe liſt) to ſee my dear *David* made as a water-bearer; I honour him as much in that poſture, as I would, ſitting upon the throne of all the world. I look upon him holding this Baſon, as upon him that holds the vaſt ſeas in his hands. O my merciful *Jeſus*, I beſeech thee waſh; waſh again, and make clean my moſt ſinfull ſoul. Be it as black as hell, being in thy hands, it may become more white than that Dove (with ſilver wings) of which the Prophet ſpeaks. I go, I run to the fountain; I burn with love amongſt thy purifying waters. I deſire affectionately to humble my ſelf, but I know not where to find ſo low a place as thine, when thou thus waſt humbled before *Judas*, to waſh his traiterours feet.

Upon the Garden of Mount *Olivet*.

Moralities.

1. JEſus enters into a Garden, to expiate the ſin committed in a Garden by the firſt man. The firſt *Adam* ſtole the fruit, and the ſecond is ordained to make ſatisfaction. It is a ſtrange thing, that he choſe the places of our delights, for ſuffering his pains; and never lookt upon our moſt dainty ſweets, but to draw out of them moſt bitter ſorrows. Gardens are made for recreations, but our Saviour finds there onely deſolation. The Olives, which are tokens of peace, denounce war unto him. The plants there do groan; the flowers are but flowers of death, and thoſe fountains are but fountains of ſweat and bloud. He that ſhall ſtudy well this Garden, muſt needs be aſhamed of all his pleaſant Gardens: and will forſake thoſe refined curioſities of Tulips, to make his heart become another manner of Garden, where Jeſus ſhould be planted, as the onely Tree of Life, which brings forth the moſt perfect fruits of juſtice.

2. It was there that the greateſt Champion of the world undertook ſo great Combats, which began with ſweat and bloud, but ended with the loſs of his life. There were three marvellous Agonies, of God and

and Death; of Joy and Sorrow; of the Soul and Flesh of *Jesus*. God and Death were two incomparable things; since God is the first, and the most universal of all lives, who banisheth from him all the operations of death, and yet his love finds means to unite them together for our redemption.

The joy of beatitude was a fruition of all celestial delights, whereunto nothing which displeased, could have access; and yet *Jesus* suffered sorrow, to give him a mortal blow, even in the Sanctuary of his Divinity. He afflicted himself for us, because we knew not what it was to afflict our selves for him, and he descended by our steps to the very anguishes of death, to make us rise by his death, to the greatest joyes of life.

To be short, there was a great duel between the affectionate love, and the virginal flesh of *Jesus*. His soul did naturally love a body, which was so obedient; and his body followed wholly the inclinations of his soul: There was so perfect an agreement between these two parties, that their separation must needs be most dolorous. Yet *Jesus* would have it so, and signed the decree by sweating bloud. And, as if it had been too little to weep for our sins with two eyes, he suffered as many eyes as he had veins, to be made in his body, to shed for us tears of his own bloud.

3. Observe here how this soul of *Jesus* amongst those great anguishes, continued always constant, like the Needle of a Sea-compass in a storm. He prays, he exhorts, he orders, he reproves, and he encourages; he is like the Heavens, which (amongst so many motions and agitations) lose no part of their measure or proportion. Nature and obedience make great convulsions in his heart; but he remains constantly obedient to the will of his Heavenly Father: he tears himself from himself, to make himself a voluntary sacrifice for death, amongst all his inclinations to life; to teach us that principal lesson of Christianity, which is to desire onely what God will, and to execute all the decrees of his divine Providence, as our chiefest helps to obtain perfection.

Aspirations.

O Beauteous garden of Olives, which from henceforth shalt be the most delicious object of my heart. I will lose my self in thy walks, I will be lost with God, that I may never be lost. I will breathe onely thy air, since it is made noble by the sighs of my dear Master. I will gather thy flowers, since *Jesus* hath marked them with his bloud. I will wash my self in those fountains, since they are sanctified by the sweat of my *Jesus*. I will have no other joy, but the sorrow of the Son of God, nor any other will but his. O my sweet Saviour, Master and teacher of all humane kind, wilt thou be abridged of thine own will (which was so reasonable and pure) to give me an example of mortifying my passions, and shall I (before thy face) retain any wicked or disordinate appetites? Is it possible I should desire to be Lord of my self (who am so bad a Master) when I see the Authour of all goodness separate himself from himself, onely to make me and all mankind, partakers of his merits?

Of the apprehension of Jesus.

IN that obscure and dolorous night, wherein our Saviour was apprehended, three sorts of darkness were cast; upon the Jews, upon *Judas*, and upon Saint *Peter*: A darkness of obduration upon the hearts of the Jews; a darkness of ingratefull maligny upon *Judas*; and a darkness of infirmity upon Saint *Peter*. Was there ever any blindness like that of the Jews, who fought for the shining Sun with lighted torches, without knowing him by so many beams of power, which shined from him? They are strucken down with the voice of the Son of God, as with lightening; and they rise again upon the earth to arm themselves against Heaven. They bind his hands to take away the use of his forces, but they could not stop the course of his bounties. To shew that he is totally good, he is good and charitable, even amongst his merciless executioners, and he lost all he had (saving his Godhead) onely to gain patience.

When S. *Peter* stroke the high Priests servant, the patience of our Lord Jesus received the blow, and had no patience till he was healed. If goodness did shew forth any one beam in the garden, modesty sent forth another in the house of *Annas*, when his face was strucken by a servile hand, his mouth opened it self as a Temple, from whence nothing came but sweetness and light. The God of Truth speaketh to *Caiaphas*, and they spit upon his brightness, and cover that face which must discover Heaven for us. The mirrour of Angels is tarnisht with the spittle of infernal mouthes, and wounded by most sacrilegious hands, without any disturbance of his constancy. That was invincible by his vertue, as the willfulness of the Jews stood immoveable by their obduration. There are souls, which after they have filled the earth with crimes, expect no cure of their diseases, but by the hell of the reprobate

2. The second darkness appeareth by the black passion of *Judas*, who falls down into hell with his eyes open; and after he had sold his soul, sold *Jesus*, and both all he had, and all he was, to buy an infamous halter to hang himself. A soul become passionate with wanton love, with ambition or avarice, is banished into it self, as into a direct hell, and delivered to her own passions, as to the Furies. The Poet *Hydra* had but seven heads; but the spirit of Avarice (S. *Iohn Climacus* saith) hath ten thousand. The conversation of *Jesus*, which was so full of infinite attractions, could never win the spirit of *Iudas*, when it was once bewitched with covetousness. The tinkling of silver kept him from rightly understanding *Iesus*. He makes use of the most holy things, to betray Holiness it self. He employes the kiss of peace, to begin war. He carries poison in his heart, and honey in his mouth: he puts on the spirit of *Iesus*, to betray him. This shews us plainly, that covetous and traiterous persons are farthest from God, and neerest to the devils.

3. The third power of darkness appeared in the infirmity of S. *Peter*, who after so many protestations of fidelity, for feat of death, renounced the Authour of life. One of the Ancients said, The greatest frailty of Humanity, was, that the wisest men were not infallibly wise at all times. And all men are astonished to see, that the greatest spirits (being left to themselves) become barren, and suffer eclipses, which give examples to the wisest, and terrour to all the world. God hath suffered the fall of S. *Peter*, to make us have in horrour all presumption of our own forces; and to teach us, that over-great assurance is oftentimes mother of an approaching danger. Besides, it seemeth he would by this example, consecrate the virtue of repentance in this fault of him, whom he chose to be head of his Church; to make us see, that there is no dignity so high, nor holiness so eminent, which doth not ow Tribute to the mercy of God.

Aspirations.

Upon S. *Peters* tears.

IT is most true (saith S. *Peter*) that a proud felicity hath alwayes reeling feet. Thou which didst defie the gates of hell, hast yielded thy self to the voice of a simple woman. All those conquests which thou

thou didſt promiſe to thy ſelf, are become the tropheys of ſo weak a hand Return to the combat, and ſince ſhe hath triumphed over thee, do thou at leaſt triumph over thy ſelf. Alas, I am afraid even to behold the place of my fall, and the weak ſnares of a ſimple woman appear to me as boiſterous chains. Yet what can he fear, who is reſolute to die? If thou find death amongſt theſe maſſacres, thou ſhouldſt rather embrace than decline it: For what can it do, but make thee companion of life it ſelf? Our ſoul is yet too foul to be a ſacrifice for God; let us firſt waſh it with tears. I fell down before the fire, and I will riſe by water. I have walked upon the ſea to come to Jeſus, and I will now return to him by the way of my tears. I will ſpeak now onely by my tears, ſince I have lately talked ſo wickedly with my mouth. Since that which ſhould open to ſpeak Oracles for the Church, hath been employed to commit foul treaſon; ſince we have nothing left free to us, but ſighs and groans, let us make uſe of the laſt liberty which is left us, and when all is ſpent, return to the mercy of Jeſus, which all the ſins of the world can never evacuate. I will from henceforth be a perpetual example to the Church by my fall, and riſing again from death; for the comfort of ſinners; and the fault of one night ſhall be lamented by me alll the days of my life.

Moralities upon the *Pretorian*, or *Judgement-Hall.*

1. IN the paſſion of our Saviour, all things are divine, and it ſeemeth they go as high as they could be raiſed by that Sovereign power, joyned with extream love. Jeſus the moſt ſupream and redoubted Judge, who will come in his great Majeſty to judge the world, fire and lightening ſtreaming from his face, and all things trembling under his feet, was pleaſed at this time to be judged as a criminal perſon. Every thing is moſt admirable in this judgement: The Accuſers ſpeak nothing of thoſe things, which they had reſolved in their counſels, but all ſpake againſt their conſciences. As ſoon as they are heard, they are condemned; juſtice forſaketh them, and they are wholly poſſeſt with rage. *Pilate*, before he gave judgement upon Jeſus, pronounced it againſt himſelf: for after he had ſo many times declared him innocēt, he could not give judgement, without proteſting himſelf to be unjuſt. The ſilence of Jeſus is more admired by this infidel, than the eloquence of all the world; and Truth, without ſpeaking one word, triumpheth over falſhood. A Pagan Lady (the wife of *Pilate*) is more knowing than all the Laws: more religious than the Prieſts; more zealous than the Apoſtles, more couragious than the men of Arms: when ſhe ſleepeth, Jeſus is in her ſleep: when ſhe talketh, Jeſus is upon her tongue: if ſhe write, Jeſus is under her pen: her letter defended him at the Judgement-Hall, when all the world condemned him; ſhe calleth him holy, when they uſed him like a thief: She maketh her husband waſh his hands, before he touched that bloud, the high price of which ſhe proclaimed. She was a Roman Lady by Nation, called *Claudia Procula*, and it was very fit ſhe ſhould defend this Jeſus, who was to plant the Seat of his Church in *Rome*. All this while Jeſus doth good amongſt ſo many evils: He had cauſed a place to be bought newly for the burial of Pilgrims at the price of his bloud; he reconciles *Herod* and *Pilate*, by the loſs of his life. He ſets *Barrabas* at liberty, by the loſs of his honour: he ſpeaks not one word to him that had killed S. *John* the Baptiſt, who was the voice. And the other to revenge himſelf (without thinking what he did) ſhewed him as a King. He appears before *Pilate* as the king of dolours, that he might become for us the King of glories. But what a horrour is it to conſider, that in this judgement, he was uſed like a ſlave, like a ſorcerer, like an accurſed ſacrifice? Slavery made him ſubject to be whipped, the crown of thorns was given onely to Enchanters, and that made him appear as a Sorcerer: And ſo many curſes pronounced againſt him, made him as the diſmiſſive Goat, mentioned in *Leviticus*, which was a miſerable beaſt, upon which they caſt all their execrations, before they ſent it to die in the deſart. He that bindeth the ſhowers in clouds, to make them water the earth, is bound and drawn like a criminal perſon: He that holds the vaſt ſeas in his fiſt, and ballanceth Heaven with his fingers, is ſtrucken by ſervile hands. He that enamels the boſom of the earth, with a rare and pleaſing diverſity of flowers, is moſt ignominiouſly crowned with a crown of thorns. O hydeous prodigies, which took away from us the light of the Sun, and covered the Moon with a ſorrowfull darkneſs. Behold what a garland of flowers he hath taken upon his head, to expiate the ſins of both Sexes. It was made of briars and thorns, which the earth of our fleſh had ſowed for us, and which the virtue of his Croſs took away. All the pricks of death were thruſt upon this prodigious patience, which planted her throne upon the head of our Lord. Conſider how the Son of God would be uſed for our ſins, while we live in delicacies? and one little offenſive word goeth to our hearts; to which, though he that ſpake it, gave the ſwiftneſs of wings, yet we keep it ſo ſhut up in our hearts, that it getteth leaden heels, which make it continue there fixed.

Aſpirations.

ALas, what do I ſee here? A crown of thorns grafted upon a man of thorns: A man of dolours, who burns between two fires, the one of love, the other of tribulation; both which do inflame and devour him equally, and yet never can conſume him. O thou the moſt pure of all beauties, where have my ſins placed thee? Thou art no more a man, but a bloudy skin taken from the teeth of Tigers and Leopards. Alas, what a ſpectacle is this to deſpoil this ſilk * worm, which at this day attires our Churches and Altars? How could they make thoſe men (who looked upon thy chaſte body) ſtrike and diſfigure it? O white Alabaſter, how haſt thou been ſo changed into ſcarlet? Every ſtroke hath made a wound, and every wound a fountain of bloud. And yet ſo many fountains of thy ſo precious bloud, cannot draw from me one tear. But O ſacred Nightingale of the Croſs, who hath put thee within theſe thorns, to make ſo great harmonies onely by thy ſilence? O holy thorns, I do not ask you where are your Roſes. I know well they are the bloud of Jeſus, and I am not ignorant that all roſes would be thorns, if they had any feeling of that which you have. Jeſus carried them upon his head, but I will bear them at my heart: and thou (O Jeſus) ſhalt be the object of my preſent dolours, that thou mayeſt after be the Fountain of my everlaſting joys.

* *Ego ſum vermis & non homo.* Pſalm 21.

Moralities for Good Friday upon the death of JESUS CHRIST.

MOunt *Calvarie* is a marvellous ſcaffold, where the chiefeſt Monarch of all the world, loſeth his life, to reſtore our ſalvation which was loſt, and where he makes the Sun to be eclipſed over his head, and ſtones to be cloven under his feet; to teach us by inſenſible creatures, the feeling which we ſhould have of his ſufferings.

This is the ſchool where Jeſus teacheth that great Leſſon, which is the way to do well. And we cannot

not better learn it than by his examples, ſince he was pleaſed to make himſelf paſſible and mortal, to overcome our paſſions, and to be the Authour of our immortality.

The qualities of a good death may be reduced to three points: of which the firſt is to have a right conformity to the will of God, for the manner, the hour, and circumſtances of our death.

The ſecond is, to forſake as well the affections, as the preſence of all creatures of this baſe world.

The third is, to unite our ſelves to God by the praćtiſe of great virtues, which will ſerve as ſteps to glory.

Now theſe three conditions are to be ſeen in the death of the Prince of Glory upon Mount *Calvarie*; which we will take as the pureſt Idea's, whereby to regulate our paſſage out of this world.

1. CONſider in the firſt place, that every man living hath a natural inclination to life, becauſe it hath ſome kind of divinity in it. We love it, when it ſmileth upon us, as if it were our Paradiſe; and if it be troubleſom, yet we ſtrive to retain it, though it be accompanied with very great miſeries. And if we muſt needs forſake this miſerable body, we then deſire to leave it by ſome gentle and eaſie death. This maketh us plainly ſee the generoſity of our Saviour, who being Maſter of life and death, and having it in his power to chuſe that manner of death which would be leaſt hydeous, (being of it ſelf full enough of horrour) yet nevertheleſs, to conform himſelf to the will of his heavenly Father, and to confound our delicacies, he would needs leave his life by the moſt dolorous and ignominious, which was to be found among all the deaths of the whole world. The Croſs among the Gentiles, was a puniſhment for ſlaves, and the moſt deſperate perſons of the whole world. The Croſs amongſt the Hebrews was accurſed: It was the ordinary curſe which the moſt uncapable and moſt malicious mouthes did pronounce againſt their greateſt enemies. The death of a crucified man, was the moſt continual, languiſhing, and tearing of a ſoul from the body, with moſt exceſſive violence and agony. And yet the Eternal Wiſdom choſe this kind of puniſhment, and drank all the ſorrows of a cup ſo bitter. He ſhould have died upon ſome Trophey, and breathed out his laſt amongſt flowers, and left his ſoul in a moment: and if he muſt needs have felt death, to have had the leaſt ſenſe of it that might be. But he would trie the rigour of all greateſt ſufferings: he would fall to the very bottom of diſhonour: and (having ever ſpared from himſelf all the pleaſures of this life) to make his death compleat, he would ſpare none of thoſe infinite dolours. The devout *Simon* of Caſſia asketh our Saviour, going toward Mount *Calvarie*, ſaying, O Lord, whither go you with the extream weight of this dry, and barren piece of wood? Whither do you carry it, and why? Where do you mean to ſet it? Upon mount *Calvary*? That place is moſt wild & ſtony: how will you plant it? Who ſhall water it? Jeſus anſwers, I bear upon my ſhoulders a piece of wood, which muſt conquer him, who muſt make a far greater conqueſt by the ſame piece of wood: I carry it to mount *Calvarie*, to plant it by my death, and water it with my bloud. This wood which I bear, muſt bear me, to bear the ſalvation of all the world, and to draw all after me. And then (O faithfull ſoul) wilt not thou ſuffer ſome confuſion, at thine own delicacies? to be ſo fearfull of death by an ordinary diſeaſe, in a doun-bed, amongſt ſuch neceſſary ſervices, ſuch favourable helps, conſolations and kindneſſes of friends ſo ſenſible of thy condition? We bemoan and complain our ſelves of heat, cold, diſtaſte, of diſquiet, of grief: Let us allow ſome of this to Nature; yet muſt it be confeſt, that we lament our ſelves very much: becauſe we have never known how we ſhould lament a Jeſus Chriſt crucified. Let us die as it ſhall pleaſe the Divine Providence: If death come when we are old, it is a hayen: If in youth, it is a direct benefit antedated: If by ſickneſs, it is the nature of our bodies: If by external violence, it is yet always the decree of Heaven. It is no matter how many deaths there are, we are ſure there can be but one for us.

2. Conſider further, the ſecond condition of a good death, which conſiſts in the forſaking of all creatures, and you ſhall find it moſt punctually obſerved by our Saviour at the time of his death. *Ferrara*, a great Divine, who hath written a book of the hidden Word, toucheth twelve things abandoned by our Saviour.

1. *His apparrel, leaving himſelf naked.*
2. *The marks of his dignitie.*
3. *The Colledge of his Apoſtles.*
4. *The ſweetneſs of all comfort.*
5. *His own proper will.*
6. *The authority of virtues.*
7. *The power of Angels.*
8. *The perfect joys of his ſoul.*
9. *The proper clarity of his body.*
10. *The honors due to him.*
11. *His own skin.*
12. *All his bloud.*

Now, do but conſider his abandoning the principal of thoſe things, how bitter it was. Firſt, the abandoning of neareſt and moſt faithfull friends, is able to afflict any heart: Behold him forſaken by all his ſo well-beloved Diſciples, of whom he had made choice (amongſt all mortal men) to be the depoſitaries of his doctrine, of his life, of his bloud. If *Judas* be at the myſtery of his Paſſion, it is to betray him. If S. *Peter* be there aſſiſting, it is to deny him: If his ſorrowfull mother ſtand at the foot of the Croſs, it is to increaſe the grief of her Son; and after he had been ſo ill handled by his cruel executioners, to crucifie him again by the hands of Love. The couragious Mother, to triumph over her ſelf by a magnanimous conſtancy, was preſent at the execution of her dear Son. She fixed her eyes upon all his wounds, to engrave them deep in her heart. She opened her ſoul wide, to receive that ſharp piercing ſword, with which ſhe was threatened by that venerable old *Simeon* at her Purification: And Jeſus, who ſaw her ſo afflicted for his ſake, felt himſelf doubly crucified upon the wood of the Croſs, and the heart of his dear Mother. We know it by experience, that when we love one tenderly, his afflictions and diſgraces will trouble us more than our own, becauſe he living in us by an affectionate life, we live in him by a life of reaſon and election. Jeſus lived and repoſed in the heart of his bleſſed Mother, as upon a Throne of love, and as within a Paradiſe of his moſt holy delights. This heart was before as a bed covered with flowers: But this ſame heart (on the day of his Paſſion) became like a ſcaffold hanged with mourning, whereupon our Saviour entered, to be tormented and crucified upon the croſs of love, which was the Croſs of his Mother. This admirable Merchant, who deſcended from Heaven to accompliſh the buſineſs of all Ages; (who took upon him our miſeries, to give us felicities) was plunged within a ſea of bloud; and in this ſo precious ſhipwrack, there remained one onely ineſtimable pearl, (which was his divine Mother) and yet he abandons her, and gives her into the hand of his Diſciple. After he had forſaken thoſe neareſt to him, ſee what he does with his body; Jeſus did ſo abandon it (a little before his death) that not being content onely to deliver it as a prey to ſorrow, but he ſuffered it to be expoſed naked, to the view of the world. And amongſt his ſharpeſt dolours, (after he had been refuſed the drink which they gave to malefactours, to ſtrengthen them in their torments) he took for himſelf vinegar and gall. O what a ſpectacle was it to ſee a body torn in pieces, which reſted it ſelf upon its own wounds, which was dying every moment, but could not die, becauſe that life diſtilled by drops? What Martyr did ever endure, in a body ſo ſenſible and delicate, having an imagination ſo lively, and in ſuch piercing dolours,

lours, mixt with so few comforts? And what Martyr did suffer for all the sins of the whole world, as he did, proportioning his torments according to the fruits which were to proceed from his Cross? Perhaps, O faithfull soul, thou lookest for a mans body in thy Jesus, but thou findest nothing but the appearance of one, crusted over with gore bloud: Thou seekest for limbs, and findest nothing but wounds: Thou lookest for a Jesus, which appeared glorious upon Mount *Tabor*, as upon a Throne of Majestie, with all the Ensigns of his Glory, and thou findest onely a skin all bloudy, fastened to a Cross between two thieves. And if the consideration of this cannot bring drops of bloud from thy heart, it must be more insensible than a diamond.

3. To conclude, observe the third quality of a good death, which will declare it self by the exercise of great and heroick virtues. Consider that incomparable mildness which hath astonished all Ages, hath encouraged all virtues, hath condemned all revenges, hath instructed all Schools, and crowned all good actions: He was raised upon the Cross, when his dolours were most sharp and piercing; when his wounds did open on all sides, when his precious bloud shed upon the earth, and moistened it in great abundance; when he saw his poor clothes torn in pieces, and yet bloudy in the hands of those who crucified him. He considered the extream malice of that cruel people, how those which could not wound him with iron, pierced him with the points of their accursed tongues. He could quickly have made fire come down from Heaven upon those rebellious heads. And yet forgetting all his pains to remember his mercies, he opened his mouth, and the first word he spake, was in favour of his enemies, to negotiate their reconciliation, before his soul departed. The learned Cardinal *Hugues* admiring this excessive charity of our Saviour toward his enemies, applies excellent well that which is spoken of the Sun in *Ecclesiasticus*. He brings news to all the world at his rising, and at noon day he burns the earth, and heats those furnaces of Nature, which make it produce all her feats.

So Jesus the Sun of the intelligible world, did manifest himself at his Nativity, as in the morning. But the Cross was his bed at noon, from whence came those burning streams of Love, which enflame the hearts of all blessed persons, who are like furnaces of that eternal fire, which burns in holy *Sion*.

On the other part, admire that great magnanimity which held him so long upon the Cross, as upon a throne of honour and power; when he bestowed Paradise upon a man that was his companion in suffering. I cannot tell whether in this action we should more admire the good fortune of the good thief, or the greatness of Jesus. The happiness of the good thief, who is drawn for a cut-throat to prison; from prison to the Judgement-hall, from thence to the Cross, and thence goes to Paradise, without needing any other gate, but the heart of Jesus.

On the other side, what can be more admirable than to see a man crucified, to do that act, which must be performed by the living God, when the world shall end? To save some, to make others reprobate, and to judge from the height of his Cross, as if he sate upon the chiefest throne of all Monarchs.

But we must needs affirm, that the virtue of patience in this, holds a chief place, and teaches very admirable lessons. He endures the torments of body, and the pains of spirit, in all the faculties of his soul, in all the parts of his virgin flesh; and by the cruelty and multiplicity of his wounds, they all become one onely wound, from the sole of his foot, to the top of his head.

His delicate body suffers most innocently, and all, by most ingrate and hypocritical persons, who would colour their vengeance with an apparance of holiness. He suffers without any comfort at all, and (which is more) without bemoaning himself; he suffers whatsoever they would, or could lay upon him, to the very last gasp of his life. Heaven wears mourning upon the Cross, all the Citizens of Heaven weep over his torments, the earth quakes, stones rend themselves, Sepulchers open; the dead arise: Onely Jesus dies unmoveable upon this throne of patience.

To conclude, who would not be astonished at the tranquility of his spirit, and amongst those great convulsions of the world, which moved round about the Cross, amongst such bloudy dolours, insolent cries, and insupportable blasphemies, how he remained upon the Cross, as in a Sanctuary, at the foot of an Altar, bleeding, weeping, and praying, to mingle his prayers with his bloud and tears. I do now understand why the Wiseman said, He planted Isles within the Abyss, since that in so great a Gulf of afflictions, he shewed such a serenity of spirit; thereby making a Paradise for his Father (amongst so great pains) by the sweet perfume of his virtues. After he had prayed for his enemies, given a promise of Paradise to the good thief, and recommended his Mother to his Disciple, he shut up his eyes from all humane things, entertaining himself onely with prayers and sighs to his Heavenly Father. O that at the time of our deaths, we could imitate the death of Jesus, and then we should be sure to find the streams of life.

Aspirations.

O Spectacles of horrour, but Abyss of goodness and mercy. I feel my heart divided by horrour, pitie, hate, love, execration, and adoration. But my admiration being ravished, carries me beyond my self. Is this then that bloudy sacrifice which hath been expected from all Ages? This hidden mystery, this profound knowledge of the Cross; this dolorous Jesus, which makes the honourable amends between Heaven and earth, to the eternal Father, for expiation of the sins of humane kind.

Alas, poor Lord, thou hadst but one life, and I see a thousand instruments of death, which have taken it away. Was there need of opening so many bloudy doors, to let out thine innocent soul? Could it not part from thy body without making (on all sides) so many wounds? which after they have served for the objects of mens cruelty, serve now for those of thy mercy? O my Jesus, I know not to whom I speak, for I do no more know thee in the state thou now art; or if I do, it is onely by thy miseries, because they are so excessive, that there was need of a God to suffer what thou hast endured. I look upon thy disfigured countenance, to find some part of thy resemblance, and yet can find none but that of thy love. Alas, O beautifull head, which dost carry all the glory of the highest Heaven, divide with me this dolorous Crown of Thorns; they were my sins which sowed them, and it is thy pleasure that thine innocency should mow them. Give me, O Sacred mouth, give me that Gall which I see upon thy lips: suffer me to sprinkle all my pleasures with it, since after a long continuance, it did shut up and conclude all thy dolours. Give me, O Sacred hands, and adored feet, the Nails which have pierced you: love binds you fast enough to the Cross without them. But do thou, O Lord, hold me fast to thy self, by the chain of thine immensity.

O Lance, cruel Lance, Why didst thou open that most precious side? Thou didst think perhaps to find there the Sons life, and yet thou foundest nothing but the Mothers heart. But without so much as thinking what thou didst, in playing the murderer, thou hast made a Sepulcher, wherein I will from henceforth bury my soul. When I behold these wounds of my dear Saviour, I do acknowledge the strokes of my own hand; I will therefore likewise engrave there my

my repentance: I will write my conversion with an eternal Character. And if I must live, I will never breathe any other life, but that onely which shall be produced from the death of my Jesus crucified.

The Gospel for Easter-day. S. *Mark* 16.

AND when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, *and* Mary *of* James, *and* Salome *brought spices, that coming, they might anoint* Jesus. *And very early the first of the Sabbaths, they come to the Monument: the Sun being now risen. And they say one to another, who shall roll us back the stone from the door of the Monument? And looking, they saw the stone rolled back, For it was very great. And entering into the Monument, they saw a young man sitting on the right hand, covered with a white Robe: and they were astonied. Who saith to them, Be not dismayed, you seek* Jesus *of* Nazareth *that was crucified: he is risen, he is not here, behold the place where they laid him. But go, tell his Disciples, and* Peter, *that he goeth before you into* Galilee: *there you shall see him, as he told you.*

Moralities.

1. THE Sepulcher of Jesus becomes a fountain of life, which carries in power, all the glories of the highest Heaven. Our Saviour riseth from thence, as day out of the East; and appears as triumphant in the ornaments of his beauties, as he had been humbled by the excess of his mercies. The rage of the Jews looseth here its power, death his sting, Satan his kingdom, the Tomb his corruption, and hell his conquest. Mortality is destroyed, life is illuminated; all is drowned in one day of glory, which comes from the glorious light of our Redeemer. It is now (saith *Tertullian*) that he is revested with his Robe of Honour, and is acknowledged as the eternal Priest for all eternity. It is now (saith S. *Gregory Nazianzen*) that he re-assembles humane kind (which was scattered so many years by the sin of one man) and placeth it between the arms of his Divinity. This is the Master-piece of his profound humility; and I dare boldly affirm (saith S. *Ambrose*) that God had lost the whole world, if this Sacred Virtue, which he made so clearly shine in his beloved Son, had not put him into possession of his Conquests. We should all languish after this Triumphant state of the Resurrection, which will make an end of all our pains, and make our Crowns everlasting.

2. Let us love our Jesus as the *Maries* did, that, with them, we may be honoured with his visits. Their love is indefatigable, couragious and insatiable. They had all the day walkt round about the Judgement-Hall, Mount *Calvary*, the Cross, and the Sepulcher. They were not wearied with all that: And night had no sleep to shut up their eyes. They forsook the Image of death, which is sleep, to find death it self, and never looked after any bed, except the Sepulcher of their Master; They travel amongst darkness, pikes, launces, the affrights of Arms, and of the night, nothing makes them afraid. If there appear a difficulty to remove the stones, love gives them arms. They spare nothing for their Master and Saviour: They are above *Nicodemus* and *Joseph*, they have more exquisite perfumes, for they are ready to melt and distil their hearts upon the Tomb of their Master. O faithfull lovers, seek no more for the living amongst the dead: That cannot die for love, which is the root of life.

3. The Angel in form of a young man (covered with a white Robe) shews us, that all is young and white in immortality. The Resurrection hath no old age; it is an age, which can neither grow, nor diminish. These holy *Maries* enter alive into the sepulcher, where they thought to find death, but they learn news of the chiefest of lives. Their faith is there confirmed, their piety satisfied, their promises assured, and their love receives consolation.

Aspirations.

I Do not this day look toward the East, O my Jesus, I consider the Sepulcher, it is from thence this fair Sun is risen. O that thou appearest amiable, dear Spouse of my soul. Thy head, which was covered with thorns, is now crowned with a Diadem of Stars, and Lights, and all the glory of the highest Heaven rests upon it. Thine eyes, which were eclipsed in bloud, have enlightened them with fires and delicious brightness, which melt my heart. Thy feet and hands, so far as I can see, are enamel'd with Rubies, which, after they have been the objects of mens cruelty, are now become eternal marks of thy bounty. O Jesus, no more my wounded, but my glorified Jesus, where am I? What do I? I see, I flie, I swound, I die, I revive my self with thee. I do beseech thee, my most Sacred Jesus, by the most triumphant of thy glories, let me no more fall into the image of death, nor into those appetites of smoke and earth, which have so many times buried the light of my soul. What have I to do with the illusions of this world? I am for Heaven, for Glory, and for the Resurrection, which I will now make bud out of my thoughts, that I may hereafter possess them with a full fruition.

The Gospel upon Munday in Easter-week, S. *Luke* the 24.

AND behold, two of them went the same day into a Town, which was the space of sixty furlongs from Jerusalem, *named* Emmaus. *And they talked betwixt themselves of all those things that had chanced. And it came to pass, while they talked and reasoned with themselves*, Jesus *also himself approching, went with them, but their eyes were held, that they might not know him. And he said to them, What are these communications that you confer one with another walking, and are sad? And one, whose name was* Cleophas, *answering, said to him, Art thou onely a stranger in* Jerusalem, *and hast not known the things that have been done in it these dayes? To whom he said, What things? And they said, Concerning* Jesus *of* Nazareth, *who was a man, a Prophet, mighty in work and word before God and all the people. And how our chief Priests and Princes delivered him into condemnation of death, and crucified him. But we hoped that it was he that should redeem* Israel: *And now besides all this, to day is the third day since these things were done. But certain women also of ours made us afraid; who, before it was light, were at the Monument, and not finding his body, came, saying, That they saw a vision also of Angels, who say that he is alive. And certain men of ours went to the Monument; and they found it so as the women said, but him they found not.*

And he said to them, O foolish, and slow of heart, to believe in all things which the Prophets have spoken. Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so enter into his glory? And beginning from Moses *and all the Prophets, he did interpret to them in all the Scriptures, the things that were concerning him. And they drew nigh to the Town whither they went; and he made semblance to go further. And they forced him, saying, Tarry with us, because it is toward night, and the day now far spent, and he went in with them. And it came to pass, while he sate at the table with them, he took bread, and blessed, and brake, and did reach to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him: and he vanished out of their sight. And they*

said one to the other, Was not our heart burning in us whiles he spake in the way, and opened unto us the Scriptures? And rising up the same hour, they went back into Jerusalem, and they found the eleven gathered together, and those that were with them, saying, That our Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon. *And they told the things that were done in the way: and how they knew him in the breaking of bread.*

Moralities.

1. IT is a strange thing, that God is always with us, and we are so little with him. We have our being, our moving, our life from him: he carries us in his arms, he keeps us as a nurse doth her dear child; and yet all this while we scarce know what he is, and use him so often as a stranger. He is in our being, and yet we keep him far from our heart, as a dead man, who is quite forgotten. And *Enoch* walked with him, and for that he was taken from the conversation of men, and reserved for Paradise. To speak truth, our soul should always be languishing after her Jesus, and count it a kind of Adultery to be separated from him, so much as by thought. Let us learn a little to talk with him; we commonly have that in our tongue, which we keep in our heart. Let us sweeten the sadness of our pilgrimage, by the contemplation of his beauties. Let us look upon him as God and man; the God of gods, the Man of men; our great Saviour and Prophet, powerfull both in word and work; for if his word be thunder, his life is a lightening. He hath been here doing good to all the world, and suffering hurt from all the world; doing good without reward, and enduring evil without impatience. We all pass here as Torrents into valleys; the onely question is of our passing well: whether we look on worldly goods as on waters which pass under a bridge, and as upon the furniture of an Inn which is none of ours. If we be embarked in the Vessel of life, let us not amuse our selves to gather Cockles upon the shore; but so, that we may always have our eyes fixt upon Paradise.

2. Two things do hinder those Pilgrims from knowing Jesus as they should. The one is, their eyes are dazeled; and the other is, the little account they make of the Cross, which drives them into the mistrust of the Resurrection. And this is it which crosseth us all our life, and so oft diverts us from the point of our happiness. Our eyes are dazeled with false lights of the world, they are darkened with so many mists and vapours of our own appetites and passions, that we cannot see the goods of heaven in the brightest of their day. Worldly chains have a certain effective vigour and pleasure, which is onely painted, but they have a most certain sorrow, and a most uncertain contentment: They have a painful labour, and a timorous rest: A possession full of misery, and void of all beatitude. If we had our eyes well opened, to penetrate and see what it is, we should then say of all the most ravishing objects of the world; How senseless was I when I courted you? O deceitfull world, thou didst appear great to me, when I saw thee not as thou art: But so soon as I did see thee rightly, I did then cease to see thee; for thou wast no more to me but just nothing. We run in full career after all that pleaseth our sense, and the Cross, which is so much preached to us, is much more upon our Altars, than in our hearts. We will not know, that the throne of Mount *Calvarie*, is the path-way to Heaven; and as this truth wanders from our hearts, Jesus departs from our eyes. Let us at least pray Jesus to stay with us, for it is late in our hearts, and the night is far advanced by our want of true light. We shal not know Jesus by discourse, but by feeding him in the persons of his poor, since he gives the continual nourishment of his body.

Aspirations.

O Onely Pilgrim of the world, and first dweller in the heart of thy heavenly Father, what a pilgrimage hast thou made, descending from Heaven to earth, and yet without forsaking Heaven? Thou hast markt thy steps by thy conquests: made visible thy way by thine own light, thou hast watered it with thy precious bloud, and paved it with thy wounds. O what a goodly thing it is to walk with thee, when thou openest thy sacred mouth, as the opening of a temple, to discover the beauties and mysteries of it. O that is most pleasing to understand that mouth, which distils so much honey through lips of Roses. But wherefore (My good Lord) art thou pleased to hide thy self from a soul which languishes after thee? Take away the vail from mine eyes, and suffer thy self to be seen in the vesture of thy heavenly beauties. If I must bear the Cross, and pass by the throne of Mount *Calvarie*, to come to Heaven, I most humbly submit to thy divine pleasure, that I may possess all that thou art.

The Gospel upon Tuesday in Easter week, S. *Luke* the 24.

AND whiles they spake these things, Jesus stood in the midst of them, and he saith to them, Peace be to you, It is I, fear not. But they being troubled and frighted, imagined they saw a Spirit. And he saith to them, Why are you troubled, and cogitations arise in your hearts? See my hands and feet, that it is I my self, handle, and see: for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as you see me to have. And when he had said this, he shewed them his hands and feet. But they yet not believing, and marvelling for joy, he said, Have you here any thing to be eaten? But they offered him a piece of fish broiled, and a honey-comb. And when he had eaten before them, taking the remains, he gave to them. And he said to them, These are the words which I spake to you when I was yet with you, that all things must needs be fulfilled, which are written in the Law of Moses, *and the Prophets, and the Psalms, of me. Then he opened their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures. And he said to them, That so it is written, and so it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise again from the dead the third day, and penance to be preached in his Name, and remission of sins unto all Nations.*

Moralities.

1. WE think sometimes that Jesus is far from us, when he is in the midst of our heart: he watches over us, and stretches out his divine hands for our protection. Let us live always as if we were actually in his presence, before his eyes, and in his bosom. An ancient Tradition doth observe, that after our Lords Ascension, the Apostles did never eat together, but they left the first napkin, for their good Master, conceiving, that according to his promise, he was always with them: Let us accustom our selves to this exercise of Gods presence: It is a happy necessity to make us do well, to believe and apprehend that our Judge is always present. If respect make him formidable, love will teach us, that he is the Father of all sweetness. There can be no greater comfort in this world, than to be present in heart and body with that which we love beast.

2. Jesus is taken by his Apostles for a Spirit, because after the Resurrection he pierced the walls, and appeared suddenly as Spirits do. S. *Paul* also saith, in the second to the *Corinthians*, that now we do no more know Christ according to the flesh, that is to say, by the passions of a mortal body, as S. *Epiphanius* doth

doth expound it. We muſt make little uſe of our bodies, to converſe with our Jeſus, who hath taken upon him the rare qualities of a Spirit. We muſt raiſe our ſelves above our ſenſes, when we go to the Father of light, and the Creatour of ſenſe. He teaches us the life of Spirits, and the commerce of Angels, and makes eſſayes of our immortality, by a body now immortal. Why are we ſo tied to our ſenſe, and glued to the earth? Muſt we ſuffer our ſelves to enter into a kingdom of death, when we are told of the reſurrection of him, who is the Authour of all lives?

3. Admire the condeſcending and bounties of our Lord to his dear Diſciples. He that was entered into the kingdom of ſpirits, and immortal converſation, ſuffers his feet and hands to be touched, to prove in him the reality of a true body. He eats in preſence of his Apoſtles, though he was not in more eſtate to digeſt meat, than the Sun is to digeſt vapours. He did no more nouriſh himſelf with our corruptible meats, than the Stars do by the vapours of the earth. And yet he took them to confirm our belief, and to make us familiar with him. It is the act of great and generous ſpirits to abaſe themſelves, and condeſcend to their inferiours. So *David* being anointed King, and inſpired as a Prophet, doth not ſhew his perſon terrible in the height of his great glory, but ſtill retained the mildneſs of a ſhepheard. So Jeſus, the true Son of *David* (by his condeſcending to us) hath conſecrated a certain degree, whereby we may aſcend to Heaven. Are not we aſhamed that we have ſo little humility or reſpect to our inferiours, but are always ſo full of our ſelves; ſince our Lord, ſitting in his Throne of glory and majeſty, doth yet abaſe himſelf to the actions of our mortal life? Let it be ſeen by our hands whether we be reſuſcitated, by doing good works, and giving liberal alms: Let it appear by our feet, that they follow the paths of the moſt holy perſons. Let it be ſeen by our nouriſhment (which ſhould be moſt of honey) that is, of that celeſtial ſweetneſs which is extracted from prayer. And if we ſeem to refuſe fiſh, let us at leaſt remain in the element of piety, as fiſh is in water.

Aſpirations.

THy love is moſt tender, and thy cares moſt generous (O mild Saviour.) Amongſt all the torrents of thy Paſſion, thou haſt not taſted the waters of forgetfulneſs. Thou returneſt to thy children, as a Nightingale to her little neſt. Thou doſt comfort them with thy viſits, and makeſt them familiar with thy glorious life. Thou eateſt of a honey-comb by juſt right, having firſt taſted the bitter gall of that unmercifull Croſs. It is thus, that our ſorrows ſhould be turned into ſweets. Thou muſt always be moſt welcome to me in my troubles, for I know well, that thou onely canſt pacifie, and give them remedy. I will govern my ſelf toward thee, as to the fire: too much near familiarity will burn us; and the want of it will let us freeze: I will eat honey with thee in the bleſſed Sacrament; I know that many there do chew, but few receive thee worthily. Make me (O Lord) I beſeech thee, capable of thoſe which here on earth ſhall be the true Antepaſts to our future glory.

The Goſpel upon Low-Sunday, S. *John* the 20.

THerefore when it was late that day, the firſt of the Sabbaths, and the doors were ſhut where the Diſciples were gathered together for fear of the Jews, Jeſus *came and ſtood in the midſt, and ſaith to them, Peace be to you. And when he had ſaid this, he ſhewed them his hands and ſide. The Diſciples therefore were glad when they ſaw our Lord. He ſaid therefore to them again, Peace be to you. As my Father hath ſent me, I alſo do ſend you. When he had ſaid this, he breathed upon them, and he ſaid to them, Receive ye the Holy Ghoſt; Whoſe ſins you ſhall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whoſe you ſhall retain, they are retained. But* Thomas, *one of the twelve, who is called* Didymus, *was not with them when* Jeſus *came: the other Diſciples therefore ſaid to him, We have ſeen our Lord. But he ſaid to them, Unleſs I ſee in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into his ſide, I will not believe.*

And after eight days, again his Diſciples were within, and Thomas *with them.* Jeſus *cometh, the doors being ſhut, and ſtood in the midſt, and ſaid, Peace be to you. Then he ſaith to* Thomas, *Put in thy finger hither, and ſee my hands; and bring hither thy hand, and put it into my ſide, and be not incredulous, but faithfull.* Thomas *anſwered and ſaid to him, My Lord and my God:* Jeſus *ſaith to him, Becauſe thou haſt ſeen me,* Thomas, *thou haſt believed: Bleſſed are they that have not ſeen, and have believed.*

Moralities.

1. JEſus the Father of all bleſſed harmonies (after ſo many combats) makes a general peace in all nature. He pacifieth *Limbo*, taking the holy Fathers out of darkneſs, to enjoy an eternal light, and ſending the damned to the bottom of hell. He pacifieth the earth, making it from thenceforth to breathe the air of his mercies. He pacifieth his Apoſtles, by delivering them from that profound ſadneſs, which they conceived by the imaginary loſs of their dear Maſter. He pacifieth Heaven, by ſweetening the ſharpneſs of his Heavenly Father, quenching by his wounds, the fire which was kindled of his juſt anger. Every thing ſmileth upon this great Peace-maker: Nature leaveth her mourning, and putteth on robes of cheatfulneſs, to congratulate with him his great and admirable conqueſts. It is in him that the Heavenly Father (by a ſingular delight) hath poured out the fullneſs of all Graces, to make us an eternal dwelling, and to reconcile all in him, and by him; pacifying by his bloud from the Croſs. all that is upon earth, and in Heaven. This is our *Joſhua*, of whom the Scripture ſpeaketh, that he clears all differences, and appeaſeth all battels. No ſtroke of any hammer or other iron, was heard at the building of *Solomon*'s Temple; and behold the Church (which is the Temple of the living God) doth edifie ſouls with a marvellous tranquilitie.

2. The Sun is not ſo well ſet forth by his beams, as our Saviour is magnificently adorned, with his wounds. Thoſe are the characters which he hath engraved upon his fleſh, after a hundred ingenious faſhions. The Ladies count their pearls and diamonds, but our Saviour keeps his wounds, in the higheſt attire of his Magnificences. It is from thence, that the beauty of his body, taketh a new ſtate of glory, and our faith in the reſurrection is confirmed: that the good fill themſelves with hope, miſcreants with terrour, and Martyrs find wherewith to enflame their courage. Theſe divine wounds open themſelves as ſo many mouthes, to plead our cauſe before the Celeſtial Father. Our Saviour Jeſus never ſpake better for us, than by the voice of his preciousBloud. Great inquiry hath been made for thoſe mountains of myrrh and frankincenſe, which *Solomon* promiſeth in the *Canticles*, but now we have found them in the wounds of Jeſus. It is from thence that there cometh forth a million of ſanctified exhalations of ſweetneſs, of peace and propitiation, as from an eternal Sanctuary. A man may ſay they are like the Carbuncle, which melteth the wax upon which it is imprinted, for they melt our hearts by a moſt profitable impreſſion. At this ſight the Eternal Father calms his countenance, and the

ſword of his Juſtice returneth into the ſheath. Shall not we be worthy of all miſeries, if we do not arm theſe wounds againſt us, which are ſo effectual in our behalf? And if this bloud of our *Abel* (after it hath reconciled his cruel executioners) ſhould find juſt matter to condemn us for our ingratitudes? *John* the Second, King of *Portugal*, had made a ſacred vow, never to refuſe any thing which ſhould be asked of him in the virtue of our Saviour's wounds; which made him give all his ſilver veſſel to a poor gentleman, that had found out the word. And why ſhould not we give our ſelves to God, who both buyeth and requireth us by the wounds of Jeſus?

3. Jeſus inſpireth the ſacred breath of his mouth upon the Apoſtles, as upon the firſt fruits of Chriſtianity: to repair the firſt breath, and reſpiration of lives, which the Authour of our race did ſo miſerably loſe. If we can obtain a part of this, we ſhall be like the wheels of *Ezechiels* myſterious chariot, which are filled with the ſpirit of life. That great Divine called *Matthias Vienna*, ſaid, That light was the ſubſtance of colours, and the ſpirit of Jeſus is the ſame of all our virtues. If we live of his fleſh, there is great reaſon we ſhould be animated by his Spirit. Happy a thouſand times are they, who are poſſeſſed with the the Spirit of Jeſus, which is to their ſpirit as the apple of the eye. S. *Thomas* was deprived of this amorous communication, by reaſon of his incredulitie. He would ſee with his eyes, and feel with his hands, that which ſhould rather be comprehended by faith: which is, an eye bleſſedly blind: which knoweth all within its own blindneſs, and is alſo a hand, which remaining on earth, goeth to find God in Heaven.

Aſpirations.

GReat Peace-maker of the world, who by the effuſion of thy precious bloud, haſt pacified the wars of fourty ages, which went before thy death. This word of peace hath coſt thee many battels, many ſweats and labours, to cement this agreement of Heaven and earth, of ſence and reaſon, of God and man. Behold thou art at this preſent like the Dove of *Noah's* Ark, thou haſt eſcaped a great deluge of paſſions, and many torrents of dolours, thrown head-long one upon another. Thou bringeſt us the green Olive branch, to be the mark of thy eternal alliances. What? Shall my ſoul be ſo audacious and diſordered, as to talk to thee of war, when thou ſpeakeſt to her of peace? To offer thee a weapon, when thou offereſt her the Articles of her reconciliation, ſigned with thy precious bloud? Oh, what earth could open wide enough her boſom to ſwallow me, if I ſhould live like a little *Abiram*, with a hand armed againſt Heaven, which pours out for me nothing but flowers and roſes? Reign (O my ſweet Saviour) within all the conquered powers of my ſoul, and within my heart as a conqueſt which thou haſt gotten by ſo many titles. I will ſwear upon thy wounds, which after they have been the monuments of thy fidelity, ſhall be the adored Altars of my vows and ſacrifices. I will promiſe thereupon, an inviolable fidelity to thy ſervice. I will live no more but for thee, ſince thou haſt killed my death in thy life, and makeſt my life flouriſh within thy triumphant Reſurrection.

FINIS.

AN ALPHABETICAL TABLE

Setting down the moſt obſervable Matters contained in the firſt three TOMES of the HOLY COURT.

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The End of the Table of the first Three TOMES.

THE HOLY COURT,

THE COMMAND OF REASON OVER THE PASSIONS.

VVritten in French by F. N. Caussin.

AND

Translated into Engliſh by Sir T.H.

WITH

HISTORICALL OBSERVATIONS UPON IT.

Printed M. D C. L.

TO THE

EXCELLENT PRINCESSE,

THE DUTCHESSE OF

BUCKINGHAM.

Excellent Princesse,

THis *Translation of the* Holy Court, *as it had it's first life breathed into it by the animating spirit of her sacred Majesties Royall acceptance; so in this last, and concluding piece it infinitely desires such your favourable enterteinment. Nor, verily, can I (where so bright and resplendent a Star, from a Sphear of Greatnesse, hath already lighted up a flame to direct others in their approbation) but with much confidence hope the like propitious rayes may benignly reflect from your so near a confining Influence.*

Here shall your Grace behold the powerfull predominance of Reason over passions, not taught in Epictetus, *or* Senecas *Prophane School, but dictated from the Truth-teaching sacred Oracles of Christian Piety.*

Here the soul is informed, and judgement rectified, to hate vice, and flie it; to love virtue, and practise it, not in exteriour garbs, and petty slight formalities, which onely serve to amuse vulgar spirits: but by the interiour Habits, and serious embracement of the most solid virtues. The pretious memory (Excellent Princesse) of your thrice-noble Father, whose living Image, and second-self you representatively are, together with your known love of pious Books, and daily practise in your life of the wholesome precepts couched in This, hath encouraged my present addresse, to serve for the enterteinment of your vacant hours, which thus silently spent, and maturely digested, will have the force, and efficacy of the most serious employment, and may Exemplarily invite other eminent Spirits, to imitate your Graces profitable, and well-seasoned

retirements. I wiſh (excellent Lady) there were any thing wherein I might better expreſſe the devoted ſervice I ow to your eminent ſelf, and illuſtrious Family: but ſince weak endeauours can produce but ſlender effects, and noble diſpoſitions do readily pardon incident imperfections; I will reſt in the cheerefull hope of Excuſe, and in the ardent Vow of a ſtudious willingneſſe to become worthy the Title of

Your Graces humbleſt, and
moſt obſequious ſervant,

THOMAS HAWKINS.

To my Lord,

MY LORD THE DUKE OF ANGVIEN,

ELDEST SONNE OF MY LORD THE PRINCE.

MY LORD,

I Finiſh the Holy-Court in my Books, when your age inviteth you to begin it in your manners; and for your firſt exerciſe of arms, I offer you the Combats and Empire over Paſsions, which is greater then that of the world.

There it is where you ſhall know the induſtry of a warre, which nature wageth, and reaſon teacheth us; which is never too ſoon learned, and which is ordinarily but too late underſtood. Princes in other battels ſpeak with mouths of fire, and make uſe of a million of hands; but in this which I repreſent, they are alone, and therein employ but the moitie of themſelves, one part of Man being revolted againſt the other. Beſides, all the honour of the uictory reſts in themſelves; arms, fortreſſes, and Regiments not at all participating therein, and if they prove fortunate in theſe encountres, they ſtand in the eſteem of wiſe men, for Demy-Gods.

Their quality obligeth them to this duty more then other men, ſince Paſſions are winds, which in popular life raiſe but little waves, but in them ſtir up mountains of water. For which, I, am perſwaded, that, as you ſo dearly have loved the labours of my Pen, and ſought for your inſtruction out of my Books; I could not do a better ſervice, or more ſuitable to your age, then by arming you againſt theſe plagues, which have ſo often tarniſhed Diadems on the brow of Ceſars, and turned Conquerours into Slaves.

Sir, I promiſe my ſelf much from your Greatneſſe in this Conqueſt, ſeeing it already hath given teſtimonies to the world, worthy of your eminent Birth, which oblige you to virtue, out of a neceſſity, as ſtrong, as your diſpoſition is ſweet. VVit, which is as the principall Genius of your houſe, hath in you caſt forth glimmers, that have flown throughout Europe, when you publickly anſwered throughout all Philoſophy, in an age wherein other Princes begin to learn the firſt elements. You have placed wiſedome on the higheſt Throne of Glory, and it by your mouth hath rendred Oracles to inſtruct the learned, and aſtoniſh Doctours. In the firſt ſeaſon of life, which ſo many other ſpend in delights, you have heightned the lights of your underſtanding by the labour and induſtry of ſtudy, living, as certain Plants, which bear the figure of Starres all invironed with Thorns.

It is time, that all your Brightneſſe change into Fire, and ſince Sciences are but Colours, which appeare not in the night-time, if Virtue do not illuminate them, they muſt be gilded with the rayes of your good life, and enkindled with the ardours of your courage, as you very happily have already begun.

Sir, I do aſſure my ſelf, that of all thoſe things you know you will onely approve the good, and that of all ſuch as you can, you will do none but the juſt. This is it you owe to the King, to whom you have the honour to be ſo near. This is it, which the education of the moſt prudent of Fathers, and the tender care of the beſt of mothers, exact. This is it, that France, which looketh on you (as a Sien of its Lillies) wiſheth. This is it, which bloud, the moſt noble on Earth, breeding the moſt happy in the world, and that face, where Grace and Majeſty make ſo ſweet a commixion, ceaſe not to promiſe us.

As there is nothing little in you, ſo we muſt not endure any thing, imperfect: and if that, which we take to be ſpots in the Sun, be Stars; it plainly ſheweth us, that all muſt be ſplendour in your condition, and that we muſt not expect years, ſince the wit of Princes is much ſwifter then time.

Your great Vncle, who gained the battel of Ceriſoles, ſaid to thoſe who upbraided him with his youth, that he did not cut with his beard, but with his ſword: and I am perſwaded, that you will

will imitate his valour, to take part in his glory, yea even in this your minority, wherein the Kings colours being already to fly under your name.

My Lord, remember, the throne of the Sun among the Egyptians was ſupported by Lyons, and that you muſt be all heart to ſupport that of our moſt Chriſtian King, in imitation of the great Prince, to whom you ow your Birth; For whoſe ſake I wiſh you as many bleſsings as Heaven promiſeth you, eſteeming my ſelf moſt happy to be able to contribute my labours and ſervices to the glory of your education, ſince I have the honour to call my ſelf by juſt title:

SIR,

Your moſt humble
and moſt affectionate
ſervant in our Lord,

N. CAUSSIN.

A TASTE OF THE SEVERALL DISPOSITIONS OF MEN,

VVhich serves for a Foundation to the Discourse of PASSIONS.

THE HOLY COURT *was not (as yet) sufficiently beautified with the eminent lustre of Glory (wherein I represented it) but it was necessary, that taking possession of the Empire over passions, it should wear a crown, which it hath gained by its travell, and wrought by its proper virtues. In this last Tome (dear Reader) I present thee the absolute reformation of the soul by eternall principles, and the victory over powers which oppose Reason.*

Thou art not ignorant, that Angels and bruit beasts are but of one piece, the one being wholly Spirit, and the other Flesh: But Man (a middle creature between Angels and bruit beasts) participateth both of flesh and Spirit by an admirable tye, which in him occasioneth continuall war of Passions, which are properly commotions of animall and sensitive nature caused by the imagination of good and evil, with some alteration of body. They take their origen from two Appetites, of which the Concupiscible causeth Love, Hatred, Desire, Aversion, Joy and Sadnesse: The Irascible, causeth Hope, Despair, Boldnesse, Fear and Anger. To this ordinary number, I add Shamefastnesse, Envy, Jealousie and Compassion, to accomplish our work in all its parts.

All Passions are generally in all men, but all appear not in all. There is a certain mixture in nature, which is the cause, that the worst have something of good and the best something of bad. Now note, that as the Platonists distinguish five sorts of divels; to wit, Fiery, Airy, Aquatick Terrestriall and Subterranean: so humane spirits are divided into as many forms, which produce merveilous diversities in every nature. The Fiery, are Spirits of fire, whereof some seem to be enkindled with the purest flames of stars, which are magnanimous, pure, vigorous, bold, intelligent, active, amiable, and munificent. And of this sort are the most illustrious of Kings and of Queens, of Princes and of Princesses, good Prelates, great and virtuous Ladies, the wise the valiant, the most notable States-men, Generals of Armies, Conquerours, yea and the Saints most eminet in virtue. There are others also Fiery, but burnt with the fire of Comets, which are maligne, counterfeit, vicious, insolent, pievish, crosse, covetous, ambitious, cruel, arrogant, inhumane, violent, and impetuous. Of this matter were composed the Tiberiuses, *the* Herods, *the* Neros, *and the* Domitians, *who seemed to be born for the desolation of mankind.*

The Airy are likewise of two kinds very different: for the one are of a temperate constitution which maketh them mild, peaceable, pious, cordiall, sociable, gracefull, affable, courteous, pliant, witty, liberall and active.

Of this kind are many gentle, courteous, modest and handsome women: men of honour and of quality, who make a noble Company, and are infinitely apt for all the civilities of a laudable conversation. But if they degenerate from this degree, they become great eaters, great scoffers, dissolute, vain flatterers, lascivious, and brutish.

Others, like unto stirred air are, turbulent, stormy, cholerick, suspitious, impatient, nice, biting undertakers, mutable, mutinous, unquiet, murmurers, and slanderers. It is they who raise quarrels, and litigious wranglings in the world, who disturb men and affairs: wherein they many times are as quick-silver in guildings, onely used to make it resolve into smoke.

Of the Aquaticks some are slow and cold, tasteless, without affection, without cordiality, wedded to their own petty profits, and born for themselves. Of this rank you see many that make a good shew, who resemble those dryed-up or frozen fountains upon a throne of marble, which have ostent enough, but afford no water. Others, which like standing and marishy waters, are close, foul, sluggish, trasterous and dangerous. Others, like the sea, are ambitious, unequal, uncertain, fantasticall, and capricious, every moment changing shape in this great Comedy of the world. Others are peaceable and usefull, as goodly Fountains and great Rivers.

As for the Terrestriall, they are stubborn, inflexible, dull and stupid, of the condition of those people who thought they were at the end of numbers, when they had counted to four, and could go no further. Some in the beginning appear what they are, and others have a specious outside, which makes them to passe for handsome beasts. Sometimes they are loutish, cloudy, enemies of joy, of innocent pleasure, of beauty, of witty conceits, of discourse, of inventions, slaves of gain, and traitours to their own life, out of the exorbitancy of their avarice. In this number you shall find many like to those (which Theophrastus *describeth) who neither lend fire nor salt to their neighbours; who wear hidious habits, and cause themselves to be shaven very close, that they may be at the lesse cost with their Barber; who have Magazines of pedlers, and who laden with old keyes, walk every day up and down their grounds, to see whither they have not changed place. Some are like Poulcats, others are Fawns and Satyrs, who are addicted to base, and shamefull lusts, captious, shifting, impudent, night-walkers, and Hobgoblins, who extreamly disturb the repose of humane life, if laws armed with force endeavour not to dissipate them, to make use of chains to restrain them.*

The Subterraneans are Melancholick, close, hypocriticall, silent, fumish, sad, irreconcileable, bloody, and

and enormities. They are very apt to hatch revenges long pondred, to build Babylonish in their hearts, wherein no day light appeareth: Nevertheless, as they most times have an impotency in the execution of bad designs, so they cherish, but not satisfie their passions. Yet do these qualities diversify commixt one with another, you the highest with the lowest from whence proceed infinite variations in the spirit of man, so that there is not any thing so changeable in all nature, or so hard to be known, as man.

Some seem to be born with good parts, but through the want of some help of nature, or instruction, they degener are into bad, and render themselves very capable of deceits and illusions. So many are become Huguenots, for that they want vigour of judgement, and see not that we rather should reserve our selves to a Generall Councell, then to their silly arguments. Others abuse themselves in spirituall life, and would willingly refine devotion, even to the talking with Angels, and the seeing a white Pidgeon. Others, to appear strong wits, contemn all ordinary guises, make themselves extravagant, and as the Antipodes of mankind.

Others put themselves into the number of confused Scholars, who have store of learning, but very ill-digested. There are some who with much endeavour to seem wise, become crafty, they converse not but under a mask, they see snares in every place, they have the rudest of physinomie. They draw tribute out of the good turns they do their friends, they make profit of all, they become extreamly distrustfull, and they would willingly be of that kind, of which Theophrastus speaketh, who every moment tell their money, and make their Lackeys go before them for fear they should run away. Others, out of too much desire of glory, become vain, affected in their speech, in their actions, and in all their proceedings, to the studying and learning by heart the slightest complements, as do some women, whom one would take to be virgins of the Goddesse Memory, and such as boast elocution, who traffick in hearers, and invite to their sermons, more then one would to weddings or burials.

Some, out of an intemperance of neatnesse, and of dotage upon health, torment their life, such circumspection use they in their diet, their garments, their furnitures, in all things which are for their use. They every where carry their bread and wine along with them, and never sit well but in their own chair. Others take delight to negotiate they alwayes have their hands full of Papers, they make a Registers office of their Cabinet: they are great Formalists, and strangely persecute the world with their punctualities. They put one businesse into an hundred dishes, and incessantly trouble all such as have to do with them. Others desirous to make themselves over much pleasing in their conversation, become bablers and ceremonious; they are importune and unseasonable in complements; they go to prattle with their friends whilest they have a feaver; they tell extravagant tales, wherein they take themselves to be very facetious, although at the latter end of the discourse they be asked where the conceit to be laughed at, lies: They burthen themselves also with news of no value; They make a secret of every thing, and give things out for mysteries, which are proclaimed with a Trumpet.

There are some, who not to seem flatterers tell truth with an ill grace, they are great Censurers, and they see not any one, whom they reform not from the head to the heel. If they put themselves upon matter of doctrine, and eloquence; they are the Fathers of wits, and the creatours of excellent conceits, under whom the Empire of learning circumvolveth: and if they talk of State-matters, of the Church, of Justice, and of War; they are the Gods of Leves and battels, who pronounce Edicts, assemble Councels, levy Armes, raise fortifications, correct Kingdomes, move the earth; and in their own imagination, change the face of the Universe. Others are so diligent, that they tire all the world with their unreasonable activities; others use afflicting delayes, and stir so little in all their designs, that they seem to be in a perpetuall Solstice.

You see some extreamly open brested, who tell all their thoughts, and, as if their heart were a sieve, it keeps nothing which it sends not instantly out by the lips: Some proceed to a simplicity, next door to sootishnesse, which makes them do many extravagancies; and when it hath a mixture of vanity men of mean condition imitate the actions of the great: and silly Citizens wives say, my Lord and Husband, as well as Sarah, of the greatest Ladies. There are among these some subtile Coxcombs, and fortunate fools, who daily deceive themselves to their own gain.

They who have a Magistrall aspect are much more odious, when with a countenance supercilious, and Tone of a voyce affected, they make speeches, and usurp a personage which neither age, quality, nor merit allloweth them. Dreamers, and pensive are heavie in conversation, and the squeamish who make their good aspects and fair countenances to be bought, are insupportable; but the apprehensive, who deplore all things, multiply what they can the miseries of the times, and ceasing not to blame the actions of those who govern, raise more mischiefs then remedies.

Good God! what an alteration do passions make in us? but it is a gift from heaven, that they may be changed, and that by Grace and the practice of good instructions, we can despoil our selves as well of an evil habit, as of an old garment.

It is not expedient to be without passion, nor is it possible to humane nature; but it is much to obtein by discretion the moderation of a thing, of which we by necessity have the experience. These motions are given us with our bodies, they are little spirits which are born and die with us; some find them more mild, others, more wayward; but every one hath his part, howbeit there are very few who well understand their own portion. Young people, who shew no desire, no affection, no feeling, are commonly abject spirits; unlesse this come to them by grace, or some notable constraint, which in the end is the cause, that of a young Angel, an old Devil is often made: we must not lose humanity (saith Saint Augustine) to acquire tranquility of mind, nor think that, that which is hard and boistrous is alwayes right, or that one hath much health, when he is come to the highest degree of stupidity. All good spirits have delicate apprehensions, and resemble the burning bush which had thorns among lights; but they are none of the best, who, to follow nature, abandon reason.

I affirm the Starres contribute much to our inclinations, and Birth, much more: Education maketh another nature; Bloud, choler, melancholy, and flegme, do in our passions, what the elements do in our bodies. Yea stature it self conduceth: spirit, goodnesse, grace, full garb, and courage is very often in little bodies which have their heat moderated and well digested. But if great bodies be destitute of it, they are very lazy; and if they have too much of it, they are flaming fornaces full of violence: which made S. Cyril say, that greatnesse was given to Gyants for a punishment of their wickednesse. But this must be understood without any prejudice to well-composed tall statures, which have much Majesty. There are humours so sticking, that what care soever be used, there is somewhat still remains behind, which (according to Job) sleeps with us in our graves.

graves. I have heard that a good Religious man having been bred with the milk of a Goat, was very modest in publick by a great reflection he made on his actions: But he ever had some hour in secret wherein he had his frisks and his capers.

Nevertheless, one cannot believe, how much one gaineth upon his own nature, when he will take the pain to manure it: but for want of using industry therein, one makes to himself a turbulent life, a continuall torment, a hasty death, and his salvation to be doubtfull.

There are some who drive away one devil by another, curing one passion with another, and tyring them all, that they may have none; which was the cause that Theodosian said, that they are, as that possessed man, who had a legion of devils in his body. Some by the counsell of certain Directours, would break them all at once, as that souldier, who thought to pull off a horses tail by strength of arm and not by drawing one hair after another. Others expect remedy from time, from affairs, from change of life and condition, and are rather cured by wearinesse, then prudence.

Others continually flatter themselves and think they have got great victories, when they have lessened their fits, and left the root of the Feaver. But they who will therein proceed seriously, endeavour first of all to find out the enemy, and as we all have one passion, which predominateth in our heart above the rest, and which most entertaineth our thoughts, they principally assail that waging to rough battels by prayer, fasting, alms, consideration, reading of good books, continuall examen of conscience, flight from occasions, diversion upon some better thing, good company, imitation of holy personages, counsel of sage directours, and by a thousand stratagems which the spirit of God furnisheth them with, in the fruitfulnesse of their inventions. After they have pulled down their chief adversary, they easily prevail against the rest, and continuing their progression in the list of generous souls, they come in the end to a great tranquility.

This is it I intend to shew in this last volume, wherein I treat of Passions in a new tone, my purpose being rather to shew their remedies, then their pictures. I know Monsieur Coeffeteau (the eloquent Bishop of Marseilles) who hath afforded immortall lights to French eloquence, hath set forth the Table of humane passions. I lay not my pencil upon the line of this Apelles, I begin where he ends, and if he be content to paint them, I endeavour to cure them.

For this purpose, having briefly explicated the nature, proprieties, effects, and symptomes of every passion; I set against it two remedies; the first whereof is drawn from some divine perfection, contrary to the disorder of the same Passion: and because that is (yet) too sharp, and dazling by the quickneſſe of its lights, I shew it, sweetned and tempered in the virtues of Jesus Christ.

In the end of the Book I bring the examples of those who have overcome their Passions, and of such as have sunk under their violence, deriving profit out of all, for the scope which I aim at. There are certain Flies which live on Monks-hood, a venemous herb, and who make use of an antidote against its poyson. So they who have tried the malice and danger of passions, may profit us whether they edifie us by their repentance, or divert us by their disasters.

I conclude the HOLY COURT in this Volume, which I esteem above the rest, by reason of its utillity: and, writing of passions to cure them; I wish in my self an incurable one, which is, to desire the progression of my Readers, and to beseech God they may submit Sense to Reason, Time to Eternity, and the Creature to the Creatour.

THE FIRST TREATISE.
OF LOVE.

Sect. 1. Of the Neceſsity of Love.

Againſt thoſe Philoſophers who teach Indifferency, ſaying, We muſt not Love any thing.

All Happineſſe included in love.

THe Divine Providence which hath concluded our ſalvation in Love, very plainly ſhews us, That the means to be quickly happy is to love Felicity; and that the way we walk in to become ſingularly happy, is to eſteem (as we ought) the chief of Felicities. We loſe all our good hap for want of loving; and our Love, through the defect of well placing it; which is the cauſe that we daily learning ſo many Arts, forget what we ſhould eternally practiſe, if it be true we deſire to be everlaſtingly happy.

S. Dion. l. de Hierarch. coleſt. συναγωγὸν πατέρα. God the Father of unions draweth all to unity by the means of love.

I find the great Apoſtle of *France* S. *Denis*, ſaid well, when he called God, *The Father of Unions*, who ceaſeth not to gather and rally together all the creatures into his heart which iſſued out of his heart. He is, That in the life of Intelligencies, which the Sun is in the celeſtiall world: but one immoveable Sun, about which ſo many changes, and agitations of all creatures circumvolve, who groan and aim at this Firſt beauty, the true Center of Repoſe.

It concerneth us, ſince we are made for it, and that God hath given us Love, which is to the ſoul, That, which wings are to Birds, to carry us to it's fruition. It is a riches, which is onely ours, and which would be infinitely profitable, if we could tell how to employ it well: but for want of well loving, we apply the moſt precious thing, which is Love, to gain wretched Creatures, as if one uſed a golden hook to fiſh for Frogs, and a Sceptre to ſhake Hey. This is it which cauſeth me to undertake in this diſcourſe, to ſpeak of the well ordering of Love, as the moſt aſſured way we can chooſe to arrive at Tranquility, and to ſhew that we firſt of all moſt neceſſarily love, to be happy in the world, and that the moſt loving and tendreſt hearts are ordinarily the beſt.

The Sect of Philoſophers of Indifferency.

This age ſcant enough in goodneſſe, and fruitfull in malice, hath of late brought forth a Sect of wits, who term themſelves the Philoſophers of Indifferency, and who make boaſt to be very inſenſible, as well in the fear of the Divinity; as in tenderneſſe towards the miſeries of men.

To what purpoſe is it (ſay they) to addict ones ſelf to the worſhip of a God, whom we cannot ſufficiently know? And wherefore ſhould we be ſolicitous for the afflictions of another, which nothing concern us? This is to make our ſelves eternally miſerable, and to be tormented with all manner of objects. He who would live contented in the world, muſt love nothing but himſelf, entertein himſelf within himſelf, and concerning himſelf; and derive pleaſure, as a tribute, out of all the creatures of the world; but to take heed not to enter into the participation of their troubles, and ſhould we ſee all to be turned topſie turvey, ſo it inconvenienceth not us in any thing to let time ſlide, to catch good by the wings whileſt we may, and to let evil fall on the miſerable.

Theſe kind of people are ſo unnaturall, that they laugh at all, and mock at the miſeries which others ſuffer. If you tell them of a houſe burnt, they ſay it is nothing, and that it is but a fire of great wood: If of an inundation of water; that Fiſhes have a good time of it: If of a warre, or contagion; that it is a good harveſt for death, and that there are too many bread-eaters: If one ſay ſuch a friend hath loſt an eye; they anſwer he is very happy, becauſe he ſhall ſee but half the bad times.

I do not think there is a vice in the whole world more brutiſh, or contrary to nature, then this obdurateneſſe; which is the cauſe I would caſt it under the feet of love: and ſhew you, that tenderneſſe towards God as a Father, towards men as the lively Images of his Goodneſſe, is the principall foundation of all virtues.

1. Reaſon againſt the Indifferents.

Conſider firſt, that all the good order of life comes from the knowledge of the Firſt cauſe, whereon all Creatures have their dependence; as on the contrary, the Diſorder of all actions ſpringeth from the ignorance of the ſubmiſſion we ow to the Increated Eſſence. Now he, who loveth none but himſelf, and cares not but for his own Intereſts, maketh himſelf as the chief end, and the God of himſelf, which ſufficiently proveth it to be the moſt palpable folly, and the greateſt evil may be imagined in Nature.

There is none, but God, which is for it ſelf.

It is a remarkable thing, that among all Eſſences there is none but God alone, who, as he can know nothing out of himſelf, nor love any thing but in himſelf, ſo he doth nothing but for himſelf. For in doing

all for himself, he doth all for us, since we have no good, which tendeth not to him, as to its scope, which subsisteth not in him as on its Basis, which resteth not in him, as in its Centre. Thus did S. *Thomas* understand that notable saying of *Mercury Trismegistus*. *Unity hath produced unity, and hath reflected its love on it self.*

Monas genuit monadem, & in se suum reflexit amorem, S. Thom. 1. part. q 32. a. 1. 1.

It is not but for an Infinite Essence to do so; but had the highest Angel in heaven the thought onely to behold himself, and hence-forward to work for himself, he would instantly be pulled out of heaven, and would of a bright Sun, become a sooty Coal.

What may one think then of a man, who sayes in his heart, I am born for my self, and I have no other aim in the world, but to satisfie my mind with all contentments, nor shall the evils of another ever enter into my heart, till Fire commix with Water, and Heaven with Earth, If I obtein my ends all shall go well? Hearken how God speaketh in the Prophet *Ezechiel* to these wicked ones. *Behold, I come to fall upon thee (oh! thou great Dragon) who lyest stretched out at length in the midst of thy Rivers, and darest say, this stream is mine, and I made my self. Assure thee I will put a bridle upon thee, and when I have fastned to thy scale all the fishes of the waters wherein thou bearest sway, I will drag thee from the midst of the Kingdome of waves and I will throw thee into a wilderness: thou shalt lie upon the dry land, nor shall any one care to see thy obsequies performed. For I have abandoned thee to the beasts of the field, and to the birds of the air, to be devoured.*

Ecce ego ad te, draco magne qui tuba in medio fluminum tuorum, &c. Ezec. 29. 3.

This sentence of God was executed on the person of the Emperour *Tyberius*, under whom our Saviour suffered that death which gave life to the world. Verily he was a man, who through the whole course of his Empire made himself the God of himself, the slave of his passions, and the hatred of mankind. He lay close as an Owl in the retirement of his filthy lusts, he was greedy as a Griphon, in such sort, that dying he had above three-score and six millions of gold in his coffers, which he, with the Empire, left to an infamous nephew, who, as it is thought, hastned his death, tearing that sensuall soul out of the body, which in the world breathed nothing, but the love of it self.

How can a man so wretched, so caitive, behold himself as a Divinity, seeing God in the heighth of glory, riches and beauties, which so happily entertains him within himself, hath so affectionate bowels of mercy for man, that he thinks of him from all eternity, he presenteth himself unto him on all sides, with hands repleni shed with benefits in so great a diversitie of Creatures, and hath in generall so much care of all men, and of every one in particular, that he who were not well instructed by faith, might have matter to imagine that Man were the God of God himself!

S. Tho opusc. de Beatit. Quasi homo fit Dei Deus.

Let us besides produce another proof, which more evidently convinceth this obdurateness of heart, and this cruel rechlessnesse of the Philosophers, who teach Indifferency; which is, that all creatures, yea the most insensible, are made by God to impart, and to compassionate. If the Sun hath light, it is not for himself, he clotheth the Air, the Land, and Sea with a golded net, he imparteth it also as well to the little eyes of the Ant, as to those of the mightiest Monarch in the world, he soweth seeds of flames and vigour, to warm and quicken totall nature. If the Air hath Rain, it keeps it not eternally within the treasurie of clouds, but distilleth it as in a Limbeck to moysten the earth. If the Sea have waters, it so diveth them among all the Rivers, as to bear men and victuall in Vessels, and to make it self a knot of commerce from Land to Land, from Countrey to Countrey, from World to World. If the earth hath fruits, it preserves them not for it self, no more then the trees which bear them; but plentifully opens its bosome profusely to communicate it self to all nature. Every thing, saith a great Bishop of Paris, is bound by the Divine Providence to communicate it self; so true it is, that God hath banished avarice from humane things. As each creature giveth it self by love, so it suffers with others by conformity. All the world is united and collected within it self, as the parts of an Egg are tyed one within another; All the members of the Universe mutually love and embrace; and if they make warre it is but to establish their peace; If there be want of an element, as of Air, the Water would mount to heaven, or heaven descend to the water, rather then not supply the defect of a neighbour. It is a law which God hath engraven, as with a toole of Adamont in the bosome of Nature.

2. Reason drawn from the communication of creatures.

Unaquæq; res cogitur dare seipsa, adeo exclusit Deus avaritiam à rebus humanis. Guil. Paris. 1. de univers.

It hath been observed, that Palmes divided one from another by an arm of the Sea, which had overflowed the countrey, bowed their tops one towards another by a naturall inclination, as witnessing their Amity, and protesting against the fury of that element which had disunited them; and if this sense be in plants, what may we say of living creatures? where we see cares, troubles, anxieties, goings, and comings, combats, yells, neglect, and losse of body, repose and life, with the sense they have of the detriment and dammage of their like. And shall we not say then, that a man who loveth nothing in the world, and onely studieth the preservation of himself, is a prodigie in Nature, fit to be denyed the Air he breatheth, the light which reflecteth on him, the fire which warms him, the viands which feed him, and the earth which bears him?

I add for a third reason, that pity and tenderness of heart is not onely authorized by God and nature, but it is established, as by a common decree of nations. *Photius* the learned Patriarch of Constantinople observeth in his *Bibliotheque*, a wonderfull judgement given in the City of Athens, where he saith, the Senate of Areopagites being assembled together upon a mountain, without any roof but heaven; the Senatours perceived a bird of prey which pursued a little Sparrow, that came to save it self in the bosome of one of their company. This man, who naturally was harsh threw it from him so roughly that he killed it; whereat the Court was offended, and a Decree was made, by which he was condemned and banished from the Senate: Where the most judiciall observe, That this company, which was at that time one of the gravest in the world, did it not for the care they had to make a law concerning Sparrows; but it was to shew that clemency and mercifull inclination was a virtue so necessary in a State, that a man destitute of it, was not worthy to hold any Place in government, he having (as it were) renounced Humanity.

3. Reason of the tenderness of great hearts

A notable sentence of the Areopagites.

We likewise see, that the wisest and most courageous men in the world have been infinitely tender, full of love, zeal, affection, care, anxiety and travel, for the good of another. *David* and *Jonathan*, who were the bravest Princes over the people of God, loved each other so much, that the Scripture speaking of this Amity, saith, Their souls were tied together with an inseparable band. S. *Paul* was so affectionate and jealous for the salvation of his Corinthians, that he seemed to carry them all in his bowels, and daily to bring them forth with convulsions and pains attended by joyes and delights not to be expressed. Saint *Ambrose* bitterly bewailed the death of his brother *Satyrus*, that to hear him speak, one would think he meant to distill

out

out his eyes and breathe out his soul on his Tombe. So did S. *Bernard* at the decease of his brother *Gerard*. S. *Augustine* was a man all of fire before and after his conversion, with onely this difference, that this fire before the morn-tide of his salvation was nourished with corruptible matter of Earth, but after he became a Christian, he lived upon the most pure influences of heaven. S. *Gregory Nazianzen* saith he more breathed S. *Basile*, then the aire it self, and that all his absences were to him so many deaths. S. *Chrysostome* in banishment was perpetually in spirit with those he most esteemed. S. *Jerome* better loved to entertain his spirituall amities in little *Bethelem*, then to be a Courtier in *Rome* where he might be chosen Pope. And if we reflect on those who have lived in the light of nature; *Plato* was nothing but love. *Aristotle* had never spoken so excellently of friendship, had he not been a good friend. *Seneca* spent himself in this virtue, being suspected by *Nero* for the affection he bare to *Piso*. *Alexander* was so good that he carried between his arms a poor souldier frozen with cold, up to his throne to warm him, and to give him somewhat to eat from his royall hands. *Trajan* brake his proper Diadem to bind up the wound of one of his servants. *Titus* wept over the ruines of rebellious *Jerusalem*. A man may as soon tell the starres in the heavens, as make an enumeration of the brave spirits which have been sacrificed to amity.

Wherefore great hearts are the most loving.

If we seek out the causes, we shall find it ordinarily proceedeth from a good temperature which hath fire and vigour, and that comes from good humours, and a perfect harmony of spirit: little Courages are cold, straightned, and wholly tied to proper interests, and the preservation of their own person. They lock themselves up in their proprieties as certain fishes in their shell, and still fear least elements should fail them; But magnanimous hearts, who more conform themselves to the perfections of God, have sources of Bounty, which seem not to be made, but to stream and overflow such as come near them. This likewise many times proceedeth from education; for those who fall upon a breeding base, wretched, and extremely penurious, having hands very hard to be ungrasped, have likewise a heart shut up against amities, still fearing lest acquaintance may oblige them to be more liberall then they would; contrariwise, such as have the good hap to be nobly bred hold it an honour to oblige, and to purchase friends every where.

Add also that there is ever some gentilenesse of spirit among these loving souls, who desiring to produce themselves in a sociable life, and who understanding it is not given them to enlighten sands and serpents, will have spectatours, and subjects of its magnificence. Which happens otherwise to low and sordid spirits; for they voluntarily banish themselves from the conversation of men, that they may not have so many eyes for witnesses of their faults; So that we must conclude against the Philosophers of Indifferency, that Grace, Beauty, strength and power of nature are on their side, who naturally have love and affection.

§. 2. *Of Love in generall.*

Love, the soul of the universe.

LOve when it is well ordered is the soul of the universe, which penetrateth, which animateth, which tieth and maintaineth all things: and so many millions of creatures as aspire and respire this love, would be but a burden to Nature, were they not quickned by the innocent flame, which gives them lustre, as to the burning Bush, not doing them any hurt at all.

Fornacem custodiens in operibus ardoris. Eccl. 43.

I may say, that, of honest love, which the wise man did of the Sunne; That it is the superintendent of the great fornaces of the world, which make all the most Pieces of work in Nature.

Love, the superintendent of the great Fornace of the world.

Have you ever beheld the Forge-master described by the same wise-man? You see a man in his shirt all covered over with sweat, greace, and smoke, who sporteth among the sparks of fire, and seemeth to be grown familiar with the flames: He bums gold and silver in the fornace, then he battereth it on the Anvil with huge blows of the hammer, he fashioneth it, he polisheth it, he beautifies it, and of a rude and indigested substance, makes a fair piece of plate to shine on the Cup-boards of the most noble houses.

Faber ferrarius sedens juxta in eodem & considerans opus ferri: vapor ignis uret carnes ejus, & in calore fornacis concertatur, &c. Eccl. 38.

So doth love in the world, it taketh hearts, which are (as yet) but of earth and morter, it enkindleth them with a divine flame, It beats them under the hammer of tribulations and sufferings, to try them, It filleth them by the assiduity of prayer, It polisheth them by the exercise of virtues, lastly it makes vessels of them worthy to be placed above the Empyreall heaven.

Thus did it with S. *Paul*, and made him so perfect, that the First verity saith of him, *that he is his vessel of election, to carry his name among nations and the Kings of the Earth, and that he will shew him how much he must suffer for his sake*. The whole nature of the world tendeth to true love; every thing loves; some of necessity, other by inclination, and other out of reason. He who will love nothing (saith S. *Augustine*) is the most miserable and wretched man on earth; nor is it without cause, that in imprecations pronounced over the wicked, it is said, *Let him not love, nor be beloved by any*.

Act. 9.

Pigri, mortui oeteſtandi eritis ſi nihil ametis: Amare, ſed quid ameris vide. Auguſt. in Pſal. 31. Hoc amet, nec ametur ab ullo. Juvenal.

The ancient Sages have observed in the light of Nature, that there are seven excellent things to be esteemed as gifts from heaven, which are clearnesse of senses, vivacity of understanding, grace to expresse ones thoughts, ability to govern well, Courage in great and difficult undertakings, fruitfulnesse in the productions of the mind, and the strength of love; and forasmuch as concerneth the last, *Orpheus* and *Hesiodus* have thought it so necessary, that they make it the first thing that came out of the Chaos before the Creation of the world.

Seven excellent things.

The Platonists revolving upon this conceit, have built us three worlds; which are, the Angelicall nature, the soul, and the Frame of the universe. All three (as they say) have their Chaos. The Angel before the ray of God, had his in the privation of lights; Man, in the darknesse of Ignorance and Sinne; The materiall world, in the confusion of all its parts: But these three Chaoses were dissipated by love, which was the cause that God gave to Angelicall spirits the knowledge of the most sublime verities, to Man Reason, and to the world, Order.

Vide Marsilium Ficinum in convivium Platonis. An excellent conceit of the Platonists.

All we see is a perpetuall circle of God to the world, and of the world to God; This circle beginning in God by inestimable perfections, full of charms and attractives, is properly called Beauty: and when it comes to extend it self in the world, and to draw it to it self, it is called love. But if you consider it in the condition wherein it gathereth together all Creatures to the first cause, and makes its works re-ascend to God, they say it then takes the name of Pleasure, which is a most happy satisfaction of to all Nature in its Authour. So love is a circle, which turns from good to good by an everlasting revolution.

The nature of love Lib. 1. de civit. c. 8. Amor inhians habere quod amatur cupiditas est, idem amor habens eóque fruens, letitia est, fugiens quod adversatur timor est: quod si acciderit ei, tristitia est: proinde mala sunt ista si malus est amor; bona si bonus.

Now, if you desire I should in few words explicate the nature thereof, its origen, progresse, causes, qualities and effects; you must observe a notable doctrine of S. *Augustine*, who saith, That Love whileſt it is in the search of what it loveth, is called Desire; and when it enjoyeth the thing beloved, it is changed into joy. But if it avoid that thing which is contrary to it, either in effect, or opinion, it is Fear; and if the

Fear hath its effect by the arrivall of the evil it apprehendeth, it turns into Sadneſſe. This love takes ſundry countenances, according to divers Circumſtances.

I agree all this is ſaid with good reaſon, yet notwithſtanding we muſt affirm with divines, that this Oracle of Doctours hath in this difinition rather compriſed the cauſe, the effects, and progreſſes of love; then its eſſence and nature: For to ſpeak properly, love is neither Deſire, Fear, Joy, nor Sadneſſe; but *A Complacence of the Appetite or will in an object convenient either according to verity, or apparence*; But if we will ſpeak more generally, we ſay it is nothing, *but an inclination propending and moving to a good which is conform to it*: For by the definition, we include all the kinds of love which are divided principallly into three branches, to wit, Naturall, Animall, and Reaſonable love. Naturall love conſiſteth in things inanimate, which have their ſympathies, and Antipathies, As Palmes, male, and female, Amber and ſtraw, Iron and the Adamant. Animall love, is that Beginning which giveth motion to the ſenſitive appetite of beaſts to ſeek for that which is fit for them, and to be pleaſed in the enjoying what they ſought for. Reaſonable love, is an Act which purſueth and acceppteth the good repreſented by the underſtanding, wherein we may alſo comprehend Angelicall and Divine love, which S. *Denis* addeth to theſe three kinds whereof we ſpeak.

5. Definition of love.

Richard de Medvill. diſt. 27. l. 3. Art. 1. q. 1.

Its diviſion.

Reaſonable love is alſo divided into love of Amity, and love of Concupiſcence. Love of Amity, which wiſheth good to the thing beloved for it ſelf, without enquiry into its own proper intereſſe: As when it deſired to one, Health, knowledge, grace, virtues, wealth, honours, without pretence of any benefit to it ſelf. This is to affect with a love of amity, which is very rare now a daies, ſo mercenary are affections, and when this love is not onely Affective (as Divines ſpeak, contenting it ſelf with bare deſires) but Effective, by plentifully opening hands to liberality, it mounteth to a huge degree of Complacence.

Gabriel. d. 27. q. 1. l. 3.

Love of Concupiſcence, is an intereſſed love, which cauſeth one to love a thing, not for it ſelf, but for the pleaſure, and commodity derived from it, or to be hoped (in time) to be derived from it: So the Horſeman deſireth beauty, ſtrength, and courage, in his horſe and dog; not for their ſakes, but his own contentment. Such love is worldly love, commonly defiled with baſe and animall conſideration, nor is ever purified, but when it, for God, loveth that which cannot in it ſelf be lovely.

Behold the nature and Eſſence of Love in its whole latitude: Now to ſpeak of the proceedings of the ſoul in its loves, The firſt ſtep it makes when it beginneth to love, is the degree of the conformity of the will with the good is propoſed. The ſenſes, imagination, underſtanding, give it notice of ſome Beauty, Goodneſſe, or Commoditie, which it conceiveth to be fit for it. Thereupon it beginneth to take fire, and to have ſparks of deſires, which make it to wiſh the good propoſed unto it. Thence it paſſeth to the ſecond Degree, which is that of *Sharp-ſweet* Complacence, which pleaſingly each moment, holds it fixed upon the thoughts of its object. Sometimes between hope to poſſeſſe it, another while between fear to loſe it and many other paſſions, which accompany this (as yet ſuffering) Complacence.

The ſteps and progreſſions of love.

Philippus Presb.

From this degree it goes to the third, which is inquiſition and motion, where love putteth on wings to fly ſpeedily into the boſome of its repoſe, employing all poſſible means for its contentment; and if it be favoured in its purſuit, it advanceth to the fourth degree, which is union, eſteemed the principall ſcope of Amities. From this union ariſeth another Complacence, which is not painfull and dolorous; but ſatisfied, and pleaſed in the fruition of its object which is the heighth of love.

By the ſides of love are lodged Beauty and Goodneſſe, for that (as S. *Denis* ſaith) they are the objects and motive of love, which are ſo allied together, that the Grecians call them by one ſelf ſame name. The Sages have ever ſought for the true cauſes which diſpoſe the wils of men to love: and there are many different opinions upon this point. Some hold, it is a quality, which God imprinteth on nature; others imagine it comes from the aſpect of ſtarres, and from divers conſtellations; Others make it to proceed from Parents, and education: others from a certain Harmony and conſonancy of hearts, which meeting in accord upon the ſame Tone, have a naturall correſpondence. Laſtly, the Maxime of Divines and Philoſophers much ſwayeth, which ſaith, that Fair, and Good, make all loves.

Its cauſes.

I hold that to accord theſe opinions, a notable diſtinction muſt be made of three loves, which we have propoſed in the beginning, to wit, Naturall, Animall, and Reaſonable. Foraſmuch as concerneth Naturall or Animall love, beſides the order of nature, it is God which giveth to each creature neceſſary inclinations to arrive at their end. Well there may be influency of ſtarres, which bear ſway over humours and bodies, and with the ſtarres, bands of bloud, temperature of Humours, education and ſecret qualities, which tie creatures with the knot of a certain love, the cauſe whereof is not well known. For how many are there, who love things which are neither lovely nor good? I not onely ſay in effect, but in their own opinion and judgement, yet are they thereunto faſtned by ſome Tie, nor can they free themſelves from it, but by the abſolute power of Reaſon. Do we not daily find by experience, that a Man who is, and who knoweth himſelf to be deformed and wicked, yet faileth not by Nature, to be in love with himſelf? So through a love of Concupiſcence he may love things which have neither Beauty nor Goodneſſe, although he daily have a blind feeling of ſome thing ſuitable to ſenſuallity, and an unperceivable attractive.

As for love of reaſon, which is properly Humane love, one may be aſſured, it alwayes looks directly upon good and fair, not ſimply, but good, fair acknowledged, agreeable to its contentment; This is the root of all reaſonable amities, and hitherto thoſe great ſources of love reduced, which are, Honeſty, utilitie, Delectation, Reſemblance, reciprocall love, obliging and pleaſing converſation.

Means to make ones ſelf to be beloved worthily.

Within theſe ſix heads (in my opinion) the fifteen means to make one to be beloved are compriſed, which are touched by *Ariſtotle* in the ſecond book of his Rhetorick; To wit, to love that which a friend loveth, to entertain his apprehenſions, his joyes and his diſcomforts, his hatred and Amities; to keep him in a laudable opinion of our ſufficiency by good parts of wit, courage, virtue, induſtrie, and reciprocally to hold him in good eſteem, to love him, to oblige him, to praiſe him unto others, to bear with him in his humours, to truſt him with your ſecrets, readily to ſerve him without forgetfulneſſe or negligence, to be inviolably faithfull to him, which we will more amply deduce in the ſubſequent ſection.

But if you regard its effects, I find three great empires it exerciſeth in the world, naturall, civil, and ſupernaturall. In the naturall, it cauſeth all ſimpathies, antipathies, accords, ties, generations, productions. In the civill world, it builds two cities, as ſaith S. *Auguſtine*, very different. If it be good, it raiſeth a Citie of peace, wherein chaſte Amities ſway, and with them, Truth, Faith, Honour, Virtues, contentments, delights. If it be bad, It makes a *Babylon* full of confuſion, where cares, fears, griefs, warre, enmities, impuri-

Notable effects of love in the 3. worlds.

ties,

ties, adulteries, incests, sacriledges, bloud, murther, and poison inhabit; and all that, which commonly ariseth from this fatall plague. In the supernaturall world, it causeth nine effects, which are very well figured by the celestiall throne of love: composed of nine diaphanous globes; whose effects are Solitude, Silence, Suspension, Indefatigability, Languishment, Extasie, and Transanimation, which we more at length will consider in the sequele of this Treatise.

§. 2. *Of Amity.*

Eccl. 6. Medicamentum vitæ. Amity the tree of life.

AMITY is the medecine of health, and Immortality of life, and in a manner doth that in Civill life, which the tree of life in terrestriall Paradise promises in naturall life with an infinite number of sweetnesses and pleasures: it immortaliseth us after death in the remembrance of that which is most dear unto us in the world: It is that, which giveth light to dark affairs, certainty to doubtfull, support to tottering, goodnesse to evil, grace to good, order to irregular, ornament to simple, and activenesse to dead. By it, the banished find a countrey, the poor a patrimony, great ones find offices, the rich services, the Ignorant knowledge, the feeble support, the sick health, and the afflicted comfort. Should a man live on Nectar and Ambrosia, among starres and Intelligencies; he would not be happy, if he had not friends to be witnesses of his good fortune: and we may truly say, that Amity continually makes up the greater part of our Felicities. It is not here my purpose to extend my self with full sail upon the praise thereof, since so many excellent wits have already handled this subject; but, to shew how good Amities are to be chosen, and how to be cultivated.

It Includeth all Blessings.

What amity is. Affectus est spontanea & suavis animi ad aliquem inflectio. Cultiod. de assect.

There are some who make profession to be friends, and know not so much as what friendship is, but *Aristotle* plainly proves, there is difference between affection, Good-will, Love, Amity, and Concord. Affection is a spark of love, not yet throughly formed, in which understanding hath some slight passion. Good-will, A simple Good-will and consent born towards some one, although many times there be no great knowledge of the party, as it happeneth to such, who of two Combatants favour rather the one then the other, not knowing either of them. Love is an affection already formed and inclined with fervour to the good of Conformity, Amity is a love of mutuall well-wishing, grounded upon communication. Whence may be inferred that all those who love, are not friends, but all such as are true friends, necessarily love. The meanest people may love the most eminent; but there can be no Amity, since they therein find not correspondence.

Miserable lovers.

There are entranced lovers in the world, who are enamoured of all beauties, none returning them love again: which deserves either laughter, or compassion, seeing they may directly go to the first of Beauties, where they shall find reciprocall contentment. After love, followeth concord, which is the fruit of it, in the union of judgement and will.

Three sorts of amity.

Now, well to understand how to choose good Amities, the Species or kind of them must be known; wherein I find that one *Hippodamus* a great Platonick Philosopher hit right, when he established three sorts of Amities, whereof, one belongs to beasts, the other to men, and the third to Demi-gods.

Animall Amity.

Animall Amities are those which subsist onely in Nature, and which are common to us with beasts. Thus (saith S. *Augustine*) a mother which loveth her children for flesh and bloods sake, not otherwise raising her thoughts towards God, doth but as a Hen, a Dove, a Tigresse, a Serpent, and so many other living creatures, which have so great affection towards their little ones. It is not that these Amities are not very necessary, since Nature inspires them, and powreth them into the veins with the soul by admirable infusions, which preserve the estate of the world entire. It is good, much to affect ones own, but we must build upon the first elements of Nature; and by Grace and Reason raise the edifice of true charity. Parents ought to love their children as a part of their own bodies, which Nature hath separated from themselves: But, Amity should never divide their hearts. Children are bound to love their parents, as fishes their water. Brothers cannot too much esteem the love and Concord which they mutually maintain together. A husband and a wife are bound to a most strict commerce of Amity, since as God produced a word in heaven, and with the word the holy Ghost: So, he hath been pleased to create Adam on earth, as his own Image, and out of this Image, he hath drawn Eve to be unto a man a spirit of peace, and a love of a perpetuall lasting.

Pro magno laudarurus sum in homine, quod videam in Tigride. August. 4to. homil. 38.

There is no doubt, but that to fail in these laws, and to break the Knots which God hath tied with his own hands for all the living, is a vice which surpasseth all kind of brutishnesse. Notwithstanding, the evil manners of men corrupt things the most sacred, and are the cause that some love their own Bloud farre above God himself, and others even furiously persecute them. I put likewise in the number of animall-Amities all such as love one another for sport, for the Belly, and Lust: For they have no other scope; they do not much better then wanton whelps who cease not to run up and down, turn after turn, dallying and playing one with another. And such as love their wives no otherwise then for pleasure, do like the male Crevisse, who in his little Cavern hath many females, for whom he fights as for an Empire. All this kind of proceeding smells too much of the brute beast, nor can it have any merit in heaven.

Bodies in the Theatre of nature.

Humane Amities, and their foundation.

The Amities of men are those which are exercised with reason, and are ordinarily built upon three foundations which *Aristotle* expresseth in the Treatise he wrote of it, which are utility, pleasure, and morall virtue. Utility, is now adayes the most common Ciment of worldly Amities, and you find few friends, who hold it not in much esteem. It is that, which hath raised Towns, Cities, and the societie of men; That, which having raised, maintaineth them by mutuall offices rendered one another in the necessities of ordinary life. The hand must wash the hand, and the finger, the finger. One contributes his counsel, another his industry, another his abilities, another his pain, one his pen, another his tongue, and another his feet. All set themselves a-work, to do service to Amity. I know Philosophers will say, that this is somewhat mercenary; it notwithstanding preserveth communities, and he who would take it out of the world should find almost nothing in it, but a meer shadow of Amity.

Intereſt the fift Gospel of many.

Particular Intereſt is (as it were) the fift Gospel of Christianity depraved in the minds of many, and is the great God of the Time, to whom millions of souls do homage. Think not, that so many busie spirits, and men fervent to make a fortune, care much for Idle friends, although they were endowed with all the virtues of the Anchorets of the wilderneſſe. They esteem not gods of clay, although they had all the curious draughts of *Polycletus* upon them: It is gods of Gold and silver they would have, men which may give them whatsoever they desire. They carry these dispositions even to Altars, and make piety it self mercenary; For we see, many are little enough moved to hear of the greatest Saints in heaven, when a discourse is made of their excellent virtues: but, if peradventure an extraor-

Avarus Evangeliorum irrisor, transgressorque perpetuus. Climach. Grad. 16.

extraordinary cure happen, thither they runne by heaps, and the saint which is the authour of them hath magnificent Altars waited on by many vows, offerings, and Candles. It is the poverty of the heart of man to measure all things by proper interest, but it is a maxime deep-settled through all Ages in the opinion of the multitude, and one may truely say, that to him utilitie is the mother of the Gods. Others who have a more gentle spirit seek for pleasure in their affections. I do not say those pleasures, which we have placed in Animall Amities, but some worthy recreation, as that of the Mathematicks, of Eloquence, of Poesie, of Painting, of Musick, ingenuous Sports, pleasant jests, most witty and quaint. This hath much predominance upon spirits who love recreative pastime, and I think the seven Sages of Greece, should they live again, would die for hunger in that house, where one who can jest with a good grace might make a brave fortune. These kind of amities although they may for a time be sweet to sense, are subject to change according to the diversitie of Ages, seasons, humours, employments, and occasions.

Tertull. in lib. ad Nationes. Dii vero qui magis tributim, magis sanctimajestas constituitur in quæstum, venditis totam divinitatem, non licet eam gratis coli.

Amities of pleasure.

Merry jests.

The best men tie themselves to the honesty of morall vertues, and singularly love one who is wise, prudent, courageous, just, temperate, liberall, magnificent, weighing all this in the course of a life sutable to *Aristotles* Philosophy, and do please themselves with the familiarity of such a man, and are entertained by a Correspondence of manners, a delightfull conversation, and an affection very sincere, but not extraordinary.

Amities grounded upon Honesty.

The third sort of Amities, which the Pythagorian calleth, of Demi-gods, and which we may attribute to the most rare and excellent soul, is, among such as mutually love one another, not for ordinary vertues, but for celestiall qualities, graces, and singular gifts of God, and interchangeably love in an extatick manner, to wit, by a rapture of spirit, of heart, and affection, which causeth all things to be common among them, so much as vertue and honesty permitteth. Such was the Amity of the first Christians, of whom, with much wonder, the Pagans said; Behold, how they love one another! See how ready they are to die each for other: and that which the Poets found to be a matter so rare, reckoning up some few parts of true friends. Christianity made it appear, at that time, in as many subjects as it had men. But at this present, the multiplication of persons hath abbreviated the extent of charity. That generous spirit (which borrowed the golden wings of the dove of the Prophet, to fly throughout the world, and to sacrifice it self for a neighbour) is waxed cold, and rests immured within its little house, busing it self almost wholly in the preservation of its Individuums.

Amity of Demi-gods.

Vide ut invicem se diligant & pro alterutro mori sint parati. Tertull. Apolog.

From the discourse of these sorts of Amity, it is now much more easie to judge of the conditions of a good friend, then to meet with the effects of it: but if you will follow the way I shall prescribe, I will shew you what choice is to be used.

Qualities of a good friend.

First I am of *Aristotles* opinion, that Great ones (to speak according to the ordinary course of life) are not very fit for Amities, because they love themselves too much, and make use of men as of Instruments for their purposes, looking after nothing but the establishment of their own greatnesse: Besides the licentious life they commonly leade in a fortune which permits them all, is the cause that good men love them not, unlesse they become as virtuous and magnificent, as they are powerfull. Which is the cause, that being usually encompassed with a multitude of flatterers, or of interessed people, who labour to enrich themselves in the mannage of their affairs, they have very few good friends. But there are some among them, who are endowed with so eminent virtues, affabilitie, and bounty, that they win affections, and find friends, who would willingly offer themselves up as a sacrifice for their glory. Amity desireth equallity; If it find it not, it makes it: and although one cannot alwayes exact it in an Arithmeticall proportion, and that two friends of divers qualities cannot be in all kinds equall in offices rendred one to another, yet it is ever necessary therein to observe some proportion; which many great ones do not, thinking all is due to them, and that having usurped the bloud and sweat of men, they are but victimes born to be sacrificed to their magnificence. Which made the great *Aristotle* say, That if of two friends the one should become a God, he would cease to be a friend. In which he spake as a man, and a man ignorant of the Divinity; For he figured to himself a god of a luskish and proud humour, wholly busied within himself, and disesteeming all whatsoever under himself. But had he known the ineffable sweetnesse of the divine Bounty, he would rather with *Tertullian* have said, that there is nothing so worthy of God, as the salvation of man.

Great men are not ordinarily the best friends.

Arist. 8. & 9. Moral.

Tertull. contra Marcionem. Nihil tam Deo dignum, quam salus hominis.

Secondly, it is most certain, that those who love too much, are not very proper for great and strong amities, for with over much eagernesse to love all, they love nothing. You find men of honour in the world, who are extremely endearing, and who create amities innumerable, their heart resembleth the weathercock on a steeple which turns with every wind; they no sooner see one, but they oppresse him with favours, promises and courtesies: but such amities resemble those bubbles of water which rise upon a river during the time of a shower, and break as soon as they grow. Birds, which have yet the shell on their backs are taken with the sweetnesse of their bait, and think they have gotten their favour upon the first acquaintance; but the prudent well see, that they say to all the world, is not spoken to them.

Who loves too much, loveth little.

Men too endearing incapable of amity.

They do as *Plato*, who in the beginning thought himself much obliged to a Ferriman, that courteously without asking ought, had wafted him, imagining this was done in respect of his merit, but when he afterward perceived, he thus entertained persons of the meanest condition, He then could well say, *Friend, I ow thee nothing.*

The Judgement of Plato.

Seneca lib. 6. de Benefic. c. 18. Negavit illi jam apud Platonem positum, officium.

Moreover, we may truely affirm, that such are never good friends, who too much adhere to themselves, and rest fully satisfied with themselves; For amity being a certain transportment of a friend to a friend, it loveth to go out and readily succour such as stand in need of its help: but the man who is fast tied to his own interests, captived by his own employments, irrevocably squared out to his own hours, is a piece not to be stirred, but with many engines. Adde also to those the fantasticall suspicions, and unequall spirits, who daily at least, have some fit of folly; and infinitely vary both in manners and visage, which maketh poor Amity to fare ill in their hands. But prudent, and patient friends, who have need of them, strive to find out the folds of their hearts, to observe their good fits, and the lightsome seasons of their mind.

One must not adhere too much to ones self to be a good friend.

Unequall spirits.

Lastly, I would banish out of the temple of Amity all wicked lives, and evil humours, weak brains, and indiscreet tongues, which are not retentive of a secret; the over-curious, the light, the exorbitant, flouters, Buffons, the sad, mischievous murmurers, great talkers, and the Ceremonious.

Men banished from the Temple of amity.

To choose a friend well, it is necessary he be honest, prudent, of a good disposition, cordiall, obliging, faithfull, and patient. Honesty is the foundation of all the most eminent amities; without which there is not any thing can be of a solid subsistence. Prudence is the instrument for every thing, and the Rule of all the actions of mans life. Good disposition seasoneth the greatest plea-

The choise of a friend.

sures

ſures of converſation. Cordiality makes a commixion of hearts and minds, which is the principall ſcope of Amity. Obligations, maintained by mutuall offices, ſtraightly knit affections. Fidelity, which is an unmoveable rock againſt all the aſſaults of men and time, which tend to the diviſion of hearts; and Patience in the defects of a friend, is that which crowneth the perfections of Love.

§. 4. *Of Amity between perſons of different Sex.*

I Hold my ſelf obliged by the neceſſity of the ſubject, to ſpeak here of the Amity of different Sexes, eſpecially, between people of the world, as alſo, becauſe many complain, that men of our profeſſion would willingly handle them as Hermites of *Thebais*, and wholly forbid them the converſation of women; I will deliver what conſcience and civility permit in this. It is often asked whether women be capable of good Amity, and whether it may be tyed between ſex and ſex out of wedlock-bands?

This is a very hard queſtion for me to reſolve, becauſe, having all my time been employed (according to the laws of my profeſſion) to court wiſdome and virtue, and having had little practice, but amongſt the ſageſt and moſt virtuous women, it is not ſo eaſie for me to judge of the humours of ſuch as are bred otherwiſe.

If we conſult with Hiſtories, we ſee millions of Lovers, who complain of the infidelity of their Miſtreſſes: On the other ſide, women wage warre with men, ceaſing not to accuſe their inconſtancy: and all your feigned Romans eternally chant forth the ſame ſong, which were able to tire ſpirits any thing ſerious: but it is evident, that theſe vices with which they reproch one another, chaſtiſing with ſeverity, that, which they commit through idleneſſe, proceedeth not ſo much from ſex, as from the nature of a ſhamefull paſſion of love, which hath no more ſtability, then the wind in the Spring, and the ſea in a Calm.

It is certain, that evil love hath its diſloyall ones every where but ſince we are inſenſibly engaged to treat of Amity, after ſo many excellent pens who have handled the ſame ſubject; we are rather to obſerve what is commonly done in virtuous love, then that which is acted out of the madneſſe of Concupiſcence.

Reaſons for which women ſeem leſſe capable of Amity.

Some have thought, women were not ſo proper for Amities, becauſe they reſemble a cloud in the Rainbow, which receiveth the impreſſion of all colours in their naturall diverſified forms: beſides, for that according to *Pliny*, they are imaginative more then any creature in the world, which ſuggeſteth to them infinite many thoughts, divers inflexions of the heart, taſtes, diſtaſtes, which thruſt on one another as the waves of the ſea. They likewiſe thereunto adde, that they very eaſily are turmoiled with ſuſpicions, jealouſies, and diſtruſts; the leaſt matters offend them, and many once diſpleaſed, are irreconcileable. And which is more, that the moſt part of them have narrow hearts, and hands nor open enough to help their good friends at a need, they being ordinarily much tyed to the intereſt of their family; ſo that there are many who love not ſo much for love, as for gain.

Velocitas cogitationum, animi celeritas, & ingenii varietas multiformes illis notas imprimit. Plin. l. 7 cap. 12.

Reaſons for the modeſt love of women.

Amor magis lenitur cum prodit eum indigentia. Auguſt. l. 10. de Trin. c. 12. S. Thom. 1. 2 q. 25.

This may well happen in certain humours, but there are ſome grievous ſpirits, who do not ſo eaſily receive the impreſſions of theſe ill qualities, and who perſevere till death in an unſhaken conſtancy of affection. And verily it ſeemeth, that contrary to what hath been ſpoken, nature more favoureth them therein, becauſe Love, as ſaith S. *Thomas* after S. *Auguſtine*, appears beſt in indigence, and thoſe love moſt fervently and powerfully, who beſides other attractives ſee themſelves bound unto it by ſome kind of neceſſity. Now, the inclination which a woman hath towards man, is (as it were) neceſſary: For it is more eaſie for a man to be without a woman (having regard to ſpirituall and temporall aſſiſtances, as Sacraments and Phyſick) then for a woman to be without a man. *Adam* was for a while all alone in Paradiſe, in a vaſte world, but God permitted not that *Eve* ſhould be there alone one moment: for this ſolitude would have gone hard with her to ſee ſo many living creatures, and in ſo divers kinds, and not meet with one to bear her reſemblance.

This being ſo, one may with reaſon ſay, that as we love things neceſſary, with more endeavour and ſtability, ſo women are tyed with the more indiſſoluble chains in virtuous inclinations. But not to ſpeak of this motive (which proceeding from a meer motion of nature) cannot be the moſt generous; we find men, who reſt upon Indifferency, and ſeek nothing but to content their own ſenſes and to idolatrize themſelves: but women very rarely ſtay upon neutrality, needs they muſt love or hate, there is no third condition for them; and ſince, according to the Philoſopher, it is fit to judge of Contraries by proportion, we will truly ſay, that if they be ſuſceptible of the impreſſions of hatred above all may be ſaid, ſo are they likewiſe capable of noble Amities. They think themſelves more engaged in honour to entertain them when they have begun, fearing to be diſparaged by the multitude of wandring and flitting affections.

Adde alſo to this, that they are more tender then men, and that ſoftneſſe of temperature, is to love, as the air to the ray of the Sun, ſeeing the affections more eaſily penetrate where they find diſpoſitions which have already prepared a way for them. Laſtly, as they commonly are more devout and religious then men, ſo they obſerve virtuous Amities with reſpect, and entertain them out of conſcience, and eſpecially ſuch as are grounded on piety, which is the thing that moſt powerfully predominateth over their heart.

I ſpeak this in reſpect of thoſe who are very virtuous, but as we find, few rare virtues and ſtrong amities accompanied with all neceſſary circumſtances, are not ſo frequent in their ſex.

It ſeemeth alſo, that the Examples we derive as well from Nature, as Civil life, inſenſibly lead us to the proof of that which we propoſe.

Among living creatures, the Females are the more ſharp and ardent, as well in their affection as in their anger: the cuttle-fiſh takes revenge on that which ſtriketh her male; but the male flyeth if his female catch a blow, as *Ariſtotle* hath obſerved in the ninth book of his living Creatures. I well remember the Antients ſtudiouſly reckoned up the pairs of friends which they had obſerved throughout all Ages, and that *Lucian* in his Toxaris, hath ſtrange examples of amity between men, as of him who left his whole family in a fire, to carry out his deareſt friend on his ſhoulders: and of another, who gave his own eyes for the ranſome of him whom he moſt tenderly affected. But who likewiſe would in particular decipher the notable acts of love, which many wives have witneſſed to their huſbands, ſhould find wherewith to be moved to admiration, and to ſettle his conſtancy. If we talk of preſerving a widdow-hood, inacceſſible to ſecond wedlocks, how many may we find of them, even in Gentiliſme, who, after the death of their dear husbands have ſaid, (what the antient *Valeria* did) My huſband is dead to others, but not to me. If we ſpeak of ſuffering great toils of body, Queen *Hipſicrates* followed King *Mithridates* her husband, as one

Bodin. Theatri natur. l. 3. ſect. 6.

Luc. Toxaris.

Rare amities of women. Valer. Max. l. 4. c. 6.

of

of his braveſt Captains, gallantly corvetting a horſe, and galloping through ſnows and wilderneſſes not to be ſeparated from him. If we diſcourſe of baniſhment and ignominies, *Sulpitia* brake up doors and locks to run (maugre her mother) after her exiled husband, among the proſcripts of the Triumvirat. If impriſonments be put into the liſt of account, *Eponia* was nine years ſhut up with her husband in the hollow cavern of a Tomb. If you regard maladies, a daughter of Spain, daily with her tongue, licked the envenomed wound of King *Edward* of *England* her dear husband. If you look on the terrible of terribles, death; *Blaunch* the Italian Lady, ſcorning the flatteries of the Tyrant *Actolin*, who paſſionately woed her, (captive though ſhe were) eſcaping out of the hands of ſouldiers, ſhe went to breathe out her life upon the tomb of him to whom ſhe firſt of all had given her heart and affections. Yea, I much more admire thoſe, who willingly have depriued themſelves of all riches, greatneſſe, yea even of the preſence of their husbands, whom they dearly loved, to procure them liberty, wealth, and honour. *Cedrenus* obſerveth in his hiſtory, that *Conſtantine* the ninth, exerciſing tyranny, as well in matter of love, as within his Empire, cauſed the Roman *Argyropylus* to be ſought out, and commanded him to repudiate his wife, whom he had lawfully married, to take his daughter, on condition that he would make him Ceſar, and aſſociate him with himſelf in his dignity: but if he condeſcended not to his will, he threatned to pull out his eyes, and to make him all the dayes of his life miſerable. The Lady, who was preſent, ſeeing her husband involved in all the perplexities that might be, and ignorant what anſwer to give unto the Emperour. Ah Sir (ſaid ſhe) I ſee you are much hindered in a brave way, if it onely reſt in your wife, that you be not great and happy; I freely deprive my ſelf of all, yea, of your company (which is more precious to me then all the Empires of the world) rather then prejudice your fortune; For know, I love you better then my ſelf: And ſaying this, ſhe cut off her hair; and voluntarily entred into a Monaſtery, which the other was willing enough to ſuffer, preferring ambition before love, a matter very ordinary among great ones.

Idem lib. 6. cap. 7.

Lipſii exem. politica.

Rhod. Ganſius hiſtor. Hiſpan. p. 1. cap. 4. Seard. lib. 3. hiſt. Paravic.

Cedren. in Epirom. hiſt p. 596.

Excellent loyalty of a Lady.

Τὴν κοσμικὴν ὀνῆσιν εἰς ἀπάτην τὴν ζήλα.

Out of all this it may be inferred, that women are to be found very virtuous, and moſt conſtant in their affections. But the queſtion I propoſed in the ſecond place, if in caſe it ſo fall out, whether amities may be fixed out of marriage, between ſex and ſex, is a paſſage very dangerous, and worldlings muſt not think it ſtrange, if I look into it with much precantion. It is a pleaſant thing to hear how *Pelagius* the Arch-heretick talks in S. *Jerome*; For he makes a Rhodomantade ſuteable to a ſpirit ſwoln up with pride, and blinded within the opinion of his own worth, There are (ſaith he) who ſhut themſelves within cells, and never ſee the face of any one woman, yet ſuffer themſelves to be enflamed with love, and tormented with deſires: which may very well happen, for they are miſerable creatures, who well deſerve to be ſo handled. As for me, I freely profeſſe, I am daily environed with an hoſt of women, and feel not the leaſt ſpark of concupiſcence. S. *Baſil* was of another opinion, when he ſheweth, that a man, who perpetually converſeth with women, and ſaith he feeleth not any touch thereof, participateth not at all of humane nature, but rather is ſome extraordinary prodigie; For, as he learnedly diſputeth in the Book he compoſed of Virginity, the body of a woman is (as it were) a ſection, and a fragment of that, of the firſt man, which is the cauſe he naturally deſireth her, as a part taken from himſelf. The palm hath not more inclination to the palm, nor the iron to the adamant, then one ſex hath towards another. When God created the mother of the living, it is written (he built) as if the Scripture would ſay, That woman is a houſe wherein the heart of man lodgeth, but too often. Sole glances (ſaith this great man) are ſpirituall hands, which cauſe wonderfull effects; From thence the firſt battery of Concupiſcence beginneth, as ſaith *Clemens Alexandrinus*. Adde, that after the corruption of ſinne, we have in us an evil ſource of carnall deſire, which floweth from the bottome of our ſoul by our five ſenſes, as by ſo many conduit-pipes. Nature is extremely ſubtil and buſie, and when one hath a hundred times together by ſtrong hand chaſed it away, a hundred times it returneth; It inſinuates it ſelf, it preſſeth forward with ſweet violences, with charming ſweetneſſes, it inſenſibly ſpinneth the web, and doth what it liſt.

Rodomanto of Pelagius, Jerem. in Pelagium.

S. Baſil de Virginitate. Inclination of ſex to ſex.

τιμῆμα γὰρ ἀνδρός. Dangerous autractives in the converſation with women.

Ædificavit dominus coſtam quàm tulerat de Adam in mulierem Gen. 2. 22. ὠμμάτων βολαὶ δ' ὀυμαὶ χέρες. S. Baſil. ibid. Ἀ ὀφθαλμῶν ἀκρο-θιγὴς ὁλισθήματα. Clem. Alex. pædag. l. 3.

Moreover, it is ſeconded with a certain curioſity, to know all that which is moſt pernicious to it. It kicketh againſt the laws of honeſty and modeſty, and thinks the forbiddance of an evil is the greateſt of all torments. It will know too much, to be chaſte, and makes a ſnare to it ſelf of proper ſcience. O God of purity, how many do we now adayes ſee, who, to give entrance to a wicked curioſity, through too free converſation, receive as many wounds as they give glances, and as many deaths as beauty ſhoots arrows againſt them! *Solomon*, who well knew the effect of this paſſion, ſaid: Thy eyes ſhall ſee forreign women, and thy heart ſhall entertain a very evil diſcourſe within thee: Thou ſhalt be as one faſt aſleep in the midſt of the waves of the ſea, or as a lazy plot, who, oppreſſed with drowſineſſe, hath forſaken the helm. Thou wilt ſay, It is true, they ſtruck me, but I feel no pain of it: They have drawn me this way and that way, but I am not ſenſible of it, when ſhall I be awakened, to be again drunk with love, and to return to my accuſtomed pleaſures? See how a ſenſleſſe ſoul talketh, which having not well guarded its ſenſes in the firſt aſſault, delivereth the heart over as a prey, and ſinks into the bottome of Abyſſe. But to reſt within the limits of honeſt amities, it is undoubted one cannot uſe too much precaution, ſo ſubtil and penetrative are the ſtings thereof, eſpecially, when it is ſharpned by Beauty, Bounty, and Benefits. Yea, miſery therein doth ſometimes bear ſo ſenſible a part, that a beautifull and virtuous woman, being in her innocency afflicted, ſhooteth arrows of victorious love into the heart of man: And very well the Philoſopher *Seneca* hath obſerved, that love is great, when it grows out of commiſeration.

Prov. 23. Oculi tui videbunt extraneas, & cor tuum loquetur perverſa, &c.

Modeſt amities with women ſhould alwayes be handled with much precaution.

Magnus amor eſt, qui de miſericordia venit S. Cant. 6.

It is true which *Caſſidorus* ſaid in the book of Amity, that one affection degenerateth inſenſibly into another. Love, in the beginning, is wholly divine, then it becometh humane, being yet within the limits of reaſon: From humane it paſſeth to naturall, wherein it quickly feels the ſting of nature, and the firſt fervour of Concupiſcence. From naturall, it becometh officious, entertaining it ſelf with diſcourſes, complements, complacence, offices, and ſervices. From officious, it moſt times becometh carnall, and from carnall, abſolutely unchaſte.

Caſſiod. de amicitia.

Degeneration-amity.

Iamblichus, a Philoſopher, very curious, ſaith, that thoſe who profeſſed to conſult with ſpirits by this divine operation; as is pretended, ſaw in the beginning obſcurities, ſpectres, and night; but perſiſting in their ſearch they perceived the air by little and little waxed bright with a pleaſing ſerenity, and the apparitions became more lightſome. It falleth out quite otherwiſe in the matter of Amities, indiſcreetly tied with women: For at firſt, thoſe ſhews are fair and ſpecious, but the iſſues of them (if one be not heedfull) are black and hideous. A ſoul which feareth God, might ſometimes be very confident among ſuch as make profeſſion to

Obſervation of Iamblichus applied to the amities of women.

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be none of the honestest, because it is prevented by some aversion which hindereth its perdition; but virtue, consorted by sweet disposition, hath another manner of power: for it insinuateth it self into the soul with admirations and satisfactions, which attract the inclination before the consideration can be permitted to frame any further discourse. So S. *Bonaventure* in the Treatise he composed of the Purity of Confession, saith, The Amity of virtuous women is more to be feared, and the testimonies of mutuall affections which one sex rendereth to another, are infinitely able to enkindle love. One, who is not extremely exorbitant, beginneth not the practice of vice on the top; iniquity hath its apprentiships, none comes in an instant to the utmost of impudency. Above all, heed must be had of the beginnings, before vice take much predominance to our prejudice.

S. Bon. l. de Purit. Conf.

S. Basil de Virginitate.

A noable comparison of S. Basil. Subtilties of the passion of love.

Have you observed what a stone doth thrown into a pond? it maketh at first a small circle, which causeth another, and the other a third, the third out of that produceth a fourth, and they are still infinitely upon encrease so much, that the water onely curled with a little pebble, makes a long chain of circles, which fill up the totall superficies. This happeneth in love, it falls into our heart not perceived, nor foreseen, and in the beginning causeth some slight touch, which, according as it is entertained, distends it self, and is in such sort multiplied, that it repleniseth the whole capacity of our soul with arrows and chain-links, which we cannot but with much labour dissolve and unloose. A spirit which before rested in a generous liberty becomes captive. This imperious visage perpetually knocks at the gate of his heart. It enters into game, study, repose, repast, sleep and action. It insinuateth it self into prayer, with distractions pleasingly troublesome, it busieth the thoughts, it exerciseth the discourse, it enflameth the desire, to go, to visit, to speak; it repleniseth the memory with what is past, the imagination with the future, and the present, with disturbance. A soul finds it is not well, that it dissolves, that it consumes by the senses, and hath already dried up all its smiling beauties, and weakned that vigour, which is in devotion. It notwithstanding flattereth it self with the colour of innocency; it feigneth to it self that this is an act of charity; that it is a duty of civility; that it is an act of the soul that burns not but for virtue; but the mischief is, this soul is not an intelligence separated from matter, and that in the gueſt thereof, we passe by the veil of body, which becometh a snare to chastity.

Ὑπτιος.

Ælian. de animal. l. 6. cap. 35.

Love compared to the fire of Oxen.

How many Bulls have we seen feeding in a pasture, strong and sound, who having heedlesly swallowed a little worm called by the Grecians, *The fire of Oxen*, become meagre and faint, retaining nothing at all of their bodies but bones and figure? And how many great spirits have we beheld which were in excellent state, and in full vigour of the functions of intellectuall life; who, by approching over-near to this sex, have entred into affections of fire and flames: which, like little creeping serpents, have stoln into their hearts and destroyed virtue? I will not soil *the purity of my Pen* with the exorbitancies, which both ancient and modern histories have observed upon this subject. I passe over it, as bees over hemlock, without any stay, it seeming unto me that many Authours had done better to have covered the stains of their mother, then to have divulged them to maligne spirits, who make use of poison, and readily impute the disorders of particular, to the generall body.

The opinion of Fathers concerning the Amity of women.

All I have said hereupon hath been to suit my self to the sense of Scripture, and holy Fathers who so notably have condemned the over-much familiar conversation with women, and if they seem sometimes to speak of it with too much rigour, it is for that in great crimes the evil might be diverted by exaggeration of the peril, to the end, that since the fire is to be feared, the very smoke might be avoided.

Prov. 6. 27.

It is not to be wondered at what the Wise-man said, *That the too free familiarity with women was a fire-brand in the bosome*: That S. *Ephraim* thought it was as easie to live among burning-coals, as to converse with this sex, and not to wound the soul: That S. *Bernard* wrote, that to be alwayes among women without hurt, was to do more then to raise the dead: That, S. *Cyprian* imagined it was to erect a precipice, to be addicted to such society: That S. *Jerome* advised, that we should either equally love them all, or equally not know them.

Bern. ser. 64 in Cant.

Cyp. de singular. Cler. S. Heron. ad Nepotian.

Shipwracks happened by the love of women.

We see many shipwracked fools standing on promontory tops, who tell us of the ruines which these passions haue caused. *Simon Magus* was undone by a *Hellen*, being more bewitched by her love, then he enchanted others by his sorcery. *Appelles* was corrupted by *Philumene*: *Montanus*, by *Prisca* and *Maximilla*: *Donatus*, by *Lucilia*: *Elpidius*, by *Agape*. Women have ended among all these, what Magick and Heresie had but begun. O good God! what man would not be astonished at the Roman *Macarius*, who having overcome love in the world, was surprised in the wilderness by finding a womans shoe? To conclude, Heaven is most happy, said *Tertullian* very wittily, because, though it hath Angels, it hath not *Angelicals*; though it hath a God, it hath no Goddesses; and it might be feared, if there were diversity of Sex there, it would alter something of its tranquility.

Ex monodis.

In cœlo non Angelus & Angela. Tertul. adversus Val.

So many great men, who were much accomplished in sanctity, have thought of women upon the brink of the grave, and have found, we must ever fear, that we may never fall. Besides, I leave you to think with what conscience a spruce youth who hath a body full of bloud, and a spirit repleniſhed with flames, can say, He will love God in his works, and that he findeth not any one better, then a handsome woman. He knoweth how to manage his love, he will take in no more fire then he list, and this fire shall not burn, but at his discretion. This beauty shall serve to raise him towards God; he will passe from the creature to the Creatour without any difficulty: It is a ladder of gold, which God hath set for him to climb up into heaven by. But it is to be doubted lest it prove *Archimedes* his engine, whereon the higher they mounted, the lower they descended. Such an one by this way thinks to touch heaven with a finger, who already hath a foot in hell. But since I write this Treatise for Courtiers, and for the well-ordering of divine and humane love; I neither must, nor will, by my discourse put any prejudice upon the virtuous, and civil Amities which may be between persons of different sex, who are endowed with singular and excellent virtues, and who manage their affections with admirable discretion: which, although rarely, may be done; and if there be any who abuse it, it is not fit, by reason of blasted members, to blame sound parts, and suspect them of corruption; nor to censure the actions of many great Saints, who, being obliged by duty to converse with other sex then their own, have therein comported themselves with so much prudence and charinesse.

That there may be spirituall Amities between persons of different Sexes, endowed with great virtue and rare prudence.

Nec inferorum regnum in terra. Sap. 1.

S. *Augustine*, in the fourth Book of the City of God, saith, The Ancients had three Goddesses of Love; one for the irregular, another for the married, and a third for Virgins. We must not think the kingdome of hell perpetually swayeth upon the earth (to speak with the Wise-man) and that one cannot look on a woman, & not take in the fire of evil love. How many

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be the e, who wholly are eſtranged from all tender and affectionate inclinations? Briars and thorns are as full of courteſie as their greetings, and the ice of *Scythia* is not more cold then their converſation. How many do we find, who, having their ſpirits wholly poſſeſſed by other paſſions; one of Ambition, another of Avatice, another of Revenge, another of Envy, another tranſported by the ſollicitude of a ſuit, and the turmoil of a family, who think very little upon love? How many other are there, from whom ſtudy, affairs, and charges (wherein they ſtrive ſupereminently to tranſcend) free their minds from all other thoughts? And how many Ladies ſee we in the world, with a countenance ever ſmiling, of a humour chearfull and converſation moſt pleaſing, who make love to wits and ſpirits, as Bees to flowers, but have with the body no commerce at all?

But, if this may ſometimes proceed from humour; by a much ſtronger reaſon we muſt think, great ſouls, that are powerfully poſſeſſed by the love of God which repleniſheth the whole latitude of their hearts, and who live in continuall exercifes of prayer and mortification, may converſe with women for the affairs of ſalvation, by a converſation ſweetly grave, and ſimply prudent, not changing the love which they bear to the virtue of chaſtity.

It is an act of a baſe or maligne ſpirit, to meaſure all by ones own ſelf, and to think that, what he would do in a ſlippery occaſion, muſt be done by all ſuch who are farre otherwiſe eminent in grace and virtue, then are the ordinary ſort of men.

The Baſiliſk cannot be enchanted.

The Author of the theatre of Nature holdeth, that the Baſiliſk alone, among ſerpents, cannot be enchanted; and, I dare affirm there are men, who have the like privilege, and have their eyes love-proof, and their hearts ſhut up againſt all the aſſaults of concupiſcence, whether it proceed from ſingular habits of virtue, or whether it be ſome very extraordinary gift from God. *Democritus* voluntarily made himſelf blind, by looking ſtedfaſtly on the beams of the ſun, to free himſelf from the importunities of the love of women; He (perhaps) ſhut up two gates againſt love, to open a thouſand to his imagination. *Origen* deprived himſelf of the diſtinction of ſex, to rebate the ſtings of ſenſuality, which bred him much miſchief. Grace, and the gift of God, doth more then all the endeavours of men, it forſaketh not thoſe, who, by obligation of their charge, and out of the neceſſity of their profeſſion, converſe with women, within all the limits and due proportions of decorum.

Tertul. Apologetico.

The extraordinary practice of S. Athanaſius.

The Eccleſiaſticall Hiſtory aſſureth us, that the glorious S. *Athanaſius*, ſeeing himſelf perſecuted by the Arrians with rage, thirſty of his bloud, and not knowing whom to truſt, hid himſelf in the night-time in the houſe of a devout Virgin, where he was long concealed, and protected againſt the fury of his perſecutours. Whoſoever will weigh this, ſhall find it an extraordinary act, for the hiſtory ſaith, the Virgin was a miracle of beauty; and being not fully twenty years of age, had made a vow to preſerve a perpetuall virginity to God. It much amazed her at firſt, ſeeing the great Prelate had choſen her little habitation for the place of his retreat: but he aſſuring her it was the will of God, ſhe entertained him with an open heart, and ſerved him with ſo much purity, obedience, and reverence, that ſhe ſeemed to have lodged an Angel, not a Man in her houſe.

Soz. l. 6. c. 6. Palladius.

She furniſhed him with all neceſſaries for life, ſhe waſhed his feet; yea, ſhe borrowed Books for him, with ſingular heed, that he might entertain time in this his impriſonment. Cardinall *Baronius* calleth this hiſtory into queſtion, and thinks it an invention of *Arrius* his ſide, but there is very little apparence, ſeeing the Arrians of that time never objected it to S. *Athanaſius*, as being a matter out of their knowledge. And although this great man, in his Apology, hath ſaid nothing of it, where he ſpeaketh of his flights and retreats, this, notwithſtanding, nothing at all leſſeneth the truth of it, ſince there are many things may very innocently be done by prudent men, which are not neceſſary to be publiſhed to all the world.

And needs muſt he have had little judgement to have vaunted this accident before his enemies, whereof they would have taken but too much occaſion to calumniate him. And as for that which *Baronius* ſaith, that it onely belonged to widows to waſh the feet of Saints, it is true, according to the ordinary proceedings of the Church, and the liberty of its functions; but here the queſtion is of an outrageous perſecution, and of an act, out of common practice, and there is not any reaſon which can efficaciouſly prove this hiſtory to be invented, ſeeing it is faithfully ſet down by *Sozomen* and *Palladius*, two great admirers of the virtues of S. *Athanaſius*; whereof the one giveth ſo evident proofs, that he witneſſeth he had ſeen the ſame Virgin when ſhe was ſeventy years old, and ſaith this relation was confirmed to him by Prieſts of *Alexandria*. I hold it more admirable then imitable, and that although the Hebrew Children were once preſerved in the fornace by miracle, one muſt not therfore deſperately throw himſelf, through imprudence among coles; but ever confeſſe the hand of God is able to ſafeguard thoſe in perils, who have not deſpaired in the peril, but who by neceſſity become therein engaged.

Luſiacs. Amity of S. John Chryſoſtome, with a Lady named Olympias.

What ſhall we ſay of S. *John Chryſoſtome*? Is there a man more auſtere in his life, and more vehement in the matters of virtuous Amities? It is a ſtrange thing to reade the letters he writes from the place of his baniſhment to his dear *Olympias*. He ſalueth her with openneſſe of moſt ardent affections, he calleth her his Saint, and his venerable Lady; ſometimes he inſtructs and encourageth her by ſublime, grave diſcourſes, addreſſing Epiſtles to her, to be valued with whole Books. Another while he deſcendeth into particulars, he recounts unto her his voyages, his adventures, his comforts, his diſcomforts; He omits nothing of the condition of his health, of the diſpoſition of his body, of his chamber, of his habit, of his ordinary exercifes in this ugly place, whereunto he is baniſhed. He proteſteth he is much troubled he ſees her not, he aſſures her, all his pains are nothing in compariſon of the want of ſuch an one whom he ſo tenderly loved, which he confirmed unto her by the example of S. *Paul*, who challenged Angels and Devils, who mocked at all perſecutions, who was ready to carry all hell on his ſhoulders (had it been poſſible) out of the deſire he had to ſuffer. And yet the ſeparation of *Titus*, his well-beloved Diſciple, afflicted him ſo much, that he could not give his thoughts any repoſe. He dilates much upon this affection of S. *Paul*, to excuſe his own, which ſhewed it ſelf at the height, when the news was brought him of the ſickneſſe of the ſame *Olympias*: For then it was, when the winters of *Scythia*, the countenances of Barbarians, the hideous roughneſſe of ſome place where it ſeemed Nature had never been, the noiſe of warre, and the incurſions of ſouldiers fleſhed in maſſacres and ſpoils, are nothing in compariſon of the affliction he feels for the indiſpoſition of this dear Virgin. He conjureth her by all things the moſt precious to tender her health, he ſendeth her to skilfull Phyſicians, he teacheth her medicinall drugs which help himſelf, he promiſeth her long letters, which ſhe infinitely loved; ſo that ſhe take care of her health, he aſſureth her, as it were in the ſpirit of prophecy, that he muſt

S. Paul tender in holy affections.

viſit

visit her again to comfort his eares, wipe away his tears, and replenish his heart with satisfaction. What can be more lovely, what more affectionate, then this whole discourse?

Great affection of S. Hierom afterward Sancta Paula. S. Hieronym. in Epitaph. Paulæ.

Saint *Jerome* is in the same passions for Saint *Paula*. All the splendour of Romes greatnesse, all the riches of the earth, are nothing with him in comparison of his little Bethleem, made resplendent by the vertues of this noble Lady. He telleth us that Pilgrims who come from the remotest confines of the world cannot see any thing, in all the affluent wealth thereof comparable to her. When he goes about to praise her, he wisheth all the members of his body were changed into tongue, and that he were nought but voyce, to be throughout, the whole Universe, the Trumpet of her praises. He describeth her life and death with extasies, he playes the Poet in his old age to make her an Epitaph and fetcheth out a pedigree for her from the ashes of old Troy, and the conquests of *Agamemnon*. He formerly had made himself a Secretary to her and her daughter, enditing their letters for them to invite *Marcella* their companion into the solitudes of Bethleem. When he thinks of her coming, all the holy land is turned topsieturvey, the hillocks leap for joy, the fields deck themselves in their best beauties, the rivers carry the news thereof to the meadows, squadrons of religious, and virgins go before; there is nothing but salutations and transportations, and rejoycings incomparable: Out of which we may conclude, Saints have very lively affections towards all they love.

The affectionate letter of my Lord Bishop of Geneva.

That blessed Prelate, the Bishop of Geneva had the same spirit for his *Philothea*. For behold how he speaks of her in the first letter of his second Book. *When you unfolded your self to me more particularly, it was an admirable joy to my soul that I might more and more comfort yours, which made me believe that God had given me to you, not imagining any thing might be added to the affection I felt in my mind, and especially when I prayed for you: But now (my dear daughter there hath upon it succeeded a new business which to my seeming cannot be named, but the effect of it is onely a great interiour sweetnesse, which I have to wish you all the perfections of the love of God and all other spirituall benedictions.* In the 16 Epistle he saith, *It is a dew which moistneth his heart without blow or noise; I speak before the God of my heart, and yours; every affection hath its particular difference one from another: That which I bear you hath a certain particularity which infinitely comforteth me, and to say all, it is infinitely available for me. Account this as an irrefragable verity, and do not you doubt it at all.* Then he adds, when many particular persons recommended to him, come into his mind, she is alwayes the first, or the last, who there longest abideth.

See how the wayes of the just are hidden, and leave no prints to follow them by the tracks. An ill informed Censurer would here have wrinckled the brow, he would have said with a supercilious countenance, a severe aspect, in the words of *Cato*: That, it must needs be a manifest snare of Satan, to have a womans face in his mind in the midst of his prayers. and yet we know this worthy man lived in most perfect purity, in imitation of immaterial Angels. This teacheth, us, there may be amity between Sex and Sex, purre and ardent as the flames which enlighten stars. But this onely belongeth to persons infinitely prudent, and absolute in vertue, who are therein more worthy of admiration then imitation: yea indefatigable circumspection must be used, to contein them within their limits: And then is the time that they produce chast and strong delights, when two spirits perpetually look one upon another, as the Cherubins of the Ark having continually the Propitiatory of the living God in the midst of them: or when they resemble the Sunne and Moon, who for these six thousand years have courted each other, and never touched.

Necessitudo Christi glutine copulata quam non utilitas rei familiaris, non subdola & palpans adulatio, sed Dei timor & divinarum scripturarum studia conciliant. S. Hierom.

§ 5. *Of the entertainment of Amities.*

AMity, in the world wherein we are, is a fire out of its sphear, which properly is heaven; where knowledges are without darknesse, joyes without discomforts, and love without blemish. For which cause, it stands in need of precaution to defend it self, and of strength to abide in a place, where constancy is rare, change ordinary, errours naturall, assaults violent, and resistance weak: The mind of a Lover is delicate nice, and sensible in injuries, if you handle it slightly, it withereth like a Rose; if roughly it fadeth like a Lilly. I then will briefly glance at those things which alter Amity, and shew you likewise the Antidotes that preserve it, to the end, remedies opposed; the evils may with the more lustre appear.

Mollis est animus diligentis & ad omnem tenuem doloris aruitus; si negligentius tractes cito marcet ut rosa, si durius tenueas, liveat ut lilia. Epistolarum ep. 34.

I hold, that among all the stains which Amity may contract, there is not any more blemisheth it, then *Forgetfulnesse, Negligence, Scorn, Dissention, Distrust Inequality, Impatience, and Infidelity*. We see so many Amities daily do dissolve by Forgetfulnesse, and want of frequentation, that it seems divers friends (especially when they be of eminent condition make their way to the Elyzian fields by the river of forgetfulnesse. They no longer remember those whom they had courted, then a nightly dream, nor know they so much as whether they be in the world or no, and whether they yet have any part among the living. *Severus* demanded of S. *Paulinus* his picture to preserve his memory, but he asked him, whether he desired the image of a terrene, or celestiall man; shewing we must rather remember friends by the figures of the mind, then the lineaments of the face.

The eight stains of Amity.

1. Forgetfulnesse of friends.

Qualem cupis ut mittamus imaginem ribi, terreni hominis an cœlestis? S. Paulinus ep 8. ad Severum.

Others want not memory, but they have a certain carelessnesse which many times proceedeth from a nature lazy, and indifferent, that cannot take a litle pains to quicken the memory of a friend; another-while it cometh from a narrow-streightned heart which vouchsafeth not to oblige it self in an occasion, wherein it hath full power.

2. Negligence.

Some are not content to scorn, but doe also make their scorn appear, by preferring men of no worth, and who were before unknown to them in ancient Amities. They think a friend who is yet to be made, is ever better then he who is already wholly endeared. This is it that causeth sharp convulsions in a generous heart which sees it self neglected, and abandoned in need, by one from whom all possible help was expected. Then arise loud out-cries, exclamations and complaints: Yea there are of them, who hide their wounds, yet fail not to love in the midst of these disvasours; which I suppose doth either proceed from a strong vertue, or from a great abjectnesse of mind. If it come from vertue, it is an action truly Christian: But, if from abjectnesse of mind; then it is a lamentable thing to see a silly soul so profuse of love (the greatest treasure in the world) as to conferre it on the ingrate, disdainfull; as if one took delight to feed, and flatter owls. And were a man able to give us the heavens, and stars; if he have not Amity and affection for us, must we make our selves slaves to a proud spirit, which is wholly employed within it self; which can never distinguish what vertue or Amity is? Disdain is a thing not hard to be learned, when he, whom we honour most, giveth us a lesson of it in his ingratitude, One may pay scorn with scorn, and set a value upon nothing but God who gives estimation to all things.

3. Contempt.

Attalus. Jucundius amicum facere, quam habere. Nec tamen Æneam quamvis male cogitet odi.

There are others who begin the breach of Amity by

4. Distrust

diversity of opinions and judgements; they build but upon one ground in the exercise of the holy virtue; their understanding inclineth to one side, their will seems to propend to another: but in the conclusion it is gained by judgement, and the continuall diversity of reasons causeth the dissention of hearts. *I* doe not say, one should play the Chameleon in Amity, and, without foundation, take upon him all colours which are presented; for, that would be rather to become a flatterer then a friend. The Seraphins of *Ezekiel*, though they clap themselves with the tips of their wings, yet faile not to make a heavenly Harmony: So, good friends, who at first somewhat differ in opinion upon subjects offered, and propose their reasons with sweetnesse and modesty, thereby alter not concord; but when this dissention is very frequent, and captious, it is an evident token, love is strucken at the heart.

Chamæleontis bestiolæ vice quæ de subjectis sumit colorem. Auson. ep. 32.

Ezec. 3. 13.

3. Suspitions and distrust.

Others are easily transported with suspicions and Distrust, and open their ears very wide to tale-tellers who are the most dangerous plagues which the evil Genius can vomit forth to disturb concord. Antiquity telleth us that friends sent ear-rings to their dearest correspondents on their birth-day, to consecrate their ears to Amity, and preoccupate them against slander. We must judge (saith *Seneca*) before we love, but when once we have begun to love, we must beleive a friend. We must not open a heart byhalves; he is made faithfull by the power of believing him to be such; and there are not any so worthy to be deceived as those, who upon all occasions fear to be deceived. *It* is an act proper to a spirit stupid, and unworthy of the manage of affairs, to be ready at the first, to give credit to the venemous tongue of a calumniatour, opposed against the life and innocency of a friend; or of one in prime place, without sifting diligently all the circumstances of his accusation. And what assuredness may we hope for in humane things, if all ears should become as credulous, as tongues are licentious? Came not thence the frequent subversions of States, and calamities of Mankind?

Rabbi Solomon.

Post amicitiam, credendum; ante amicitiam, judicandum est. Sen. ep. 38.

Is it not that which irrecoverably ruined the Roman Empire, under *Valentinian* the third, when (as *Maximus* relateth who was his Capitall enemy) he with his own hand slew his chief Generall *Ætius*, the pillar and prop of his Empire? We must not believe any thing against an Amity long settled, unlesse the proofs thereof be written with the raies of the Sun. *Alexander* rather chose to put himself upon the hazard of swallowing poison, then to believe one, who made him a report against the loyalty of his Physitian. He, with one hand, took the goblet without further information, and with the other, gave the accusers Letter to the accused; the one smiling drank down an apparent death, whilest the other implored heaven and earth against the calumny, which was notably refelled by the generosity of the great Monarch.

Quintus Curtius l. 3.

Lastly, they do not long preserve Amity, who are Unequall and Impatient: and as *Moses* makes no mention of the air in the history of the Creation, because it is inconstant, according to S. *Gregory Nyssen's* conceit: So, we must let their names passe under silence in the Temple of Amity. They grow weary of all, they are displeased with a slight word spoken at randome; with some innocent freedome they enter into Labyrinths of suspicions and perplexities, whence they never come forth; and Amity (which is the most delightfull of all things) becomes their punishment.

6, 7. Inequality and Impatience

Greg. Nyss. in Hexam.

All, which hath pleased them, displeaseth: All, which hath contented them, discontenteth; one knows not into what posture to put himself, to give satisfaction: Good words vex them, services distast them, submissions torment them, contradictions make them mad: It seemeth *Sauls* devil possesseth them, and that they know not themselves; they hate by humour, as if they had loved without consideration of merit.

1 Reg. 18. 10.

But we must say, that of all the plagues of Amity, there is none so fatall to it, as the discovery of a secret by Treason and Infidelity: That is it which *Petrus Blesensis* called the blow without noise, under the shadow of Amity. It is that which *Brutus* gave to great *Cesar*, and which was the cause that the valorous Emperour (long tumbled to and fro among his murderers, and defending himself from every blow they gave him) covered his eyes with his garment, not enduring the treachery of a man whom he had loved, and obliged above all other: But saying, Ah son! art thou then one of these? He suffered himself as a victime to be butchered, ashamed to behold the day-light, which made him see so black a mischief. And what is there more to be deplored, then to behold a generous heart which dilates it self in the presence of a pretended friend, and powreth out unto him all he hath in his soul, whilst the wretch (shooting back envenomed shafts against all the raies of Amity) maketh a prey of his goodnesse, and a trophey of his sincerity; abandoning him to the discretion of such as persecute him. There are some who suffer themselves to fall into these Infidelities by the surprizall of some wicked spirits who wholly govern them, and who draw out of them all they have in their hearts, either by craft, or power, which rendreth them lesse culpable, but not innocent. Others run to it with the malignity of a Devill, and joyfully triumph when they have prospered in an Act so base and barbarous. Do not these kind of people deserve to be accounted the horrour of nature, the scorn of Ages, the execration of mankind? And shall we not believe that if *Pythagoras Metempsychosis* were in being, their souls would put on no other bodies but of Hyena's, Rats, or Owls, to fly in an eternall night, and never to be illustrated with one sole ray of the bright day of Amity?

8. Infidelity

Petrus Blesensis l. de amic. c. 6.

Plutarch. in Julio.

Συνήθευον

Sicut novacula acuta fecisti dolum: propterea, Deus destruet te.

Now, if you desire to know the things which are of power perpetually to uphold Amity, I must tell you, it subsisteth *in honesty, good disposition communication, Bounty, Patience, and Fidelity.* Assure your self, you will not long be a good friend, if you study not to be ever virtuous.

Psal. 51. 6.

Six perfections, which preserve Amity

The heart of a wicked man (saith the Prophet) is a turmoyled sea, which never rests; it hath as many changes as the waves in the Ocean, as many agitations as Tempests, which with Amity is incompatible, of its own nature peacefull, and which entertains the mind in a constant situation. What is the cause the blessed are never weary of loving, but that they perpetually find in God new beauties and perfections? The body is finite, and quickly thrusts forth all its qualities, which with time, rather fade, then flourish; but our spirit is profound as an abysse, and our soul tendeth in some sort to Infinity. Hence it comes, that two friends seriously disposing themselves to perfection daily receive some new lustre, which rendreth them lovely, so, that increasing in goodnesse by degrees, they insensibly love some better thing. Saint *Hilary* of Arles said of two good friends, that they sought to hide themselves in the shadow of one another, but that thence their humility was reflected, as from a solid bottome which made its lights the more resplendent.

Cor impurum quasi mare fervens. Isa. 57.

Dum unusquisque se sub umbra alterius obscurare vovebat, tanquam res percussa claritas utrumque radiabat. S. Hilar. in Honorat.

Yet would I not that your virtue should be austere and unmanaged, but seasoned with a good disposition and a certain cordiality, which is the best temper of Amity. There are some who love so coldly, that their love is as a day in winter, when the Sun is involved in grosse vapours, and shews nothing but sadnesse: which is extreamly troublesome; for it is better to receive a manifest Correction, then to endure

Humour.

dure a hidden Amity (to ſpeak with the Wiſeman) and you ſhall find many women who better love harſh men, then ſuch as are neither one nor other.

Melior eſt manifeſta correptio, quàm amor abſconditus Prov. 27.

He is no good friend who rejoyceth not at the preſence of his friend, who is not ſorry for his abſence; yet not oppoſing the conformity we ſhould have with the divine Providence. *S. Chryſoſtome* in the letters he wrote to his dear *Olympias* obſerved theſe ſenſible affections in S. *Paul*, for he was much troubled at the abſence of his beſt friends, and deſired to ſee their faces, (as he ſaith) where this great Prelate inſiſteth upon the word face, and ſayes it is good right, that we deſire the face of our friend, becauſe it is the place where the ſoul ſheweth it ſelf in all its ſenſes. There is not any man (ſaith *Tertullian*) unleſſe he hath little to do, delighteth to hold long diſcourſe before a face ſhut up, a viſage ſenſible of nothing, and which to ſay truly cannot but be melancholy in this poſture. This hindreth not, but that the uſe of veils is very laudable, in time and place among religious women, who make profeſſion of penance; and the fore-alledged Authour, who ardently urgeth virgins to this obſervance, gives them an example of Arabian women, who were ſo veiled, that they had but one eye free to guide them, and to receive a half light: which cauſed a Roman Queen to ſay, that they were miſerable women who went ſo, becauſe they might take in love, but not give it out again. But contrariwiſe they were moſt happy, to be delivered from a thouſand importunities of wanton eyes, which do nothing but court beauties.

Vid. Chryſ. ep. p. 715, 716. 1 Theſs. & 3.

Tertul. de velandis. c. 12. Quis audebit oculis ſuis premere faciem clauſam, faciem non ſentientẽ, faciem ut ita dixerim triſtem.

Contentæ ſunt dimidiatâ frui luce quam totam faciem proſtituere. Idem de velandis. Virg. cap. 14.

Howſoever, true amity is neceſſarily accompanied with ſome tenderneſſe and ſenſibility, which cauſeth one to be perpetually anxious for ſuch as he loveth. Love, in the heart is an exhalation in a cloud, it cannot continue idle there; It daily formeth a thouſand imaginations, and brings forth a thouſand cares: It findeth out an infinity of inventions to advance the good of the beloved: It openeth it ſelf in his proſperities, it ſhuts it ſelf up in his adverſities, it is appalled in perils, it triumpheth in glories; If it hear ſpeech of his praiſes, it is Manna fallen from heaven; if he be blamed, it is a poyſoned arrow which tranſfixeth the heart: The eye, the tongue, the arm, all the veins and arteries bend to his defence.

Converſation, and its contentments.

Add for the third Antidote, that Amity is notably entertained by converſation and mutable communication, which ſhould be full of liberty, freedome, and confidence. There it is where one entreth into community of ſecrets, of thoughts, counſels, inventions, opinions, induſtries, affairs, and purpoſes. There it is, where hearts diſcover their nakedneſſe, and where ſpirits going out of Chriſtalline breaſts, make a ſweet mixture of fires and ſights. There it is, where (ſaith the Wiſeman) Iron ſharpeneth Iron, where one Intelligence awakens another. There it is, where the bottome of the heart becomes as a fountain of clear water, wherein ſouls behold each other by admirable reflections. One reckoneth up his life, his courſes, his voyages, his hazards, his enterprizes, his ſucceſſes, his joyes, his annoyes, his Sympathies, his Antipathies; The other receiveth all this into his boſome, and reciprocally opens himſelf to his friend. Oh what ſweetneſſe, oh what an Atome of the life of the bleſſed is this communication, when it is inviolably grounded upon virtue, and honeſty! What a contentment it is to ſee a poor man who was as a cloud ſurcharged with ſtorms and darkneſſe, to free himſelf and become bright by aſpect of the beams, which reflect from the eyes of a friend, to clear up at the words which come from his lips, to receive infuſions wholly celeſtiall, which put in order things confuſed, give vigour to the languiſhing, comfort in affliction, and hope amidſt deſpairs! Time ſtealeth away in theſe entertainments, and is not felt: hours are not numbred, moments are there pretious; the ſpace which intercurres between two Suns, ſeemeth but one. Whoſoever importunely troubles theſe converſations, are like Birds of ill preſage: and night which ſeparates them (although it be the mother of Repoſe) is not alwayes welcome, unleſſe it in ſleep reſtore thoſe beloved delights it took away.

Prov. 27. 17. Ferrum ferro acuitur, & homo exacuit faciem amici ſui, & v. 19. Quomodo in aquis reſpondent vultus proſpicientium, ſic corda hominum manifeſta ſunt prudentibus.

Converſation muſt be moderated. Prænuncia eſt tribulationis lætitia ſatietatis. Gregor. in Job c. 3.

Yet, it is good to moderate this converſation, the nature of humane things being ſuch, that pleaſure when it is arrived at the higheſt, is not far diſtant from diſtaſte. The more that Flowers breath forth their excellent odour, ſo much the ſooner they wither; and by how much the more love produceth fires and ſparklings, ſo much the more it is weakned, unleſſe it be repaired by reaſon, which is ſwallowed by ſenſe. Abſence entertained by letters full of confidence, is not alwayes without its profit; for the ſoul by the memory taſteth what it hath taken in by the underſtanding, and gives it ſelf more leaſure to recogitate its pleaſures, which are not ſo well perceived, when preſence drencheth the mind in a deluge of contentments, and gives it not leaſure to bethink it ſelf. It is a goodly thing (verily) to behold thoſe affectionate complacents, yet never is one a good friend, if he come not to the fourth point, which is, to wiſh, and to do good to thoſe he loveth. It is now-a-dayes a true teſtimony of Amity, to give liberally of ones own, in a time when ſilver is the God of the world, and intereſt the mark, whereat all intentions aim. There are ſome, who would rather give the bloud of their veins, then ought of their purſe; would ſuffer incredible toils for a friend, and would not diminiſh for him the leaſt part of their ordinary expence; yet Amity never is perfect, unleſſe it enter into a free communication of neceſſary helps, as much as ability and reaſon permit. Whoſoever invented benefits gave wings to Amity, and made arrows of gold which inſenſibly penetrate hearts the moſt unnaturall.

Abſence is ſometimes a ſtratagem of Amity.

Bounty a true note of Amity.

Benefits of Amity.

Gloriſicabit me beſtia agri, dracones, & ſtruthiones. Iſa. 34.

An Elephant, who beareth Towers and houſes on his back, cannot carry a benefit without a gratefull acknowledgement of it: It is that which quencheth the fire that ſparkleth in the eyes of Lions, which ſtayeth their paws keen as raſours, and makes them adore that which is thrown out to them as a prey to be devoured. Liberality is a hook we muſt ever hold in the water; we muſt not fear many times to loſe, to conferre once well, a good office done to a friend. That man deſerveth never to get any thing, who thinks all he giveth is loſt, and who gives not at all, but to receive double. His intentions are mercenary, and his favours are like Lime-twigs; he maketh a Market-place of the Temple of Amity, and profaneth all that is ſacred in it, to conſecrate it to his own paſſion.

A great induſtry to give well.

It is an excellent induſtry, to give well, and it requireth much ſtudy. There are ſuch as give all they cannot keep, and are never liberall but in extremity, like to the fountain of Spoleto which never appeared, but when the countrey was threatned with an approching famine. Others ſend Preſents to no purpoſe, and unſeaſonably, as if one ſhould give books to a Peaſant, and arms to a Scholar. Their gifts are many times ſo unhappy, that they may be reckoned among the miſchiefs their enemies wiſh. Others throw largeſſes by ſtarts, and diſtribute not favours, but caſt them at random; and there are oft to be found ſuch, who giving to all, for want of giving with judgement, oblige none. They haſten to thoſe who deſire nothing of them, not ſeeing it is a great torment to be obliged to one, to whom one would owe nothing. There are, who make themſelves to be adored before they open the golden

Leander in Umbria.

gates of liberality, they are shut up within so many locks, that an age passeth before they succour the misery of a friend; they put oyl into the lamp to light it, when it is quite out, and do good to Hobgoblins, and spirits in tombs. It is too late to give to a friend, if you stay till he demand it: you give him twice, when you deliver him out of his torment. *Arethæus* well understood this mystery, who laid a bag of money under the pillow of his sick friend, whom he knew to be in great necessity, without telling him from whence this supply came, and rather chooſing he should have the pleasure to find it, then the pain to ask it. What good is it to do, as the officers of great ones who are stately in their distributions, and think not they ever have given ought, unlesse it were long asked? They make themselves to be waited on like Demy-gods, and magnifie what comes from their own hands, in such sort that their benefits are scorned, and we begin to hate that, which was too late resolved on, or too proudly afforded. He must give his Presents according to the common practice of men, observing circumstance of place, time, season, persons; guild his favour with the gold of graces, and not do, as they who give so sadly, that one would take them for men who deny.

Seneca. l. 2. de Benefic. c. 10.

Friends also who receive ought not to be troublesome, there being not any thing which more offendeth firm Amities then the too great importunities of the bold, who ever have their hand open to receive, and never have a brow soft enough to blush. There are many Amities which are by this way dissolved; when friends perswade themselves to ask boldly, and will not be denyed, but think one gives them nothing, if they give them not all.

The fifth condition of a good friend, consisteth in a strong patience to bear with the defects of the person he loveth, whether they be in the mind, the body, or in the exteriour: Yet it is not that crimes and scandals, hidden under the shadow of Amity, should be tolerated: for that were to be a traitour to the most innocent of virtues. Above all, it is expedient to observe, and in the beginning to touch the passion of one dear unto us with hands of silk, and words of sattin; not to distemper him, if he be somewhat sensible. But if light remedies make not impression, we must urge, sollicit, labour with all the liberty which confidence affordeth, and not forsake the sick, untill we see some little hope of amendment. But if the evil daily increase by the contempt of remedies, and that it be such that it involves a friend within the danger of infamy; a man ought not to think it strange if he be abandoned, since he first of all degraded himself of the character of Amity, which is virtue. Other defects of manners, which proceed not to crime, ought to be handled with singular sweetnesse and discretion, and these of nature and humane accidents cannot be taken by a good friend but as a decree from heaven, and an exercise of his goodnesse. There are some, who have their souls so generous, that they love miseries; they find deformity to be handsome, when it is dressed up in the liveries of Loves; plagues and cankered sores breed neither fear, nor aversion in them: They digest all by the heat of an immortall affection.

Patience most necessary in Amities.

Advice and correction of friends.

Nonasperè, quantum extimo, non durites, non modo imperitè vitia tollentur; sed magis docendo, quàm jubendo, magis movendo quàm minando. S. Aug. in ep. ad Aurel. Non caret scrupulo societatis occultæ, qui manifesto facinori desinit obviare. S. Achanas. in Conc. Alexand.

Then it is, when we come to perfect fidelity, which is the Basis that supporteth the whole house of Amities. It is a virtue really divine, and one of the most pretious treasures in the heart of man. It is a Bud of Fidelity, a proof of an invincible courage, a note of an inviolable goodnesse: It is an imitation of the order of the heavens, and of the elementary world, where all persevere in the observance of the laws which were written by the Divine Providence from the beginning of ages, by the help of Fidelity, which the principall parts of the universe do observe one towards another.

Fidelity and its excellency.

Ante Jovem genera. Qua fine non tellus pacem, non æquora nôrunt. Silius.

It is that, which is the cause that stars eternally circumvolve within their divisions, not usurping one upon another: That, which causeth dayes and nights yearly to restore the time they had borrowed one of another, and so well to make up their accounts that they pay even to the utmost minute. It is that, which stayeth the waves of the sea, and current of rivers; That, which maketh masters and servants, families and Provinces, States and Empires. All is quickned, all lives, all under the divine hands of this great Mistrisse. By it; Kings have subjects, Lords their officers, Commonwealths Magistrates, Communities Administratours, Fields Labourers, Civil-life Merchants and Artificers, by it, the whole world hath order, and by it, order prospers in all things. One must rather break an hundred times, then once fail in fidelity to a good friend. Were the devil capable of commerce with men, he must observe fidelity: by how much a more just title ought we to preserve love, and honour it, even with veneration in holy Amities?

If a friend, one of those who have been very acceptable to you, chance to fail; whether it be by evil life, or through manifest contempt of you, or out of other ill dispositions; yet must you on the rotten trunk honour the last characters of Love, you must rather unstitch then break, you must keep the secrets he at other times hath committed to you, and not publish his defects. Amity is so venerable, that we must honour even its shadows, and imitate the Pythagorians, who celebrated the obsequies of such as forsook their society, to bury them with honor.

These precepts being observed; Children will live with Parents in great duty and submission; Husbands with Wives will hold together, not onely by eyes, flesh, and blood, which are too feeble tyes, but by excellent conjugall virtues; Parents will live in all sweetnesse of nature; People will be fastned with the knot of indissoluble Concord; Great ones will be indulgent to inferiours; Inferiours pay obedience to the great; and intimate friends gather flowers and fruits of immortall delights, in the sacred garden of Amity.

§ 6. *Of sensuall Love. Its Essence, and Source.*

I Here could wish my pen were born on the wings of winds from one pole to another, and that it might fall with a strong and impetuous flight upon a passion which maketh attractives, charms, and illusions to march before it, and after it draggeth along furies, disasters, and rapines.

ὡς σπου-
μα χιμαι-
ρων ἀ αι-
φνης & φιλαργυ-
ρία διαπ-
ὀνων.

Hippocrates in ep. ad Abderites.

The wise *Hyppocrates* in his time deplored the evil effects of Avarice, and said the life of man was miserable, because insupportable Avarice, like unto a spirit of storms and tempests, had poured it self upon mortals, and that it were to be wished the best Physicians might meet together from all parts to cure this disease, which is worse then folly, and which occasioneth a mischief irreparable: Because instead of seeking remedies to drive it away, false prayses are invented to flatter it.

Love is a strange malady.

I may say the like of Love, since it is the most fatall plague among all passions. It is not a simple malady, but one composed of all the evils in the world. It hath the shiverings and heats of Feavers, the Ach and prickings of the Meagrim, the rage of Teeth, the stupefaction of the Vertigo, the furies of Frenzy, the black vapours of the Hypocondry, the disturbances of the waking, the stupidities of the Lethargie, the fits of the falling sickness, the faintness of the Phthisick, the heavings of the passion of the heart, the pangs of the collick,

the

the infections of the leprosie, the venome of ulcers, the malignity of the plague, the putrefaction of the gangrene, and all, which is horrible in nature.

After all this, it is made a God, to whom Elogies, Hymns, Songs, and victimes are offered: Empire over the heart is given to it; a soul, not created but for him who hath saved it, is subjected, fetters are honoured, and its Tyranny adored.

Disasters of evil love.

There are many millions of men in the world who would be most fortunate and flourishing, if they knew how to avoid the mischievous power of this passion: but having not used any consideration or endeavour; they have abandoned their bodies to dishonour, their reputation to infamy, their estates to pillage, and their lives to an infinity of disturbances and torments. Hence it is, that, virgins of noble bloud are stolen away, that families are desolated, that parents are precipitated into their Tombs by ungratefull children, that so many young widows are dishonoured in the world, that so many miserable creatures, after they have served for talk to a City, die in an Hospitall; that so many little innocents are made away by a death which preventeth their birth; that so many Infants are thrown into life as froth of the sea, exposed to poverty, and vice, by that condition which brought them forth. Hence is it, that chaste wedlocks are disturbed, that poysons are mingled, that Halters are noozed, that swords are sharpned, that Tragedies are begun under the Coverture of night, and are ended in a full daylight upon a scaffold.

O God, how happy might a soul be which would well consider all this, and take what I am about to speak, as a letter sent from heaven, for the remedy of infinite many evils, which in this passion environ our miserable life! I invite hither every age, each sex, all conditions. I entreat my Readers to peruse these lines with the same spirit wherewith I addresse them: and although it befell me to treat of this subject in my other works; notwithstanding never have I (yet) undertaken it with so much method, vigour, or force, as at this present. I will shew you the Essence, the Causes, the Symptomes, and the effects of love, as religiously as I can possibly, supposing my self not bound to follow *Tertullians* opinion, who though very chaste, spared not to speak of this subject a little grosly, saying for excuse, that he had rather put himself upon the hazard of losing shame then a good argument. I made you see in the beginning of this treatise, that love, considered in generall, was properly an inclination to the good of Conformity, which putteth on divers faces according to the sundry objects and wayes it pursues to arrive thither. If it go directly towards God, and reflect on a neighbour, as his Image, loving the one for himself, and the other for his Authour; this is charity: If it diffuse it self upon divers creatures sensible, and insensible, which it pursueth for its pleasure and commodity; it is an appetite, and a simple affection, as that, which is towards hunting, birds, books, pictures, pearls, and Tulips: If it be applyed to humane creatures, loving them withall integrity, by a reciprocall well-wishing; it is Amity: If it regard the body for pleasures sake; it is a love of venereall concupiscence, which being immoderate (even in the intention of marriage) fails not to be vitious; which made *Tertullian* say, that the same thing an Adulterer would do, the married likewise did, If it be chaste, and guided within the Limits which the Law of God prescribeth; it is conjugall love. If it overflow to sensuall pleasures; It is Luxury, S. *Denis* saith, It is not love, but an idoll, and a fall from true love. And *Plato* in his Banquet addeth, that sober love is contentment of heart, eyes, and ears; but when it will content it self by the other senses; namely, that, of touching; it is not love, but a spirit of insolency, a passion of a servile soul, a rage of a triviall lust which maketh shew to love beauty; but, through its exorbitancy, descended to the worst of deformities.

Verecundiâ periclitari malo, quàm probationẽ. l. 1. de anima, c. 17.

Tertull. in exhortatione ad castitatem.

Nec per aliud fit marita, nisi per quod & adultera.

Plato in convivio.

I know there are learned pens, which here distinguish all love into two parts, and say there is one of consideration, and another of inclination. They call it love of consideration when one is therein embarked with a full knowledge, and a setled judgement; love of inclination, when one loveth, not able to give any reason. But I find this division is not exact enough insomuch as it confoundeth the Genus and Species, and doth not clearly distinguish the members of this body; since all love is nothing else, but an inclination, and since that which is made by consideration, inclineth the loving to the thing loved. Whence it appeareth that to mention a love of inclination, is to say, love is love, without any further explication. I had rather say there are two loves, the one of Election, which resulteth from Consideration, and is formed, when, after one hath acknowledged a thing to be fair, profitable, and pleasing, he out of reason affects it: The other of humour, when without consulting with reason, one is suddenly surprized by some secret attractive in the thing loved, without giving himself leasure to judge what it is, and this properly is to love by humour, and fantasie, which is now adays the most ordinary love, but not the best. *It* is a kind of love which quickly beginneth, and which never ends slowly, so full it is of inconstancy. *It* seems to it self all its bands are silken, although they be rough chains: it will not take pains to consider them. *It* thinks not it cherisheth the wound, nor looks it back on the hand which gave it. It is heedlessely engaged, and signeth transactions without reading them, that it may not be ashamed to abrogate what it made, or to entertain that which kills it. There are many miserable ones, who daily marry upon the first sight, and whose amities arise but from a glance which passeth away more swiftly then a shadow: and then there must be a thousand repentances to redeem the pleasure of one moment. It is ever better to preferre Election; for, though in the beginning it had not so much sweetnesse in the search, it hath lesse sorrow in the possession.

Division of Love.

Love of humour.

But to enter farther into the knowledge of Camall love; it is good to penetrate the causes and effects thereof which will the more perspicuously enlighten us in the choice of remedies. We see many people in the world, who being tormented by this evil even unto folly, seek for pretexts to cover their passions: some saying, It is a touch from heaven, and an effect of their Horoscope, which cannot be diverted. Others complain they are bewitched, and that they feel the power of magick: Others cast all the blame upon devils, who notwithstanding think not so much of them as they may imagine; for love comes easily enough from naturall causes, without going about to seek for it in the bottome of the Abysse. I here remember what *Pliny* recounteth of one *Cresin*; who manured a peece of ground which yielded him fruit in abundance, while his neighbours lands, were extreamly poor, and barren, for which cause he was accused to have enchanted them: Otherwise, said his accuser, his inheritance could not raise such a revenue, while others stand in so wretched a Condition. But he pleading his cause, did nothing else but bring forth a lusty daughter of his, well fed, and well bred, who took pains in his garden, with strong carts, and stout oxen vvhich ploughed his land, and the vvhole equipage of his Tillage in very good order; He then cryed out aloud before the Judges, Behold the art magick, and charms of *Cresin*, vvilling to

Causa in culpam transit. Vellejus Pater culus.

Plin. l. 18. c. 16.

Filiam validam & bene curatam.

shew that we must not seek for hidden and extraordinary causes, where ordinary are so evident.

Hæc sunt venefica mea Quiritis.

So in the like case we may say it is a thing most ridiculous, to see a body composed according to nature, sound, and very strong, which hath fire in the spirits, and bloud in the veins, which continually feeds high, lies soft, and perpetually converseth among women the most handsome, to complain of celestiall influences, or the sorceries of Venus. Totall Nature, especially since the corruption of sin, conspireth to make love. It sets Reason to sale (if it carefully take not heed) and insensibly draweth it to its side. There is not almost a stone, whereunder some scorpion lyeth not; there is not a place where concupiscence spreadeth not out some net for us. It fighteth against our selves, makes use of our members, as of the Instruments of its battels, and the Organs of its wiles. There is sedition within, and warre without, and never any repose, but by the singular grace of God. *Tertullian* writes, the chastity of men is the more painfull, the fervour of concupiscence being the more fiery in their sex, and one may justly say, that such as persist all their life time in great resistances and notable victories, are Martyrs of purity, who, having passed through fire and water, hasten to a place of refreshment. We have all one domestick enemy, which is our own body, that perpetually almost opposeth the dispositions of the spirit. If I go about to fetter it (saith S. *John Climachus*) it gets out of my hands; If I will judge it, it grows into favour with me; If I intend to punish it, it flatters me; If I will hate it, Nature commandeth me to love it; If I will fly from it, it saith it is tyed to my soul for the whole time of my life: If I will destroy it with one hand, I repair it with another; Is it too much cherished? it the more violently assaults me; Is it too much mortified? it cannot almost creep; watching withers it, sleep, on the other side fatteneth it, whips torment it, and dandlings corrupt it: By treating it ill, I endanger my life; by pampering it, I incurre death. This sheweth, how Saints fortified themselves with much precaution, diligently observing the condition of Nature, the causes of temptations, and the maladies of the soul, thereby the more successfully to practise the cure. They who are most retired (said the fore-alledged Authour) fail not to feel domestick warres, but such as indifferently expose themselves to objects, are violently both within and without assaulted.

Interiour causes of love.

Tertull. de Velandis. Continentia majoris ardoris laboratior.

Rebellion of the flesh. S. Climach. de castitate, grad. 15. in fine.

Quomodo illum vinciam, quem ut amem a natura suscepimus. Est cooperator, & hostis, adjutator atque adversarius, auxiliator simul & insidiator, &c.

The beauty, and handsomnesse of one sex, is a sweet poison to the other, which entreth in by the eyes, and maketh strange havock: And I wonder not at all that the Scripture compares it to a Panther (a savage and cruel beast) which with teeth teareth those she hath amuzed with the mirrour-like spots of her skin, & drawn to her by the sweet exhalation of her body; It is more to be feared (said an Ancient) then the horns of the Bull, the teeth of the Lion, the gall of the Aspick, yea then fire or flames: and the holy Abbot of mount Sinai saith, that had not God given woman shamefacednesse, which is the scabbard wherein this sword is kept, there would be no salvation in the world.

Beauty imperious. Nomen. ἀπὸ τοῦ παίζειν.

Alii reddunt feram, alii pulchritudinem ut sæpe magista Interpretes. Psal. 49.

Climach. de castitate.

The love of women causes Sampson's, David's, and Salomon's shipwracks. It hath besotted Sages, conquered the strong, deceived the prudent, corrupted saints, humbled the mighty. It hath walked on Sceptres, parched the lawrels of victours, thrown trouble into States, schisme into Churches, corruption among judges, fury into arms. It hath entered into places which seemed inaccessible, but to spirits, and lightnings. And if beauty be so much to be dreaded, when it hath no other companions; how dangerous think we is it, when it causeth to walk along with it, pomp of apparell, attractives, dalliances, cunning wiles, liberty of conversation, merriment, Good cheat, Courting, Idlenesse, Night, Solitude, familiarity? Need we to require any other charms then those to work the ruine of a soul?

The love of women dangerous.

Yet, besides these open causes, there are other secret ones to be found in the love of humour and fantasie, which insensibly fetter a mind, and suffer it not to find its chains.

A modern Authour hath of late written a treatise of the love of inclination, wherein he speaks very pertinently of its originall, and doth (according to his saying) seem to draw it a second time out of its Chaos. To understand his opinion, we must presuppose that which S. *Thomas* saith; That totall Nature loveth to present it self in the objects proposed unto it: And as they continually proceed from all things, coloured images and figures as it were wholly spirituall, which make themselves to be seen, as in looking-glasses; and are received into the eies, to contribute to the effect of sight: so every body hath its projections, and unperceivable influences, as we find in the power of Amber, and the Adamant, which attract Iron and straw by the expiration they scatter in the air, to serve as instruments and hands to their attractions.

Monsiur de la Chambre.

S. Thom. l. 4. contra gentes. c. 11.

The secret attractives of love.

This being common to other natures of plants, metals, and living creatures; we must not think but that the body of man participateth therein, by reason of its vivacity and the multitude of pores which give a more easie passage to such emissions. There then cometh forth a spirituous substance, which is (according to *Marsilius Picinus*) a vapour of bloud, pure, subtil, hot, and clear, more strong, or weak, according to the interiour agitation of spirits; which carrieth along with it some quality of a temperate, friendly and convenient, which insinuating it self into the heart and soul, doth (if it there find a disposition of conformity) abide, as a seed cast into the earth, or as a Leaven which swelleth up a piece of dough, and forms this love of correspondence, with an admirable promptnesse and vigour.

Marsilius Ficinus l. 1. de vita c. 2.

From thence it cometh that brothers many times feel motions and affections of tendernesse, one for another without knowing each other, as it happened to S. *Justus*, who knew his brother *Justinian*, among sundry slaves who were at the chain, by this notice, without any other fore-judgement. Thence it comes that at first we are passionate for persons we never saw, and that we wish them well, though they always have not so much grace, nor beauty: but there is some relation of humour, which weaveth the web, and tieth such affections.

Sprits.

All nature is full of such communications, which are effects of Sympathy, observed in the Corall, which sensibly changeth according to his disposition, who hath it about him; as also in the flesh of beasts, which boileth in the powdring-tub, at the time of the fury of dogs, because they have been bitten by a mad dog; And in wine, which seems to be sprinkled all over with certain white flowers, when the vines are in blossome.

So it happeneth that the spirits, which do in our bodies, what the winds do in Nature, being transpired from one body to another, and carrying in their wings, qualities consonant, do infallibly excite and awaken the inclinations. But it is not credible, or at least, ordinary, that this manner of working should be, as in things inanimate, and that it hath nothing to do with the senses; for it is principally the eyes, which are interessed therein, breathing thence the most thin spirits, and darting forth the visuall rayes, as the arrows of love, which penetrate the heart, are united, confounded, and lost one within another; then, heating the bloud, they strike the

Modification of the opinion who place love only in transpiration.

Species ex me semel per oculos illigata, vix magni lustrantis manu solviter.

Hieron. in Threnos cap. 3.

Imagi-

Imagination and attract wills, which are so linked one to another, that one cannot perceive the knot which so fast tied them together.

If transpiration alone of spirit, indifferently proceeding from all the parts of the body, were able to enflame concupiscence; we must then say that a blind man set at a certain distance from a perfect beauty, would become enamoured with beholding it, hearing it, smelling it, touching it, or by any sense, understanding it: which notwithstanding happeneth not in that manner, and if nature thus proceeded, and that this passion were to be taken as a Contagion, we might extreamly fear the approch of bodies, and persist in continuall apprehensions to be infected by them. It is certain, that the senses being well guarded shut up all the gates against love, since the Imagination it self stirreth not, but upon their report; but after they yield themselves up by a too familiar conversation, and resign their defences; a terrible havock is made in the mind: for love entereth thereunto, as a Conquerour into a surprized City, and imprinteth that pleasing face in every drop of the masse of bloud, It engraveth it on the Imagination: It figureth it on every thought, and there is nothing any longer entire in the mind, which is not divided between slavery, and frenzy.

A Guard over the senses.

§ 7. *The effects of Sensuall Love.*

IT is a strange thing, that this fury hath a thousand hands, and a thousand attractives, a thousand ways of working, quite different, and many times opposite. It takes by the eyes, by the ears, by the imagination, by chance, of purpose, by flying, pressing forward, honouring, insulting, by complacence, and by disdain. Sometimes also it layes hold by tears, by laughing, by modesty, by audacity, by confidence, by carelessenesse, by wiles, by simplicity, by speech, and by silence. Sometimes it assaileth in company, sometimes in solitude, at windows, at grates, in Theatres, and in Cabinets, at Bals, at sports, in a feast, at a Comedy, sometimes at Church, at prayers, in acts of Penance. And who can assure us against it, without the protection of God? *Eustatius* the Interpreter of *Homer* saith, there are some who feign Love to be the sonne of the wind, and the Rainbow in Heaven; in my opinion, to signifie unto us its Inconstancy and diversified colours: and this beautifull *Iris* in the beginning appears all in Rubies, in Diamonds, and Emeralds over our heads, afterward to cause rain, and tempests: So, love shewing it self at first with such bright semblances to our senses, occasioneth storms and corruption in our minds.

The miserable state of one passionately in love. Insomnia, strumæ, terror, fuga stultitiaque adeò, & temeritas, in cogitando excors, & immodestia, &c. Plautus in Mercat.

Observe one transfixed with violent love, and you shall find he hath all that, in his love, which Divines have placed in Hell, darkenesse, Flames, the worm of Conscience, an ill Savour, Banishment from the sight of God. You shall see a man, whose mind is bewitched, brain dislocated, and Reason eclipsed: All he beholdeth, all he meditateth on, all he speaketh, all he dreameth, is the creature he loveth. He hath her in his head and heart, painted, graved, carved in all the most pleasing forms. For her, he sometimes entereth into quakings, sometimes into faintings, another while into fits of fire, and Ice, He flieth in the air, and instantly is drenged in the Abysse, He attendeth, he espieth, He fears, He hopes, he despairs, He groneth, he sigheth, He blusheth, he waxeth pale, He doteth in the best company, He talks to woods and fountains; He writeth, He blots out, He teareth, He lives like a spectre estranged from the conversation of men: Repast is irksome to him, and Repose, which charmeth all the cares of the world, is not made for him. Still this fair one, still this cruell one tormenteth him, and God maketh him a whip of the thing he most loveth.

Yet is this more strange in the other sex, which hath naturally more inclination to honesty. A Lady chaste, or a Virgin well-bred; who begins to wax cold in the love of God, and in the exercise of devotion, and takes too much liberty in her conversation with men, finds her self insensibly surprized by the eyes and ears, by the heart, by the Garb, the Humour, the smiles the speech, the silence, the courage, the discretion of a man, layes a plot with her passion, to betray her reason. The poison of love by little and little spreads it self throughout all the veins, the presence of the object begins to cause blushing, paleneſſe, unquietnesse, disturbance of the mind: so that she cannot tell what she desireth, nor what she would have. Absence awakeneth the Imagination, which makes an Eccho of all the discourses, of all the actions, that past in presence. This man is presented unto her in a thousand shapes, there is not a lineament, a word, a gesture, but is expressed. The understanding quickly creates to it self too many ill lights, the will too much fire, and the soul wholly propendeth to the thing beloved. Yet the fire of God awakeneth her, and suffers her to have good respites, which makes her ashamed to tell her own thoughts to her proper heart. Conscience and Honour make some resistance and glimmering flashes; and if there be found some good directour who may help them in this first battell; they, many times, get the victory. But if a soul be deprived of good counsel, abandoned to it self, and which is worse, soothed in its malady, by some soft, and complying spirit, it is an unhappinesse which cannot sufficiently be deplored. Reason is weakned, shamefacednesse flies away, passion prevaileth, there is nothing left, but wandering of the soul, a feaver, a perpetuall Frenzy, a neglect of works, of affairs, of functions, sadnesse, languour, Impatience, Confidence, and affrightment. Shall she say so? shall she do so? God forbids it, the law menaceth it, and honour cries vengeance; The pleasure of a dream, and beyond it nothing, but Abysses. Love notwithstanding urgeth, and strikes at all considerations, they impute to starres, to destiny, to Necessity, what is nothing but folly. They think businesse is done, when it is but thought on; that they must be audacious; and that there are crimes which are sanctified in the worlds opinion by the good hap of their successes. They come to that passe, that they no longer sinne by method, but through exorbitancy.

Prosperum ac felix scelus virtus vocatur. Senec.

In some Love is sharp and violent; in others dull and impetuous; in others, toyish, and wanton; in others, turbulent, and cloudy; in others, brutish and unnaturall; in others, mute and shamefac't; in others, perplexed and captious; in others, light and tradsitory; in others, fast and retentive; in others, fantastick and inconstant; in others, weak and foppish; in others, stupid & astonished; in others, distempred; in some, furious and desperate.

Diversities of Love.

Mœchia affinis Idololatriæ. Tertul. de pudicitia.

It inflameth the bloud, it weakens the body, it wanneth the colour, it halloweth the eyes, it overthrows the mind; it hath somewhat of being possessed, and witchcraft; something of Idolatry. For you behold in those who are entred farre into this passion, flouds and Ebbs of thoughts, Fits and Countenances of one possessed, and it is in all of them to deifie the creature of whom they are so passionately enamoured, and would willingly set it in the place where the Sun and starres are, yea upon Altars. All which proceeds from it, is sacred; chains and wounds are honourable with them, if they come from this beloved-hand. They would die a hundred times for it, so it throw but so much as a handfull of flowers, or distill but a poor tear on their Tombe.

It

It is to deceive, to say that love excludeth all other passions; it awaketh them, and garboileth them, and makes them all wait on it; it causeth Aversion, Hatred, Jealousie, envie, hope, sadnesse, despair, anger, mirth, tears, scorn, grief, songs, and sighs: and as it is thought that evil spirits shuffle in storms, to stirre up lightning flasks, and make the thunder-stroke the more terrible and pernicious; So is it likewise true that the angell of darknesse involveth himself in these great tempests of love, many times making use of the abominable ministery of Magicians, and acteth Treasons, furies, sierings, poysonings, murders, and ransackings. And how should it spare its enemie, since it is cruell to it self? It maketh some to sink in the twinkling of an eye, drinking their bloud, and insensibly devouring their members. It confineth others into regions of Hobgoblins, and darknesse. It kils and murdereth those who have the most constantly served it. It sharpned the sword which transfixed *Amnon*. It shaved and blinded *Samson*. It gave a Halter to *Phyllis*, A downfall to *Timagoras*. A gulph to *Caleazo*; and caused *Hemon* to kill himself on the tomb of *Antigone*. Volumes would not be sufficient for him who should write all the Tragedies which daily arise from this passion; all pens would be weak, words be dryed up, and wits lost therein.

Evil Angels intermeddle in the great tempests of love.

Cruelty of love on the persons of lovers.

§ 8. *Remedies of evil Love by precaution.*

I Leave you now (dear Reader) to argue within your self, whether one who hath never so little humane judgement for his comportment and quiet, ought not to bend all his endeavours to banish the fury, which plungeth his whole life in so great acerbities, and such horrible calamities. But if you desire to know the way, the first thing I advise you while you are yet in perfect health, is seriously to consider, that one cannot be chaste but by a most singular gift from God, (as the wise-man saith) and therefore it is necessary to have a particular recourse to the most blessed Trinity, which, according to S. *Gregory Nazianzen*, is the first of virgins, humbly beseeching it, by the intercession of the most pure among creatures, and by the mediation of your Angel-guardian, to deliver you from the reproches of the spirit of impurity; in such sort that you may passe your life innocently, and it may become inaccessible to the pollutions of flesh. If you feel your self free from this vice, yet enter not into any vain complacence of your self, as if it proceeded from your own forces, and not from heavens benignity. Above all, take heed of pride; for the most illuminated Fathers have observed that God oft-times permitteth arrogant spirits to fall into carnall sinnes, to abate the fierceneſſe of their courage by the sensible ignominy of the stains of luxury: and this is so proper to quail the exorbitance of humane arrogance; that God had not a better Counterpoise to make S. *Paul* humble, in such heighth of revelations, then the sting of the flesh. Pardon not your self any thing no not so much as the shadow of this sin; but onely excuse such as fall through some notable surprisall, or pitifull frailty. Think, if you have not experienced the like falls, you are beholding to your good hap for it, rather then to your merit: presume not at all of your strength or integrity; but resolve with your self that the presumption of ones own power maketh up the moity of Impudency.

Distrust of ones self, recourse to God.

Love is sometimes the punishment of pride. Climachus de castitate.

Ne magnitudo revelationis extollat me, datus est mihi stimulus carnis meæ Angelus Satanæ qui me colaphizet. Cor. 12.

Learn how seasonably you may know your self, by considering your own temperature, your humours, the inclinations of your mind, your judgement, your courage. Behold the part wherein you are the most sensible, and where you give most accesse to your enemy to tempt you. Endeavour to fortifie your self that way, and the more inability you therein find, use the more precaution: if you be weak, fear nothing but your infirmity: and if you be strong, fear all, yea even your own safety.

Knowledge of ones self.

Sometimes the seasons of age, which might seem more to propend to lust, are peacefull and calm enough; In our bodies there is a spring-tide in winter, to become afterward a winter in the spring-tide. Youth transported by other purposes, or withheld by a serious education, is quiet enough, and riper years fall into the most stormy part of the tempest. It hath happened to divers to converse many years with a contrary sex, and never to have felt any touch, from which, they have entered into a strong confidence that served for a bait in the perill, which had spared them in a thousand occasions, the more notable to ruine them in one sole accident.

Disposition of ages.

Flight from occasions is the most assured bulwark for chastity, and who can carry himself well in this affair, shall be much stronger by flying, then were Conquerours in the bravest battels; a retreat in this, being as honourable as victory. The world was never so beautifull, so gentile, nor so squarely disposed: Bodies, apparell, garb, civill behaviour, complement, wit, merriment, entertainments, books, songs, airs, voices, playes, bals, races, walkings, Banquets, Feasts, liberty (which at first seem innocent enough) Conversation, and great confidence; lastly, all we heard, all we see, all we smell, all we taste, all we touch in so great effeminacy of life, seems to be made to persecute purity. I am almost of *Tertullians* opinion, who saith, it is more easie to dy for chastity, then to live with it. Women were found in the world, who suffered themselves to be martyred under Tyrants, for the defence of chastity; who had they long continued among pleasures, Court-ships, Curiosities, and the importunities of men, I should fear, might have yielded that to a lover, which they would have denyed to an Executioner. There are a thousand, and a thousand creatures, infinitely much alienated from voluptuous pleasures; They love the dispositions to love, but hate the effects thereof; and it seems to them they may do as it is read in *Romances*, they will spend their time in the pleasing conversation of a friend, and talk of nothing else; but they perceive not that men seek them not, but for what they should fly, that they at length undermine them as a city besieged; and desire not to afford them any peace but by the conquest of their honour, which they ought more bravely to maintain, then life.

Fly second occasions.

Time videre, unde possis cadere, noli fieri perversâ simplicitate securus. Aug. in Psa. 30.

The attractives of the world were never so urgent. Tertul. in exhortatione ad castitatem Majus est vivere cum castitate quàm pro ea mori.

Complacence stronger then fire and sword.

We find an ancient Embleme of a Duke of *Burgundy*, where was to be seen a pillar, which two hands sought to overthrow; the one had wings and the other was figured with a Tortoise, the word, *Utcunque*, as much as to say, which way soever, I will have it. There are Amourists, who take the like course; Some strike down the pillars of chastity by the sudden and impetuous violence of great promises, offers, unexpected presents, pressing necessities. Others proceed therein with a Tortoises pace, with long patience, daily assiduity, faithfull services, and profound submissions. They are not all so sottish, as to talke at first to an honest woman of her dishonour, they onely entreat she will accept of a man, who will live or die for her, begging nought else but a remembrance. They play not the rapt lovers, by every moment declaring their fervours, their torments, and martyrdome; They serve, they soothe, they continually frequent, they spie out all occasions, they silently practise all the wayes they can, to come to the end of their designs, and often it happeneth, that as drops of water incessantly falling, do hollow Rocks, so ceaslesse complements soften the most inac-

Joannes Dux Burgundiæ in Simbolis Imperatorum.

Great cunning of men who go about to surprise chastitie.

inaccessible rigours. What would not a man do, who is so base, as to waste ten years of service to kisse a woman's hand, and suffer for a shamefull servitude, that, which others could not endure for an Empire?

It is evident, that the persecutions of chastity being so manifest in all objects, (as I said before) if you desire to be faithfull to God, and charitably to preserve a precious treasure, you must necessarily either live with singular modesty in the world, or die out of it, if you cannot be saved in it.

Advice to Ladies and Gentlewomen.

You Ladies who read this, it is not required of you, that for the love of chastity, you should be reduced to an affected negligence, to some ugly habits, to fashions rough and barbarous, as Roman women were when their husbands fed upon acorns, as yet unaccustomed to the use of bread. Some neatnesse, some quaint trims must of necessity be admitted in a woman, which seems to be bound with her body, and is the cause, why the wisest and most modest among them, do not (notwithstanding) renounce civil decorum; you must walk, and converse modestly within your self, remembring what the Apostle saith, That your apparel alone should make you be known for Ladies, who make profession of piety.

1 Tim. 8. Quod decet mulieres promittentes pietatem

Whom would you be thought to be in the day of judgement? Would you be there accounted Christians, when you have all the signs about you of women the most worldly, that ever lived among Infidels? To what purpose are those garments so pompous, those stuffes so costly, those guizes so sought after, those colours so fantastick, those jewels so sumptuous, that painting so shameless, those curls so extravagant, those braveries, those flies, those patches, and those robbers, unless it be to cut the throat of chastity? Is it not a reproach to Christianity to say, that an infinite quantity of Hospitals might be founded out of the superfluities which so many Ladies unprofitably waste about their bodies? Is is not a point of cruelty, that there are so many lazars, who breathe out the remnant of their dayes, laid upon straw, where they are onely covered with the putrefaction of their ulcers, whiles there are bodies, who drag at their heels the spoil of Elements, and riches of the Universe, to prank themselves so industriously, as if they were of the matter of the sunne and starres? God who hath a care every year to make garments all sprinkled over with the pearls of so many meadow-flowers, is not wise enough to inspire you with the fashion you should entertain in your attires. Heaven and earth must be turned topsie-turvie, nature forced, and all arts wearied out to invent extravagances, to serve as instruments to Luxury. I wish those gorgets might be seen at the day of judgement, which we have beheld worn in Paris, worth the revenue of an honest family, and wherein ingenious Artists had employed three years of their time: I much desire to know with what arms these miserable creatures would defend themselves, who have made so proud a monument of their vanity, to erect an eternall reproach of their punishment. A dissolute habit, saith S. *Augustine*, is a messenger of the adulteries of the mind; A woman, who will appear too quaint before the world, cannot have a chaste heart before God.

Tom. 10. ser. 147. de Tempore:

They are not content with all this vast preparation, but nakednesse of necks must be exposed, which is reprehended by God, shamefull to their sex, injurious to nature, and scandalous to civil decency.

Lamiæ nudaverunt mammam, lactaverunt catulos suos.

They are the breasts of *Lamia*'s whereof the Prophet speaketh in his *Lamentations*, which serve not but to nourish the impurity of Gallants, and foster their Luxury. A woman who exposeth that which should be hidden, will one day be enforced to hide that which will necessarily be made publick. A Virgin who delights to shew the nakednesse of her body, maketh it enough appear, she is not a Virgin; by how much she uncovers her self on the one side, by so much on the other she *clothes her self with the brand of ignominy*. God by his Prophet commandeth women to take adulteries out of their bosomes: but it is in the nakednesse of the neck, where they begin, to conclude afterward in all the parts of the body. They make no scruple of it, because this vice is an immortall evill, which having so many hands wherewith to do hurt, hath no eyes at all to understand it self.

A small expression, and an odd one Hos. 2.

Auferat adulteria de medio uberum suorum.

Alas! whosoever had any (never so little) love of her Christianity, and respect towards God, would quickly within her self condemne all this exorbitancy, and make a thousand times more account of the counsel of Saints then of the customes of blinded souls. Tell me not (Ladies) you do it very innocently; for a woman dissolute in dresses (which is the cause of the sins men commit) is as a land full of thieveries, where though the Lord be no robber, yet he becomes infamous. You on your body bear *Eve* the penitent, who was clothed with simple skins, and you will incessantly carry her in worldly pomps. All that (saith *Tertullian*) is but the equipage and furniture of a woman half damned, which would be more fit for the setting forth of her funerals, then the ornament of her body.

Damnate & mortuæ mulieris impedimenta quasi ad pompam funeris constituta. Tert. de hab. mulieris.

Take pity of so much of the world that perisheth, Take pity of your selves, enter into the way of a modest life, regulated in your habits, your conversation, your recreations, that all may therein speak, preach, and breathe the odour of virtue.

Then have you a singular means to free your selves from the importunities which assail chastity; for verily none would addresse themselves to women, if they thought not they were places that will render upon composition. A face which hath a Christian aspect drives away all the loves of the world, as the flower of the vine dissipateth serpents.

§ 9. *Other Remedies, which nearer hand oppose this passion.*

Advices & remedies against this Passion in its fall.

THese in my opinion are remedies which, at distance oppose this passion, and not onely suffer it, not to come near us, but if it happen that we must grapple with it, and joyn battle with it in some urgent temptation; I advise you never to begin the combate, untill you have well weighed the end of it. Love, at first, comes to us with the visage of a Virgin, and returneth from us with the body of a Serpent. He, who will know the utmost limits of it, should never make triall of its entrance.

The medal of love hath two faces.

The Antients heretofore delighted to make medals, the faces whereof were quite different and contrary: so as, if upon one side of the medal they graved an *Achilles*, on the other they figured a *Thersites*; if upon one side an *Absolon*, on the other an *Esop*; if on the one an *Hecuba*, on the other an *Helena*; and if upon one side a Rose, on the other an Onion. This is observed in the medall of Carnall Love, if you look upon it on one side, you shall see a figure infinitely sweet and charming, on the other a most hideous fury. A thousand and a thousand Artists have set their hand, one to the pen, another to the graving-chizzel, another to the pencil, to write, insculp, and paint the form of evil Love: but I think that *Solomon*, as he more sensibly felt the effects of it, gave us also more light, how to make a draught in detestation of this unhappy passion.

An excellent conceit of Solomon concerning Love.

I have noted in the Book of *Proverbs*, where it describeth the detestable loves of a poor young man deceived by a cunning Courtesant, that it gives four or five

five properties to Carnall Love, which very notably discover the misery and imposture thereof. First, *That its bed is woven with cords in the form of a little labyrinth, with many intricate windings.* Secondly, *That its chamber is perfumed with myrrh and aloes*, very bitter drugs. Thirdly, That it in the beginning promiseth a sacrifice, and performs a slaughter. Fourthly, That the Lover who suffers himself to be deceived, is first an *ox*, then a *sheep*: and lastly, *A bird taken in a snare, and wounded with a mortall arrow.* Fifthly, *That the house thereof is in the suburbs of hell.*

Prov. 7. 1. Interni familiæ lectum nectunt.
2. Myrrh cubile meum myrrha & aloe.
3. Victimas pro salute devovi.
4. Bos ductus ad victimam, agnus lasciviens, avis ad laqueum.
5. Viæ inferni domus ejus.

All this is spoken with great sense; the beds woven with cords and hampered with so many Gordian knots, signifieth unto us the gins and attractives of evil Love. False opinion is ever at the gates of its house, which deceiveth and bewitcheth all such as come near it. It cares not in the beginning of the gain to discover to them the dreadfull events and tragedies of this passion; but it shews them a chamber wherein beauty is presented, which under a little white skin, hideth grosse ordures: with it are smiles, glances, flatteries, courtships, overflow of words, kisses, laucinesse, immodesty, good chear, idlenesse; this seems a goodly thing to sottish youth, which hath nothing so certain as ruine. These are the snares wherewith it surprizeth, and the knots which many times indissolubly fettereth its liberty. After that comes the chamber perfumed with myrrh and aloes, wherein the slight expected pleasures are drenched in great acerbities. There, folly, temerity, liberty meet, mixed with care, terrour, distrust, tears, sighs, falshood, perjury, dolours, jealousies, execrations, rage; which caused an Antient to say, That the heart of a Lover was a city, in which, upon one and the same day were seen sports and banquets, battels and funerals. In the third place, a slaughter-house is opened, where we clearly behold that false love which insinuateth it self with so many fair resemblances, is nothing but massacres both of body and soul; and that it is not without cause, that a foolish Lover saith in the best of Comick Poets, that the first Executioner that ever was on earth, was Love, which he saith, taught men all cruelties and tortures: adding that to Love fondly, and to be racked on the wheel, was in a manner all one. In this place of slaughter, there are likewise seen Pictures of *Samson*, with his eyes pulled out, pouring forth tears and bloud through the same channel. Of *Amon*, who transfixed with a deadly and dreadfull wound, yields up the ghost at a feast at the foot of his brother *Absoloms* table, for having violated *Thamar*. On the other side, two armies of Gods people, who cruelly kill one another for a luxurious act committed on the person of a married wife; so that of one part, eighteen thousand men were massacred, and of the other, more then twenty and five thousand. And round about, there is nothing but halters, poison, swords, bloud, racks, gibbets, and precipices. See here the goodly Sacrifices of Lust. In the fourth chamber are beheld the transfigurations of sottish Love, where he who is strucken with it, becomes first stupid as an Ox; dull and benummed in his wits, as having a paralytick soul; and brutish, like *Nebuchadonozor*, who forsook his Regall throne, to eat hay with beasts. Then he is shorn as a sheep, by taking away his fleeces, and despoiling him of the goods of soul, body, wealth, and reputation, and of all that, to which a reasonable creature may pretend unto. Lastly, to cut off all hope of recovery, he is unfeathered like a bird caught in a gin, yea, his wings are taken away, which are the desires of futurely doing well, that he may perpetually have the evil in object, and an inability towards good. The first chamber is very near to hell; there is to be seen darknesse, smoke, flames, and from whence are heard gnashings of teeth, despairs, and enraged complaints of unfortunate Lovers, who vomit out their souls in sinne, having made no expiation by a long penance. Oh God! what is he, who beholding this picture, would ever betray his soul, heaven, and his God, to yield obedience to loathsome lust?

Plutarch. in Sympos.

Plautus in Cystellaria.

Jud. 16.

2 Sam. 13.

Judg. 20.

All this well considered, give your self a little leasure to rally your thoughts together, and to behold the disasters which wait on the experience of miserable sinne. If you be a Virgin, stain not the honour of your body; vilifie not, in your flesh on earth, a virtue to which Angels afford such glory in heaven. Above all, beware of a damnable curiosity, which cannot be known, but by becoming criminall. If you understand the sinne, profit by your experience, and betray not an eternity of blessing, for a pleasure so short and wretched. If you be a master of a Family, and a man of quality, note what S. *Gregory Nazianzene* saith, That a man by his sinne wholly ruineth body, soul, estate, and reputation. He is terrible in his house, shamefull abroad, he serves for an executioner to a chaste wife, he is a tyrant to his children, a reproch to his friends, a scourge to his domesticks, a dishonour to his allies, a blemish to his renown, a shipwrack to his means, and a fable to all the world. If you be a maid, ever fear to become a woman, and cast not the garland of your virginity under the feet of hogs. Give not a hair of your head to them who promise you golden mountains, and when they desire you in the quest of marriage, then is the time you must least be for marriage. All you grant to their importunity, will be the subject of your disgrace; and when they shall have wedded you, should you live as chaste as *Susanna*, they will continually imagine, you will be liberall to others, of that, whereof you were prodigall to them. If you desire to marry by fancy, rather pursuing your own wanton humours, then the reasonable commands of those to whom you owe your being, hold it as a crime, the most capitall you may undertake, and confidently believe, if so you do, you will open a floud-gate to a deluge of miseries and cares, which will flow upon you through all the parts of your life. Account the resolutions you make to this purpose, as treasons, and think whosoever shall to you suggest the execution of them, will poison you by the ear to murder your chastity.

Disasters of love in every age and condition.

Advice to all sorts of persons.

Greg. Naz. homil. de Fornic.

If you be a married woman, and peradventure innocent enough, and of good reputation, what colour is there for you to engage your self in a crime for which husbands have furies, laws, thunders, threats; Judges for Sentence, punishments of gibbets and bloudy scaffolds; and for which, a thousand poor creatures have ended their miserable lives, surprised in the heat of sin, to passe from a temporall fire, to that which never is quenched. If you be a man of the sword, know it is given you to defend honour, not to violate it, and that a man who suffers himself to be lead by women, what Rhodomontado's soever he make in words, he is ever a coward.

If you be a Judge or an Officer, raised up into an eminent place, degrade not your self of the honours which God hath imprinted on your fore-head, and never mount you up to the throne of Judicature, to condemn your own act, and still think the purple, which will not be died but by virginall hands, ought not to be worn but on a chaste body.

If you be an Ecclesiastick, and which is more, engaged to Religion or Prelacy; will you be so unnaturall as ever to consent to a sinne, which cannot in your person but be a sacrileage? What a madnesse is it, that for to satisfie an infamous act of lust, you must be either

either an excommunicate, or a persecutour of Jesus Christ? Excommunicate (I say) if you forsake altars, and a persecutour of Jesus Christ, if you come to them in this horrible sinne, where you strike a nail into his hand, a lance into his side, you devour his flock, and kill his brethren by your ill example.

Carnall love, in what person soever, is still ill situate (said *Epictetus*) In a maid it is a shame, in a woman it is a fury, in a man a lewdnesse, in youth it is a rage, in mans estate a blemish, in old-age a disgrace worthy of scorn.

You will say, all these considerations are very effectuall, but that they cure not passion already enflamed, and almost desperate of remedy.

Remedies for affections which come against our will.

To that I answer, we must proceed with more efficacy and addresse among such as are surprised with vehement affection of which they would be free, but they find all possible repugnancies.

I approve not the course of certain directours, who think all maladies are healed by words, as if they had ears. To what purpose is it to hold long discourses, and to appoint many meditations to a sharp feaver, which is full of ravings and furious symptomes?

Diversity of the maladies of love, and their cures.

All the maladies of Love are not cured in one and the same manner: There are some who are engaged in the sense of the passion, but not in the consent to the sinne; which is expresly sent by God to persons very innocent, but not entirely perfect, to punish some negligencies or some slight liberties of conversation, whereinto they have suffered themselves to slide by surprisall; that they may feel the danger of sinne by the torment they suffer, and may correct themselvs by the scent of the smoke before they be involved in the flame. And this many times lasteth long, being ordained as under a sentence of the divine Providence, as a punishment to become afterward a bridle to negligence, and a precaution against peril.

Some also are permitted by heaven, and imposed upon certain souls who had a little too much rigour towards such as were tempted, to the end, they might learn by their experience more mildly to handle suffering hearts, and not exasperate their wounds by the sharpnesse of the remedy. Witnesse that old man of whom *Cassian* speaketh; who having roughly entertained a young religious man, that discovered his passion to him, was tempted so violently, that he thereby became frantick, and understood from the venerable Abbat *Apollon*, this had befaln him by reason of his great harshnesse; and that although he hitherto had not felt any rebellion against chastity, it was because the devill either knew him not, or contemned him.

Cas. Col. 2. de discret. Intellige te, vel ignotarum hastenus a diabolo vel despectum.

There are some which like tertian and quartan agues, have their accesses and recesses measured; and what diligence soever be used therein (well, the pain may be mitigated, but) the root is not taken away till it arrive to a certain period of time, wherein the sick man is insensibly cured. There are some driven away by hunger, and others overthrown by a reasonable usage, as it happeneth to melancholy Lovers, whose bodies are dry, and brains hollow; if you appoint them fasts and austerities ill ordered, you kill them. Some advise them recreation, wine, bathes, honest and pleasing company, necessary eare of the body.

Some, sweet and active entertainment, which gives not leasure to the wild fancies of the mind; but this must be taken with much moderation. There are some who expect a good sickness, and many bloud-lettings, which may evacuate all the bloud imprinted with Images of the thing beloved, to make a new body; others are cured by a suit, a quarrell, ambition, an ill businesse, great successe, a new state of life, a voyage, a marriage, an office, a wife. There are now very few fools of Love to be found, who neglect worth and honour to serve their passion.

There are nice and suspicious Loves, which have more of vanity then concupiscence; when one troubleth and hinders them from honestly seeing that which they love, they are distempered, and if one resist them not, they vanish away as if they had not had so much intention to love, as to vanish. It were almost necessary for many, if it may be done without sinne or scandall, to converse continually; for being somewhat of their own nature, coy, they still observe some defect in the thing beloved, which weakneth their passion, and find that the presence is much inferiour to their Idea, which is the cause they easily desist from their enterprise, having more shame to have begun it, then purpose to continue it.

Some are enflamed by deniall, others become totally cool by contempt, as proud and predominate loves, who have not learn'd to suffer the imperious carriage of a woman; a disdain of their mistresse, a cunning trick, a coldnesse, a frown, makes them quickly break their chains. One would not believe how many humane industries there are to cure the pain of Love, but ever it is better to owe ones health to the fear of God, to Penance, to Deuotion, then to all other inventions.

Solid remedies.

For which cause, you must consider the glorious battails which so many heroick souls have waged to crush this serpent, and to walk with noble steps in the liberty of the children of God.

Admirable examples of the combats of Saints against Love.

Some have fought with it on thorns, as S. *Bennet*; others on flowers, as the Martyr *Nicetas*, who being bound on a bed of roses with silken cords, to resign himself to the love of a courtesan, spit out his tongue in her face. Others have thrust sharp pointed reeds under their nails, as S. *John* the *Good*: others have quenched it in snows, as S. *Francis*: others in flames, as S. *Martinian*, who, being by an unchaste woman sollicited to sinne, burnt his face and hands to overthrow the strongest passion, by the most violent pain. There are many of them in the new Christianity of *Japonia*, who pursue the same wayes, and run to their chimney-hearths to vanquish the temptations of the flesh, thinking there is not a better remedy against this fire, then fire it self. Others have overcome this bruitishnesse by a savage life, as S. *Theoclista*, who being taken by Arabians, stole from them, and was thirty years hidden in the forrests, living on grasse, and clothing her self with leaves. To say truly, there is not any virtue hath cost mankind so much, as invincible Chastity.

But since these manners of conquests are more admirable then imitable; at least mortifie your body by some ordinary devotion. Make use of the memory of death, make use of assiduity of prayer, of labour, of care over the eyes, ears, heart, and all the senses.

Ubi furoris insederit virus, libidinis quoque incendium necesse est penet. Cas. de spiritu fornic. c. 23.

Humble your spirit, and submit to obedience, that your flesh may obey you. Be not transported with extravagancies, animosity, and revenge: since Anger and Love (according to the Ancients) work upon one subject, and that the same fervours of bloud which make men revengefull, will make them unchaste; fail not to heal your self by the practise of retirement, of penance, of hair-cloth, and fasting. A holy maid of *Alexandria* was twelve years in a sepulchre to free her self from the importunities of concupiscence; & cannot you be there one hour, so much as in thought?

Raderus

Another had this stratagem to elude love; for, she seeing a young man to be very much touched with her love, who ceased not to importune her with all the violent pursuits which passion could suggest; told him, she had made a vow to fast forty dayes with bread and water:

Speculum Anonymi.

of

of which she would discharge her self before she would think of any thing else, and asked whether he pleased not to be a Party for the triall of his love? which he accepted: but in few dayes he was so weakned, that he then more thought upon death then love. Have not you courage to resist your enemy by the like arms? your heart faileth you in all that is generous, and you can better tell how to commit a sin then to do penance. Then chuse out that which is most necessary and reasonable, separation, from that body so beloved which by its presence is the nourishment of your flames. Consider you not, that comets which (as it is said) are fed by vapours of the earth, are maintained whilst their mother furnisheth them with food? so, love, which shineth, and burns like a false star in the bottome of your heart continually taketh its substance and sustenance from the face which you behold with so much admiration, from the conversation which entertains you in an enchanted palace full of chains and charms. Believe me, unlose this charm, stoutly take your selfe off, dispute not any longer with your concupiscence; fly away, cut the cable, weigh anchor, spread sails, set forward, go, fly: Oh, how a little care will quickly be passed over! Oh, how a thousand times will you blesse the hour of this resolution! Look for no more letters, regard not pictures; no longer preserve favours; let all be to preserve your reason. Ah! why argue you still with your own thoughts? Take me then some Angel, some Director, who is an able, intelligent, industrious, couragious man; resign your self wholly up to his advice, he will draw you out from these fires of Gomorrha, to place you in repose and safety on the mountain of the living God.

Separation, the first remedy.

The counsel and assiduity of a good director, is an excellent antidote.

I adde also one advice (which I think very essentiall) which is, infinitely to fear relapses after health, and to avoid all that may re-enkindle the flame. For, Love oft-times resembleth a snake enchanted, cast asleep and smothered; which, upon the first occasions, awaketh, and becomes more stronger and more outragious then ever. You must not onely fortifie your body against it, but your heart; for, to what purpose is it to be chast in your members, and be in thought an adulterer! Many stick not to entertain love in their imagination, with frequent desires, without putting them in execution: but they should consider, that Love, though imaginary, makes not an imaginary hell; and that for a transitory smoke, they purchase an eternall fire.

§ 10. *Of Celestiall Amities.*

But, it is time we leave the giddy fancies of love, to behold the beauties and lights of divine Charity, which causeth peace in battails, conquest in victories, life in death, admiration on earth, and paradise in heaven it self. It is a strange thing that this subject (the most amiable of all) proves somewhat dreadfull to me, by the confluence of so many excellent Writers, antient and modern, who have handled it so worthily, since thier riches hath impoverished their successions, and their plenty maketh me in some sort to fear sterility. They had much furtherance in their design; they took as much stuffe as they thought good, referring all that to the love of God, which is in nature, and above nature, in grace, and beyond grace. They have enlarged themselves in great volumes, the sight whereof alone seems to have much majesty: and to please their own appetites, they have said all they might possible. But here, forasmuch as concerneth my purpose, I have reduced my self into contractions of great figures, which will not prove troublesome, if measures and proportions be therein observed, and nothing forgotten of all that, which is most essentiall to the matter we treat. I find my self very often enforced to confine giants to the compasse of a ring, and to cover ships under the wing of a fly, drawing propositions out of a huge masse of thoughts and discourses, to conclude them in a little Treatise, not suffering sublimity to take ought away of their facility, nativenesse of their majesty, shadows of their lustre, nor superficies of their dimensions.

Myrmecidia opera apud Ælianum.

Besides, that which renders this my discourse the lesse pleasing, is, that speaking to men of the world, I cannot disguise the matter in unknown habits, splendid and pompous words, conceptions extatick; I cannot perswade them that a Seraphin hath penetrated the heart of one with a dart of fire, and that another hath had his sides broken by the strength of the love of God. I must pursue ordinary wayes, and teach practises more nearly approching to our humanity.

I am then resolved to shew there are celestiall Amities, which great souls contract with God, that their condition is very excellent and most happy, and that the practice of them must begin in this world, to have a full fruition of them in the other.

Carnall spirits, which onely follow animall wayes, have much a-doe to conceive how a man can become passionate in the love of God, and think there is no affection but for temporall and visible things: It is a Love too high (say they) to transferre their affections into heaven: It is a countrey wherein we have no commerce; There comes neither letter nor message thence; No ships arrive on that coast; It is a world separated from ours by a great Chaos wholly impenetrable, How would you I love God, since he is all spirit, and I a body? He is Infinite, I finite. He so High, and I so low. It is a kind of insolency to go about to think of it. Behold, how spirits, ignorant of heavens mysteries, do talk. But I maintain upon good grounds, that we are made to place our love in the heart of God, and that if we do not seasonably take this way; well we may go on, but never shall we arrive at repose,

That there may be a celestiall amity by the commerce of man with God.

First the Philosopher *Plato* hath worthily observed, that the love we have here below, is, a remembrance of the first, fair sovereign and most pure of all beauties, which is the Divinity. Our soul, which is the blast of his mouth, the image of his bounty, the representation of his power, as it beareth so lively characters of his Majesty, hath (as it were) also, not heeding it, a generous passion towards him: unlesse it be infected by the breath of the serpent, and obstructed by vapours of sensualty; it seeks for him; it speaks to him in all creatures: It beholdeth him through so many veils which nature hath spread before it in so divers objects. But it often falleth out, that, charmed with present pleasures, it is so much delighted with beautifull workmanships, that it forgetteth the work-man: It embraceth momentary beauties for eternall verities: It takes the shadow for the body: It creates to it self an Empire in banishment, and a haven in shipwrack. This carnall piece, which is ravished with the contemplation of this goodly face, will not stay upon flesh: It feeleth there is some invisible hand which shoots arrows at it, amidst the vermilion of roses, and the whitenesse of lillies: it well knoweth not what transports it, what entranceth it, what worketh these transanimations in it: It is not the body which must rot, but it is the shadow of the first-fair upholds it self in the frailty of dying things, and incessantly causeth returns to the first origen, in souls which know how to profit by their wounds.

An excellent conceit of Plato. Plato in Sympos. & Marsil. Ficinus. Amor memoria primi, ac summi, & purissimi pulchri. Appetitor artis, desertor artificis amplectitur speciem, cujus non miratur authorem. S. Eucherius ep. Paræn.

O how

O how attractive is the Beautie! O ſhould it on a ſudden take away the veil from all mortall eyes who court it; the world in an inſtant would diſſolve under its much to be adored rayes, ſouls would fly out of bodies, and totall nature would impetuouſly affect its delights.

It is ſo naturally imprinted on the heart of man, that Hell it ſelf cannot forget it, ſince the evil rich man laid on the coals of ſo unfortunate a lodging, did for his firſt act, liſt up his eyes to heaven, as deſirous to look for the lovely face which he had eternally loſt.

Aug. l. 2. conf. c 6. An excellent reaſon of S. Auguſtine, to ſhew the inclination we have to love God.

Secondly, I will deliver an excellent reaſon, which I draw out of S. *Auguſtine*, to convince us that there is ſome very forcible inclination which inſenſibly moveth us to the love of God: which is the cauſe that even our vices and exorbitancies (not reflecting thereon) love ſome perfection of the Divinity, although not regulated, nor limited in the bounds wherewith it ought to be beloved. Pride contends for heighth; and what is higher then God, who ſits upon Thrones, predominateth over Dominations, who governeth Principalities, and makes Heaven bow even to the Abyſſe, under the ſhadow of his Majeſty?

Ambition paſſionately ſeeketh after honours; and who hath more honour then God, who ſeeth glory to be hatched in his own boſome, for whome ſo many Altars ſmoke, for whom ſo many ſacrifices burn, under whom ſo many Diadems bow, to whow ſo many Sceptres obey, before whom ſo many States, Kingdomes, and Empires, are but a drop of dew? Power will make it ſelf great; and who is more formidable then this great Judge, for whom Thunders roar, Lightnings fly, Thunder-ſtones ſhiver lofty rocks, for whom elements fight, and nature dreſſeth up its ſcaffolds, to proſecute offenders even in hell; there being neither Place, Time, Heighth, or Power which hath ability to deliver it ſelf out of his hands? Flattery, and Complacence will make it ſelf to be beloved; and what is more lovely then the ſweetneſſe of the charity of this good Father, which diſtilleth like unto a celeſtiall Manna upon all the creatures of the Univerſe? Curioſity affecteth the ſtudy of wiſdome; And what is wiſer then God, who ſeeth all within himſelf, who hath Abyſſes of knowledges in his heart, riches of eternall ſapience in his boſome, for whom Time hath no preſcription, nature no veil, Heighth no heighth, and abyſſes no depth: Who is the Father of Sciences, Creatour of thoughts, Treaſure of Eloquence; who dazeleth all humane Ability, who taketh his Sages from among Ideots, and out of the dumb, raiſeth his Oratours. Lazyneſſe ſeeks out a life ſoft and peaceſull, continually fixed upon its repoſe, and the contentments of the fleſh and ſpirit; and where ſhall we find the repoſe out of God, ſince it is he who is perpetually ingulphed in the delights of a pure tranquillity? Luxury ardently deſireth pleaſures, and will ſatisfie all the deſires of its heart; And God is he not the plenitude of joy, an abundance which never fails, a ſweetneſſe incorruptible, a feaſt which conſumeth not, a perpetuall Theatre of comforts a Flood of moſt pure contentments, which floweth over all Paradiſe? Avarice will poſſeſſe much, it ſtretcheth out the hands of a Harpy over the goods of another; It garboileth the world, it diſquieteth the earth; It would willingly delve into hell, it pleadeth, it wrangleth, it aſſails, it defendeth to ſatiate its covetouſneſſe, yet ſtill is hungry: For what is he that poſſeſſeth all but the prime of the rich, who is the beauty of fields, the luſtre of flowers, the fecundity of fruits, the wealth of minerals, and the fertility of totall nature? Envie is troubled about ſupereminency, and will have the higheſt place, accounting him an enemy, who precedeth; And is it not the eternall Father, who is King of Glory, who ſeeth all to be much lower then himſelf, and ſeeth nothing beyond what he is? Choler will revenge for it, it ſtinketh at heaven, it troubleth the earth, it cauſeth lightning and tempeſts, which raiſe ſo many Tragedies in the world; And who better knowes how to avenge ſins then the ſoveraign Monarch of the Univerſe, for whom exterminating Angels carry the ſword of Juſtice, for whom hell reſerveth treaſures of flaimes eternall?

Now, I demand of you, if it be true, that even our vices are in love with ſome perfections which are in God, how can our virtues but bear a ſingular affection towards him? why ſhould they not be enamoured of his beauties? why not ſigh after his attractives; ſince they are his reall daughters?

Some one will ſay, it were but reaſonable, if God, to make himſelf beloved, would become viſible to men; but he is a ſecret ſo hidden, that our poor ſpirit ſeeking for him, finds more confuſion, then light. Verily, I like *Mercury Triſmegiſtus*; for he ſtopping his mouth, who complained of the inviſibility of God: Hold thy peace (thou profane fellow) ſaith he, and if thou haſt eyes, confeſſe God is viſible, and that he ſheweth himſelf in as many mirrours as there are creatures in this great Univerſe.

A man needs to be a Philoſopher but a little to learn to love; let him ſee, know and ſtudy nature in all its works; let him hear the harmonies of Gods conſort, to underſtand in ſome meaſure, the perfections of the workman. Thoſe little golden, and azure ſhels, which make a lodging for certain fiſhes, more magnificent then *Solomons* Palace; Thoſe cob-web-lawns, and thoſe tiffanies, which compoſe the body of flowers with an exquiſite delicacy; Thoſe waves, which curle on the current of rivers; thoſe gentle weſtern blaſts which bear comfort and health on their wings; thoſe huge theatres of ſeas; that vaſt extent of plains; thoſe meteors ſo artificially varied; thoſe little eyes of heaven, which ſhew themſelves ſo ſoon as night ſpreads its mantle on the inferiour regions of the world; all that is ſeen, all that is heard, all that is touched, all that is handled; ceaſe not to recount unto us the love of our Father.

One muſt never have ſeen the ſun, not to have love for God; he muſt have lived like a hog, with his head in the mire, and his eyes in a trough, to ſay he knoweth not what the Divinity is. To ſpeak truly, this great ſtarre is the viſible ſonne of the firſt Bright; the Image of the ſovereign King; the eye of the world; the heart of nature; it daily ſpeaketh to us out of the gates of the Eaſt, with as many tongues as it hath raies. This great ſuperviſor of the fornaces of the univerſe travelleth throughout totall nature. He lighteth up the ſtars; in heaven he createth crowns, and rain-bowes in the air; on earth, flowers and fruits; in the ſea, pearls; and in the boſome of rocks, ſaphires and diamonds: he throws fire and vigour into all living creatures; his preſence cauſeth alacrity, and his abſence (inſenſibly) horrour and melancholy in all nature. His motion ſo rapid, his circumvolution ſo even, that, ſo regular harmony of nights and dayes, thoſe reflections, which are as fathers of ſo many Eſſences, ſet the whole Divinity before our eyes. O what a goodly thing it is to talk face to face with thoſe great forreſts, which are born with the world to diſcourſe with the murmur of waters, the warbling of birds in the ſweetneſſe of ſolitude and of ſo many creatures, which (according to S. *Denis*) are the veils and Tapiſtries of the great Temple! There it is, where God accoaſteth on all ſides, where our ſoul is ſtirred up with its own thoughts, diſchargeth it ſelf of matter, and entreth into a great commerce with Intelligencies. When I behold all the perquiſites of Organs,

Tantus eſt ille, ut, qui non amant eum, inſaſtà quidem, non niſi quadam ejus amare poſſint. S. Eucherius. Objection about the inviſibility of God. Mercur. Triſm. Πάντα ἰσχυρὸν ἐστὶ θεῷ πανδύναστος ἐλάτης. That God renders himſelf infinitely amiable in totall nature. Syneſius Hymn. 4. Naturam universam lyram accepti Patris vocat diverſis fidibus intentam. Διὰ σοῦ φύσις ὑπέτεινε μεσότονα πάντα θεοῦ ἀπήλαυσε πατρός. Ubi alludit ad chordas cytharæ hypatem meſen neten. The ſun the image of God. Ὅμμα δὲ κοσμοτύρου κατανύσσει ζωὸς φάος. Orpheo. Boni conſpicuus filius, conſpicuum in templo mundi Dei ſimulachrum Platonicis, Proclus thronum juſtitiæ in medio ſole collocat.

Ποικιλία τῶν ἱερῶν πλασμάτων. S. Dyonifius c. 1 Hierar. celeſtis.

where Musick is in perfection; I stay not on the Iron, Lead, Wood, the Piper nor on the bellows; my spirit flyeth to that hidden spirit which distributeth it self with so melodious proportionable divisions throughout the whole Instrument. So, when I contemplate the world, I stick not on the body of the Sun, the stars, the elements, the stones, the metals, the plants, nor the living creatures; I penetrate into that secret spirit which insinuateth it self thereunto, with such admirable power, such ravishing sweetnesse, and incomparable Harmony. I infinitely love him, because he is fair, since he made all the beauties which are presented before mine eyes; Because he is good; because he is wise, since he communicateth himself with so much profusion: since he so well tempered the consonancies of the whole world; I love him, because I know he is mine, and I am wholly his. Were I not touched with his beauty, his wisdome, his goodnesse, perpetually his benefits would soften my heart, Me thinks I meet him every where, with a hundred arms, and as many hands to do me good. I neither see place, room, time, or moment, which is not figured with his liberalities.

Ψυχὴ σωματικὴ. Synesius. Quod colimus non Deus unus est, qui totam molem illa cum instrumento elementorum, corporum, spirituum expressit in ornamentum majestatis suæ. Tertul. Apol. c. 17.

I am clothed with his wooll, fed with his Granary, warm'd with his wood, served by his Officers; I live in him, I breathe by him. I have nothing which is not his Inheritance. It is neither Father nor Mother, great one, Lord, or King, which gave me wealth, honour, and estate. Well they may be instruments of my happinesse but they are not the cause. They were nothing for so many years; They came into the world as poor, as I; they daily return from it, into dust; I feel my necessities and dependences; and I know they cannot be supplyed, but by a necessary, and independent Essence.

The commerce of man with God. S. Maximus Cent. 5 ex variis. Deum extra se effici creaturis omnibus providendo Meliora sunt ubera tua vino. Cant. Quia vinum exprimitur cum labore in torcular, ubera sponte fluunt.

We must not say, we have not commerce enough with him; great things are for the little, and the rich for the necessitous. See we not that heaven is all for the earth? doth it cause one sprig of an herb to grow, in it self? produceth it one sole flower among its stars? It giveth all it hath, and is perpetually content with what it is. So God is all for us, as if man were his God, saith S. *Thomas*. If we be miserable, he is not therefore disdainfull; if he be high, he is not therefore far distant from our inferiour condition. He is all, in all things; ever present; continually doing somewhat; He hath dugs of bounty which put him to pain, if he stream not upon us. We see him to come from all parts, and his approch is not mute; for, the best part of us is spirituall, which maketh commerce easie unto us, with a God, who is all spirit. How often find we our soul to be raised above it self, and to be transported with thoughts, knowledges, lights, joyes, pleasures, consolations, hopes, confidences, courages, and antipasts of glory, which we acknowledge to be above our strength! It is God then, who worketh by them in us, who enters into our soul, as a Master into his house, who becomes our guest, our friend, our Doctour, and our Protectour. We need not seek for him in heaven, he is in our heart (saith the Emperour *Antonine*) and there he uttereth his oracles. There it is, where he entertaineth us, and teacheth us, we are his children, and reserveth for us an admirable inheritance.

Glossa in Danielem.

When it was said to little *Nabuchodonozor*, who was exposed in his infancy and bred up in the house of a Peasant, whose son he took himself to be; Courage (child) you are not made to drive Oxen, and till the ground; there is another profession expecteth you: you are the son of a great Prince, who keeps the prime kingdome of the world for you: These raggs must be changed into robes of cloth of gold; this ugly Hat into a Diadem; this Spade into a Sceptre; This Cottage into a Palace, this servitude into an Empire: For whom shall treasures, officers, services, arms, greatnesse, pleasures, joyes, and feasts, be but for you, who art the heir of the Assyrian throne? Do not we think that upon the recitall of these words, this young man felt a flame which spread it self over his heart, that he was touched to the quick, with his extraction, and ravished with love towards a Father, by whom he was born so great? And have we not the like apprehensions, when faith dictateth unto us; Thou art not created to live perpetually among mire and dirt, and to be tyed to a wretched, frail, and perishable body, to walk upon thorns, and to embroil thy self in the toils and cares of a mortall life; there are above palaces of stars, of Intelligencies, of incomprehensible lights, of ineffable beauties which expect thee, of crowns prepared for thee, of sceptres made to fill thy hands: All times are for thee, and all which Nature endeavoureth here below, is but to contribute to thy contentment. Thou art the son of a noble Father, who makes men happy at his pleasure. He loves thee as his heart, and would have thee near him, to accomplish thee with all his dearest delights and the highth of his glories. And what can a soul do, which learns all this from faith; but raise it self above all concupiscences of flesh; but love, but dilate it self, but readily mix with this most pure spirit, which inviteth it in all creatures?

The conversation of God with man by the mystery of the incarnation in the consummation of love. Leo serm. 3. de Passione Venit in hunc mundum dives, atque misericors negotiator cœli & commutatione mirabili invitivit commercium salutare nostra accipiens, sua tribuens.

Have we yet the heart to say, we have not familiarity enough with God; and that he is of too high a strain to love him, when we think upon *Jesus*, who for us descended from the highest part of heaven to the slime of Adam. who made himself our brother, who sucked the dugs of our Mother, who spake our tongue who took upon him our semblance, who charged himself with our burdens, who on himself laid our miseries, to turn them into felicities? He is that Merchant who is come out of a happy and rich countrey full of treasures, glory, and greatnesse, which were to him more naturall, then rayes to the Sun; and yet, being lodged (as it were) with us, in a silly Cottage, hath dispoiled himself for us, wholly inebriated with the extasies of love; hath made himself poor to make us rich, weak to strengthen us, contemptible to render us glorious, full of sufferings to beautifie us, and a man, that we might be Gods. This is the man who hath been able to contract all Gods extent under a little clay, who went not a step which was not worthy to produce a star, who carried the Divinity upon the ends of his fingers, whose life was a flash of lightning, his word a thunder, his virtues lessons and actions, prodigies. Hath he not loved the ungratefull, when he heaped on his own body the paines and sufferings of all ages, making himself of a King of glory, a man of dolours, to purchase pleasures for us with as many wounds as he had members, as many crosses as we have sins!

The Eucharist the last degree of love.

After all this, he gives himself to us in the Sacrament, which he hath instituted as an abridgement of his miracles, wherein he is incorporated within our heart, in our soul, as one piece of wax melted within another. I readily here remember what an antient lover said, that love made a Butt of his heart, where, so soon as it had shot all its arrows, it threw it self as an enflamed dart into the bottome of his breast, to set him all on fire, What arrows, and what shafts, flying on every side, in Nature, in Grace, what benefits, what favours, what Amities, what forward affections, for which man still continued obdurate, till *Jesus* wholly gaining him, did descend into his entrails fully repleniſhed with love and flames, and heavenly ardours? Is it not time to pronounce Anathema with S. *Paul*, against him who loveth him not after his coming in this manner, to captivate us by his bounty?

Anacreon. Ὡς δ' ἂν ἐτόξευσε τοὺς ἅπαντας ἡ χαλεπὸς ἑαυτὸν ἔρωτα ἐς τὸ βέλεμνον. Ita applicat Johannes Eusebius l. 4. arte voluntatis.

To speak sincerely, he must needs be amiable, since (according to the *Canticles*) he is wholly composed of

Love of Saints towards Jesus.

desires,

deſires, and ſatisfactions, and that all the juſt ſigh after him. We have heard talk through ſo many Ages of the moſt accompliſhed beauties of certain creatures who have drawn many Amoriſts after them: but never have we ſeen one ſole woman to gain the affection of an entire City, Province or Kingdome. From whence cometh it, that there is not any beauty, but that of Jeſus Chriſt, which enchaineth Cities, Empires, and Monarchies? From whence cometh it, that ſo many Kings and Queens have followed him through Forreſts, Thorns, and among Rocks, even to the abandoning of themſelves? From whence cometh it, that ſo many millions of ſouls, the wiſeſt, moſt purified, and moſt courageous on the earth, have loved him even to the ſuffering of flames and wheels, in the diſlocation of bones, and the diſmembring of their whole bodies? From whence cometh it, that all, which is moſt pure, and moſt eminent in the world, daily diſſolveth for him, and that ſo many hearts melt for his ſervice in honourable flames which purifie them, without conſuming them? Verily, we may ſay, there is nothing which equalleth the excellency of celeſtiall Amities: and that, well to place your love; you muſt fix it in the heart of God.

§ 11. *Of the Nature of Divine Love. Of its Eſſence, Qualities, Effects, and Degrees.*

Blanquerna in l. de amico & amato.

THe great Anachoret *Raymond* went very high when he ſaid. The love of God was an influence of Eternity: For it is true that we, coming from an eternall God, have an infinité deſire to make our Being perpetuall. And for this purpoſe, we tie our ſelves by love to ſo many things, to live again in them, and by them: but they being tranſitory and frail, we there find no ſupport, untill God hath poured his holy love into our heart, which is the true influence of Eternity, that alone can purifie our life, and eternize our ſouls.

Concilium Arauſicanum. Donum Dei eſt diligere Deum, ipſe ut diligeretur dedit, qui non diligentes diligit, diſplicentes, amatí fumusque eſſet in nobis unde placeremus.

We then muſt not feign to our ſelves, that the love of God proceeds meerly from our own ſtrength, but we muſt hearken to the deciſion of the Councell of Orange which ſaith, that to love God, is a gift from God: It is he who inſpireth the love with which he will be loved, and who hath loved us even in diſfavour, to tranſport us to favour: Whereby it appeareth, that this fair love is nought elſe but a celeſtiall quality infuſed into the ſoul, by which we love God above all, and all for God.

The growth of love like unto pearls.

Now, I imagine with my ſelf, that he is born in our hearts, in ſuch a manner, as pearls grow in their ſhells. The mother of pearl is firſt pierced by a celeſtiall influenee, as with an arrow, fiery, and ſharp, which ſollicits and importuneth it, to diſpoſe it ſelf to this excellent production. Which is the cauſe, that it ſpreads, openeth, and dilates it ſelf, to receive the dew diſtilled into it from the air, and having moiſtned it, it digeſteth, concocteth, and transfigureth it into this little miracle of nature, which is with ſo much curioſity ſought after. Behold what paſſeth in a ſoul; when it bringeth forth this precious love, it is prevented by a ſpeciall grace from the Divine Goodneſſe, which at firſt gives it a diſtaſte of all things in the world, and fixeth a generous ſpur in the heart, to excite, awaken, and enflame it to the queſt of ſo great a good. Then it extendeth, dilates, and opens all its gates to the Holy Ghoſt, who deſcendeth into it, as the dew of Hermon by qualities, and effects admirable, which through free-will it embraceth; and ties, and habituateth it ſelf therein, conceiving and forming Jeſus Chriſt (as ſaith S. *Paul*:) Then

Donec Chriſtus formetur in vobis. Gal. 4. 19.

is the time, when this divine love is conceived, which is no ſooner born, but it cauſeth a rejoycing in the heart of man, like unto that which happened in the houſe of *Abraham* at *Iſaacs* nativity. It is a celeſtiall laughter, an extraordinary jubilation, an expanſion of all the faculties and functions of the ſpirit, and will. This little Monarch is no ſooner born, but it begins to command, and ſits on the heart as in its Throne: All powers do it homage; all paſſions render it ſervice. All the virtues applaud at its coronation, and confeſſe they hold of it, and are all in it. He who is once well inſtructed in charity aboundeth with all riches, and hath the full plenitude of the ſpirit, (according to the Apoſtles) and is a Tree grafted with ſiens of all perfection, and which fail not to bring forth their fruits.

The Empire and eminencies of Divine love.

Inſtructi in charitate in omnes divitias plenitudinis intellectus. Col. 2. 3. Ailredus tom. 13. Bibliorum in ſpeculo charitatis. Excellent conceit of charity.

Sciences, and virtues are, that, to us, which oars to veſſels, what the viaticum to travellers, what light to blear-eyes, what arms to ſouldiers: but charity alone is the repoſe of the wearied, the Countrey of Pilgrims, the light of the blind, the Crown of the victorious, Faith, and the knowledge of God carry us to our countrey; Hope maintaineth us the other virtues defend us: but where charity is perfect, as it is in glory, one no longer believes any thing, becauſe it ſeeth all, one hopes for nought, becauſe he poſſeſſeth all.

Temperance combateth againſt Concupiſcence, Prudence againſt errour, Fortitude againſt adverſity, Juſtice againſt inequality: But in perfect charity, there is a perfect chaſtity, which ſtandeth not in need of the arms of temperance, having no blemiſh of impurity; A perfect knowledge, which expecteth not any help from ordinary Prudence, ſince it hath no errours; a perfect Beatitude, which needeth not Fortitude to conquer adverſities, ſince to it nothing is uneaſie; a Sovereign peace which imploreth not the aid of Juſtice againſt inequality, ſince all therein is equall.

For in a word, what is charity but a temperate love without luſt, A prudent love without errour, a ſtrong love without impatience, a juſt love without inequality? Faith is the firſt day of our Creation, which driveth away darkneſſe; Hope is the ſecond, which makes a firmament for us, and which divideth waters from waters, things tranſitory from eternall. Temperance is the third, which harraungeth the waters, and ſtorms of paſſions in their proper element, and cauſeth the land of our heart to appear, which ſendeth up vapours to God, that are its ſighs.

Prudence, is the fourth, which lighteth up in us the ſun of underſtanding, and the lights of knowledge, Fortitude is the fifth, which ſuſtains us in the Ocean of adverſities (not ſuffering us to corrupt as fiſhes in ſalt-waters, and as birds) above the Tempeſt. Juſtice the ſixth, for it gives us to command over our paſſions, as *Adam* who on the ſame day he was created, obtained it over all living creatures. But charity is the ſeventh day The Symbole of Glory, which contracteth all delights in the circle of its Septenary. And how can it but abbridge all Theology, ſince it abbridgeth God himſelf, and that we have cauſe to ſpeak to him in ſuch terms, as Saint *Zeno* did. O love what haſt thou done? Thou haſt changed God into Man, Thou haſt contracted him, drawing him out of the luſtre of his Majeſty, to make him a pilgrime on earth; Thou haſt ſhut him in the priſon of a virginall womb the ſpace of nine moneths: Thou haſt annihilated the empire of death, when thou taught teſt God to dy.

S. Zeno ſer. de fide, ſpe, & charit. Tu Deum in hominem demutatum voluiſti, tu Deum abbreviatum pauliſper à majeſtatis ſuæ immenſitate peregrinari feciſti, tu virginali carcere novem menſibus religaſti, tu mortem, Deum mori docendo, evacuaſti.

Love thus acknowledged by all the virtues, mounteth as on a chariot of Glory, maketh it ſelf conſpicuous with heroick, and noble qualities: It is pious, ſince it employeth all its thoughts on God: It is generous, and magnanimous, ſince it is ever diſpoſed to great deſigns: It is liberall, as that which ſpareth nothing: It is

ſtrong, not yielding to any of all thoſe obſtacles, which preſent themſelves to divert the courſe of its intentions: It is juſt, equally diſtributing rewards to merit: It is temperate admitting no exceſſes but of love: It is prudent, having eyes alwayes upon its deportments: It is witty, to find out a thouſand inventions: It is violent without eagerneſſe, active without participation, ſage without coldneſſe, good without remiſſneſſe, and calm without idleneſſe.

Qualities of divine love by which we may know whether it inhabit a ſoul.

But I muſt tell you, though its perfections be without number, you ſhall chiefly know it by three qualities, which will make it appear unto you, plyant, obliging, and patient.

Three principall marks of love.

I ſay plyant; for there is nothing but fires, deſires, ſweetneſſe, affections, joyes, admirations, extaſies, pleaſures, tranſportments for its well-beloved. This is the State, which the great *Origen* figureth unto us of *S. Mary Magdalen*, when he ſaith, that by the ſtrength of love ſhe was dead to all the objects of the world. She had her thoughts ſo employed upon her *Jeſus*, that ſhe was almoſt inſenſible; ſhe had eyes and ſaw not, ears and heard not, ſenſes and felt not; ſhe was not where ſhe was: for ſhe was wholly where her Maſter was, although ſhe knew not where he was. She knew no other art but that of love, ſhe had unlearnt to fear, to hope, to rejoyce, to be ſad; all in her turned to love, by reaſon of him whom ſhe loved above all: The Angels who deſcended from heaven to comfort her, were to her troubleſome, nor could ſhe endure them ſhe ſtood upright near the ſepulchre, where in the place of death ſhe found her heaven.

Plyantneſs.

Orig. Hom. de Magdal.

Now as in efficacious plyantneſſes are flowers of love which never bring forth any fruit; ſo, it takes a ſecond quality, which is, to be liberall, and much obliging: For this cauſe the hands of the bridegroome (according to the *Canticles* (are all of gold, and round; to ſhew there is not any thing crooked, or rough to ſtay his gifts: beſides, they are all filled with pretious ſtones, to figure his benefits unto us; Jacinths, and Diamonds which he ſcattereth, and beſtoweth as liberally, as the ſand of the ſea. The Hebrew ſaith, that the ſame hands are veſſels of gold repleniſhed with the ſea becauſe love is an Ocean of liberalities, which is never exhauſted.

Liberality.

Cant. 5. 14 Manus ejus tornatiles, aureæ, plenæ Hyacinthis, (alia verſio) Globi aurei pleni mari.

There remains nothing but to be patient, which it doth with ſo much grace, that one may ſay, its yoke hath wings, not weight. The heart of it, oft-times is invironed with thorns, and it ſweareth they are roſes. It ſwims in a ſea of worm-wood and ſaith it is ſweet water: It is covered all over with wounds, and proteſteth they are Pearls, and Rubies; It is overwhelmed with affairs, and maintains they are recreations; It is ſurcharged with maladies, and they are ſports; with calumnies, and they are bleſſings; with death, and that is life,

Patience. Pennas habet, non pondus. Ailredus

Theſe three qualities cauſe twelve very notable effects in love, which are, To love God above all, and, in compariſon of him to deſpiſe all. To account ones ſelf unhappy, if but a very moment diverted from his ſweet Ideas. To do all that may be, and to endure all things impoſſible to come near him. To embelliſh, and adorn our ſoul to pleaſe him. To be alwayes corporally preſent with him, as in the Sacrament; or ſpiritually, as in prayer. To love all which is for him, and to hate all which is not for him. To deſire that he may be declared, confeſſed, praiſed and adored by all the world. To entertein all the moſt ſublime thoughts (that is poſſible) of his dear perſon. To paſſe over with ſweetneſſe all the acerbities ſuffered in his ſervice. To accommodate ones ſelf to all his motions, and to receive both ſad and joyfull things with his countenance. To languiſh perpetually with the deſires to behold him face to face; and laſtly, To ſerve him without anxiety, or expectation of reward.

Twelve effects of love

Theſe things being ſo ſublime; we muſt not preſume to arrive thither at the firſt daſh. It is very fit to file, and continually to poliſh our ſoul by long ſervices and goodly actions, to arrive in the end at the happy accompliſhment of love. For this cauſe there are reckoned certain degrees by which the ſoul is led to the pallace of this triumphant Monarch.

There is a love, as yet but young, which doth onely begin, and hath five degrees, within the compaſſe whereof, it dilates it ſelf to paſſe to a much greater perfection. It beginneth firſt by the taſte of the word of God, and the ſweetneſſe it feels by the reading of good books, which is a ſign that a ſoul already hath an arrow of true love in the heart. This taſte maketh a man take good reſolutions for the amendment of his manners, and order of his life: this reſolution is followed by a happy penance which bewaileth all the imperfections of the life paſt with a bitter diſtaſte, and a fit ſatisfaction. By this way, we proceed to the love of a neighbour, and a beginning is made by a tender compaſſion of his afflictions, and a rejoycing at his proſperities: Laſtly, or addicts himſelf much, to many very laudable good works, and to the holy exerciſes of mercy. Behold here a moſt ſincere condition, and to be wiſhed in many men of honour, who may therein perſiſt with great conſtancy.

The ſecond order comprehendeth thoſe which are yet more ſtrong, and it conteineth five other degrees. Firſt, they are very aſſiduous in prayer, wherein they are much enlightned with the knowledge of verities, and celeſtiall maximes. Secondly, they obtain an excellent purity of conſcience, which they cleanſe and poliſh by an enquiry into their interiour; holily curious, and perfectly diſpoſed. Thirdly, they feel the exteriour man much weakned by a generous mortification, wherewith concupiſcence is quailed. Fourthly, followeth the vigour of the inward man, who finds him ſelf happily enabled to all the functions of the ſpirit, with a certain facility which becometh as it were naturall to him. Fifthly, appeareth a great obſervance of the law of God, which maketh him apprehend the leaſt atomes of ſin, through a notable fidelity with which he deſires to ſerve his maſter. In this rank are many good religious who lead a life moſt accompliſhed in devotion, and in the continuall mortification of ſenſes.

Three orders of true lovers of the World.

Laſtly, in the third order of perfect lovers, are the great effects of perfect charity, as is, not to have any humane and naturall conſiderations in all ones actions; but to tread under foot all reſpect of fleſh and bloud, to defend truth: Not to ſtick to earth by any root; but to account all things worſe then a dunghill, to gain Jeſus Chriſt: to run before the Croſſe, and to bear the greateſt adverſities with a generous patience: to love ones enemies: to do good to perſecutours; and in concluſion, freely to expoſe ones life for the ſalvation of a neighbour. To ſay truly, they had need to be perſons moſt heroick, to go ſo far; and there is no doubt, but this is the full accompliſhment of love.

Notwithſtanding, nine degrees alſo are added of Seraphick love, which concern Contemplatives; which are, The ſolitude of a heart throughly purified from all the forms of Creatures: Silence in a ſublime tranquillity of paſſions: Suſpenſion, which is a mean degree between Angell and man: Inſeparability, which adhereth to its welbeloved for an eternity, not admitting the leaſt diſunion: Inſatiability, which never is ſatiated with love: Indefatigability, which endureth all labours without wearineſſe: Languour, which cauſeth the ſoul to diſſolve and melt on the heart of its beloved: Extaſie, which cauſeth a deſtitution of the vegetative and ſenſitive ſoul, totally to actuate the intellectuall. Deiformity, which is a degree approching

Nine degrees of Seraphicall love for the contemplative.

ting near to beatifick love. Then is there made in the soul a deluge of mysterious and adorable love, which drowneth all humane thoughts, which swalloweth all earthly affections, which flieth to the superiour region of man, which hideth all that is eminent in sciences, transcendent in virtue, great in imagination, and which causeth the spirit to forget it self, and to look on nothing but heaven.

§. 12. *The Practise of Divine Love.*

THE love of God is a science inspired, not studied, nowhere the infusion of the Holy Ghost is more eloquent then all Tongues, and more learned then all Pens. That which comes to us by art, oft-times begins very late, and quickly endeth. That which is given us by the favour of heaven, comes very readily, and never is lost. Those who think to learn the love of God by precepts onely, croak like Ravens, and have nothing solid: such as have it by grace are Angels, who are raised into the highest region, and poize themselves on their wings. Grave discourses, and good books fail not to contribute much to this purpose, as we lately may have tried by the treatise which the R. F. *Stephen Binet* hath published, fully replenished with the holy ardours of extraordinary devotion, and which seem to have been dictated by love it self, and conceived in that fire, which Jesus came to enkindle on earth, to enflame the whole world.

Τὰ θεῖα σὺν θεῷ δεῖ μανθάνειν παρὰ θεοῦ. &c. Pindarus.

The means to acquire the love of God.

If then you desire to profit in this love, let your endeavour be continually to beg it of God with the most fervent prayers which the holy Ghost shall suggest, to esteem it above all worldly things, and to apply all your actions to this happy conquest.

Be ye very carefull to cut off from your heart all impediments which may give it any obstacle; for if you should imagine to entertain it in a soul sullied with terrestriall affections; it were to ask a most precious Balm, to put it in an unclean vessel. We have as many Idolls in our heart, as passions, opposite to the law of God.

Quot vitia habemus, tot recentes habemus Deos, Hieron.

Be not satisfied with taking away vices, but stifle the remembrance of worldly things, which may in you occasion any exorbitancy. Withdraw your mind as much as you can from a thousand imaginations, which fly as aiery spirits about your heart when it begins to take wings to its repose. Perplex not your self likewise, more then is reason, with affairs both spirituall and temporall, which cause a thousand cares to arise, and onely serve to quench the vigour of devotion, and to draw out the juice of piety. Fly acerbities of heart, apprehensions, and servitudes, accustoming your self to do all with a spirit of sweetnesse, and holy liberty.

The practise of the love of God.

Consequently make a practise of the love of God, undertaking it with a resolute purpose, a great application of mind, and employing all possible industries to profit therein, as one would in affecting some great bargain, some very considerable office, or affair, most important. For it is a very unworthy thing to behold all despicable Trades full of artisans, who kill themselves to find out inventions that may set forth the profession, and that onely the occupation of the love of God, should have workmen so lazy, and unnaturall.

How we may learn to love God, above the love of the world.

After all, following the counsel of S. *Augustine*, consider what the children of darknesse often do to prosper in worldly loves and amities. They strive to insinuate themselves by some good office; they consider on every side the person of him of whom they would be beloved, they study his nature, his inclinations, his desires, his affairs, and they oblige him, ere he is aware, in what he desireth most. Are they entred into his amity? they persist in the practise of great assiduities; they have entertainments and admirable correspondencies; they delight, they serve, they mingle the recreative with the serious; They apply all they see, all they think upon, all they invent, all they hope, all they possesse, all they say, all they write, to the contentment of this creature. They draw tribute out of all for it, and, if it be possible, will give it its hearts-wish in all things: They transform themselves into its humours and likings: They espouse its loves, enmities, quarrels, and revenges: They publish its virtues, with discretion conceal its favours: they have tricks to pacifie its anger, to stir up its languours, to open its heart, to hold their possession, and if it be needfull, will passe through ten purgatories of fire, ice, tears, bloud, torrents, seas, enflamed serpents, gnawing vultures, to arrive at one of its pretentions. O reproch, that all this is done for a frivolous worldly love, which oftentimes is the Hangman of life, the gulf of Reason, the Hell of souls; and that there is none but Jesus, for whom they will not so much ss stir a finger!

Jahonestos amatores ostendite, si quis amore furenti lasciviens vestit se aliter quàm amatus, placet. Augustin. To. de verbis Apost.

Make a resolution to insinuate your self into his friendship by some notable Act, which you know to be acceptable to him, and which he already hath required of you by so many inspirations. Enter into his house, and into his bosome: render him assiduity in your prayers, your meditations, your communions, and in all your exercises of devotion. Learn to speak to him every hour by jaculatory prayers, as one would to some friend tenderly loved, and vehemently affected. Referre all creatures to his love, and love nothing but him, but in him, but for him: publish his greatnesse every where, make a thousand instruments of his glory: but conceal his favours by a profound humility. Behold men your like, as his images; Engrave all his words, all his actions, all his wounds in the bottome of your heart; make your selves like him, as much as you may; bear him on your flesh, suffering for him, not onely with patience, but alacrity, through a desire of conformity. Behold the principall means by which one may come to the love of God, and to the unitive way.

Observe there withall the three Conditions which S. *Bernard* prescribeth, to wit to love sweetly, prudently, strongly: sweetly without violence; prudently without illusion; strongly without separation.

That we learn to love God himself, and by the character of his substance which is Jesus.

But there being nothing which more forcibly moveth the soul, then Example; I advise you, often to present unto your self the love of God and Jesus Christ, which should be the source of ours; and. to make a sacred posy to your self of all the lovers who were most vehement in Divine *Love*.

In medio animalium splendor ignis, & de igne fulgur egrediens. Ezekiel 1.

Reflect (O Christian soul) upon the chariot of Cherubins in Ezechiel, and thou shalt learn what God would have of thee. I see (saith the Prophet) a clear and bright fire in the midst of these living Creatures, and from this fire I see lightning flashes to issue forth. This is the fire of the love of God, and these lightnings are the eruptions he made, by communicating himself to man. Consider (O soul redeemed with the bloud of the sonne of God) that thou canst not live without love; on what side soever thou turnest, thou necessarily must love; and God, foreseeing this necessity, would that thou loves like him, that thou take the object of his love for the object of thine own, his manner of loving, for thine, his scope and contentment, for thine. And where thinkest thou hath God the heavenly Father placed his love from all eternity, but in himself? Because he alone is worthy to be originally beloved as the source and fountain-head of all beauties, and bounties, which are the two baits of affections, excessively; as he who hath neither end nor beginning; He loves himself by his holy Spirit, which is his own substance, and he loves himself necessarily, because love is his

Essence. O soul! if thou couldest a little lift up thine eyes surcharged with so many terrestriall humours, and behold in the bosome of the heavenly Father the eternall Fire-brand which he gives for a rule of thy love; what secrets, and what mysteries of love wouldst thou learn? there mightest thou observe the four conditions which constitute all the excellency of love, to wit, Purity, Simplicity, Fervour, and Communication.

First, thou must learn to purifie thy love, this love being most pure and excellent, for it is God himself, produced in the bosome of God: it is the first of Sanctities, holy by origin, by object, by example, and by form; It is the holy Ghost burning in the heart of the eternall Father. S. *Thomas* teacheth us a very singular piece of Theology in the Treatise he wrote of charity, where he saith, every thing placed in another is measured and adapted to that which receiveth it, as water, which is round, in a round vessell, and square, in a square vessell. For, if the thing received be lesser then that which received it; it by this reception gets a state of excellency, and a Title of worth above its Nature: so, (saith he) the visible species are ennobled in our eyes, and the Intelligible, in our understanding. This admitted; I say, that if we onely consider the love of God, in that manner as we do in men, as drawn from exteriour objects; yet would it be a matter of a marvellous value to be received into the heart of God, and to be conform to the Divinity: but when Divinity telleth us, that this love produced of God, is the substance of God received in God himself, and inseparable from his essence; what greatnesse, and, what purity must we conceive in this love of God? and if he will that this same love (which is all his) should be not onely the object, but the efficient cause of ours by the infusions he worketh in our hearts; O how much shame ought we to have, so to defile our love with contaminations and impurities of the *earth*?

Secondly, you must know, this love is most simple, and totally as well in this unity as in the Essence of God, and althongh he love creatures, as the tokens and footsteps of his bounty, which are in kinds so manifold, in multitude so innumerable; yet is he not devided, nor severed, because he gathers all those creatures together in his bosome, where their beginning and end is and therein uniteth them, as rayes of his benignity contracted and drawn together into one Centre in a burning-glasse: Thereupon thou shouldst be sorry to see thy heart torn, and divided by so many objects which divert thy affections, and hinder thee from simply giving them to God, for whom they are made.

Thirdly, thou must understand, this love is most ardent, since the bosome of the eternall father is as a great Fornace which with its flames enkindleth all the chaste loves that burn, whether they be in heaven, in the heart of Angels, or whether on earth, in the souls of the elect. Ah! how much oughtst thou to blush, and to be ashamed, considering, how, in stead of enkindling thy love with the sacred fires of this eternall fornace, thou hast sought to beg a profane fire from the eyes of a wretched woman, which hath burnt thee to the bones, thou hast gone (door after door) to all sorts of creatures, opening thy heart to forraign flames, whereby thou hast gone about to burn even the sacrifice of the living God? Ah? Thou insensible creature, knowest thou not that Nadab and Abihu, for putting ordinary fire into their Incensories, when they came to the Altar of the Synagogue, were devoured, as unfortunate victimes, with the proper coles of their own sacrifices? and dost thou think it will be lawfull for thee to approach the Altar of the eternall Testament with this forraign love which thou lodgest in thy heart? Art not thou afraid to hear those thundring words, *This Sacrifice shall be a punishment to thee, since thou hast made a fume of thy propitiation!*

Lastly, (faithfull soul) thou shouldst know the love of God is most communicative, for it is streamed forth in his eternall productions by two emanations, of understanding, and will; as by two Conduit-pipes of Glories, and beauties. And not content with this, this eternall communication being involved in a profound obscurity unknown to all creatures; he hath cleft the cloud in five places, and is come to communicate himself to the world by five admirable wayes of his magnificence, which are Creation, Conservation, the Incarnation of the word, Justification, and Exaltation of the soul to beatitude. O! how thou shouldest be confounded hereupon to see thy heart so narrow, and streightned in the exercise of good works?

Look back again upon thy second modell, and attentively consider; how *Jesus* the pattern of all chaste amities loved his eternall Father; and on earth rendered him that honourable tribute of love, which could not well have been payed to a God so justly loved, but by a loving God, and who did, with so much perfection, love. *Jesus* alone passed with an incomparable eminency those nine degrees, whereof we spake before, which are as nine spheres of love. This most blessed soul, which had an exact knowledge of all the excellencies of increated beauty, loved him according to its science, equalling his fervours to its lights. It first of all entred into the solitude of love, which made a little fortunate Island of the heart, wherein there was nothing but God, and It: God, who was in it with eternall contentments: It, which was in God, with reciprocall and wholly ineffable affections. This heart of *Jesus* resembled the Halcions nest, which cannot hold one silly fly more then the bird it self: So he knew not how to lodge one creature in himself to the prejudice of the Creatour, but could tell how to lodge them altogether, to unite them to their Head. O it was properly his businesse to give us this lesson, which he afterward dictated by one of his Oracles. He loveth thee not enough, whosoever loveth any thing with thee which he loveth not for thee. From solitude he entred into the silence which *Synesius* calleth Beatifick Silence, and which S. *John* placeth in heaven in the peacefull condition of the Blessed: It was properly the calm, and repose, which the holy soul of *Jesus* took with his heavenly Father in his divine Orisons which he many times continued the space of whole nights, watching, and weeping for us, and dwelling as it were in the fire of love. It is that silence which the Canticle calleth the Bed of *Solomon*, encompassed with threescore valiant ones, but of that great Host of Angels. From silence he passed to the suspension whereof *Job* speaketh, where his soul felt it self totally pulled up by the root from earth, but not (as yet) placed in heaven, because he was corporally in this transitory life. We, (verily) find three admirable suspensions in Nature; That, of water in the clouds; of Heaven, above the clouds; and of earth, under the clouds: and two ineffable suspensions in the Humanity of *Jesus*: The first is that of his blessed soul, which was alwaies hanging at the heart of God, and the second of his body on the Crosse, to purifie by his death all the regions of the world, both above, and beneath: above, by the exhalation of his spirit; beneath, by the effusion of his bloud. After suspension, he mounted to insatiability, which caused him, that, drinking those eternall sources by long draughts in the delights of Contemplation which streams upon him from heaven, he slaked his thirst in his own bosome, not quite quenching it, therein retaining the condition of those who see God: of whom it is said, *That they are still replenished*,

yet

Ezechiel. serm. 26. Sumes de sacrificio pœnam, quia fecisti de propitiatione peccatum.

S. Thom. opusc. 61. De Dilectione, omne receptum est in recipiente per modum recipientis.

The love of Jesus towards his heavenly Father.

Charitas Dei diffusa est in cordibus nostris per spiritum sanctum. Rom. 5. 8.

Augustin. Soliloq. Minus te amat qui tecum aliquid amat quod propter te non amat. Apoc. 8.

Mentis genuit mentem, & in se suum reflexit amorem. ita explicat S. Thom. 1. part. q. 27.

Fornacem custodiens in operibus ardoris. Eccl. 43. 5.

Cantic. 5.

Job. 7. 15. Elegit suspendium anima mea.

Levit 10.

Damian. Cardi. in Hymno de Paradiso. Avidi, & semper pleni quod habent, desiderant.

yet still greedy, incessantly desiring what they possesse.

From insatiability he came to the degree of Indefatigability, which caused him perpetually to spend himself in most glorious labours for the redemption of the world: measuring, and running over the earth, as the sun doth Heaven, and sowing vertues and benefits every where, to reap nought but Ingratitude. From thence he proceeded to that Inseparability which tied him for the love of his heavenly Father, not onely to the punishment of the Crosse, but to so many scorns and miseries as he embraced for us; and he made so much account of this mortall flesh which he took of us, that he associated it unto himself with an eternall band, and hath transmitted it into the bosome of Immortality, placing his wounds (which were the characters of his love, and of our inhumanity) even in the sanctuary of the most blessed Trinity. From this Inseparability, he suffered himself to slide into languours, extasies, and transanimations, which make up a Deified love, such as was that of Jesus. Languour dried him up with the zeal he had for our salvation exhausting all the strength of his body, and (to speak with *Philo*) he seemed as if he would have transformed his flesh into the nature of his spirit, causing it to melt and dissolve under the ardours of ineffable affection, as we see a Myrrhe-Tree which distilleth the first fruits of its liquour under the lustre of the sun-beams. Extasie, which bare this great soul with a vigorous violence to the heart of God, made a truce in all the actions of sensitive nature: and as it happeneth that the Ocean extraordinarily swelling up upon one shore, forsaketh the other: So the spirit of our Saviour already divinized, amassing together the whole multitude of his forces, to serve his love and satisfie the passion he had towards his celestiall Father, overflowed in the heart of the Divinity, with so immeasurable a profusion, that all his inferiour Nature seemed to be forsaken, and despoiled of the presence, and government of his soul.

Mark 3.21.

In the end he entred into that transanimation which so powerfully united him to God, that onely retaining the property of two natures, Divine and Humane; he made an incomparable commixtion of heart, of love, of affections, and conformities; which made *Origen* say, *This soul, like unto Iron which is on burning Coles, was alwayes in the word, alwayes in wisdome, ever in God, and took an immutable constancy from the ardour wherewith it is enkindled in the union of God.*

Orig. 2. περὶ ἀρχῶν Anima illa quasi ferrum in igne, semper in verbo, semper in sapientia, semper in Deo, in convertibilitatem ex verbi Dei unitate indesinenter ignita possidebat.

If you find this love too sublime for you; behold it as it were tempered, and reflected, in so many saints, as were S. *Paul*, S. *Augustine*, S. *Bernard* and so many other.

§. 13. *A notable Example of worldly love changed into divine Charity.*

I Will give you a very familiar one, in a man of the world, a man of the Court, and one who is at this present a treasure hidden from many, who was hated by the envious, persecuted by the proud, condemned by the Ignorant, and yet a great servant of God. It is the learned, and pious *Raymundus Lullus*, as it appeareth by his life faithfully written in the Tome of the lives of the Western Fathers. This man flourished above three hundred years ago, and was born in the Island of *Majorica* of a notable extraction, which gave him passage into worldly honours, and caused him to be bread in the Court of his King, by whom he afterward was made one of his prime Officers. Never was there a man more inclining to love, for he loved transportedly, and spent all his youth in this vanity, having no employment more acceptable then to write amourous verses, to expresse his passion. In the end he fell into the snare of a violent affection that long turmoiled him, which was the love of an honourable Lady endowed with an invincible chastity. Here ordinarily, love which delights to pursue what it cannot arrive unto, finds most admiration for the eyes, and food for its flame.

Vita Patrum Occid. l. 6. Ex Carolo Bovillo.

He was so on fire in this quest, that he thought he should lose his wits, suffering himself to fall into unbeseeming and extraordinary actions, so farre as being one day on horse-back, and seeing this his well-beloved to go into a Church to do her devotions, he spurred hard, and in such manner entred into the holy place, not minding Church, Priest, Altars, or Sacraments; He had no eyes but for this creature, before whom he delighted to manage his horse with his usuall grace: But instantly a lowd clamour was raised by the people, who thrust him out of the Church, and handled him like a mad-man.

The Lady was so much displeased, and ashamed at his exorbitant importunities, that she resolved to cure his love by a stratagem, which she could not vanquish by flight. She called this passionate amorist to her (by her husbands permission) and having shewed him the wrong he did to her reputation so to resign himself over to such a grosse indiscretion, as also the disasters he might draw on his own person; she bared her neck, and discovered her bosome all eaten by a maligne Cancer, which at first caused some aversion in him: but, the more to fortifie the act, the Lady thereunto added prevalent words, reproching him with simplicity to imploy so many hours to seek after an unhappy lothsomenesse, and take away his love from God, to conferre it on a Creature, who so little deserved it.

Poor *Raymond* was astonished at this speech, dividing his soul between the horrour of this ulcer, and the admiration of the wisdome of the virtuous woman, when instantly this cancer of the body cured that of the mind. He in a moment found himself to be changed, as if all his passion had expected this period of sinne, and as if on a sudden his soul had been freed from a charm: He could not wonder enough at his frenzy passed. He deplored the losse of so much time, he put forward for the future, to consecrate the remainder of his dayes to penance. It seemed to him he perpetually heard the voyce of the Crucifix, which said unto him, *Raymond* follow me: and his heart burnt with a generous flame to augment the number of so many good servants of so worthy a Master. He would not by halves perform so important a businesse: he disposed of his whole estate for the benefit of the poor, and threw himself all naked between the arms of the Crosse. Behold how it importeth to begin the great work of the love of God by some remarkable Act, and to give ones self freely to him, who hath not for us spared his own sonne! Thence he retired into a little Hermitage, where attending to prayer, fasts, and contemplations, he was so illuminated, that being before unlearned in any science, but in that of worldly love, he became as knowing as the greatest Doctours; yet still austere as the most rigorous Hermits.

All this is observed in Blaquerna's book.

His love towards God began, first by great tenderness, and continuall familiarity, adoring this most pure spirit throughout the great Theatre of nature. If he looked on the rising sun; he out of Extasie sung, and said, From the chaste bosome of the morning went forth the desire of eternall mountains, wherein there are no more blemishes then there is darkness in the Sun: If he considered the sea, he took occasion to enter into the secret abysses of the judgements of God, wherein he remained wholly absorpt. If he cast his eye on the fields, so many flowers as he there observed, were

many little eyes of his well-beloved: If he heard a bird sing; in his conceit it spake to him of the love of his incomparable lover, and he used to say, there was a certain language of love which he understood in all creatures: If he saw a butterfly flying, and a little child running after it; he thereon frames sublime meditations of the Philosophy of love. His solitude seemed to him all environed with Intelligencies, and when any one came to interrupt him and blamed him for being alone; Nothing lesse (answered he:) I was in good company, but found my self alone after your coming.

He was so transported, that he walked throughout the streets chanting the praises of his *Jesus*, and when some who knew him, while he was in high place, demanded of him, whether he had lost his wits? verily you are in the right (replyed he) my well-beloved hath taken away my will, and I have given him my understanding; there is nothing left me but memory to remember him. He many times caused his eyes and memory to dispute touching the possession of his Divine love, to see who might vaunt the most right; His eyes said, sight surpassed all: but memory answered, remembrance was much stronger, because it made water mount into the eyes, and fire into the heart. One while he caused his understanding and will to run after this his dear spouse; and he found the understanding was the more able, but the will better held what it embraced. He was many times seen to be in such a manner, that being ready to sleep, he bitterly with scalding tears wailed that he in sleep had forgotten his Creatour, having then no power over his dreams, nor thoughts. His passion became so violent, when he to himself presented the state of this world, wherein we are separated from the sight of God, that he thereby fell into fainting fits, and was sick of it almost to the death. A Physician, on a time visiting him in these fits, and throughly understanding his grief, held much troublesome and tedious discourse with him, after which he said, this man had cured him, for that he had made him suffer throughly, and that taking this punishment patiently for Gods sake he thereby was infinitely comforted. He commonly said love was a Tree, the fruit whereof was *To love*, and that tribulations, and languours were the flowers, and leaves of it? the proof whereof daily appeared in the motions of his soul, wherein he felt most sensible afflictions, when he within himself reflected on the contempt was done to his crucified love.

One day he had a revelation, that of a thousand there were not a hundred who had any fear, or but an indifferent affection for their Saviour; and that of those hundred, ninety feared him out of their apprehension of the torments of Hell; and that of those ninety, there were not two who loved him for the hope of heaven; and that of a thousand, scarcely could one be found who loved him for his goodness his nobleness, and his worth: whereat he powred forth so many tears, that he was not to be comforted. He was often heard to groan, and sigh in the open fields, as if he had lyen in an irksome prison, and had sought to break his setters; when, being in these agitations, he came to a fountain-side, where lay an Hermit asleep, whom he awakned and asked if he could tell how one might get out of prison? The other, who was a man of God, understood him, and replyed, he was in the same prison that he was, as well sleeping, as waking; but it was a prison of love, where his desires, his thoughts, his hopes, his joyes were chains: upon which, he fell into an extasie of holy comfort, to have found a man so conform to his humour; and both of them wept so much out of love, over this fountain, that they seemed to go about to raise those streams by their tears. If he wrote a letter, he imagined love gave him the pen, and that he dipped it in his tears, and that the paper was all over filled with instruments of the passion, and that he sent his thoughts and sighs, as Courriers, to seek out the well-beloved of his heart. When he saw an Epistle, or a letter wherein the name of Jesus was not practised; it sensibly tormented him, saying, Sarazins had more devotion for Mahomet a man of sin, setting his name in the front of all their letters, then Christians had for their Redeemer.

A holy occasion one day drew him to a Church to hear excellent musick: but he perceiving the words were of God, and the tune according to the world; he could not forbear to cry out aloud, Cease profane men. Cease to cast pearls into mire. Impure airs are not fit for the King of virgins. Some took delight to ask him many questions, and he answered them nothing, but the word, love; which he had perpetually in his mouth. To whom belongest thou? To love: whence comest thou? from love: whither goest thou? To love: who begat thee? Love: Of what dost thou live? upon love: where dwellest thou? In love. He accounted them unworthy to live, who died of any other death, then of love: and beholding a sick-man in an agony, who shewed no feeling of joy to go unto God, but onely complained of his pain; he lamented him as a man most miserable. At his entrance into a great Citie, he asked who were the friends of God, and a poor man being shewed him, who continually wept for the love of heaven, and heavenly things; he instantly ranne to him, and embracing him, they mingled their tears together with unspeakable joy.

God often visited him by many lights, and most sweet consolations, as it happened at that time when he thought he saw a huge cloud between his Beloved and him, which hindred and much troubled him; but presently it seemed to him, that love put it self between them both, and gilded the cloud with great and admirable splendours, in such sort that through this radiant beauty he saw a ray of the face of his well-beloved, and for a long space spake to him with profusions of heart, and admirations not to be expressed.

From this obsequious love, he passed to obliging love, and made a strong resolution to become profitable to all the world.

For which purpose, feeling every moment to be replenished with sublime and divine thoughts which God had communicated to him, and that he had no insight in Grammer, nor other slight school-notions; he resolved to learn the Latine tongue, being now full fourty years old. He hit upon a teacher one Master *Thomas* who taught him words, conjugations, and concords; but he rendred him back again elate conceptions, unheard of discourses, and harmonies wholly celestiall; so much honouring his Master, that he dedicated the most part of his books to him, wherein for the dead letter, he offered unto him the spirit of life. Not satisfied with this, he added the Arabick tongue, of purpose to convert the Mahumetans: and for this end he bought a slave, for whom having no other employment but to teach him it, and he having therein already well profited, and endeavouring to convert this wretched servant, who had been his teacher; the other found him so knowing and eloquent, that he had an apprehension that through this industry he was able to confound the Mahumetan-law, which was the cause that the Traitour, espying his opportunity, took a knife, and sought to kill his Master; but he stopt the blow, and onely received a wound which proved not mortall. All the house ran at the noise, and there was not any one, who would not have knocked down the ungratefull creature: but he hindered it with all his might, and heartily pardoned him in the greatest sharpnesse of his dolours. Instantly

the

the officers seized on this compassion, and put him into prison, where he was strangled, repenting himself of nothing but that he had not finished his mischief; which caused extreme sorrow in *Raymond*, who bewailed him with many tender tears of compassion.

After this, he undertook divers journies into France, Spain, Italy, Greece, and Africk, wandring continually over the world, and not ceasing to preach, write, and teach, to advance the salvation of his neighbours. Paris many times received him with all courtesie in such sort, that the Chancellour *Bertand*, who was infinitely affected to knowledges, permitted him to reade them publickly in his hall.

The reverend Charter-house Monks, whose houses have so often been sanctuaries for Learning and Devotion, were his hosts, and so much he confided in their integrity and sincerity, that he with them deposed all which he had most precious. The love of God, which is as lightning in a cloud still striving to break forth, suffered him not to rest, but disposed him to undertake somewhat for the glory of God.

It is true, he had first of all that purpose which afterwards our father S. *Ignatius* so gloriously accomplished: for he was desirous to make Seminaries of learned and courageous spirits who should spread themselves throughout the world to preach the Gospel, and to sacrifice themselves for the propagation of Faith.

For this cause, he multiplied his voyages to Rome, to Lions, to Paris, to Avignon, incessantly solliciting Popes and Kings to so excellent a work, without successe. He used fervour and zeal therein, but our father thereunto contributed more order and prudence: The one undertook it in a crosse time, during the passage of the holy See from Rome to Avignon, where the Popes more thought upon their own preservation then tha conquests of Christianity: The other knew how to take occasion by the fore-lock, and he interessed Rome, and the Popes thereof, in his design. The one made his first triall under Pope *Boniface* the Eighth, who having dispossessed a Hermite of S. *Peters* Chair, held those for suspected who were of the same profession, fearing they a second time might make a head of the Church. The other happened upon *Paul* the Third, who was a benign Pope, and he gained his good opinion by his ready services and submissions, which tended to nothing but the humility of Jesus Christ. The one embroiled himself too much in Sciences, even unto curiosity, and made them walk like Ladies and Mistresses: the other held them as faithfull servants of the Crosse, subjected to holy Humility.

The one stood too much upon his own wit, and needs would beat out wayes not hitherto printed with any foot-steps, nor conferred enough with the Doctours of his times in matters of Opinion and Concord: the other passed through the surges of Universities, and followed an ordinary trackt in the progression of his studies. The one was of a humour very haughty, the other of a spirit facil and sweet. The one took the golden branch with violence, the other gathered it gently, as if the Providence of God had put it into his hands. Now *Raymond*, not satisfied with seminaries of students, embraced the conquest of the Holy Land, and stirred up many cities of Italy in this matter, exhorting them to make contributions; wherein he was so perswasive, that the city of Pisa alone, which is none of the greatest, furnished him with devotists, who made of one sole free gift twenty five thousand crowns, which he would by no means handle, leaving it to the dispose of the Pope, who would not give ear to the erection of new Colledges; so much were the affairs of the Papacy embroiled. He more easily obtained one thing, which was one of his three wishes, to wit, the suppression of the books of *Averroes* (an enemy to Christianity), which many with too much curiosity read in the Schools of Philosophy. God many times grants good dispositions to his servants, whereof he will not they have the accomplishment, making them appear more eminent in sufferings then actions. This great man was of the number of those; for he made himself most remarkable in the love of suffering, wandring over the world in extreme poverty, great incommodities of heat, cold, nakednesse, hunger, scorns, contempts, dolours, banishments, dangers, both by sea and land, shipwracks, treasons, chains, prisons, and a thousand images of death.

One day, travelling alone through a huge forrest, he met two lions, which caused some little fear of death in him, as he witnesseth in his writings, desirous to live, that he might yet on earth serve his well-beloved: but in this great surprisall he had a thought, that love would put it self into the midst of this passage, and make him endure death with the more contentment: herewith he comforted himself, and the lions drew near and licked his face bathed in tears of Devotion, and kissed his feet and hands, doing him no harm. Men were more sharp and discourteous to him, who ceased not to drag him before Tribunals, to charge him with calumnies for his extraordinary wayes, to give sentence against him; but in all he appealed to his well-beloved who never forlook him.

Seeing himself destitute of all succour for the conversion of Sarazens, he passed alone into the kingdome of Thunes, where he freely disputed with the chief of the Mahometans, concerning the greatnesse and excellency of our Faith, against the impostures of *Mahomet*; which was the cause that he was immediately cast into prison, and condemned by the King himself to have his head cut off: to which he disposed himself with an incomparable fervour of love. At which time, one of the prime men of State in the countrey, who had conceived well of him, out of the admiration of his wit, perswaded the King to be satisfied with banishing him out of his kingdome, and that by this way, he should do all he was obliged unto for the preservation of his own law, and should get the reputation of a mild Prince among Christians, abstaining from the bloud of such a man; which he did: but he was thrust out of Thunes with so many blows and ignominies, that he therein gained a noble participation in the Crosse of Jesus Christ. The fervour which incessantly boiled in his veins suffered him not to be long at rest. He went into the kingdome of Bugia, as *Jonas* into Nineveh, crying out aloud through the streets, that there was in the world but one Religion, and that was ours; and that the law of *Mahomet* was a meer imposture and a fantasie. He was instantly laid hands on, as a madman, and lead to the high Priest named *Alguassin*, who asked him, whether he knew not the Laws of the countrey, which forbad him upon pain of death to speak against Mahometisme. To which he answered, he could not be ignorant of it, but that a man who knew the truth of Christian Religion, as he did, could do no other but seal it with his blood. This *Alguassin* proud of science, perceiving him to be a man of a good wit, entred farther into discourse with him, where he found himself shamefully gravelled; which made him forsake the Syllogismes of the School, to have recourse to the arguments of tyrants, which are arms and violence: for he caused him to be presently taken as an *Emissary Goat*, there being not any Mahometan hand so little which delighted not to hale and leade him with blows, untill they brought him into the most

hideous

hideous prison, which was rather a retreat then a gaol, where he endured a thousand miseries with an unshaken constancy. The Genowayes, his good friends, who traffick in these parts, moved with his affliction, got with good round summes of money, a more reasonable prison for him, where he began again to dispute with the most learned of the sect, and made himself to be so much admired by those his adversaries, that they endeavoured to gain him to their Religion, promising him wife, family, honours, and riches, as much as he could wish: but he mocked at all their machinations, and seeing them fervent to dispute, he persisted therein with great strength of reason and courage. They said, words were lost in the air, but they must take the pen in hand and write on both sides, with which he was infinitely pleased; and spent nights and dayes in prison to compose a great volumn for defence of our Religion. But the King of Bugea coming into his capitall city, dissipated all these counsels, much fearing the touch of his Law, which was gold of a base allay, and caused him the second time to come out of prison. From thence he sought to get something in Greece, passing over into Cyprus, where he disputed against the Nestorians and Jacobites, who rendred him poison for the honey of his discourses, whereof he was like to die, had he not been preserved by divine Providence, and the assistance of a good Angel. The blessed man had already passed forty years in a thousand toils and crosses, and spared not to suffer, by reason of the flames of love which burnt his heart; but he knew not whether he suffered or no, so much he took to heart the cup which God had mingled for him. Verily, our Lord appearing one day unto him, and asking him if he well knew what love was, of which he so many years had made profession? he very excellently answered, If I do not well know what Love is, I at least well understand what Patience is: meaning, that it was to suffer, since nothing troubled him for the satisfaction he had in Gods causes. And another time being asked whether he had Patience? he said, All pleased him, and that he had no cause of impatience, which onely belongs to them who keep the possession of their own will. Lastly, being about fourscore years of age, he considered within himself what he said afterwards, that love was a sea full tempests and storms, where a port was not to be hoped for, but with the losse of himself, and that its depth was his exaltation. He went back again into the kingdome of Sarazens in Africk, where being known, he was suddenly stoned to death in a popular commotion, and buried under a great heap of stones, in which place his body long remained unknown to all the world: but it pleased God, that certain merchants, his countrey-men, sailing into that countrey, saw in the night a Pyramis of fire to rise up over his tomb, which caused a curiosity in them to see what it was, and coming to dig into it, they found this venerable old man who was so gloriously buried in his own triumph; they brought him back into his own countrey, where he is all this time reverenced out of an antient Devotion of the people, which the holy See permitteth rather by way of toleration, then expresse Canonization.

The second Treatise, Of HATRED.

§ 1. *Its Essence, Degrees, and Differences.*

Hatred a hideous Comet.

WHat a Comet is among stars, Hatred is among virtues. It is a passion maligne, cold, pernicious, deadly, which ever broodeth some egge of the serpent, out of which it produceth infinite disastres. It is not content to vent its poison in certain places and times, but it hateth to the worlds end, yea, as farre as eternity. To set before your eyes the havock it maketh in a soul; it is necessary to understand it in all the degrees and dimensions thereof. For which purpose you shall observe,

Its nature.

that Hatred being properly an hostility of the appetite against those things which it apprehendeth to be contrary to its contentment; It hath some similitude with Choler, but there is much difference, as between pieces engraven, and painted, which may easily be defaced. Choler is more sudden, more particular, more ardent, and more easie to be cured: Hatred, more radicall; more generall, more extended, more sad, and more remediesse. It hath two notable properties, whereof, the one consisteth in aversion and flight, the other in persecution and dammage. There is a Hatred of aversion, which is satisfied to flie from all that is contrary to it. There is another Enmity, which pursueth and avengeth, and tends to the destruction of all whatsoever. The first property hateth the evill; the second, wisheth it to the authour of the evill, and when it hath once possessed a black soul, it maketh terrible progressions, and is especially augmented by four very considerable degrees.

Its properties.

Its degrees.

First, it beginneth in certain subjects by a simple aversion, and a hatred of humour, which is the cause we have an horrour at all those things that oppose naturall harmony, which appears as well in the good constitution of body, as in the correspondencies of senses, and the faculties of the soul with their objects. And although this contrariety be not alwayes evident enough unto us; yet there is some feeling which in the beginning maketh us many times to have an aversion from some person whom we never saw, and from whom we have never received the least suspicion of affront or dammage: Be it out of some disproportion of body, of speech, of behaviour, or whether it be there is some secret disaccord; we often hate, not well knowing the cause thereof, which very easily happeneth to the femall sex. For, women being full of imaginations; the vivacity of fancy furnisheth them with infinite many species of conveniences and inconveniences that cause a diversity of humours which very seldome make a good harmony; but if they do, it is ever easie enough to be disturbed.

There are loves and hatreds which cannot be put on and put off, as easily as a man would do a shirt; which teacheth us it is very hard to make one to love by command, as if we went about to introduce love by cannon-shots. The first degree of Hatred is properly called Antipathy, and is so generall in nature that it passeth into things inanimate, and into bruit beasts, which are no sooner born, but they exercise their enmities and warre in the world. A little chicken, which yet drags her shell after her, hath no horrour at a horse, nor at an elephant, which would seem so terrible creatures to those that know not their qualities; but it already feareth the kite, and doth no sooner espy him, but it hasteneth to be hidden under the wings of the hen. Drums made of sheep-skins crack (as it is said) if another

The natural antipathies.

Jo. B. Por. in Chiro.

ther be strucken near them, made of a wolfs hide; and such as are made of the skin of a camel scare horses. The lion is troubled at the crowing of a cock; Cabbages and herb-grace cannot endure each others neighbour-hood, such enmity they have; and a thousand other such like things are observed in nature, wherein there are such expresse and irreconciliable hatreds.

If man, who should moderate his passions by reason, suffers himself to run into Antipathies and naturall aversions, and doth not represse them by virtue; it falleth out they increase, and are enflamed out of interest, contempt, slander, ill manners, outrages, offences, or out of simple imaginations of offence, which then causeth a second degree of hatred, which is a humane hatred, consented to with deliberation; which putteth it self into the field to exercise its hostilities: here, by injuries; there, by wrangling; here, by forgery; there, by violence, and by all the wayes which passion inventeth to do hurt by. Abject courages hate with a cold and cloudy hatred which they long hatch in their hearts through impotency of vindicative strength. The haughty and proud do it with noise, accompanied with disdains, affronts, and insolency. All they who love themselves tenderly perpetually swarm in hatreds and aversions, seeing themselves countre-buffed and crossed in a thousand objects which they passionately affect. All the most violent hatreds come out of love; and namely, when lovers, the most passionate, see themselves to be despised; despair of amity transporteth them to a outrageous hatred, finding they have afforded love the most precious thing that is in our dispose, to receive scorn.

Humane hatred.

Its differences.

Hatred of love.

There are likewise who, without receiving any injury, begin to hate out of weariesomnesse in love, and coming to know the defects of such as they had the most ardently loved; they take revenge upon the abuse of their own judgement, by the evill disposition of their own will, and do as those people who burnt the Gods they had adored. Whether hatred arises out of a weary love, or whether it proceeds from an irritated love; it is ever to be feared: and there are not any worse aversions in the world, then those which come from the sources of amity. *Quintillian* also hath observed, *That the Hatreds of neighbours are enmities irrecoverable, and wounds which never are cured, because bands woven by flesh, blood and bowels, cannot be untied, but by making a rupture remediless.*

Quintil. decl. 17. Non habent proximorum odia regressum: quæcunque nexus accepere naturæ & quæ sanguine viscéribúsque constructa sunt, non laxantur ducta, sed pereunt.

Out of this second degree, oft-times a melancholick Hatred sprouteth, which the Grecians call manhating, which is an Hatred bred in feeble, black, ugly, and ulcerated souls in the world, who, to be revenged of their mishaps, extend (as it were) their aversions over Totall Nature. You see men pale, meagre, hidrous, who being unable to endure a reasonable yoke which God hath put about their necks, or finding themselves to be disfavoured in their ambitions, endeavours, and pretentions; steal out of all amities, out of all companies, hiding themselves, not in those glorious Hermitages of Religion, where heavenly souls are; but in shamefull solitudes, where they busie themselves to feed on gall, and gnaw some heart in imagination, since they have not been able to transfix it with iron. *Others grow up like poisons with the tongue of a serpent, which is ever in action; They have a Phthisick of spirit that gnaws, burns, and consumeth them; so that they have no other profession in their life, but to blame all which is done, becoming like unto those ill presaging night-birds which cast forth boading scrietches in the dead time of night, as if they envied us darknesse and the sweetnesse of repose.* Such was the disease of *Diocletian* and *Tyberius*, when they retired from the Court to hide themselves in solitary places, as serpents among thorns. Lastly, this Hatred ever fomented, if it fall upon men powerfull and factious; it maketh tyrants of them who passe to the degree of brutishnesse and execrable Barbarisme, which causeth some to eat hearts stark raw, others to disentomb the dead, and to exercise cruelty on those who have nothing common with the living: Others, to invent torments never seen, heard, nor imagined; others, to make themselves goblets of the heads of their enemies, therein, still to drink revenge, as often as they do wine, as did *Alboinus* a monster worthy of the horrour and execration of all men. See here somewhat near the essence, qualities, division, causes, and effects of hatred.

Melancholy hatred.

Man hatred

Plin. l. 18. cap. 1. Homines quidam ut venena nascuntur: aiunt ceu serpentium lingua vibrat: tabésq; animi contracta adurit, culpantium omnia, ac dirarum alitum modo tenebris quoque suis & ipsarum noctium quieti invidentium.

§ 2. *That the consideration of the goodnesse of the heart of God should dry up the root of the Hatred of a neighbour.*

LEt us now dazle the eyes of this fury by the contemplation of the goodnesse of our celestiall Father, who is the prime model whereon we ought to reform the exorbitancy of our passions.

Let us learn from him to hate nothing, or, if we must hate at all; let us enter into the participation of a hatred fit to rest in the heart of God. The sovereign Creatour hates not any thing in the world; for, he made in all the world, and as his wisdome is free from errour, so his works are void of repentance. Whence is it (think you) that Antipathies are to be found in Creatures? But that, their essence being limitted to certain conditions and particular qualities, they commonly meet with other objects of natures quite contrary to that wherewith themselves are endowed; which causeth countre-buffs and resistance in encounters. But if a creature might be found which eminently had all the qualities and perfections that are observed throughout the whole latitude of essences, and which had thereof made a good temperature within it self; it would not hate any body, but rather within it self accord all contrarieties.

Diligis enim omnia quæ sunt, & nihil odisti eorum quæ fecisti, nec enim odiens aliquid quod constituisti aut fecisti. Sap. 11. 25.

Now, that which we cannot give to creatures piecemeal, no not in our * imagination, God possesseth in grosse from all eternity. For within a most simple essence, and one sole form of Divinity, he involveth all essences, all forms and perfections of creatures, which in him are exalted and deified: which is the cause he hated nothing that he made, he despiseth nothing, he accounts nothing unworthy the care of his Providence, even to the least worm of the earth. He is not like those nice and curious men who are distasted with all that is not for them. As he is all, he loveth all, and communicateth himself to all creatures according to their disposition.

*Simplicity of Divine Essence exempt from Antipathy.

O God! what say we, when we speak of the † Essence of God? *All things are in God, the same form of the Divinity which makes him great; maketh him by the same means, good, wise, just, and all he is by his proper Essence.* The great Divine S. *Gregory*, surnamed the Divine, saith, *It is onely in him to comprehend in his bosome all the Essences whereof he is the source of Origin.* And S. *Zeno* addeth, *That he alone is before all things, because all things are contained in his hands; he of himself is what he is, and there is none but he who knoweth himself in all the dimensions of the perfection which science may have.* All the Attributes of God make in him but one perfection; all creatures which are in the heavens, the air, on the earth, and in the sea, are but one Essence. He united all in himself

† Omnia unum sunt in Deo, & cum Deo, nec enim aliunde justus aut sapiens quam unde magnus & bonus, nec aliunde deniq; simul hæc omnia est, quam unde Deus. Bern. ser. 8. in Cant. ὅλον γὰρ ἐν ἑαυτῷ συλλαβὼν ὧν ἐχρῆν τὸ εἶναι. S. Greg. Orat Natal. S. Zeno ser. 1 de gener. verbi. Solus ante omnia, quoniam in ejus manu inclusa sunt omnia, ex se est, quod est solus sui conscius.

and

and for this he loveth all, and regardeth all things created, as rayes of his light, and tokens of his bounty. Hemlock, aconite, and aſpicks, and ſo many other miſchiefs in nature, are evils but in appearance, and benefits in ſubſtance, as S. *Auguſtine* very pertinently diſcourſeth. There is not ſo much as poiſon in the ſcorpion which is not good; although it be not good for us, it is ſo much a good for the ſcorpion, that take away his poiſon, you take away his life. It is the diſproportion of our nature, it is ſinne, which hath in us changed ſo many excellent bleſſings into great miſchiefs, and which daily maketh us to hate and curſe them: but God hateth nothing, nor curſeth any thing, but what he is not, and he is all, except ſinne: It is that alone which he eſteemeth worthy of the hatred of his heart, which he chaſtiſeth, and which he with an armed hand purſueth to the gates of hell, and beyond the gates of hell. He preſſeth continually upon ſin, he convinceth it, he fights againſt it, with no other arms then his Juſtice and Sanctity, which is an eternal rule that looketh round about on every ſide, condemneth and cenſureth the works of darkneſſe. For as in things artificiall, all the perfection of works conſiſt in the conformity they have with the rule of the art which made them, and all their imperfection proceedeth from their receſſe from the ſame rule, which without ſpeech or motion declareth the defects of manufactures that depart from its direction: ſo all the good, and all the beauty of moral actions is, in the correſpondence they hold with Reaſon, and the eternall Law: As all their deformity and miſhap, comes from their departure from this ſame law, which is, the Juſtice, the Holineſſe, and Eſſence of God himſelf, who perpetually ſtands in oppoſition againſt iniquity. It is it, which he drenched in the waters of the deluge, which he burnt in the aſhes of Sodom, which he ſwallowed in the gulf of *Core, Dathan*, and *Abiram*, which he tormented by the plagues of *Pharaoh*, which he gnawed by worms in the perſon of *Herod*, which he conſumed by ordure and ſtenches in *Antiochus*, which he puniſhed with gibbets and tormenting wheels in ſo many offenders, which he ſtill tortureth to all eternity, ſunk down into the abyſſe of the damned; and it is out of which he produceth his glory, whence he raiſeth his trophies, and makes his triumphs to be by Eſſence, and Nature, a perpetuall enemy, and a deſtroyer of ſinne. O magnificent hatred! O glorious enemy! O triumphant perſecution!

Auguſt. de moribus Manich.

Onely ſinne hated by God.

Let us enter with God into this community of glory, let us hate ſinne (as he doth) by him, and for him; let us deſtroy it in our ſelves by penance, let us deſtroy it out of our ſelves by our good examples, let us deſtroy it by a good reſolution, ſince Jeſus hath deſtroyed it with ſo much pain and bloud. How can we love ſuch a monſter, but by hating God? And how can we hate God, but by making our ſelves worſe then devils? For if they hate him, they hate an avenging God, a puniſhing God. And we will hate a God that ſeeks us, a loving God, and hate him after ſo many execrable puniſhments of ſinne which we nave before our eyes; and hate him after he hath offered himſelf up for us in the great ſacrifice of love and patience. Is not this intollerable? We will employ ſome part of our life to revenge an injury, and to hate a man as if we had too much of it to hate ſinne: we make a ſhew to honour the Maſter, and wee kill his ſervants; we make profeſſion to adore the Creatour, and we tear his images aſunder. Where are we, and what do we; when we make a divorce between our likes to diſunite our ſelves from the firſt Unity, which draweth all to it ſelf by union?

§ 3. *That Jeſus grounded all the greateſt Myſteries of our Religion upon Union, to cure Hatred.*

LEt us alſo contemplate our ſecond model, let us behold our Jeſus, and we ſhall learn, that all the greateſt myſteries of his life and death, are myſteries of Union, to unite us to him, to unite us to his Father, to unite us to our ſelves with ſacred and indiſſoluble bands.

First, all creatures of this great Univerſe were made by the Word, in the Unity of Beginning. *He ſpake to us by his Sonne, whom he hath eſtabliſhed the heir of the whole univerſe, by whom likewiſe he created the worlds.* Secondly, all the parts of this great All were ſo ſtreightly tyed one to the other, that they never have ſuffered the leaſt diſunion, and although many ſeem to have antipathy, and reciprocally to purſue each other; yet they will not be ſeparated, but joyn together in a manner ſo adherent, that he who ſhould go about to diſunite one Element from another, all theſe great pieces of the world would infinitely ſtrive beyond their quality to repleniſh its place worthily, and to leave nothing void.

Heb. 1. 2. Locutus eſt nobis in Filio, quem conſtituit hæredem univerſorum, per quem fecit & ſecula.

And it is a wonder, that from the beginning of the world, all things are held together by this Divine Tie. *Concord, which in its union cauſeth the happineſſe of the world, and thoſe ſacred influences of love, hath woven eternall chains to tie indiſſolubly all the parts of the univerſe.* All this great body reſembleth the ſtone Scyrus, which floateth on the water while it is whole, and ſinks into the bottome ſo ſoon as it is broken. This is the cauſe why all creatures have from all times conſpired, and do ſtill daily conſpire with inviolable inclinations in the maintenance of this concord, that the celeſtiall and elementary world may ſubſiſt in a ſtate unchangeable. There is none but Angel, and Man in the intellectuall world, who have made falſe accords, and have begun to ſow diviſion, the one in Heaven, the other in the terreſtriall Paradiſe. He who placed it in heaven, is baniſhed into the abyſſe without recovery; the other is ſuccoured by a Redeemer, who came to reſtore the loſt world, and he in Saint *John* profeſſeth, he aimed at nothing but Unity to make this reparation.

Æterno complectitur omnia nexu. Tot rerum miſtique ſalus concordia mundi. Lucan l. 4. Plin. l. 36. cap. 17.

Joh. 17. 21. Ut omnes unum ſint, ſicut tu Pater in me, & ego in te.

For this cauſe (ſaith S. *Maximus*) he united himſelf to humane Nature, not by a ſimple union of will, of love, and of correſpondence, but by the ineffable knot of Hypoſtaticall union, conjoyning two Natures in one ſole Perſon, and by making a communication of all he is, to his humane Nature, tranſplanted into the Divine. For this, he likewiſe doth daily unite himſelf to us in the Sacrament of the Altar, a true Sacrament of Love, where, if we will ſpeak with S. *Cyril*, we ſay, that God is diſſolved into us, as one piece of wax melted and poured together with another, and if we will reaſon with S. *John Chryſoſtome*, we ſay, He giveth us his virginall fleſh, as a moſt ſacred *Leaven* to ſeaſon the whole maſſe of Humane nature: It is that, which in us ſhould work that virtue, which the great Areopagite calleth a Conformity of affections and manners, drawing near to Divinity: It is that which giveth the name of peace to the holy Euchariſt, with S. *Cyprian*, and that which ſo united the Chriſtians in the Primitive Church, that they went from this myſterious Table, as from a banquet of Love, after which they breathed nothing but moſt pure flames of perfect amity, whereat the Pagans who ſaw them, cryed out, *See how they love one another! Behold, how ready they are to die one for another!* as we have ſaid.

S. Max. ſecunda cent. 146. 147.

Κατὰ πάντα ἑαυτῷ κατὰ τῷ σῶμα. Cyril. in Johan.

Chryſ. hom. 46. in Johan Ἀναλύει τὸ σῶμα ἐκεῖνο ἐφ' ἡμᾶς ἑαυτὸ καὶ ὁμοίους ἡμᾶς ἑαυτῷ ποιεῖ.

Cyp. ep 10. 29. 30. Dare pacem lapſis.

Vide ut invicem ſe diligant, vide ut pro alterutro mori ſint parati. Tertul. in Apol.

And yet thou (O man) wilt play the hobgobling, hate a man, and hate him in cold bloud, yea, hate him deter-

determinately, and hate him irreconcileably. Seeſt thou not that, remaining in this diſpoſition of a divel, thou doſt thruſt as much as thou canſt the knife of diviſion into the boſome of God banding againſt unity in contempt of the firſt of unities? Seeſt thou not, thou ſinneſt againſt the Incarnation of the word, the chief Sacrament of union which thou profaneſt; Againſt the ſacrament of the Euchariſt dreadfull to Angels, which our Saviour inſtituted to unite us as grains of Corn are united in the Hoaſt which ſerveth as a baſis to this Myſtery, and thou wilt fruſtrate the counſels of *Jeſus*, deſpiſe the bloud wherewith thou wert regenerated, ſeparate thy ſelf from the body, from whence thou canſt not be divided, but by making thy ſelf a companion for devils? Senſleſſe man! by what God, by what Sacrament wilt thou ſwear, after thou haſt profaned (not out of ſudden choler, but by premeditated hatred) the God of peace, and the Father of unions? What a life of an Owl is it to reſolve to live perpetually without ſeeing ſuch a perſon, and to be reconciled unto him, and to be ſatisfied with onely ſaying he wiſhed him no ill, becauſe he will not tear his heart out of his belly? Noble and illuſtrious ſouls, who bear the character of the living God; will you not riſe up againſt this life of a Tyger and a Leopard, to enter into the ſweetneſſes, and communications of *Jeſus*, who ſhut up his tranſitory life by ſealing with his bloud the pardon he gave to his enemies?

§ 4. *Of three notable ſources of hatred, and of politick remedies proper for its cure.*

WE peradventure take too high a flight in Theologicall proofs, I will deſcend lower, and touch remedies more ſecular for ſuch as are in the practiſe of humane life. You ſhal obſerve, that it is moſt expedient to know the ſources of Hatred, to apply fit remedies; and ſince thoſe moſt ordinarily bear ſway, proceed from Humour, Reaſon, and Intereſt; it is good to adapt to every paſſion, that, which is moſt proper to the cure thereof.

Hatreds of humour, and how they are to be handled.

Hatreds of Humour and naturall Antipathy are very hard to be cured in thoſe who guide themſelves by the ſenſes: the beſt remedy is to adviſe them to ſeparation who hate in this manner, ſo much as affairs, occaſions, and civill reaſons may permit: For, as there be certain natures which cannot endure the preſence of ſome creatures but that they feel ſome notable alteration (witneſſe thoſe who are affrighted being ſhut up in a chamber with a Cat which they are ſenſible of before they ſee her, by inſtantly changing hue and countenance; and others who are terrified at a ſpider, or ſome other venemous creature: ſo, there are ſpirits ſo contrary that mutuall preſence cauſeth diſturbances in them, which are not abſolutely in their power to repreſſe.

Suidas. Attila fears Zercon.

Attila, the ſcourge of the world, who made the whole earth to tremble under the lightning of his arms, feared not any thing in all nature, but the ſole countenance of *Zercon*, wherewith he was ſo moved, that he thereby became ungrateful. We muſt ſometimes in theſe matters give way to naturall inclinations, when they riſe to ſo great a violence. And I cannot approve of thoſe, who for worldly wealths ſake marry ſuch together as have as much correſpondence as the ape & the tortoiſe, who naturally hate one another. And although they perſwade themſelves that theſe averſions of humour wil waſte with time; yet this happeneth but to thoſe who are infinitely virtuous. But, if vice and profit become parties in the buſineſſe; then do we ſee hatreds irreconciliably ariſe between man and wife. S. *Bernardine*, in his fourth Tome, ſix and thirtieth Sermon, ſpeaketh of a marriage made by ſurpriſall, for the accommodation of a family, without any diſpoſition of the parties; which was the cauſe, that a very handſome young-man was made to marry a maid with many deformities of body, palliated with many impoſtures; ſo that ſhe appeared as thoſe birds who having no body, make themſelves a pompous dreſſe of their plumage. But above all, they had given her chopins, which might of a dwarf have made a Coloſſus. But at night ſhe laying off all thoſe her trims, and artificiall leaves, the husband took ſuch an averſion, that he flew out of the nuptiall bed, and could never endure her; becauſe he was a young-man, and did not reſolve to love ſo much out of charity, but that he would call his eyes to councell. Here divorce began as ſoon as marriage; wherein it was more happy, then in thoſe, who after many years of miſeries, madneſſe, tragedies, and ſins, come in the end to ſeparation. That which is obſerved in ill-ordered marriages, is likewiſe ſeen among many brothers and ſiſters, who are full of contrarieties, which begin almoſt with their birth; and when theſe cannot eaſily be overcome, parents do not amiſſe to ſeparate them, and breed them in ſundry houſes, that continuall preſence may not encreaſe enmity.

Porra Imaginatur. S. Bernard. tom. 4. ſer. 6 An obſervation of S. Bernardin concerning bad marriage.

Do we not ſee it is an induſtry in nature to interpoſe great rivers, ſeas, and mountains, almoſt inacceſſible between people, who are of humour, manners, and cuſtomes extremely different? Following which principle, I do not think we ſhould continually urge with eagerneſſe a ſick man to ſee thoſe againſt whom he hath (as it were) an invincible antipathy, but rather to be contented with other teſtimonies, by which he declares, he entertaineth no deliberate hatred. I ſay this with regard to neceſſity, and humane infirmities. For it is moſt certain, that a ſoul truly Chriſtian ſhould advance its actions to the higheſt top of Generoſity.

Inhabitable lupus cum agno, & decubabit infans ubi vbere ſuper foramine aſpidis.

And although, (to ſpeak humanely) we ſeldome find *Orpheuſes* who with their Harp do accord creatures very different; yet is the grace of the Goſpel able to make wolves to cohabit with lambs, and children to ſport in the cavern of an Aſpick.

Reaſonable Hatred and its illuſion.

As for Hatred upon reaſon, which cauſeth one to hate evil and the wicked, out of zeal or indignation; It is much more nice; and ſometimes there are ſpirituall perſons who infinitely flatter themſelves therein, thinking they have reaſon to hate, although they have no other ground but a falſe report, and a lye, whereof they will not be cured, thinking to do that through zeal, which they act out of meer revenge. There is no doubt but one may, and ought to hate vice and the vitious; yet muſt he ever in them love the image of God, and the reſembrance of humane nature, which is that perfect Hatred whereof the Kingly Prophet ſpake, according to S. *Auguſtine*. But we meeting not with vices, which, like *Platoes* Ideas, are not tyed to perſons; it is dangerous, leſt, ſeeking to pull them away, we be more paſſionate againſt the party who hath them, then againſt all the moſt abominable iniquities. We muſt not believe our ſelves, when there is queſtion of ſome important puniſhment, nor ſuch as are born to flatter our likings with too much ſervitude; but thoſe Angels for our counſellours, if it be poſſible, who are diſintangled from the matter of Intereſts. There are ſome who uſe to fortifie themſelves in their reſolutions by the deportments of thoſe who are held for Saints in the Church, and do readily alledge the examples of *David*, who being upon his death-bed, recommended to his ſon *Solomon* the puniſhment of *Joab* and *Shimei*. But, we muſt here conſider that *David* is not a man impeceable to ſerve as a pattern for all our actions, and that it is ever better to conſecrate our dying lips with the words our Saviour ſpake a thouſand years after, on the croſſe, then with thoſe he left in this inſtant, as a Teſtament to his ſon. The Jews had naturally great inclinations to revenge,

Perfecto odio oderam illos. Pſal. 138.

Queſtion upon the act of David.

and many sought to perswade themselves, it was by their laws permitted: which is the cause this great King was not so perfectly free from all the seeds of Hatred in the whole course of his life. But, forasmuch as concerneth this last will of his, one may excuse him for divers reasons, nor can it be denyed an act of justice to put *Joab* to death, who had defiled his hands with the bloud of two innocent Princes; but it is strange, that *David* reserved this so rough a punishment for him after fourty years of great and singular services, when he was about threescore and ten years old. Yet *Theodoret* brings a reason of state for it, wherein he sheweth, that *Joab*, being in himself a great Captain, was withall, daring in his manners, and tyrannicall in his undertakings, and had already made it but too much appear, that he meant to embroil the state after the death of his Master, and to set *Adonijah* upon the throne, to the prejudice of *Salomon*: which was the cause that *David*, who sought fixedly to establish the Kingdome upon his lawfull successour, councelled him to take him away by a just punishment of other crimes which he had committed. And as for *Shimei*, who had surcharged him with injuries and curses, when, after ward he returned victorious into Hierusalem, he came before him, and craving pardon of his fault with lowly submission which stayed *David*, and made him swear he should not dye for it, which seemeth to convince him of perjury, when he commanded his son *Solomon* to kill him. I cannot approve *Tostatus* his distinction, who saith, When persons, very different in the qualities of their rights treat together, that he who hath justice on his side, may promise things with an intention not to perform them, as the other meaneth them. For verily the permission of this manner of captious proceedings, would throw a distrust upon all treaties. But it is easie to see that *David*, in this occasion, beholding himself to be accomplished with joy and glory, when *Shimei* came to cast himself at his feet, and that *Abishai* counselled him instantly to put him to death, he swore he should not dy, and that the alacrity of a day so pleasing should not be purpled with humane bloud: so that he had no further purpose, but to assure *Shimei* for the time present, and to promise him impunity in this conjunction of Kingdome and affairs: but when he saw this spirit was insolent, and like also to occasion trouble in the young King, he did not absolutely command (as *Cajetan* observeth) to put him to death for what was past, which had been pardoned; but not to spare him in new occasions of commotion: as actually *Solomon* (following the intentions of the King his father) troubled him not upon his slanders; but upon another occurrent. Now although one may always give colour to the Hatred which is undertaken upon consideration, and that it be sometimes necessary for the exturpation of the wicked; yet must we more incline to clemency, then justice, in all which concerneth our selves.

Theodoret. in c. 2. l. 3. Regum citatus in Glossa.

Hatred of intereſt,

For Hatreds of Interest, which concern estates and honour, they many times in these dayes are incurable, if they be not accompanied with some reasonable satisfaction. It is a thing very remarkable, that our Saviour who accordeth elements, and pacifieth totall Nature, would not undertake the agreement of two brothers upon the partition of their patrimony. Nay, there are some now-a-dayes so greedy and fleshed in prey, that for a fingers breadth of land they would oppose *Jesus Christ*, if he should visibly come to mediate their reconciliation: After a thousand reasons which may be alledged for peace, and good correspondence, they derive but one conclusion out of it, which is, to have their will. For which cause, God chastiseth them, and very often permitteth dissipation of goods, ruine of families, and many other accidents which stain their consciences, and tarnish their reputation. As on the contraty; he blesseth the children of peace, who forgo somewhat of their interest to acquire this inestimable treasure. It is almost as hard to preserve charity in a great suit, as to maintain fire in the water, or under earth to keep inextinguible lamps. He who will persist with a conscience indifferently Christian, must never descend into suits but with a leaden pace, and come out of them with the wings of an Eagle. Suits are as the sons of Chaos and night, there is nothing in them but confusion and darknesse. It is a mixture of all evils, which hath the heat of fire, the threats, the roaring thunders, and tempests of the air, the rocks of the sea, the talons of birds of rapine, and ravenous throat of fishes, the gall of serpents, the fury of salvage beasts, and the malignity of poysons. Before it, ever walketh the desire of anothers goods; by its side, deceit, revenge, injustice, falshood, and treachery: after it, repentance, poverty, shame, and infamy. As war is made for peace, so we sometimes undertake suits for justice; and those are honest men, who desire it: but they who at this present do it with all sincerity, are the greatest Saints of this age, who seem to be given by God to mortifie civil hatreds, and to establish minds in concord.

Luc. 12. 14.

Suits, their nature and description.

After suits, Hatred brings forth another mischief, which is Duel, a true Sacrifice of Moloch, which hath cost France so much bloud, mothers and wives so many tears, which filleth families with sorrow, friends with grief, ages with horrour, and hearts the most reasonable, with the detestation of such a Crime.

Duell.

The edicts of our most Christian King (which have had more force then all other) have served instead of a Jasper-stone to stanch bloud: But never would a remedy absolutely efficacious be had therein, were it not that the King (who is the true Arbiter of honour, and distributer of glories) did not pour a strong influence of his spirit upon the Marshals of France, those great Captains, and all the brave men who wield a sword: by which, he lively and powerfully perswadeth the whole nobility, that this opinion conceived of the valour of those who fight Duels is a mere illusion, since it may be common to lackies, and to the most abject conditions. Besides, there is need of a strong and speedy military justice to accord differences of men of war, and to chastise so many petty insolencies which seem to arise from nought, but to put affronts on men of honour: Otherwise it is hard to perswade a sword-man to forbear revenge, seeing himself provoked by outrages, which would make him to live dishonoured (according to the world) in his profession. and as for these slight souldiers of Cadmus, whose fingers itch, and who ground Duels upon the wind of a word, to let the world know they are tyed to a sword; It were very good to send them into armies, and to recommend them to some prudent Captain who may put them into some good occasion to make triall of their courage, and to give information of them, that either their cowardise may be punished, or their valour approved. It seems to me that these proceedings being well observed, might be of power to stifle this fatall plague which hath caused so many mischiefs. For we must not wholly take away point of honour from the nobility, no more then from women. Now, as virtuous women account it not a point of honour to be faithfull to an Amorist, but to a husband: so it is not fit that reall gentlemen should think themselves valiant by the practise of a crime, but by the exercise of a virtue. As the first invention of Duels grew out of an opinion of point of honour: so must it dye by a true judgement of honour, which proceedeth not so much from Doctours, as Captaines. When the Gladiatours were in vogue, and that it was accounted a glorious thing to descend into the Amphitheatre to fight against men

Means to use an efficacious remedy in Duell.

and

and beasts; all the world was inflamed therewith as with fury, and not so much as women but would be partakers.

This manner of massacres also hard away sometimes in the times of Christianity, untill the Emperour *Honorius* who buried them, after so many eloquent tongues had, to Princes and Magistrates, represented the horrour of those so barbarous actions: so we ought to hope, that the King, to whom God hath given the plenitude of so many and so admirable blessings, will cultivate the Palm which he already hath planted by his victory over Duels, and will cover under earth and forgetfulnesse this infamy of mankind. I satisfie my self with giving this advice; having treated on this subject in the second Tome of the *Holy Court*.

§ 5. *Naturall, and Morall Remedies against this Passion.*

IF you require remedies and instructions both Naturall and Morall against Hatred; Know that the Philosophers, who consider all according to the course of Nature, teach us that some have rebated and blunted the points of this cold and maligne Passion, one while by living with hot and moist viands, another while, by consideration of the joyes and prosperities which God hath given them in divers negotiations and accidents of affairs, thinking it not teasonable to employ the time in hatred, which was too short to enjoy the benignities of heaven. Others have cured themselves by conversation with good company, which is one of the sweeteſt charms of life: Others, by hope, and the desire they had to derive favour from the self-same party who had offended them; another while also, by a courteous interpretation of words and actions which had raised the same hatred: Lastly, by the change of those whom they hated before, seeing them rather to be raised in great innocency, or fallen into deep miseries, which made them derive from mercy that satisfaction they could not expect from revenge: But if they from nature have begged some comfort for their passion, and have not been frustrated of their attempt in the practise of the means; How much better helps have we, then they ever had, since that besides those naturall remedies, which are not alwayes certain, we have the grace and example of *Jesus Christ*.

Who loves himself overmuch hath no friend.

Will you efficaciously remedy Hatred? Learn not to love your self so passionately as you do: For that is the cause that you make of your self a little Idoll, and that the least word which seems to be let slip against you, many times, not of purpose, nor with intention, grieveth you, as if by displeasing your Chymeras, a Divinity were offended: That is the cause that you have burning and enraged desires towards money, and the frivolous honour of the world, so that one cannot touch you on this side, but he strikes the apple of your eye.

Agg. 1. Festinatis unusquisque in domum suam, propterea prohibiti sunt cœli ne darent rorem.

Learn, as a wholesome instruction, those words of the Prophet *Aggeus*. *You have hastned to go into your own house with contempt of mine, for which cause I have stayed the clouds in the heavens from distilling down their dew upon the earth.* So long as you love your self so much, you shall never have love nor friends. So long as you think upon nothing but to raise your house and fortune, on the ruines of the houses and fortunes of others, you shall be deprived of the dew of heaven, which is that Consolation of the just, which they find in charity.

Exercise of patience.

Secondly make account, to compose your self to a noble exercise of patience, which is to tolerate the defects and imperfections of your like; beholding them, not on the side where they do you wrong, but on that where they have connexion with God: and upon every offence you receive, say, This man is troublesome, but he is the image of God; He is violent, but it is he must crown my patience; He is vicious, but he is my flesh and bloud: Let us hate his vice, but love the man, although he deserve it not: Let us love him in the heart of God, since we cannot love him out of his own merit. S. *John* kissed the hand of an Apostate, and a Thief, covered all over with bloud, to oblige him, by whom he was traitorously disobliged; and I cannot shew the least token of amity towards one, who hath spoken one cold word to me. S. *Katharine* sucked away the matter and filth of the ulcer of an infamous slanderer, who had detracted her with all manner of virulence, after infinite many benefits; and I cannot endure so much as to see one who hath displeased me, as if I were created to live free from all worldly contrarieties. I, who commit so many sins; on the other part, will to slay do an act of virtue in honour of my Master, and in despite of passion. Let us go to heaven by love, since we cannot go thither by sufferings. *This is the true gate by which we enter into the sanctuary eternally to enjoy the sight of the inaccessible beauties of the holy and regall Trinity.*

Hæc est porta per quam quis ingreditur in Sanctum sanctorum, & inaccessæ pulchritudinis spectator dignus constituitur S. Max. de concent. l. 38.

Hear you not the God of peace who saith to us, If thou (O unhappy soul) wilt still persist in Hatred; I pronounce unto thee the six punishments of *Cain*, Banishment from the sight of God, fear, stupidity of mind, the life of a beast, the malediction of the earth, and (as *Procopius* addeth) persecuting Angels armed with swords of fire who shall pursue thee like spectres and spirits in all places, and shall make themselves visible, and dreadfull to thee at the last day of thy life? Behold here deservedly thy inheritance, since being mortall, thou makest thy enemies immortall, and dost still persecute the afflicted widow and her children, who are become orphans after the death of a husband and a father, whom thou hatest. The strongest enmities oft-times are appeased at the sight of a dead body and a tomb, which we find exemplified in *Josephus*: for, *Alexander* was extremely hated by the Jews as having reigned over them with a rod of Iron: But when death had closed up his eyes, and that the Queen his wife most sorrowfully presented her self, accompanied by two young children, and exposed the body of her husband, saying aloud (Sirs) I am not ignorant that my husband hath most unworthily used you; but see to what death hath brought him: if you be not satisfied; tear his body in pieces, and satisfie your own revenge: but, pardon a deplorable widow and her little innocent orphans who implore your mercy. The most salvage spirits were so softned by this act, that all their hatred turned into pity; yet you (Barbarian) still persist to hate a man after his death, to persecute him in a part of himself, to tear him in pieces in his living members. O good God, if you renounce not this revenge, you will be used like *Cain*, as an enemy of mankind, and a hang-man of Nature! O flame! O love! O God! As thou art dispersed throughout us by love; so banish all these cursed Hatreds of Hell, and make us love all in thy goodnesse, to possesse all in thy fruition.

Joseph. l. 3. c. 13. A notable example to appease hatred.

§ 6. *Of the profit may be drawn from Hatred, and the course we must hold to be freed from the Danger of being Hated.*

THere now remains to consider here, what profit may be derived from hatred, and with what Oeconomy it may be husbanded, to render it in some sort profitable: and in case it be hurtfull; to prevent its assaults, and sweeten its acerbities. If the industry of men found out the way to make preservatives out of the most dangerous poysons; why should it be impossible

Utility of hatred.

for us to make some notable utilities to arise out of a passion, which seems not to be created, but for the dammage and ruine of all things? yet it is certain, that Nature (which never is idle in its productions) hath given it us for a great good. For it may serve love well rectified in its pretentions, it furnisheth it with centinels, and light-horse, to hinder that which opposeth its inclination, and to ruine all contrarieties banded against its contentments. How often would Nature throw it self out of stupidity into uncertain dangers and most certain mischiefs, were it not that naturall averſion did awaken it, did avert it from its misery, and insensibly shew it the place of repose? Is it not a wholesome Hatred to hate Pride, Ryot, Ambition, and all ill Habits? Is it not a reasonable Hatred discreetly to fly from maladies, crosses, incommodities which hurt the body and nothing advantage the mind? This passion which in the beginning seemed so hideous teacheth us all this; When it is well managed it conspireth against others by an according Discord, to the lovely Harmony of totall Nature.

One may say there is happinesse, and advantage to hate many things; but what profit can one find in passive Hatred, which makes a man many times to be hated, and ill wished without cause or any demerit?

That it is good to be honestly loved.

To that I answer with Saint *Ambrose*, that it is good to avoid such a kind of Hatred, that it is fit to make ones self to be beloved with all honour by good men, and to gain (as much as possible) the good opinion of all the world, thereby to render glory to God, as Rivers carry their tribute to the Ocean. A publick person who is in the employments, and commerce of the great world, may have all the treasures of the Indies, and all the dignities of old Rome, but if he have not the love and good-will of men, I account him most indigent and poor: Thence it is that confidence taketh beginning, without which there is no fortune maketh any notable progression, nor affair which can have such succesſe as might be expected.

Bonum est testimonium habere de multorum dilectione, hinc, nascitur fides, ut committere se tuo affectui non vereatur alienus, quem charum advertit pluribus. Ambr. l. 2. offic. c. 7.

Means to gain the good will of the publick.

It is infinitely profitable for great men, that they may divert the Hatred of the people, to have innocency of life, greatnesse without contempt of inferiours, revenues without injustice, riches without avarice, pleasures without ryot, liberty without tyranny, and splendour without rapine. All the rich who live in the society of men, as Pikes (called the tyrants of rivers) in the company of other fishes; to ruine, devour, and fatten themselves with the bloud of the commons, are ordinarily most odious: but as there is a certain fish, which *Elians* History calleth the Adonis of the Sea, because it liveth so innocently that it toucheth no living thing, strictly preserving peace with all the off-spring of the sea, which is the cause it is beloved, and courted as the true darling of waters: so we find in the world men of honour and estate, who came to eminent fortunes by pure and innocent wayes, wherein they demeaned themselves with much maturity, sweetnesse, and affability, which put them into the possession of the good opinion of all the world. But those who are hated ought diligently and carefully to consider from whence this hatred proceedeth, and by what wayes it is fomented; that fit remedies may thereunto be applyed.

Adonis an admirable fish. Ælian. l. 9. c. 16. de animal.

How hatred is to be diverted.

There is a hatred which cometh from equals, another from inferiours, a third from great ones, and sometimes from powerfull and subtile women, which is little to be feared. That which proceedeth from equals, lasteth long, by the counterpoise of power evenly balanced, and wasteth wretched hearts in the search after a cursed revenge, which drowneth pleasure in great acerbities, and many times, life, in bloud. We must instantly labour for reconciliation, by a just satisfaction of the offended party, or stand upon our guard, that the enemy may not prevail. The hatred of inferiours towards great ones, whilst it is spread amongst the confusions of the multitude, oft-times long remaineth under silence shut up, as the impetuous current of a River kept in by a trench; but so soon as it hath liberty, it with so much fury overfloweth, that it turneth men into Tygers and Leopards. So we see in Histories, many miserable Princes overwhelmed with the hatred of the people, with a thousand inventions of cruelties, which force compassion from the most obdurate.

All books are filled with these disastrous events: but I do not think, we can behold a more tragicall spectacle of popular hatred, then that which is represented by *Nicetas* in the person of *Andronicus* Emperour of Constantinople. He entred into the Empire like a Fox, by tyrannicall usurpation, and covered his crimes with a dumb shew of a sophisticate devotion, at which time (God the avenger of iniquities,) was pleased to chastise him with an iron rod, and to make him as an example of his justice to all posterity. He fell (alive) into the hands of his enemy, who having loaden him with injuries and contumelies, abandoned him to the people for the punishment of his perfidiousnesse. From that time he was entertained with all the despites which Hatred, and the liberty of doing all, permitted his enemies: For he had buffets redoubled one upon another given him with implacable violence, his hair was torn off, his beard was pulled away, his teeth were knocked out, and not so much as women but ran upon his wretched body to torture and torment it, whilest he replyed not a word. Some dayes after, his eyes being digged out, and his face disfigured with blows, they set him on an old botchy Cammel, without ought else to cover him then an old shirt, to lead him through publick places in the manner of a triumph. This spectacle so full of horrour nothing at all mollified the peoples hearts, but desperate men were to be seen to rush upon him on every side as thick, as in Autumne swarms of flies fleshed with some carrion; some covered him all over with dirt and filth, others squeezed spunges filled with ordure on his face, others gave him blows with clubs upon the head, others pricked him with Auls and Bodkins, and divers threw stones at him, calling him at every stroke Mad Dog. And there was a wicked woman of the dregs of the vulgar, who threw a pail of scalding hot water upon his head that his skin pild off. Lastly, they hastned to hang him on a gibbet by the feet, exposing him to a shamefull nakednesse in sight of all the world, and they tormented him to the last instant of death, at which time he received the favourable blow from a hand which thrust a sword through his mouth into his bowels, without other complaint then to beseech God to have mercy on him. Behold the most bloudy effects of this cruell Passion. But we may say, if this, of the people resemble torrents; that of great and powerfull ones is not unlike thunders and lightnings.

Horrible example of the hatred of the multitude.

Many Monarchs may be compared to the mountain Vesuvius near Naples which (as it is written) is so fertill, that it yieldeth unto those who manure it a million of gold in revenue; but when it comes to cast forth its all-enflamed entrails, it oft-times makes as much a havock in one day alone, as it brings profit in a whole Age. How many persons meet we in ancient and modern History, raised to flourishing estate, and enriched with the spoils of the Universe, who in a moment of misfortune have lost the honours and wealth, which in so many years of favours, they had with full hand amassed together in their houses?

Mountain of Vesuvius. Julius Recupitus.

But most especially, imperious women are ardent and exorbitant in their revenges, when a great power com-

Hatred of women.

combineth with Paſſion to repleniſh all with diſaſters. Hatred ſhewed it ſelf fierce and inſolent in Eudoxia againſt S. *John Chryſoſtome*, furious in Juſtina againſt S. *Ambroſe*, bitter in Theodora againſt *Narſes*, bloudy in Fredegonda againſt *Pretextatus* Archbiſhop of *Roan*, whom ſhe cauſed to be murthered at the Altar. And when this Hatred is enkindled with the flame of love it ſelf, and that they in their diſpoſe have the arms of their Amoriſts, and ſervants for execution of their purpoſes; they cauſe cruelties, which would make the Hiſtory of Man-haters, and Leſtrygons to bluſh.

Means to eſchue, and prevent the Hatred of powerfull men.

It is good, for prevention of this kind of Hatred, to have little occaſion to entermeddle with ſuch kind of people, nor too eagerly to purſue the favour of great ones, nor the pompous glories of worldly fortunes, ſince its felicities (like as if they were crimes) never ſcape ſcot-free. You muſt not enter too farre into the intrication of affairs and perſons: keep your ſelf from ſlanders, and miſchievous ſtrokes of the Tongue, ill offices and treaſons of ſuch as have no ſoul; to make your ſelf recommendable by Piety, Juſtice, Liberality, Moderation, Sweetneſſe, and ſo many other virtues; which having adorned you in proſperity, raiſe a luſtre and conſolation in the bottome of adverſity. To this alſo you muſt adde powerfull friends, who enlighten, with the ray of truth, that darkneſſe, which envie ceaſeth not to ſpread over lives the moſt innocent, and which permit not virtue to be ever oppreſſed by Iniquity.

As for ſuch as are in charges, offices, dignities, and commands, wherein in reaſon alteration may be expected, if they ſee themſelves to be perſecuted by publick hatred, it is beſt for them to change their condition to find repoſe: and eſpecially, when there are powers which will hate out of humour, or levity; and who ſhutting up all paſſages to Reaſon, do onely open an ear to ſlander. I ask whether, in ſuch a caſe, God hath not conſecrated a ſanctuary for evil fortune in the pitty of a neighbour? The Divine Providence never permitted, that one ſole man ſhould be King of the whole world. He who is perſecuted in one Province paſſeth to another, and often finds friends who wipe away his tears, and gild his fetters: Whileſt Hatred ſwayeth in the Conſiſtory of Cruelty, to draw down lightnings, and dart thunders on his head. *Joſeph* ſold by his brethren, found innumerable favours in Egypt. *David* purſued on all ſides by the envy of *Saul*, like a wild Beaſt, met with refuge, and employment under *Abimelech*. S. *Athanaſius* ſanctified the places of his baniſhment by the ſanctity of his virtues. S. *Hillary* pulled out of his Biſhoprick, lighted in *Phrygia* upon a ſilent repoſe, which gave him leave to write his learned books of the Trinity. S. *Thomas* of Canterbury reſted between the arms of France, whileſt *Henry* of England thundered ſentences, and proſcriptions of death againſt him. If one countrey become a ſtep-mother, another proves a Mother, and the Divine Providence (the worlds great Harbinger) ever findeth ſome petty work to entertain its elected.

But if there be no means to eſcape, and that ſervitudes muſt be undergone, priſons, and chains, and that ſcaffolds muſt be bloudied to ſatisfie the revenge of an enemy: Then is the time, when a ſpirit well habituated in the continuall exerciſes of virtue entreth into the centre of the ſoul; and beholdeth as from a high fortreſſe, the viciſſitude of humane things, which here below have in them nothing immovable, but their proper unſtedfaſtneſſe. Then it is, when deſpiſing theſe veils of body compoſed of our inferiour elements, it now entereth in thought into the region of Intelligencies; then it is, when it accoſteth the legions of ſo many Martyrs, who on their bodies have received as many wounds as they had members, and have moiſtned the ſacred palms of their victories in the effuſion of their bloud. All which is humane, yieldeth to the Tyranny of perſecutours, but the immortall ſpirit makes it ſelf a large way all bordered with lawrels in the Temple of glory, and reputation; and like to the dove of the Prophet (whoſe wings were of ſilver,) taketh a high, and exalted flight to declare to all ages the innocency of a great courage, and to make its relicks ſurvive in Cabinets, and in the memory of all good men.

How many have we ſeen die on Scaffolds, who with the ſweetneſſe of their countenances, terrified the moſt terrible aſpects of executioners? They ſpake, they did, they ſuffered, they ordered their deaths as matter of Triumph, they comforted others in their ſuffering at a time when they had much to do not to complain themſelves. They acted together all the parts of wiſdome, and came off ſo well in every one, as if they onely had undertaken this one. It was a great thing for them to do; but to do it ſo exactly, is that which for ever makes them the more admirable; and it was a matter incredible, that ſpeaking ſo well, they yet ſuffered better in an occaſion, where words have no credit, works no time, violence no relaxation, nor enmity Compaſſion.

The third Treatiſe, Of DESIRE.

§ 1. *Whether we ſhould deſire any thing in the world? The Nature, the Diverſity, and deſcription of Deſire.*

Whether it be good to have no deſire.

THe Sages make a queſtion, whether it be a thing to be wiſhed to have no Deſire? And there are of them who think that to live happy and contented, we muſt baniſh all deſires. For they are amuſements which perpetually entertain us with the time to come, which put us on the Rack, and burn us by our proper thoughts. Deſires are the Echoes of our loves, which mock us, and counterfeit certain voices, eſſences, and perſonages, which ordinarily are made of nought elſe but wind.

But now (ſay others) to have no deſires, is to have no ſoul, no ſenſe, no reaſon: it is to be a fly, not a man. The Seraphins in *Iſaiah* ſtand by Gods ſide, yet ceaſe not to clap their wings, to ſignifie unto us there is no ſoul ſo perfect and contented, which hath not the heart ſtill excited with ſome generous deſire. Trees are purified by the winds agitation, rivers are cleanſed, and purged in their perpetuall currents, and the heart by deſires. If we would have no deſires, we muſt not talk any more of eating and drinking; we muſt no longer have this young lover ſigh after his beloved; we muſt not then admit learned men to make love to wiſdome. That wraſtlers burn with affection of prizes due to their valour; and that the ſouldier covers himſelf with his wounds to embelliſh his garlands, all ought to be indifferent to us; and that is the way quickly to runne into the nature of rocks and ſtones.

We must here make a notable distinction of desires, insomuch, some are naturall, given by God to man for the preservation of himself: Others are artificiall, which arising out of an exorbitant will, are nothing but floud and ebb, but agitations and tempests. Desires are like number, one cannot name any so great, but that it is capable of addition.

The world repleniſhed with deſiring ſouls. Pſal. 80 v. 12. Tabeſcere feciſti animam meam (alia verſio) liqueſcere feciſti, ut timeam deſiderium ejus. Eos felicitas ingrata ſubterfluit ut ſemper pleni ſpei, vacui commodorum, præſentibus careant dum futura proſpectant. In Pſal. 92. Richardus de S. Victore in Pſal. 80.

Hence it proceedeth, that the world is repleniſhed with deſiring, and ſuffering ſouls, and that there is not almoſt any one who is not in expectation, and breathes not the air of the Region of deſires. The moſt part of men reſemble the moth which gnaws a garment, and in gnawing eateth its own houſe: For by the eagerneſſe of deſiring the future, they loſe all the pleaſure of the preſent, and demoliſh their fortune by their greedineſſe to raiſe it. That is it which the Panegyrick wittily expreſſed, pronounced before *Conſtantine* the ſonne. Felicity glideth by us, as the water which ſtreameth along under bridges, when ſtill, full of hope, we reſt unfurniſhed of contentments.

Deſiring hearts (ſaith S, *Auguſtine*) are as thoſe great-bellied women to whom the eternall word hath denounced a Curſe in the Goſpel. All the world would be but a morſell in the mouth of mans heart (ſaith *Richardus de ſancto Victore*) ſince its wiſhes are infinite and that it is evident that in Infinity what part ſoever you aſſigne, you are ſtill at the beginning.

An excellent picture of deſire.

If you deſire that I make you a picture of the nature and perquiſits of Deſire, I will tell you it is a ſtrange countrey whereunto the prodigall Child ſailed, when he forſook his fathers houſe to undertake a baniſhment: a Country where corn is ſtill in graſſe, vines in the bud, trees perpetually in bloſſome, and birds alwayes in the ſhell. You neither ſee corn, fruit, nor any thing fully ſhaped; all is there onely in expectation. It is a Countrey full of figures, phantaſmes, illuſions, and hopes which are dreames without ſleep: a Countrey where the inhabitants are never without feavers, one is no ſooner gone, but another cometh into its place. There, dwelleth Covetouſneſſe a great woman, meagre, lean, ſtarven, having round about her a huge ſwarm of winged boyes, of which ſome are altogether languiſhing, others caſt her a thouſand ſmiles as ſhe paſſeth along; upon her ſelf ſhe hath an infinite number of horſleeches, which ſuck upon her to the marrow. Time looketh on her afarre off, and never cometh near her, ſhewing her an enchanted looking-glaſſe, wherein ſhe ſeeth a thouſand, and a thouſand falſe colours, which amuſe her; and when ſhe hath ſported enough, ſhe hath nothing to dinner, but ſmoke.

The explication of the picture. Deſiderium eſt motus appetitus in amabili, & inchoatio amoris. S. Thom. 2. ſent. diſt. 26. q. 1. art 3.

Behold the table of Covetouſneſſe grounded upon Theology and the Philoſophy of S. *Thomas*. I ſay, to explicate my ſelf, that the countrey thereof is the countrey of the prodigall child, and that famine is perpetually there, Deſire being nothing elſe but a hunger of the good it wiſheth: or indeed, *a motion of the appetite towards the thing it loveth, and the firſt degree of love.* All is in bloſſome in this countrey, and never in fruit, inſomuch, as he who deſires, poſſeſſeth nothing, as yet, but in imagination: and ſuch is the nature of Deſire, that coming to the end of its carreer, it ſinks; ſince where the good is preſent that is affected, there is no further deſire. The Inhabitants there, are continually in feavers, ſince wiſhes are but feaveriſh ſervours. All there, is full of phantaſmes, becauſe all thoſe bleſſings are merely imaginary. Covetouſneſs is neceſſarily hungry, being perpetually in purſuit, never overtaking nor eating: but if it do overtake and eat, and gluts its heart, it ceaſeth to be Covetouſneſs. Verily it hath round about it litle laughing boyes; thoſe are gaudy, and ſparkling deſires: ſome ſad, they are fruſtrated deſires: Many bloud-ſuckers, which ſuck it, they are troubleſome, and turbulent Deſires. I adde, that time (ever diſtant from it (entertaineth it with an enchanted mirrour: for it ſeeth nothing but in the future, and ſees many Chymeras and illuſions, after which it is tormented. As Tygers who beholding the looking-glaſſe which hunters have ſet in Forreſts, imagine it to be a creature of their own kind ſhut up in a priſon of glaſſe, and ſo long they ſcratch it, till they break it and deface their deſire. Laſtly, I conclude, that they are ſerved at dinner with ſmoke, all worldly deſires being nought elſe but wind, and ſmoke.

§. 2. *The Diſorders which ſpring from inordinate Deſires, and namely from curioſity, and Inconſtancy.*

Oſe 13. 3. Erunt quaſi nubes matutina, & ſicut ros matutinus præteriens, ſicut pulvis turbine raptus ex area, & ſicut fumus de fumario. Three diſorders of deſire.

O God! ſhould one imagine the miſery of thoſe who dwell in this Countrey of Covetouſneſſe, and who live in worldly deſires, and perpetuall diſturbances; he could not have any thing more efficacious to give him a diſtaſte of it.

I obſerve, ill-rectified deſire cauſeth three Diſorders in the ſoul, which are ſterility, ardour, and unquietneſſe: Sterility; for, perſwade your ſelf, all the inhabitants of this countrey, which are now adayes many, are empty, hollow ſoules, void of the ſolid and eternall good for which they were created, and are filled with imaginary windings, and labyrinths: Ardour; ſince they are hearts enflamed like Fornaces, which dart forth deſires, as Coles do ſparks; Hearts, which as the Eagle-ſtone are ſtill big, but produce nothing: Unquietneſſe; for that they live like Hedghogs all environed with ſharp quils; There is onely this difference, that ſharp quils ſerve the Hedghog for a defence, and ſharp-pointed deſires kill, and conſume thoſe who have them.

You ſee men who all their life-time lie at anchor: and expect a wind, never ſailing; Men, who are continually in fetters like priſoners; Men, perpetually like to languiſhing Amoriſts, or to truantly ſchollers who vehemently deſire play-dayes. ſome, the moſt ſpirituall thirſt after books, and libraries: others pleaſe themſelves with Ideas of dogges, of birds, of apes, and of horſes: Others, in imagination, handle pieces of chryſtall, pictures, Diamonds, and piſtolls: Others cut out garments at their pleaſure, of the richeſt ſtuffes which fancy can furniſh them with; ſome are eager after hunting, and traffick; others, after Courtſhip, and Game: Some, go to the temple of Honour; others mind nothing but money. It were a very hard thing to reckon up all the feavers, purgatories, and pains of thoſe paſſionate ſouls; For indeed, naturall Deſires are not limitted by nature which made them; but thoſe which conſiſt in opinion have no limits, as Imagination which produceth them, hath no meaſure; but although men be very different in deſires, they agree all in one point, which is, never to be contented, alwayes to deſire ſome change, and noveltie, and ſo ardently to deſire it that there are ſuch to be found, who for a ruff-band, or a ſhoe, would gladly haſten the courſe of the ſun, as they ſet forward the hand of the diall.

The paſſion of Curioſity a kind of Deſire.

But among theſe Symptomes, which are frequent with perſons infected with ſuch like diſeaſes, I diſcover two other paſſions of Curioſity, and Inconſtancy, the companions of deſire. Note; that Truth ſitteth in a Throne all repleniſhed with lights, and is of very difficult acceſſe, if one have not wiſdome for direction. For ordinarily Curioſity way-layeth ſuch as go about to approch to it, and involveth them in vaſt labyrinths of errours. This curioſity (if you deſire to know the nature of it) is nought elſe but irregular appetite to know things either vain, unprofitable, or evil. It dwelleth in a Countrey fertile in apparance, but very barren in effect,

fect, it hath in its dominion many spirits (to speak truly) neither dull not stupid; for they all have smartnesse and vivacity; but the most part have a great want of judgement and discretion to serve as a Counterpoise to their levity. They will know all, and in an instant ask more questions then the seven Sages of Greece could resolve in ten years; so likewise they are of the nature of those Starres which raise tempests and cannot calm them, since they frame a thousand casualties, a thousand difficulties in affairs, and never derive a good conclusion: you may say, if you well weigh them, that they have a worm in their wits which gnaws them; that they are men sick in health, and living dead-men who neither know what they would, what they do, nor what they are. Curiosity, seeing they have so much disposition to receive its impressions, entertaineth them in the winding wayes of Truth, like a Mountebank, who puts a multitude upon a gaze, by letting them see infinite many dainty colours in a Triangular-glasse, and in the conclusion sends them away dinnerlesse, with hunger in their teeth, and illusion in their eyes.

Curiositas motus animæ mortuus. S. August. Confess. l. 13.

After these slight amusements, this evil Mistresse turns them over to anxiety, anxiety delivers them to new desires, and new desires to servitude, servitude to ignorance, ignorance to presumption, and presumption to unquietnesse of mind. From thence they, who are deeper plunged into this poison of false wisdome, take the way of impiety, others of misery and poverty; some of choler, of envy, of slander, and despair; the best provided are like the Danaides, who do nought but fill and empty their tub, but to no purpose. All are not sick of one same disease; For some have a Curiosity, black and faulty, as those who seek for a Master in matter of Religion, and would gladly talk with a devil to learn news from Paradise: or such as those who strain curious Sciences so hard, that they squeeze black and maligne vices out of them, as Magick, or the trick of coining false money: or as those who are mad to hear, to see, to know the vices, or mischiefs of others. Others have a more innocent Curiosity, one of medals, another of Tulipaes, some of voyages, others of companies; and indeed, of all things which may serve for incentives to Concupiscence.

Omnis anima curiosa indocta est. August. de agone Christiano. c. 14. Nullâ curiositate videant quæ sunt in sanctuario. Num. 4.

There are of them who are much disquieted with matters which little concern them, they are curious to know all that passeth in the world in the Indies, in Japonia: how many elephants the great Mogull keeps; who is to succeed the King of China in his Empire; whether the great Turk armeth; whether the Persian stirreth; and what forces *Prester John* hath for the preservation of his State. They think within themselves, what a face they would set upon it if they were Kings or Popes: They in their heads dispose of Kingdomes: They raise Republicks, they rig forth ships, they pitch battels; and after they have doated, they find nought but nothing in their hands. Others advance not their aims so high, but rest satisfied with inferiour thoughts and petty cares; as how to trot up and down the streets, to visit houses, and to ask of all they meet, *what news do you hear?* As also to observe post-dayes, and to visit their friends round, by a list-roll indifferently, to heap together the bruits of the City, to vent them again without any consideration. There are some who make vows of pilgrimages, not out of Devotion towards Saints, but from a purpose to content their Curiosity. They know all the Indulgencies which are throughout all the Churches of the Province, and beyond, all the houses that are built, all the christnings every day, all the weddings celebrated, all the child-births of male or female, all the merchandizes newly brought in, all the strangers who arrive, all the suits determinated, all the charges given, all the offices sold, all the pamphlets cryed up and down the streets: Their heads are wonderfull Fairs, whither merchants come from all sides, there is not a moment of repose, and solitude with such is accounted a petty Hell.

This multiplicity of Desires is waited on by another Malady of Inconstancy, which is properly a levity, and an irresolution of mind which sheweth it self in his manners, actions, and words, who is touched with it. To say truth, this passion is a Devil who inhabiteth in a land of Quicksilver, where Earthquakes are almost perpetuall, winds blow on each side; and blowing, make many weather-cocks to turn to and fro, and every moment change posture; In this place, an admirable Creature is to be seen, who is not what she is, and is that she is not; so many faces and figures she hath: She likewise is still upon transformations, and seems to do nothing at all, but to make, and unmake her self. One while she is great, another while little, one while grosse, another while slender, one while affable, another while harsh, one while serious, another while gamesome, but ever slippery; and if you lay hold of her, you catch nothing. She goes forth of her lodging to appear in publick, as if she came into a Theatre, clothed, one while in changeable Taffaty, another while with different pieces set together out of a singular Fantastick addleness of wit. She alone representeth all personages, talks with all kind of voyces, and in all manner of languages. After her we behold a million of petty phantasmes, imperfect in shape, and which seem to be but pieces roughly begun, which we may say are her works.

Inconstancy followeth the multitude of Desires.

The kingdome of Inconstancy.

If you a little observe the men which inhabit this kingdome of Inconstancy, you shall find they are people whose humours consist much of air and water; for they are alwayes supple and pliant to all manner of objects, they have a spirit which brooketh not businesses with a strong and solid penetration, to see the bottome of it; but onely scratch them with a little bodkin which is blunted and broken presently. If you could see their heart and brain, you should behold in the one huge squadrons of thoughts which scuffle together like *Cadmus* his souldiers: in the other, a mighty masse of desires and indigested purposes, which renders them very unable to receive the impressions of the Divinity. as S. *Basil* hath observed upon that Prophet *Isaiah*. It seemeth all this kind of people have a will of wax, and that any man may work it which way he list. Their passions are sharp, and ardent in the beginning, so that they transport judgement, which is either notably weak, or much benummed; but they last not: for they instantly are troubled at things present, and ever turn their face away from the future, never (as it were) being where they are, and still being where they neither are nor can be. You shall see they every day begin to live, yea, when they should make an end; and if they do any good, they do it but by halves, never allowing themselves leisure to lick their Bear (as they say) nor to finish their work; so precipitate they are by contrariety of different desires which draw them this way and that way, and destroy all the abilities of their wits. You shall note in them a great greedinesse after novelties, and continuall changes of manners, study, apparel, of wearing their hair, of their manner of living, gate, of voyce, of conversation, of sports, exercises, counsels, loves, of amities, words, and of mouths which at once breathe forth hot and cold. To conclude, their life is nought else but the floud and ebbe of a continuall Euripus, it is repleniſhed with shadows, giddinesse, and illusions, which in effect make it miserable; For commonly it is waited on by disesteem, grief, shame, anxiety, and great shipwracks of wit and renown.

Τὸ ἀνόμαλον τῆς βίου οἰκονομίας καὶ ψυχῆς ἐπιχειρήσεως ἀνεμπόδιστα δοκεῖ. S. Basil. Hom. 1. in Isaiam.

§ 3. *The*

§ 3. *The four sources out of which ill-rectified desires proceed.*

Four sources of Desires which toil us.

YOu must know, that those restlesse desires which toil us, proceed from four sources: the first and principall whereof is, a Heart void of things Divine; there being not (saith S. *Augustine*) a more manifest signe, that a soul is not well with God, then, when it entertaineth a multiplicity of desires. *Moses* pulled off his shoes before the burning bush, where he saw his eyes cleared by the rayes of the Divine Majesty, (in my opinion) to teach us, that his heart was at an end of its journey, since he had found the Centre of eternall Rest. Whilst the soul of man is out of the limits which God assigned it, well it may find Innes to lodge in, but it never finds a home; But he who knows the way how to accommodate himself, in all things, to the will of God, hath found the industry of an Infinite good, in the accomplishment of his desires.

It is to live like *Cain* in the region of Instability, and to walk upon a quagmire, daily to entertain so many fresh appetites. Their multiplication witnesseth enough the barrennesse of their purchase; but when one well tasteth God, and finds him to comprehend all relishes; he forsaketh all to follow him, and the Heart hath no more to do, but to please him who is the source of its Contentment.

The second cause of desires, is a promptitude, and a vivacity of the Mind, which bends much to levity, and is not at all balasted by solidity of judgement, whereby the soul is set at liberty to flie after all manner of objects, as bees do after flowers. I will deliver unto you an excellent doctrine, which will teach us, that between a ship and the heart of a man (if we consider them well) there is much resemblance. The ship is a house of the sea, and the heart is the habitation of the soul, whilst it is in the ocean of this mortall life. The ship goes on the waters, and the heart upon abysses: The ship hath its sails, and the heart its aims: The ship is guided by the rudder, and the heart by prudence: The ship expecteth winds, and the heart the divers motions of its thoughts: The ship feeleth tempests, and the heart passions: the ship feareth rocks, and the heart obstacles: The ship suffers shipwrack under water, and the heart under the gulf of iniquity: The ship in the haven, and the heart in tranquillity.

A comparison of a ship and the heart of man.

Now as in the Scripture there are three sorts of ships specified; so there likewise are three manner of hearts. Some compared to ships which carry fruit, are such as are repleniſhed with affections and desires; with pleasures and contentments of the world; which are enemies of the present, and perpetually sigh after the future. Others, are ships of traffick, which are continually full of affairs, disturbances, great and little cares, that steal the repose of life from them. The rest are the ships of Tharsus in the Mediterranean sea, which carry great designs, great earthly ambitions, and are very often tossed by most impetuous winds.

Naves poma portantes. Job. 9.

Navis institoris. Prov. 31.

Naves Tharsis. Psal. 47.

The third source of our Appetites is a hot and sanguine Complexion, which in our heart enkindleth many desires like unto a fire made with straw, violent enough in the beginning, but of no lasting: as on the contrary, cold people have fewer desires, but are more pertinacious in the pursuit of them.

It is said we must beware of a man, who hath but one thing to do, because his thoughts being perpetually bent upon one and the same object, he becomes extremely troublesome to those from whom he desireth the accomplishment of his designe: so must we defend our selves from a man who hath but one desire: especially when it is inordinate; For we may easily escape from such as have many cares. Time wasteth them as fast as he produceth them; it is needlesse to oppose, or much to contradict them: let their minds rest, and you shall find the purpose they had in the morning, to be quite gone by the evening, like the Ephemery, which lives but one day. Now as for those, who have amassed together all the strength of their soul, upon one desire they are immeasurably urgent, and cease not to persecute you untill they have put their wish in execution.

The fourth is a certain crooked winding of a Heart, which is (as it were spungy and insatiable, joyned to a debility of spirit which apprehendeth want and necessity, and this makes it to fasten upon any thing to help it self.

Tertullium saith, that all these wandring souls have no other profession in this life, but to be in wish, where they cannot be personally in presence. The end of one desire provoketh them to begin another. Their desires resemble fruits that passe away, which in their latter season retain some beauty of their first vigour. There are many who esteem it a bitter businesse to expect, and who had rather see their hopes cut off, then to find out the way how to prolong them: but such are born to desire, they are not pleased with a victory already gotten; you do greatly wrong them, instantly, to give what they ask, they love even things unlawfull, because they are such, and so soon as they are permitted them, they lose that place which they had before in their heart.

Interpellat ad desiderandum finis ipse desiderandi. Tertul. lib. de pœnit:n.

§ 4. *That the tranquillity of Divine Essence, for which we are created, ought to rule the unquietnesse of our desires.*

AGainst this passion, I have two remedies to propose in two Reasons; the first whereof is drawn from the first model, which is the heavenly Father; and the second from the second, which is the Incarnate Word, since in them are the most efficacious wayes for reformation of the table of the Soul. As for the first, I say, that our soul being made to the Image of God, and for the possession and fruition of God, it will never rest but in the conformity of its understanding and will, with the understanding and will of its Creatour. Now, what think you would God desire, if he were capable of desire; what would he wish to see, to know, and to have? nothing but himself: and insomuch as he is eternally and inseparably with himself he is not capable of any impression of desires whatsoever. We cannot be like unto God without desires, whilst we are in the world; but we may, and ought to have but one main desire, which is God himself.

Reason against vain desires drawn from the Divine tranquillity.

Imagine your heavenly Father to be a great sea of Essences, of perfections, and of contentments, a sea which hath neither bottome nor shore; a sea wherein all the vessels of curious souls suffer shipwrack. Imagine with your self an Exemplary world, a vast world of wisdome, of sanctity, of intelligencies, of lives, of reasons, and of forms. There God inhabiteth within himself, being to himself, (as saith *Tertullian*) place, palace, world; there he is absorpt as in a huge abysse of delights, not to be imagined. He from all eternity hath his felicity purely perfect, and concentred in his own bosome, seeing he from all eternity hath his Sonne, his great and onely Conception, which emptieth him without his emptinesse, which issueth from him without issuing forth, which abideth in him without distinction of Essence, or confusion of Persons.

Nazian. in Natalitia. Πέλαγος ἀπεράντου οὐσίας καὶ θεότητος.

Tertul. in Praxeum, cap. 5.

He hath all his loves within himself, since he hath his holy Spirit, a substantiall flame of love, enkindled in his heart by his proper will, which is the eternall and unquenchable fornace of all chaste affections. He hath all his desires limited and repleniſhed, since, as he sees nothing

Nec intelligentiam admittit solitudinis, nec diversitatem divinitatis. Magist Sent: lib. 1. d. 2.

nothing out of himself; so he cannot desire any thing out of himself. If you imagine the sea (saith S. *Augustine*) it is not God: If you imagine the earth with so many rivers which moisten it, so many herbs and flowers which enamel it, so many trees which cover it, so many living creatures which furnish it, so many men which inhabite and cultivate it, it is not God. If you in your thoughts figure the air, with all its birds so different in shape, so various in plumage, so diversified in their notes, it is not God. If you go up to those Chrystaline and Azure vaults, where the Sunne and Moon and so many Starres perform their career with such measure, it is not God. If you behold in heaven innumerable legions of Angels, Spirits of fire and light, resplendent before the face of God, as lamps of balsamum lighted before the propitiatory, it is not God: but God is he who comprehendeth all that, who bounds it, and incomparably surpasseth it.

Mare cogitas non est hoc Deus, omnia quæ sunt in terra homines & animalia, non est hoc Deus. Aug. in Psal. 85.

All things (say Divines) are in God by way of eminency, as in the Exemplar Cause which mouldeth them, as in the Efficient Cause which produceth them, as in the Finall Cause which determines them: but they are in a manner so elate and exalted, that those same which in themselves are inanimate, in God, are spirit and life.

All the Creatures we have seen produced in the revolution of so many Ages, are as Actours, which God (who is the great Master of the Comedy which is acted in this world) kept hidden behinde the hangings in his Idea's, more lively and more lustrous then they be on the stage. The World strikes the hour of their Entrances, and Exits of their life and death; but the great Clock of God in his Eternity, hath at one instant strucken all their hours. Nothing to him is unexpected, nothing unknown, nothing new: All that which tieth the desires of the most curious, all that which suspendeth the admiration of the sagest: all, which enflameth the hearts of the most passionate, Lands and Seas, Magazines of Nature, Thrones, Theatres, Arms, and Empires; all are but a silly drop of dew before the face of God.

Quod factum est, in ipso vita erat. Joh. 1.

Then how can God but live contented within himself, since the smalleſt streams of the fountain which springs from his bosome, may suffice a million of worlds. O ungratefull and faithlesse soul! the same Paradise which God hath for himself, he hath prepared for thee; he will, thou beholdest thy self, that thou contemplatest thy self, that thou reposest thy self in his heart; yet thou fluttereſt up and down like a silly butterfly among so many creatures, so many objects, so many desires; perpetually hungry, ever distant from thy good, ever a traitour to thy repose and glory. Beggarly soul, which beggest every where: Miserable soul which in every place findest want in abundance: Ignominious soul, upon whose front all loves have stamped dishonour; when wilt thou rally together all thy desires into one period? When wilt thou begin to live the life of God, to be satisfied with Gods contentment, and to be happy with Gods felicity?

Ecce gentes quasi stilla situlæ & quasi momentum stateræ reputatæ sunt; ecce insulæ quasi pulvis exiguus, & Libanus non sufficiet ac ad succedendum. Isa. 4. 16.

§ 5. *That we should desire by the imitation of Jesus Christ.*

2. Reason of the onely desire which Jesus had in seeking the glory of his heavenly Father.

THe second Reason that I draw from the second Model, which is, the Word Incarnate, the Rule and Example of all our actions, is, that *Jesus Christ* had no other desire on earth, but to suffer, to be dissolved, and to annihilate himself for the glory of his heavenly Father, by subjecting rebellious powers to his Sceptre, and by gaining souls, of which he infinitely was desirous, even to the last moment of his life. The Philosopher *Plato* in the Book of the order of the Universe, writeth, that all the Elements naturally desired to evaporate themselves in the Celestiall Region, as it were therein to obtain a more noble, and more eminent state of consistence. Now the deaf and dumb desire, which things inanimate have, to be transformed into a nature more delicate; is most apparent in the sacred Humanity of the Son of God, which, although it alwayes remained within the limits of its Essence, it notwithstanding had an ineffable sympathy with the Divinity, being totally plunged therein, as iron in burning coals. It in all, and through all, followed its motions, will, and ordinances, as true dials wait on the Sun; nor had it any desire more ordinary, then to make a profusion of it self, in all it had created.

Plato lib. de ordine universi apud Viennam.

Theology teacheth us, that albeit, the will of God were necessitated in certain actions, as in the production of the love which sprang from the sight of God; notwithstanding in others, it was altogether free, able to do, and not to do such, or such a thing according to his good pleasure; as at such or such a time to go, or not to go into Jury. Able, of two good things which were presented, to chuse the one or leave the other; as, to do miracles, rather in Jury then in Sidon. Able also to do the things ordained him by his heavenly Father out of motives and reasons such as his wisdome thought best to chuse: In all those liberties, never pretended he ought but the Glory and Service of his Father. Good God, what sublimate is made in the limbeck of Love, what evaporations, and what separations of things, even indivisible, are made in the five great annihilations which Theology contemplateth in the person of *Jesus Christ!*

Nonvolebat in Judæam ambulare Joh. 7. 1.

First, the inseparable Word of God seemeth to make a divorce, but a divorce of obedience, and to separate it self; but with a separation alwayes adherent by the condition of a forreign nature transplanted into the Divinity. Secondly, he, by a new miracle permitteth, that this Humane nature tied to the Divine nature, be separated from its subsistence, its last determination and substantiall accomplishments. Thirdly, that Glory be separated from the estate and condition of Glory, yielding his glorious soul up as a prey to sadnesse. Fourthly, he separateth himself not onely from the signs and conditions of a Messias, but almost from the resemblance of a man, being become ns a worm.

Radius ex sole, portio de summa, de spiritu spiritus, & de Deo Deus. Tertul Apol 2. Greg. l. 28 mor. cap. 2.

Lastly, he draws himself into the interiour of his soul of his own accord, and wholly melts himself as Incense in the fire: in such sort, that S. *Gregory* very well saith, That he is the Amber of the Prophet *Ezekiel*, enrobed with the heat of flames. But better saith *Origen*, who calleth him the Perfume which is annihilated for us; comparing the will of the Son of God to a viol filled with an aromatick liquor, which one hath turned up-side down to empty it to the last drop; so the desires and affections of *Jesus* are pouted forth in the bosome of his heavenly Father. But most especially on the day of his Passion, for then was the time when the Prophecy of *Habakuk* was accomplished; *It is thou who mountest upon the light-horses, and who beareſt salvation in thy mysterious chariot.*

Quasi ignis effulgens, & thus ardens in igne.

Origen. in Cant. unguentum exinanitum.

Hab. 3. Qui ascendis super equos tuos, & quadrigæ tuæ salvatio

I now leave those who interpret this passage of the chariot of God triumphing in those ugly darknesses of Egypt. I leave those who refere it to the second coming. I follow the Interpretation which S. *Ambrose* presenteth unto me, who calleth the Crosse a gibbet of Triumph, and others who term it the true chariot of the glory of the God of hostes. I consequently say, that the light-horses of our Saviour are his winged and flaming desires, which bare him more gloriously then *Elias* unto the throne of Honour, where he hath made a full consummation of himself, by the separation of his

Ambros. in Luc. Patibulum triumphale

his bloud and soul in that great Sacrifice, which put Heaven to mourning, the Sunne into eclipse, the Earth into quakings, and men the most stupid into affrightment. O with what obedience, with what resignation did that dying Swan then appear, when all the starres (as *Didimus* relateth) about three of the clock afternoon were seen in the heavens to enlighten his death! O, with what union of his will to Gods will, he spake these words, O my God, O my Father, behold me on the Pile to be sacrificed to thy Divine Majesty: My God, I have desired it from the first moment of my conception, I have had the law of Obedience engraven in my heart with a chizzel of fire and an eternall character, and at this time (O my celestiall Father) I wish it, I would it, and will protest it whilst my soul shall be on my lip, to have but one onely desire in the world, which is to annihilate my self in accomplishing thy will!

Deus meus volvi & legem tuam in medio cordis mei.

§. 6. *The condemnation of the evil Desires of the world, and the means how to divert them.*

Against evil desires.

AND yet thou (O disloyall soul) wilt in thy heart entertain a masse of Desires, thou wilt rather live among feavers and burning coals, then tie thy self to the will of God! Rebel, thou hast prostituted thy self on high and below, upon the mountains and under trees, under cedars and on the hysop; so many great and little Desires have possessed thy heart. Thou miserable man, to have affection in store for a deceiving creature, who hath put the sword of division into thy marriage, to cut asunder a knot tied before the face of Angels and men! Thou unfortunate maid, unlucky victime, to fill all the sails of thy Desires for a man more light then the wind, and more faithlesse then ice; whose words are but promises, promises but perjuries, perjuries but forsakings, and forsakings but disastres; and to have neither heart nor thought for God, a Father so benigne, a Saviour so affectionate, a Lover so loyall! Thou, to burn alive with black and shamefull flames of ravenous avarice; and to have no feeling for him, who hath the beauty of fields, the enamel of meadows, the extent of seas, the riches of metals, and all the magazines of the Universe in his bosome! Thou, to run at randome after transitory honour, which glisters like a worm in a piece of rotten wood, and which pricketh like a thorn; and not to hold sympathy with him who crowneth the heads of his Elect with eternall garlands! Thou, to live daily in fits of fire and ice for a slight toy, for a gorget, for a chopino, for a little dog, a parichito, for all that which I neither can nor dare to expresse! O what a shame is it, that all creatures serve for snares and prisons to hearts moistned with the bloud of *Jesus*; and they not to be softned by this venerable shower, able to break rocks asunder, and dissolve anvils!

In omni colle sublimi, & in omni ligno frondoso tu prosternebaris meretrix. Jer. 2. 21.

You will ask me what you should do to be delivered from this tyranny? First, accustome your self to cut away all superfluities, whether of apparel, diet, vain company, or other delights which fight against the law of God. *Reduce your appetites to a small cost, and take more care how to end them, then to cherish them.* Resolve with your self to lop off all your superfluities, and to be contented with little, holding it for a thing most assured, that by how much the lesse you shall depend on your greedy desires (which are most forward mistresses, to whom you have prostituted your Christian liberty) so much shall you be the more near to God.

Desideria tua parvo redime: hoc enim tantum quisque debet as desinant. Senec.

Secondly, if you feel in your heart some seeds of desires to sprout and disquiet you, seasonably prevent them, one while diverting them by some laudable employment, another while by pulling them up with main strength in their first tendernesse, and never to let them get strength to your prejudice. *It is much more easie to defend ones self in the beginning from a passion, then to moderate the violence of the exorbitancy when it is lodged in your heart.*

Non obtinebis ut desinat, si incipere permiseris. Sen. ep. 116.

Thirdly, follow *Aristotle*'s counsel, and look on all the objects of pleasure, not such as they are, when they at first soothe Sensuality, but such as they be when they turn their backs to forsake us. Lastly, exercise your self continually in the desire of joyes eternall.

Voluptates abeuntes, spectа fessas, & pœnitentiâ plenas, quò minus cupidè repetantur.

Behold all those things which environ you, all those honours, those riches, those pomps, as deceitfull and momentary things; Behold them as a flitting company; Each day undo a knot of your slavery; Put your self into the liberty of Gods Children; Place your self in such a nakednesse of spirit that you may say, *One, and no more.* Blind soul, how canst thou live one sole moment with so many desires, which are as so many daughters to marry? what a care must be had well to bestow them? what a fear to bestow them ill? what a grief that they are ill bestowed? Stupid soul, canst thou rest with so many bloud-suckers fastned to the marrow of thy bones, which draw thence all thy vitall humour, and make thee have a life which hath nothing lesse then life in it? Temerarious soul, who hast dared to think, that forsaking thy Creatour, thou elsewhere shouldst find a better match! Go, and see the obstacles which daily meet with those who hunt after honours, savours, and worldly wealth. Go, go, behold, and thou shalt see a thousand fishes swim in a pond after a rotten worm. How many battails must thou wage, how many sweats of death must thou sweat, how many iron-gates must thou break through, to content one onely of thy desires? O how often will the Heavens and the Elements conspire against thy affections, which thou so unworthily, so disastrously hast placed?

O what bloudy sorrows at thy death, when God shall draw aside the curtain of the city of peace, and shall shew thee an infinite number of souls in the bosome of Beatitude, for having well disposed their Desires; and on the other side, burning coals to expiate affections ill managed!

O what horrour, what terrour, and what despair, if the Angels come and say with a voyce of thunder, *Foris Canes*, and that we must wander up and down in affection with a hunger everlastingly enraged after a good we so many times have despised! O *Jesus*, the desire of Eternall mountains, draw to thee all my desires, since thou art the Adamant. *Jesus*, the love of all faithfull souls, take all my affections, since thou art the Centre of all hearts. *Jesus*, the Joy and Crown of all the Elect, stay my floating hopes: since thou art the haven of hearts, stretch out an assisting hand to so many errours, and set me in a place where I may desire nothing: but let it be such a place, wherein I may love that which is infinitely amiable.

Apoc. 22. 15

The fourth Treatise, OF AVERSION.

§ 1. *The Nature and Qualities thereof.*

The essence and nature of Aversion.

AVersion is a passion apprehensive, disdainfull of distastes, which is shut up as a snail in its shell, and hath no inclination to any thing in the world. Covetousnesse presenteth it many objects, to see if it can snare it with a bait; but it doth nothing but fly away, and turn the face to the other side: and albeit, it seems not to desire ought of all is offered unto it; it nevertheless coveteth good, but goes towards it by by-paths, and flight from all that which seems opposite to its felicity.

How Aversion is formed.

Well, to understand the nature of this Passion, we must know, that as in motions of affections, there is first made in the soul a love wholly simple, which is an inclination and a complacence towards some object; from thence Desire is created, by which we consider the same object, not onely as good and convenient, but as a thing absent, and out of us, which we must endeavour to have, and to bring within our power: But if we have the good hap to possesse it, from thence joy ariseth, which is a perfect complacence, raised upon the possession of the thing desired. Likewise in passions which resist and oppose our heart; first, a simple hatred is created, which onely importeth an Antipathy, and a certain dissenting from the object, which the understanding proposeth to the will, as disagreeable or hurtfull: Thence we come to consider this object, either as farre distant, and hard to be avoided; and then Fear laies hold of our heart, or we behold it more near at hand, and very easie to be repelled, being wholly unable to make any great or strong impressions upon us, as Fear doth, and then it is properly called Aversion: but if the evil happen to be present, it is a vexation and a trouble; and when it is past, there remains a horrour, which we call Detestation.

The character and true image of a spirit subject to Aversion.

We may say, this passion which is disgusted with all, hath nothing so distastefull as it self. There you behold a soul oppressed, still apprehensive, still retired, and ever harsh; and as nothing pleaseth it, so easily it displeaseth all the world. If there be cause to name one, he will never call him by his name; but will say, of whom speak you? of that wretch? of that sluggard? of that miser? of that ignorant fellow? Or, if he hath some deformity of body; of that crooked piece? that crump-shoulder? of that unfortunate caitiffe, who is much duller then a winters-day, or the snows of Scythia? If a Book be to be censured; there is nothing worth ought in it, they are discourses and words ill placed. If merchandize be to be bought; the shop and store-houses of a merchant shall be turned over and over, and nothing found that gives contentment. If he be in his own house; he makes himself insupportable to his domesticks: this garment is ill made, this chamber ill furnished, this bed too hard, these dishes unsavoury; the wind at a door, the creaking of a casement, the crying of a child, the barking of a dog, all is troublesome to him. If a man of this condition be to be married; there is not a maid in the world worthy of him, he must have one framed out of his own rib, as God did for the first Man: or suffer him to raise his love in imitation of *Endymion* and *Caligula*, up to the sphere of the Moon. But most especially, women of this humour are extremely troublesome; They have no small businesse to do, who are to find them out maid-servants and nurses; this is too rusticall, she hath nothing amiable in her eye, she speaks too big, her body is not slender enough; the other is a piece of flesh not worth ought: needs must she be perpetually upon change; and out of too much curiosity to meet with a good service, be the worst served of any woman in the world. Behold one distasted with professions, conditions, and offices, all displeaseth him; Shall he become a Church-man? that seems a slavery to him: Shall he betake him to a sword? It is hazardous: To an office? It costs too much: To traffick? Little is to be gotten: To a Trade? He cannot find a good one: Lastly, it troubleth him to be a man, and would gladly entertain the invention of *Ovids Metamorphosis*, to be transformed into some other kind of Creature. There are young wenches, who have much a-do with themselves: Shall they marry? There is not any match likes them; this man is unhandsome; that other is but simple; this man too way-ward; that, too melancholly; one, too wild; another hath not living enough; nor that other, good alliance; an Angel must be fetched out of heaven to marry them. In the mean time, some amorist learneth to dance his cinque-pace, and to powder and frizzle himself to please this coy piece, whom nothing contenteth but her own distastes. If, on the other side, this creature looks towards Religion; she will multiply her paces and visits, and will run over all the Monasteries, and find none to content her; one is too indulgent, and another too austere; the habit of this pleaseth, but the manner of living is distastefull; the flesh draweth upon one side, and the discipline drives away on the other, and her wavering mind can resolve on nothing, nor irresolve on nothing, but irresolution.

Humour of coy women

That admitted and established in this manner; I say there are two sorts of Aversion, the one whereof is tied to things, the other to persons, and both of them are of power much to disturb us, if we seasonably seek not to give remedy thereto in our most tender years before these dispositions wax old in us, and strengthen themselves to our prejudice. Now, I observe we may find very good remedies out of the consideration of the Divine proceedings of God, as I intend to let you see in the sequele of this discourse.

§ 2. *The sweetnesses and harmonies of the heart of God shew us the way to cure our Aversions.*

The consideration of the love which God bears to his creatures, is a powerfull remedy to cure Aversion.

FIrst, we see that God loves all things except sinne, and hates nothing he hath made. Essence, Goodnesse, and truth, follow one another by necessity of consequence; and God hath put nothing into Being, which is not in the state of some Goodnesse; yea, the devils will burn in hell having something good, having somewhat of God. They have being, and substance, understanding, and will; all which, considered within the limits of Nature, cannot but be good. There is nothing but sinne which altereth and depraveth it by the ill usage of it. S. *Cyprian* hath well noted it, when he saith of devils, That they were * spirits impure and sophisticate, who having lost their sincerity and heavenly vigour by the contagion of the vices of the earth, and, who being once lost, cease not to ruine men. From thence we behold, that as in adulterated merchandize

Diligis omnia quæ sunt & nihil odisti eorum quæ fecisti. Sap. 11. 25.

Sin corrupteth the goodness of essence in intellectuall creatures. Cypr. de Idol vanit. & à vigore

* Spiritus insinceri, & vagi qui posteaquam terrenis immersi vitiis sunt, cœlesti terreno contagio recesserunt, non desinunt perditi perdere.

and

and false money, there is alwayes some good mixed with the bad; so in these unclean spirits, there is an Intellectuall nature of it self very good, which hath been corrupted by sinne. God cannot but love in them all that is his, as much as he detesteth all which proceedeth from their rebellion: But if there be any thing lovely in creatures so miserable and forsaken, which is worthy to entertain the heart of God; how can we have an Aversion against so many other things which rest (as yet) in innocency?

God in his Essence accordeth the diversity of all Essences.

It is an admirable thing, that the heart of God is as the Father of Harmonies, and doth within it self accord things the most opposite. For, we know all the world in this sovereign being, is more beautifull, better coloured, and more flourishing then it is in it self; yet there is no contrariety. Water resisteth not fire; heat, cold; drought, moisture; because it is a Sanctuary of Peace, where all diversities conclude in Unity. Greek Histories make mention of certain Temples, as was that of *Adonis*, wherein lions were tractable; that might come to passe from the industry of men, and not out of the virtue of the place, as *Elian* the Historian supposeth: but here we must say, The bosome of God is a true temple of Peace, which makes lions familiar with lambs, and which uniteth all to it self.

Marvellous Temples, where lions were tractable.

Ælian. de animal. l. 12. cap. 25.

The sympathies and antipathies which God hath wisely impressed on Essences, end in union.

But to witnesse unto us, beside, the intention which God hath to dispose us to sympathy, hence is it, that not satisfied to have united all the parts of the world, as those of an Egge, he giveth even to creatures insensible, certain Bands and dumb Amities, which causeth them to seek one after another, and to link themselves together by complacence, as we see to happen in the load-stone and iron, in the amber and the straw, whether it be done by a substantiall form which is hidden from us, or whether it be by transpiration and effluxion of their substances, as the Philopher *Empedocles* thought; and which is more, if this sovereign Workman permit Antipathy among creatures, he hath reduced all to the good of community, since it serves for the conservation of Species which compose the beauty of his Universe. So the contrariety between the Lamb and the Wolf is a perfect incitement to the conservation of this creature, necessary for humane life.

How we ought to govern our Aversions. Nature necessarily brings with it its sympathies and antipathies. Fracast de sympath. & antipath. l. c. 13. a

Some one may here say, that by perswading too much, I perswade nothing: for, if we admit sympathy for all which God hath created, we then must love serpents and poisons; we must miserably satisfie our hunger with all impure viands, which cannot be done without destroying the principles of nature which necessarily hath its Appetites to good, and its Aversions from many things contrary unto it. To that I answer, we cannot wholly live without Sympathy and Antipathy: For we well know that the knowledges of the Senses, of the Imagination, of the Understanding come to us by the help of Species which represent unto us, the quantity, figure, form, habit, motion, and rest of things; but above all, the accord, and dissonance from whence commonly arise in our soul two affections, the one of Dilatation, and the other of Restriction: For as the soul dilates and spreadeth it self to things which are delightfull to it; So it draws back, and foldeth it self up at the sight of all is unpleasing to it, very well witnessed even in the members of the body, which extend or contract themselves, according as matters are agreeable or disagreeable to the heart. We do not here intend to stifle all the first motions which are not in our power, insomuch as they are invincible and inevitable. It were to no purpose to make long discourses to a man to exhort him, not to have some small quaking in his body, when on a sudden cold water is thrown upon him, or not to wink with his eyes when a glittering sword is presented, as it were to strike him, or not to have some dizzinesse in the head, by beholding a precipice from a place on high: For all that is naturall, and may happen to men the most moderate.

The first motions are for the most part inevitable. Senec. l. 2. de Ira. cap. 2.

We do not likewise say, that we must not flie, not onely by the first Motives of Nature, but also out of Election and Reason, all that which is hurtful to the body and health. *No man* (saith the Apostle) *hateth his own flesh, but cherisheth and entertaineth it as long as he can, therein imitating the tenderness of affection which Jesus Christ hath for his Church.* I adde, that it is not also my intention to perswade, that one should not seek, in the care of his life, things the most commodious, so much as Justice and Reason will permit. *We must bear with servitude* (saith this foresalledged Oracle) *if we be engaged in this condition, but if one can become free, I advise him rather to make choice of liberty.* Yet we are not ignorant, but that there are many good men who by the power of virtue afflict their bodies, and preferre contempt above all which the world esteemeth, that they may conform themselves to the suffering of our Saviour.

One may reasonably fly that which is in any wise hurtfull.

Nemo enim unquam carnem suam odio habuit, sed nutrit & fovet eam, sicut & Christus Ecclesiam. Ephes. 5. 29.

To seek by lawfull wayes ones petty accommodations, is not a thing of it self to be alwayes condemned. Servus vocatus es? non sit tibi curæ, sed & potes fieri liber, magis utere. 1 Cor. 7. 21.

But to rest within the limits of * Civil life, I say, that although we may innocently use the blessings of God, and put nature to its small pittances; yet we must take heed of becoming too suspicious, too nice, and too apprehensive of those things which are not according to our appetites; for otherwise there happen great disturbances, and irksome confusions of mind which thrust the health of our soul into uncertainty.

* One must take heed of being too curious.

It is a hard thing not to feel some incommodities, life being so full of them.

First, when a spirit is too much tied to its skin, and too much bent to flie all the contrarieties of nature; it is very beggarly and suppliant towards its body, which is not done without much care: For life being replenished with great and little incommodities, from which Kings themselves cannot be wholly exempt: If one apprehend them too much, he must live like a man who would perpetually shut his eyes for fear of flies, and imploy (almost) all his time which is so precious in the service of the flesh.

God himself permitteth it also. Timor quem timebam evenit mihi, & quod verebar accidit. Job 3. 25.

Secondly, God for punishment of this niceness, will suffer that all we most fear shall happen to us: a man many times falleth into mischiefs even by fearing them. Death seems to be onely for cowards, and when one seeks for liberty by unworthy wayes, then he is involved in the greatest servitude.

One puts himself upon the hazard to live alwayes in insupportable anxiety. Debitores sumus non carni, ut secundum carnem vivamus. Rom. 8. Hier. in epist. ad Agiat. Non est dolenda in Deum, & secura confessio quotidie credentis in Christum, tollit Crucem suam, & negat se ipsum. Bern. ser. 85. in Cant. Fuge ad illum qui adversatur, per quem talis fias, cui jam non adversatur.

Thirdly, one is in danger to fall into much discouragement and into sad despair, when he sees himself slipped into matters troublesome and very vexing, since he sought to avoid the lightest. For which cause the Sages counsel us, willingly to accustome our selves a little to evill, and of our own accord to harden our selves, to the end, that when it shall come, necessity may make that more supportable, which we have already assayed by prudence. *We owe nothing to flesh to live according to flesh*, saith S. *Paul*: and S. *Hierome* in the Epistle he wrote to *Aglasius*, clearly giveth him to understand, *That the Profession of Christianity is not a Profession nice and lazy; a true Christian every day beareth the Crosse, and renounceth himself.* S. *Bernard* said as much in one of his Sermons upon the Canticles: *Fly* (saith he) *to your beloved persecutour, that you may find the end of your persecutions in the accomplishment of his will.* It is a determination from heaven that we should see before our eyes so many great religious men and women most austere, whom the divine Providence seems to propose unto us, to extend, and glorifie the Crosse of Jesus Christ, and shew, that all is possible to the love of God.

§ 3. *The*

§ 3. *The Consideration of the indulgent favours of Jesus Christ towards Humane Nature a powerfull remedy against the Humour of Disdain.*

The example of our Saviour serves for another strong remedy to sweeten our Aversions.

IF we be not yet throughly perswaded by these reasons; the example of our Saviour ought to make us ashamed: For when we more nearly consider his life, we find that he onely did not shew an Aversion from things despicable, but chose the most abject, and contrary to Nature.

Ask of you, what attractive was there in humane nature, to draw him from the highest parts of the heavens to its love? What saw he in it but a brutish body, a soul in the most inferiour order of Intelligencies, all covered over with crimes, wholly drenched in remediless miseries? and yet laying aside those beautiful Angels who did shine as Aromatick lamps in his eternall Temple; he came upon earth to seek for this lost creature, prodigall of his substance, a foe to his honour, injurious to his glory: and not content to reconcile it to his father, he espoused it, and united it to himself with a band indissoluble, putting it into the possession of all his greatnesse, to surcharge himself with its miseries. This is it, which is so notably described by the Prophet *Ezechiel*, when he sets before our eyes a miserable ungracious wretch, cast forth upon the face of the earth, wallowing in ordures, abandoned to all sorts of injuries, and scorns, whom the Prince of glory looketh on with his eyes of mercy, taketh him, washeth, clotheth, adorneth, and tyeth him to himself by the band of marriage.

Eras nuda, & confusione plena; & transivi per te, vidi te, & expandi amictum meum super te, & operui ignominiam tuam. Ezech. 16.

Displicentes amati sumus, ut gereret in nobis unde placeremus. Concil. Arausican.

We naturally have so much Aversion from persons misshapen, nasty, and infected, that we cannot look upon them; but if with these defects, we also there find a soul wicked, ungratefull, an enemy to God and men; we then conceive such horrour, that one had need to be more then a man, to endure them. Now, we were in this estate, which I speak of; for besides the misfortunes and calamities which encompassed us on all sides, we were enemies to God, by having been too much a friend to our selves; and which is more, we could not have one silly spark of love for him, if it were not inspired into us by himself: mean while he accepteth us, and appropriateth us to himself among all these contrarieties. He out of his goodnesse will not lose him, who through his own malice delighteth to lose himself; he then stretcheth forth his hand unto him, when the other turns his back, the one flyeth, and the other pursueth this fugitive with the pace of his charity, even into the shadow of death. He calleth him, he flatters him: he courteth him, and not content to pardon him a crime; he promiseth him a Kingdome. What may one say of so profuse a Bounty!

Nec peremptum perire patitur, nec abavertitur; sed fugientem pacatâ charitate insequitur, revocat, blanditur, & exprobrationem ingratitudinis non sibi sed ipsum homini imputat, sed & regnum promittit. Fulgent. Abbas l. 3. de gratia.

The humours of the world are quite contrary to the designs of God.

How can we in the world so greedily seek for all the contentments of nature, seeing the God of nature so roughly handled in the world, which he built with his own hands? we cannot abide the singing of a fly, a noise, a smoke, the sight of a thing which is in any sort displeasing: a world must be made of gold and silk to satisfie our desires. *Jesus* is the sign of a Contradiction, reverenced in appearance, and in effect used as a thing of nought. O how divinely hath Saint *Augustine* expressed the humour of a worldly man, an enemy to the life of God, in the book he wrote of the Christian Combat! *Jesus* was not wise enough, according to the opinion of the world; He hath indifferently taken upon himself all that which his heavenly Father would, not shewing any Aversion, from things the most distastefull.

Displicet avaris quòd non corpus aurcum habuit; displicet impudicis, quia ex virgine natus est; displicet superbis quòd contumelias sapienter pertulit, displicet delicatis quòd crucianus est displicet timidis quòd mortuus est. Et unum vitia sua videntur defendere unum in hoc dicunt sibi hoc displicere sed in filio Dei. August. de agone Christiano.

This is it which is hard to digest; It displeaseth the covetous, that he coming into the world hath not brought with him a body of gold and pearl. It displeaseth the luxurious that he was born of a Virgin. It displeaseth the proud, that he so patiently suffered injuries: It displeaseth the nice, that he endured so many afflictions and torments: Lastly, It pleaseth not the humorous, that he dyed. Prophane spirits cease not to say, but how can that be done in the person of God? and in stead of correcting their vices (which are very great) they find cavills at the perfections of *Jesus Christ*, which are most innocent.

§ 4. *The Conclusion, against Disdain.*

It is a shame to have an Aversion against one for some defect of body, or some other deformity of nature, when we are bound to love him.

WIll we still out of humour love things pleasing to sensuality, and have a perpetuall distaste against all which may maintain virtue?

A Father and a Mother, to have an aversion against their own children, under colour that they have some defect in nature; and in stead of regarding them with an eye full of pity and compassion to comfort their infirmities, wipe away their tears, and provide for the necessities of their life, to leave them at randome in the storm: and if out of necessity we must do them some good, to throw them out bread in an anger, as if they had committed a great crime to come into the world, in that rank which the providence of God had prepared for them; what a shame is it to entertein amities and petty loves onely to please flesh and bloud; that if the eyes find not contentment, the heart will no longer observe fidelity!

This creature, which hath heretofore been so much beloved, is now forsaken, rejected, and used like an excommunicate, having no other crime but some deformity of body, some infirmity or other accident, nothing at all in its power to remedy.

A husband, traiterous to Altars, and to the Sacrament of Marriage, barbarously useth a wife who brought with her the wealth of her parents, and her own heart and body, in lawfull wedlock: but now this carnall man taken in the snare of his lust by a wretch and a prostitute, rejecteth a lawfull wife, as if she were a serpent or the froth of an enraged Sea, elsewhere to satiate his brutishnesse, to the prejudice of his reputation, and the death of his soul. Must I here produce the actions of Infidels, to confound ours?

Luciamus in Toxaride. A generous act of a Pagan, who teacheth us powerfully to command over our Aversions.

One *Menippus* relateth in Lucian, How that he one day seeing a man, comely, and of eminent condition passing along in a Coach with a woman extreamly unhandsome, he was much amazed, and said, he could not understand why a man of prime quality and of so brave a presence should be seen to stir abroad in the company of a monster. Hereupon one that followed the Coach overhearing him said (Sir) you seem to wonder at what you now see; but if I tell you the cause and circumstances thereof, you will much more admire. Know, this Gentleman whom you see in the coach, is called *Zenothemis*, and born in the City of Marseilles, where he heretofore contracted a firm amity with a neighbour-citizen of his, named *Menecrates*, who was at that time one of the chief men of the City as well in wealth as dignities: But as all things in the world are exposed to the inconstancy of fortune, it happened that having (as it is thought) given a false sentence, he was degraded of honour, and all his goods were confiscated. Every one avoided him as a Monster, in this change of fortune; but *Zenothemis* his good friend as if he had loved miseries, not then, more esteemed him in his adversity, then he had done in prosperity, and bringing him to his house, shewed him huge treasures, conjured him to share them with him, since such was the laws of amity: the other weeping for joy to see himself so entertained in such sharp necessities; said, he was

not so apprehensive of the want of worldly wealth, as of the burthen he had in a daughter, ripe for marriage, and willing enough, but blemished with many deformities. She was (saith the history) but half a woman, a body misshapen, and limping, an eye bleared, a face disfigured, and besides, she had the falling sickness with horrible convulsions. Nevertheless this noble heart said unto him. Trouble not your self about the marriage of your daughter, for I will be her husband. The other astonished at such goodness, God forbid (saith he) I lay such a burthen upon you. No, no, replyeth the other, she shall be mine, and instantly he married her, making great feasts, whilst the poor Father was rapt out of himself with admiration.

Having married this miserable Creature, he honoured her with much regard, and made it his glory to shew her in the best company, as a trophey of his friendship. In the end she brought him a goodly son, who restored his grand-father to his estate, and was the honour of his family.

O good God! A man of the world, to speak, and do all this for worldly vanity, to command over himself in all the great aversions of nature, to content a friend! To act all these admirable prodigies, in sight of all the world for the satisfaction of a morall virtue; And can it become us to play the nicelings, and so much to give way to our aversions; to forsake the law of God, Nature, and our own salvation! Will we never understand the saying of Saint *Justine*; That to live according to the propensions of Nature, is not to live like a Christian?

The fifth Treatise, Of DELECTATION.

§ 1. *That Delectation is the scope of all Nature: Its Essence, Objects, and Differences.*

God hath made all creatures to have Delectation.

GOd seemed to have made all things for *Delectation*, since even Creatures which have no soul nor reason have a dead Delectation applyed to the place, and end for which they were made. Had fire sense; it would triumph for joy to see it self in an eminent place: and a stone would receive contentment to be below: the Iron would smile to feel it self enchained by the charms of the Adamant, and a straw, to behold it self caught by the Amber.

Now for as much as these things are without judgement; all their joy consisteth onely in the cessation of their motion, which is done when they are arrived at their proper elements. Creatures the most eminent have a sensitive knowledge of things agreeable to them, and do infinitely rejoyce in their possession and fruition; But, man, who worketh by more powerfull and exalted engines of reason, is created to participate in Joy, not by a dead Action, but by an understanding, and a reasonable fruition. And that you may the better conceive, wherein the joy of a reall Man consisteth; you must know, it is composed of four things, the first

Four things compose the solid delectation of man.

whereof, is, that to receive; one must have an object pleasing and delightfull, wch is as the basis of rejoycing: and secondly, a facultie capable to conceive, and know this object which in it self naturally disposeth to *Delectation*; from whence it cometh to passe, that a Beast will hear the bravest and best Lutenist in France without any pleasure; because, it hath not ears to judge of it: thence we must go to a third degree which is an affection toward this object, otherwise, had it all the perfections in the world, there is no contentment taken therein; from whence it cometh that devils, albeit they have a certain presence of the sovereign of all objects, which is God, and have a certain knowledge of him; they cannot find any repose therein, because they love him not. To conclude; the accomplishment of pleasure is the presence, possession, and fruition of the good which is known to us, and which we love: For from thence proceedeth a sweetness, vitall, lively, and

Why devils love not God, whom they know to be so amiable.

delicious, which poureth it self forth into the bottome of our souls, and diffuseth it self upon our senses, as a gentle dew falling on plants. See what joy doth, if you have never well tryed it; which is indeed nought else but a satisfaction of the soul in the enjoying what it loves.

But now at this present, to expresse all the objects, and particular causes thereof, is a discourse which rather extendeth in length, then establisheth any solid verity; Yet, I think one may undertake to affirm there are three sorts of joy: some are wholly divine and inspired, as those of holy Confessours, Virgins, and Martyrs, who rejoyce in the practice of virtues, in austerities, and torments; others are indifferent, partly humane and civill, as are the pleasures we take in the beauty, and diversitie of naturall things, honest amities, and sciences, in honour and estimation, in the successe and prosperity of affairs, and in the exercise of great charges: Others come from the Base Court, and from animall nature, as are the pleasures of eating and drinking, of feasts, of banquets, of love, of dancing, of sports, of playes, and of jesting.

Three sorts of joy.

Every one measureth his likings by his own nature and condition, and one may truly say, that pleasure is not properly in things exteriour, but in the interiour of our wills and appetites. See we not, that all colours have no lustre in the night-time, and that necessarily light must awaken, and put them in possession of being coloured? so, all objects in the world are of the same nature; they are dumb, dead, and insensible, unlesse the ray of our will reflects on them to actuate them, to set them a-work, and of them to make matter of our delight.

Contentments rather in the will, then in pleasing objects.

If pleasure sprang from the quality of creatures, it would be alike in all hearts, and never would any thing, which is pleasing to one, be irksome or distastfull to another: but sith we see so many diversities in the contentments of particulars and that one self-same man is sometimes displeased with that he hath most affected; we may well say, there is some secret in joy which is not derived from any thing else, then it self. *Chiron* could not endure to be a feigned God, because he daily saw the same things. *Polycrates* was impatient to have Felicity fixed upon him, and sought, of his own accord, to become unfortunate, as one glutted with his own happinesse.

There are a thousand fantasticall tricks in a spirit over-much contented with worldly blessings, needs must our appetite in the same tone meet with objects, to accomplish our felicity: Wherefore it much importeth to habituate it in delight, which ariseth from things good, and laudable, to purchase its joyes at a low rate, to have them continually within ones self, without begging them from elsewhere, which will never happen

but

but by flight from unlawfull lusts, and by the application of our minds to things divine, For which purpose I will here represent unto you the reproach of evil pleasure, that you may adapt your selves to the sources of the delights of God.

§ 2. *The Baseneſſe and Giddineſſe of ſenſuall Voluptuouſneſſe.*

The essence of this Passion.

VVIcked pleasure is an inordinate delight in ſenſuall things, proceeding from a ſoft, nice, and effeminate ſoul which adhereth to its fleſh, and exceſſively loveth it, and which alſo oft proceedeth from a ſpirit become cold in the love of God, and darkned in the knowldge of the bleſſings of the other life, from bad education, and from many vitious habits contracted in youth: ſtrange is the dominion of fleſh, and admirable the ſway of pleaſures.

Delubrum voluptatis Iſa. 13, 21.

Figure unto ynur ſelf that you in a Table ſee that Edifice. which the Prophet *Eſay* calleth, *The temple of pleaſure*. It is a houſe of delight, where one entrethin by five gates which are all crowned with Roſes, and carry the badge of youth, and proſperity. The five gates are the five ſenſes, by which all the paſſages are made into carnall pleaſure, and which according to their nature are perpetually put upon ſenſuall pleaſures, and vain delights of the world: when one entreth into this houſe, he inſtantly feels the ſmoke of meats, he heareth a great noiſe in the Kitchin, and mixed with it a conſort of diſſolute people who chaunt, that, whch thoſe miſerable ſouls ſung in the booke of *Wiſdome*. *Come, let us enjoy preſent bleſſings, and let us not torment our minds with the time to come; let us make much of creatures while they are in our power; let us take proſperity by the wing, Whilſt youth ſmileth on us. Let us ſpare neither rich wines nor perfume: the flower of time flyeth away, lay hold of it who can: Let us make coronets of roſes before they wither, and let there not be a meadow wherein our ſenſuality wantonly ſporteth not.*

Venite fruamur bonis quæ ſunt, & utamur creaturâ tanquam in juventute celeriter, vino pretioſo, & unguento nos implea mus: & non prætereat nos flos temporis; coronemus nos roſis, antequam marceſcant, nullum pratum ſit quod non pertranſeat luxuria noſtra.

Then we behold a great number of thoſe drunkards, of whom the Prophet *Eſay* ſpeaketh, who are upon the ſide of a river, called the *Forgetfulneſſe of God*: ſome of them are frizeled, powdered, muſquefied; others ſmoke-dried, high-coloured, and Fiery-faced; others pale, meager, and out of countenance: ſome drink, eat, and make good chear ſo prodigiouſly, that Nature doth even burſt for anger: ſome toy, ſport, and triſle among women of their own humour: others fumble upon a Lute, ſing airs and prattle to pleaſe themſelves: others ſhuffle Cards, ſhake dice, and pitch battel at the ſound of money: others deſign ſtrange new dances in their fantaſies: and to conclude; all of them have no other aim, but the ſatisfaction of ſenſe, and the ſlavery of the fleſh.

The image of nice ones.

You ſee likewiſe among theſe heapes very many of ſuſpicious nicelings, who have as great a care of their health, as if the Species of men were to fail in themſelves. There are many people, who never by experience knew of what colour the Criſping of day was, and who aſwell alſo may vaunt, as the Sybarite, that they never ſaw the ſun either riſing or ſetting. Alchymiſts labour to turn copper into gold; but theſe men commonly turn day into night, and ſeek for elements apart to diſtinguiſh themſelves from other men, as being not made of the ſame matter with the reſt. They perpetually pick quarrels at the air, the winds, the ſeaſons; and there is ſcarcely a day clear enough for them: they muſt keep their chambers, learn the trick of dining in their beds, to beware of Planets, and Moons (as great enemies) and to fear the *Serene* as if it were ſome flying ſerpent, which came to rob them of their life: heat, cold moiſture, drought, travell, the way, are hoſtilities with them, againſt which they proclaim an everlaſting war. All theſe kinds of people would willingly make *Epicurus* his vow, which is, never to have any trouble, nor ever would they be diſpenced within it. If there be the leaſt ſhadow of ſome ſickneſſe; Phyſitians upon Phyſitians muſt be conſulted with, all the world muſt be enterteined with an imaginary evil, remedies muſt be ſought for, on all ſides; Druggs every hour, and of all kinds ſent for, ſo long, untill they have made an Apothecaries ſhop of thier bodies. But if really they be ſick; *Hippocrates* and *Galen* muſt be raiſed again, to feel their pulſe, ſo few Phyſitians they find to their liking, and then battels muſt be waged to take a medicine, or to receive a prick of the lancet, if peradventure the apprehenſion of it be lodged in the giddineſſe of their brains. When Death comes to look on them, he muſt have a gilded Maſk on, and be clothed with a garment of white ſattin, embrodered with pearles, and a little ſithe of Chryſtall put into his hands, or a ſilver dart, for they extreamely fear the ſtroke.

Laſtly, to be ſhort, you in this lodging obſerve infinite many who never make uſe of their feet, and as little of their head, but to trouble all the world: ſuch as cannot eat one morſell but with ſilver forks, nor cannot ſpit but upon the ſame metall; ſuch, whoſe viands muſt be more choiſe then were uſed in thoſe antient feaſts of falſe gods; There is not a Cook, a Groom, nor a maid-ſervant can content them; ſo many faſhions, ſingularities, and ſervices there are about them: you would ſay their life is a continuall ſacrifice repleniſhed with ceremonies. Every day they muſt be upon change of officers, and he who accommodateth not himſelf to their humour, is their open enemy. Were it not better for one to dy a thouſand times, or to live all the dayes of his life attending the moſt skittiſh Mule that is, then do ſuch ſervice to his body?

§ 3. *The Sublimity, Beauty, and Sweetneſſe of Heavenly delights.*

Remedies, True contentment is in God.

VVRetched Soul! if thou yet art not grieved to lead a life, an enemy to the Croſſe, odious to Reaſon, inſupportable to men: and if thou ſeekeſt joy and contentment, for which, it ſeemes to thee, we are born; lift up thine eye, and behold, delight in its ſource, which thou wilt never find but in the houſe of God. The wine of Palmes makes all other wine unſavoury, and men to be temperate; So the contentment which commeth from things divine, blotteth out the memory of all ſenſuall delectations.

Melior eſt racemus Ephraim vindemiis Abiezer. Judic. 8. 2.

One grape alone of Ephraim is better worth, then all the vineyards of Abiezer. One ſole pleaſure taken in heavenly objects, is a thouſand times more to be eſteemed then all the contentments in the world, whoſe deſire is nothing but fire; fruition, but diſturbance; and loſſe, but repentance. All the pleaſure of God is in God himſelf. He hath his Halls, his orchard, his delights, his Cabbinet, and his Paradiſe in his own boſome: he alone is an infinite good to himſelf, and ſuſtinent in all the latitudes of his beatitude: he enjoyeth it from all eternity, having no need of any creature, to augment the pleaſure of it, and to accompliſh the glory of it: and, if of neceſſity he muſt have company, and amity to make up an accompliſhed good; he never needed more then the moſt ſweet and lovely ſociety which he fouud before all Ages in the Trinity of perſons, amongſt whom there is a ſovereign Communication of bleſſings, joy, counſels, and nature. Now, it is an admirable thing that the ſame good which God out of neceſſity hath for himſelf, he hath prepared for us through Charity; and will we have any other Paradiſe, then himſelf! Maſters will not have any thing common with

God poſſeſſing himſelf enjoyeth his contentment.

their ſervants, and if they could, they would not breathe the air wch ordinary people daily draw in without any difference; but would create another more pure and delicate, for their own uſe. God, all good, and all bounteous, doth quite contrary: For, all that, which is greateſt, moſt rare, and moſt to be wiſhed, is beatitude which boundeth the deſires of all the world; and he hath ſhared it with us, not dividing it, ſith he will, that every one of us poſſeſſe it without diviſion, as he enjoyeth himſelf without diſtinction of felicity between perſons. O what a ſhame is it, that a ſoul created for the delight of God, beggeth its contentment from an ape, from a parrot, from ſome ſauce, from a dance, or other thing more contemptible!

Three conſiderable qualities in the bleſſings of God.

The bleſſing of God hath three things, obſerved by S. *Thomas*, which marvelouſly recommend it, to wit, that it is moſt generall, moſt intimate, and moſt durable. If we found the like qualities in the pleaſures of the fleſh; I ſhould think they were wiſe, who provided themſelves of them: but if there be nothing leſſe in them, then all that which a well-rectified ſoul may deſire; why purſue we them, to enflame our thirſt and provoke our appetites? as for what concerneth Generality; the benefits of ſenſe have this want; they never generally delight, ſith the train of the Peacock, which pleaſeth the eye with its diverſified paintings, contents not the taſte at all; and that which pleaſeth the taſte doth not neceſſarily pleaſe either the touching, or ſmelling. Otherwiſe doth gold recreate, and otherwiſe delight; every creature hath its property and nature which limitteth the virtue thereof within a certain circumference: God is the object which gathereth together all delights, as he uniteth all bleſſings. O man, thou calleſt here under the little of Contentment, all that pleaſeth thee: *Thy gold is thy contentment, and thy Farm thy contentment, and thy life thy contentment; but God is a contentment which includeth all other pleaſures: among theſe objects which charm thy ſenſes, that which is ſilver cannot be gold, and that which is wine cannot become bread, and that which is light cannot ſerve thee for drink: but thy God is that alone which conteineth the models of all pleaſures to be imagined.*

Aurum tuum pax eſt, prædia tua pax, Deus tuus pax, quicquid hic deſideras, pax tibi erit, quia hoc aurum quod tibi eſt, non poteſt eſſe argentum: quod vinum eſt, non poteſt eſſe panis: quod tibi lux eſt, non poteſt eſſe potus; Deus tuus totum erit tibi. Aug. in Pſal. 36. ſerm. 1.

Secondly, if we regard the manner of delighting; all pleaſures of ſenſe paſſe but to the outward skin: and if they come to penetrate farther; they beat down our ſenſes which are not long able to bear an object ſo violent, although it be guſtfull and pleaſing. Our ſoul alone, as it is in its nature, is not mingled with that matter which tyeth things corporall: It hath a capacity almoſt infinite of not being weary of its object; and God who is a ſpirit-Creatour pierceth in into the bottome, and overfloweth it with eternall felicities. For, as for the third conſideration, we ſee all ſenſuall delectations paſſe along like a torrent which runs through a vally: but the bleſſings of God ever flow with an affluence which never dryeth, and therefore *Hugh* of S. *Victor* very well compared the favours of heaven to a miraculous oyl, which the Prophet *Elizeus* obtained by his prayer for the good widow: for as ordinarily oyl daily decreaſed in the veſſels wherein it was put; this, quite contrary, ſo multiplyed through the bleſſing of the Saint, that the woman was enforced to ſay, ſhe had no more veſſels to put it in. And how many ſee we in the world, who keep a wicked ſlight pleaſure as a drop of corrupt oyl which comes to nothing, and fadeth away as if it be not ſpent; whereas the conſolations of heaven do ſometimes ſo fruitfully overflow upon faithfull ſouls, that they confeſſe they have not a heart large enough ro contein them! O ſoul really penurious, worthy of all the poverties on earth; whom the riches of heaven cannot ſuffice! what haſt thou to do with thoſe ſtanding puddles of Egypt which do onely enflame thirſt in thy veins? wilt thou never ſeek for thy refreſhment in the Ciſterns of *Bethleheem*?

Hugo. l. 1. Miſcellaneorum. tit. 3. Ad oleum mundi vaſa deficiunt, oleum mundi in vaſis deficit.

§ 4. *The Paradiſe, and joyes of our Lord, when he was on earth.*

Our Lord paſſed all his life in contentments which were neceſſarily due to him, to give us an example to wean our ſelves from them. Hic eſt filius meus dileſtus in quo mihi bene complacui. Mat. 17.5.

LEt us, in the ſecond inſtance, behold what joyes and what pleaſures the incarnate word made choiſe of in this life; ſince it muſt ſerve us for a modell. Verily, were there a man in the world worthy to live in perpetuall delight; it was he, in whom the heavenly Father had choſen to place his heart, his joyes, and contentments: It is he, who is called by Saint *Auguſtine the ſummary of all power, the Treaſury of virtues, the flower and quinteſſence of contentments, the ſweetneſſe of delights, and the perpetuall banquet of Angels*. As ſupremely potent; he might afford himſelf all the pleaſures of Monarchs: as correſpondently virtuous; he might ſanctifie them in his own perſon: As being in poſſeſſion of the moſt pure delight (in ſuch ſort that the onely aſpect of his face ſerved for a delicious feaſt to all the bleſſed ſouls;) he ſeemed to be inſeparable from joy: He notwithſtanding would take ſo poor a part in the comforts of the world that he, who will conſider and behold the whole Table of his life from the time of his birth to his death, ſhall find he choſe the life of a Halcyon who liveth among thorns, whereof her neſt is made, and on the trembling agitation of waters, which ſerve it for a moving chariot. The life of *Jeſus Chriſt* was a thorny life among a thouſand difficulties which invironed it on all ſides, a life toſſed with a thouſand afflictions, which afforded him no reſt, a life like unto a piece of Tapeſtry wrought with threads of gold, wherein there was nothing but thickets of bryers and brambles. Good God! if we be threatned by ſome evil; we try all manner of helps, we offer vows to all the ſaints, and make heaven and earth to conſpire (if we can) to free us from it: we beſeech God to do miracles in our behalf, that we may ſuffer nothing; and he doth a perpetuall one in himſelf, to endure all which a ſupreme cruelty could invent, and an equall patience ſuffer. He permitted ſadneſſe to ſettle on him even in the boſome of Beatitude, as if a King ſhould give a ſergeant leave to bring him a ſummons in the midſt of the pleaſures of his Table. The two moſt triumphant daies of his mortall life ſeem to be, that, of his Tranſfiguration, and that, whereon he made his magnificent entranee into Jeruſalem; And yet on this; he wept, as moiſtning his triumph with tears from his eyes: and on the other, *Moſes* and *Elias*, who appeared by his ſides, to ſerve as Oratours in his praiſes, ſpake of that he was to fulfill in Jeruſalem (to wit) of his exceſſive ſufferings, as if one had proclaimed to *Ceſar* the ſentence of his death, at the inſtant when he entred into his Ivory chariot; to be drawn by four white horſes. *Jeſus Chriſt* was at that time in a body all reſplendent with lights, which was as a chariot to his ſoul, and he would, to be enterteined with his paſſion, mingle the Cypreſſe with the lawrell. I do not wonder the Fathers have applyed to him the paſſage of *Geneſis*; *I will put my Bowein the clouds:*

Totius poteſtatis ſumma, theſaurus virtutum, flos delectationum amœnitas deliciarum, convivium Angelorum. Aug. hom in Exurgens Maria.

This, verily was the Rainbowe of the Celeſtiall Father, which ſhone, and ſhowred both at one time; For we ſee, this goodly Meteor, all compoſed of clouds of glory which ſerve as a Mirrour for the ſun, ceaſeth not to pour down it ſelf in rain upon our heads; ſo, the Saviour of the world in the pavillion of the Beatitude of his ſoul all covered over with fires and lights, had eyes weeping over the ſins, and miſeries of men. Where think you were his joyes? S. *Auguſtine* will tell you, the ſoul of *Jeſus Chriſt* was perpetually content, becauſe it was drenched in God his father, as a drop of dew

Arcum meum ponam in nubibus. Gen. 9.

Aug. lde Incarnatione Verbi-

dew in the Ocean: It was ever in the place of pleaſures which were born with it. All it thought, all it did, all it aimed at, was nothing but God: and from this ſo perfect union, waited on by immortall ardours of his love, it derived its Immutability.

The ſoul (beſides theſe delicious Torrents of beatifick viſion which overflowed it) drew its conſolations from the very ſufferings it endured for the glory of the Divine Majeſty. It drew them from the deſtruction of Idols, and from the confuſion of devils which yelled being now deſpoiled under its feet, from the exaltation of the Church in ſufferings and perſecutions, from the glory of ſo many ſouls who ſailed from the red ſea of their bloud to eternall rewards, from ſo many holy Virgins who were to follow the ſtandard of the purity which his Mother did firſt of all place on his Altars, from ſo many Doctours who ſhould be born to beat down hereſie in ſo many battels which were to be waged throughout the revolution of Ages, from ſo many Confeſſours who ſhould bedew themſelves with tears of penance, and burn themſelves in a Holocauſt of ſweetneſſe. All was preſented unto it, as in a burning-glaſſe; the rayes whereof reflected in diametre upon its heart to ſet it all on fire, in ſuch ſort, that it was then like to the great Angell of whom the Prophet *Zachary* ſpeaketh, who ſat upon a red horſe among gardens of Myrrhe, which are the Hieroglyphes of love; his red horſe was the ardour of his celeſtiall affection, and the branches of Myrrhe ſo many elect ſouls, which were even then in the Book of Preſcience, wherein he took unſpeakable delight. Zach. 1. 8.

§ 5. *Againſt the Stupidity and Cruelty of worldly pleaſures.*

AND now, (O diſloyall ſoul) to be called to the ſociety of the joyes of the celeſtiall Father, and of the ſonne of God; and to deſpiſe them for a miſerable fanſie of pleaſure! Ah, illuſion! Ah witchcraft! What ſenſe is there to feaſt perpetually, and to live in the profuſe exceſſe of Taſte and gourmandize, which you ſhall one day have more cauſe to curſe, then cheriſh; whilſt ſo many poor Widows, ſo many little Orphans, and people heretofore fortunate, now neceſſitous, even to the extremity of penury, have not dry bread to moiſten it with their tears, before they eat it? When have you enquired after their Calamities? When have you opened an eye to behold them? When have you ſo much as made a ray of mercy to reflect on ſo preſſing and deplorable miſeries? *Go (O thou ungrateſull to God) traitour to thy own ſalvation, enemy of the poore, ſcorn of the rich, and priſon of humane Nature*, who keepeſt it ſhut up in thy bowels of braſſe, not ſuffering it ſo much as to behold its like. What wilt thou anſwer to the voice of the bloud of ſo many poor who will plead againſt thee at the day of judgement, if thou from this time reſolveſt not to cut off thy ſuperfluities, to comfort their afflictions? where wilt thou find any to receive thee into thoſe celeſtiall manſions, if thou doſt not viſit the poor in their Hoſpitals, and Cabbins, abandoned by all the world? Where wilt thou find rewards from heaven, if thou ſoweſt not liberalities on earth? O thou nice wanton who wiltſt perpetually be obſerved according to the giddy fancies of the exorbitant ſpirit; and the many ſufferings which have covered, and ſwallowed up the third part of man-kind never to enter into thy thoughts! Of what fleſh, of what bloud, of what bones doſt thou think thou art made; to deſire here to be ſerved like a demy-God, and to walk on the heads of men? Ignorant of thy ſelf, nay Hangman of thy ſelf, who canſt not live without ſo much prodigality, ſuperfluities, and ſervices; not knowing that the firſt imitation of God is to depend little in the world on ought which concerneth the ſervice of the body. O thou old raven of the Deluge, who ſtill art tied with a long chain of ſervitude, to a wretched piece of Carrion which hath exhauſted the wealth of thy purſe, and brain! Is it then infamous pleaſure for which thou haſt renounced the delights of heaven, for which thou haſt betrayed thy ſalvation, and trampled under foot the bloud of the Teſtament; and thou not yet ſo vouchſafe to open thy eyes, to ſee the headlong ruine which threatneth thee? Unhappy Bacchanalians, who make Temples to be conſecrated among Chriſtians to Idolatrize you; where will you find any place to lodge you in, unleſſe you mean to leap, and skip upon the bloud of the lamb? Hence with riot, curioſity, ſports, feaſts, and diſſolute delights; I pronounce it, I publiſh it aloud, They are the Apoſtacies of Chriſtianity, if you daily go about to countenance their libertiſmes.

Ingrate Deo, tibi ne quam, hoſtis pauperum, divitum nota, carcer naturæ. Chryſol. ſerm. 104.

Traiterous pleaſures, pleaſures enemies of the Croſſe; ſee, ſee at the door of the houſe of theſe Syrens the ſepulchres of Concupiſcence which ſtink, and ſmoke ſtill with the diſaſtrous carrions of thoſe unſatiable bellies which made warre againſt heaven, to have dainties which they no ſooner received into their throats, but the anger of God fell on their criminall heads: and do you think that following their ſteps, you ſhall have better ſucceſſe? See, ſee *Lots* wife turned into a ſtatue of ſalt, who ſtill cryeth out with an eternall voice over the burning ruines of *Sodome*, and ſaith, For having looked back on a voluptuous City, yea on the flames of my puniſhment, behold me changed into a pillar of ſalt, that all poſterity may know, that Bodily Luſts are like unto ſalt water, which well may irritate thirſt, but never can quench it. See, ſee likewiſe thoſe Princes glutted with delights, crucified right againſt the ſunne, which at their death reprocbeth them with their crimes. O voluptuous! O carnall creature! the time will come, when thoſe members which thou wouldeſt not crucifie by a holy mortification on the Croſſe of *Jeſus Chriſt*, ſhall be crucified on the Croſſe of the bad thief, by the pains and torments which the Juſtice of God ſhall ſend thee, and it ſhall be ſaid; Crucifie, Crucifie him againſt the ſunne, that he dying may ſee him whom he hath deſpiſed; that he may ſee the ſun of Juſtice, againſt which he hath ſpit; that he in Idea may ſee the ſplendour of eternall delights which he hath left, to ty himſelf to a dunghill; that dying, *Jeſus* may reproch him with his ſenſualities, his diſſolutions, and ingratitudes. O God, rather hair-ſhirts, ſackcloth, aſhes, ſacks, thorns, faſts, auſterities, and ſharp raſours, then to fall into ſuch ignominy. Num. 11. 34. Gen. 19. 26. Num. 25. 4. Tolle cunctos Principes populi, & ſuſpende eos contra ſolem in patibulis: quia exſorticati cum Moabitibus comederunt ſacrificia Beelphegor. Hic ure, hic ſeca, modò in æternum parcas.

§ 6. *The Art of Joy, and the means how to live contented in the world.*

ONe of the beſt arts in the world is how well to rejoyce, and the man who finds out the myſtery of it, doth more then if he had diſcovered the fountain-head of *Nilus*, or the countreys which produce gold and diamonds. I will give you a brief method of it, to conclude the treatiſe of Delight; and place your ſoul (if you will take ſo much pains as to obey reaſon) in the ſtate of a moſt ſincere tranquillity. The art of Joy.

You muſt firſt of all imagine with your ſelf, that the earth whereon we live, is not the region of joyes, and what induſtry ſoever we may uſe, we ſhall not any long time of our life be impenetrable to cares, and Sadneſſe, which commonly grow from our condition.

It was a fanſie in King *Abenner* to be deſirous to breed up his ſonne in continuall pleaſure, never ſuffering him to be touched with the leaſt impreſſion of ſo Damaſcen.

many discontents, which occurre in the course of mans life. For which purpose he caused him to be educated in a pallace, which seemed to be consecrated to merriments, and delights: all, which Art and nature could do to make a man contented, was shut within this circuit, and the Father permitted not any thing to be presented before his sons eyes, which might have the power any way to displease him. In the end, this happy creature was troubled at his golden Cage, and delicious prison. He had a desire to behold the world: and having before never seen about him but flourishing troups of youth endowed with strength, garb, and health, enjoying full prosperity; he at his going out of the pallace met first a begger, then a leaper; lastly a man all worn with age; which sight instantly moved his heart, touched with much compassion of the miseries of mans life.

Cares enter into us by the gates of the senses, let them be never so well guarded: and if we have not wherewithall to be contristated; our own felicities displease us. Upon which *Symmachus* hath very well observed, that *We are born in the world much rather for sorrows then joyes: pleasures which accost us stay not long with us, they have wings to forsake us, but to say truely, sweetest things in the world are given us for a use as short, as the sence thereof is feeble.* And that which the more is to be lamented, is, that wits the most subtile are ordinarily the least satisfied; they are more greedy of the time to come, more distasted with the present, lesse forgetfull of evil past: They burn themselves with their proper light, and many times, to avoid an honest captivity, they frame themselves a thousand fetters. It is no disgrace, but, the desire of many; to be a beast a little, to live the more in repose; and to leave the tree of Knowledge to gather the fruit of life. Now albeit we cannot arrive in the state of this present world to a fulnesse of felicity; yet there are means somewhat to manage our life, and to lead it in innocent contentments. To reach this happinesse, it is necessary first of all to have a conscience very clean, and free from remorses, from crimes, and from sins, never well expiated; For that is it which lighteth up Torches, and which causeth furies, and Tormentours in the midst of a heart troubled with spectres of its own wickednesse. What joy hath a man who hath God his enemy, and who feels the Divine Justice to shoot lightnings, and shake thunder over his criminal head? nay, may we not say, there's not a moment of his life which is not steeped in the bitternesse of his thoughts? There is not a Thunderclap which seemeth not to roar for him; There is neither an anger in the heavens, nor a menace on the Earth, which seems not to conspire to his ruine. If you have passed your life very innocently; give thanks to God who is the Father of innocency, and the source of Sanctity.

But if by mishap you are fallen into some very grievous sinne; (following the Counsell of Cardinall *Petrus Damianus*) *Mount up to the Tribunall of your understanding, lead your soul to judgement, let your thoughts accuse you, let your reason judge you, let your conscience lift up the sword, let it strike home, let the bloud of teares be seen to stream from the wound, and be you a Martyr of penance, to become a witnesse of the mercies of God.*

It is to mount very high, to come to this first degree, but we must yet passe to the second, which is mortification of passions, because a soul perpetually mastered by its appetites cannot freely breathe the air of the children of God. It was in the confusion of stirres, that the Prophet *Nahum* accomplished his Prophecy. *The voice of the whip, the voice of the impetuosity of wheels, of the neighing horse, and the flaming chariot, of the corvetting horseman, of the glittering sword, and of the lightning lance, where we see nothing but death and ruine.* There is nothing but warres in a passionate spirit, the whip of Gods Justice scourgeth, the wheel of inconstancy there circumvolveth continually, their concupiscence neigheth. Pride walks in Triumph, anger shooteth its invenomed shafts, there virtues are ruined, and vices walk in pomp. And what pleasure can you have in these tumults, and in these nights, drawing so near to Hell!

It is held that pearls have a thick film which darkneth all their lustre; but when they have passed through the entrails of a pigeon which concocteth them by its heat, this skin falleth off, and they get a radiance infinitely beautious. The like happeneth in the matter of a soul troubled with some evil passion; it loseth the lustre which is imprinted thereon by the finger of God, and fadeth in the obscurity of its concupiscence; but if it throw it self into the heart of God, which is the holy Ghost it self, it tempereth the unruinesse of passions by his divine ardours, and is clothed with the most pleasing lights of the Empyreall Heaven, which are the sources of the most innocent delights. What a spectacle is it to see a man master over himself, who walketh according to the levells of God, as the hours by the degrees of the sunne, who preferres conscience before riches, virtue above honour, who will not be knowing but to understand his own ignorance, who desireth not to be potent but to do good, who of his words maketh decrees of wisdome, and of his life, a continuall harmony! Must we not confesse that he entereth into a fortresse, where envy no longer hath a tooth to hurt, calumny no serpentine tongue to sting him, nor fortune darts to strike him? It is not a simple word, but an Oracle of the seventy interpreters, when they said that a man who hath well mastered his passions, is the Physician of his own heart.

Adde to this victory over passions, a good choice of professions and vocations, which are to be exercised in humane life, wherein we necessarily must play some part, and have some reasonable employment to entertain our selves, otherwise Idlenesse oftentimes becomes the seminary of unquietnesse. There are men, who be in the world as dislocated bones in the body, They have hit ill by the mishap of their choice, they are not in the place, where the Divine Providence would have them. A storm of passion hath peradventure thrust one into a Cloister; an infirmity of flesh hath bound another too basely to some poor wedlock: those are bands which wisdome cannot break, although Imprudence hath many times tied them with its hands, we must sweeten them by reason, since they vex us by their necessity. A heart galled by some ill chance, which it knoweth to be incorrigible, hath much ado to find any joy, it must be created by art, seeing we cannot attain it by good luck, It will not be so genuine, but perhaps generous enough. It is a great mystery in matter of contentment, prudently to order the course of ones life, and not to put ones self upon bad businesses; to be guided rather by Counsel, then by passion, to dispose his persons, and family within limits civilly well rectified, neither to make matter for a Comedy of his name, nor for a Tragedy of his manners, to settle his little fortune in a pure tranquillity; not to be offensive, nor to have any enemies but such as have proclaimed enmity against Reason. Great estates are much more uncapable of contentment then mean; they have too great a Train, and in the great extent of their appertenances, they fall the more often upon all kind of hazards; their felicity is a body composed of a million of members, multitude burdeneth them, and the want but of one afflicteth them. We have seen Kings and Princes, who could not be merry, but by stealing themselves from themselves, and by forsaking

Symmach. ep. l. 1. Sic nati sumus ut sæpius adversis fungamur, & bonæ uniuscujusque rei tam brevis usus, quam levis sensus est.

Salmeron in Parab. Evang.

Πεφύκασι ἀνθρωποι ἀργὸν μὴ εἶναι. Eccl. 30. 23. ubi vulgata Exultatio viri est longævitas.

Damian. serm. 30. Ascende tribunal mentis, & temetipsum pertrahe ad judicium quæstionis, cogitatio accuset, animus judicet, pœnitens conscientia velut Carnifex, feriat, lachrymarum rivu vulnus erumpat: Sic per Martyrii similitudinem ad veram pervenies Martyrii dignitatem. Nahum. 3. 2.

forsaking the ensignes of their dignity, to descend to the conversation of more inferiour conditions.

There are many in the world, who are incited by great worldly ambitions, but who having met the golden mean, habituate themselves in their condition, and there to adapt them, as Halcyons to their nest: They have the dew of Heaven, and the fat of the Earth, wealth, children, inheritances, houses, money, health, and friends; they manure the gifts of God, in an assured repose, it seemeth contentments are onely made for such men. Such is the felicity described by the Poet *Martial*. *Wealth which comes by succession not by pains-taking, land which affords a good revenew; a perpetuall fire, no suit, no servitude, a mind contented, a body sound and conveniently strong; a prudent simplicity: friends suitable, domesticks obsequious, a Table without art, night free from cares, and not burthened with wine, a bed not sad, but chaste; sleep which makes the night seem short; to desire to be what one is, and not reach at no more; neither to fear the last day of our life, nor to wish it.* Behold the bounds of humane happinesse, which are well enough expressed according to the opinion of the world; and such as walk these wayes, readily sequester themselves from all disturbances of care, and would not in any sort approve the ceremonious customes of the Jews, who commonly carryed panniers and Hay along with them in a journey, to put them in mind that their ancestours had carried earth and morter in Egypt. But yet we must tell you, it were to make life too beggerly, and too much depending on fortune; to think felicity is included within so narrow bounds. There needeth but a moment to pull down a nest, which a bird hath built with time and pains; nor needeth there also but one misfortune to dissipate all the little Oeconomy of humane prudence.

Martial. Epig. l. 10.

Cunæus l. 1 de Rep. Hebr.

Learn a good lesson of contentment, which shall be, not to rejoyce much at vain and mutable things: to unloose your self, what you may, from sense, and to fly into the region of Angels, therein to find your contentment. There is ordinarily much satisfaction in the commerce one hath with God, in great and worthy actions, in good conversations and pure amities, in the estimation which proceedeth from virtue, in the contemplation of totall Nature therein to find the God of Nature, in the last of the maximes, and verities of our Religion, and (if you be of capacity) in Eloquence, Poetry, Painting Musick, the Mathematicks, in Games which are most spirituall, Histories, Books, meetings of good wits, woods and solitudes. Discharge your delights (as much as you can) from matter, to approch unto those of Paradise. Fix them not on things which are hard to atchieve, and easie to be lost; practise your spirit, to find them in your heart, as a good father of a family, who ever hath wherewith to live, and to feast his guests in his own house. Forget not in the time of fair weather to prevent the storm of humane accidents, and dayly think how you may put your self under covert within your self; but, which is more, into the bosome of God. When *Gyges* his ring was turned towards the world, it made him visible to all there present; but when he drew it back towards himself, he became invisible and impregnable against such as wished him ill. If your quality cause you to look towards the world, and pompously to propose you to the eyes of beholders; remember you must have a Retreat, and innocent invisibilities to vindicate your self from the throng of importunacies.

When you shall have well-grounded the matter of your contentments, then neglect not the form and fashion of them. Imitate not those, who on a sudden drench and drown themselves in pleasure, with a voluntary drunkennesse, which presently deprives them of all pleasure; Distill your joyes, like unto a heavenly dew; moisten your heart, but overflow it not; otherwise it is to be feared in such as are of a very soft temper, lest the approch of excessive joy may cause a great evaporation of spirit, and leave the heart destitute of heat and vigour: which caused *Zeuxes* the painter to die laughing, as he beheld the rough draught of an old woman, which he was a finishing; and the Poet *Philemon*, by seeing an Asse that came to eat figs on his Table.

Howsoever it be, distaste sticks to the extremes of the greatest pleasures, as Canthurides on the fairest Roses. Resemble not those who overflow in their favours, who publish their own prosperities, and tell them to all the world; which raiseth them many envious and maligne spirits who stirre up tempests in their imaginary tranquillity: Rejoyce (said an antient) in your bosome; do all the good you practise from morning till night with pleasure; and when any misadventure befalleth you, ever think it is a great favour from God it went no further, and that the divine providence is satisfied with a little hurt. Call sometimes to your memory the ill daies and dangers you have escaped by the goodnesse of God, that you with the more gust may taste your repose. If you be fortunate, hold you there, and be not like the dog in the Fable, who let go his piece of flesh to catch a shadow. The foolish Idolaters of Egypt, after they had Courted their god *Apis* in so many studied fashions, after they had found him with so much satisfaction, after they had received him with so much applause, killed him to put another in his place. That is it which all senselesse worldly spirits do; they disturb their own pleasures, and themselves, to live to become the conquest of a Chymera of honour, or of some pleasing thing, which keeps them in a perpetuall famine. You are permitted to love the gifts of God, to derive a little tribute of contentment out of all creatures, to restore it to the Authour, to avoid discontented humour, spirits troublesome and complaining, to please your self with good Company: But if you desire to know the mystery of mysteries in pleasure; understand, you shall never find it but when you shall learn to rejoyce in tribulations, out of a desire you have to conform your self to *Jesus Christ*. That is the joy which all the Saints have studied with pain, have found with delight, and have tasted with glory. That is it which Saint *Peter* calleth, *The ineffable, and the glorified*; That which S. *Irmes* said contained the consummation of all comforts: That which Saint *Paul* found in Caverns, S. *Laurence* on the Gridiron, S. *Katharine* on the wheel, S. *Apolonia* in flames; Lastly, That which cometh from the throne of the Lamb, and which with its eternall streams watereth all the plants of *Paradise*.

Exultabitis lætitiâ inenarrabili & glorificatâ. 1. Pet. 1, 8 Omne gaudium. Jac. 1, 2.

The

The sixth Treatise, Of SADNESSE.

§ 1. *Its Description, Qualities, and the Diversity of those who are turmoiled with this Passion.*

The Essence and Image of Sadnesse. Cujus initium excitas obtinet, progressum labor, dolor exitum, error omnia. Petrarch. de remediis.

A Wise man said that man entreth into life, as into a Career, where in the beginning, blindnesse putteth a scarf over his eyes, then delivers him over to labour which giveth him a heavie stone to roll all the length of the life, labour placeth him in the hands of sorrow and Sadnesse; sorrow (which properly is a dislike had against objects contrary to its inclination) exerciseth him principally in the body: Sadnesse, which is a passion of the reasonable Appetite, that filleth the heart with acerbity by the privation of amiable objects, and by the representation of things grievous and opposite to Nature, works upon the soul, which it incessantly afflicteth. Some are slowly wasted by perpetuall languours, others are many times seised on with so much violence that they suddenly dye of it, as it happened to a son of *Gilbert* Duke of *Montpensier*, who yielded up the ghost on the Tomb of his father.

This passion hath for nurse, softnesse of spirit, seeing a soft soul is ordinarily eaten by anxiety, and gnawn by perplexity, as iron is consumed by Rust: It is seated in Melancholy, for the Melancholick are they who most feel the burdens of life, the spirit being deprived of alacrity, which useth to season things the most bitter. Faintnesse and discouragement are ever by its sides to torment it: because they are the two passions which dry up the *Humidum radicale*, quench the heate, drain the source of spirits, and constitute the whole state of its mischief. Round about it fly cares, discontentments, and annoyes; since these are its companions, and most ordinary enterteinments. The heart of it is filled with an infinite number of desires, being our discontentments do multiply according to the measure of our desires; and that he who desireth nothing, quarrels at no body, nor is impatient at the burdens which the providence of God layeth on his shoulders. It liveth on gall, as being nourished by continuall acerbities: It looketh back farre off after contentment, which flieth from it, insomuch as its onely torments consisteth in desiring and not enjoying: It beholdeth it self in a pond of standing water, because such are the objects of sadnesse, which the impatient set before their eyes, to stirre up in them many troubled and uncollected fantasies. Lastly, it is one while, little, crouching, and loutish, with a countenance of lead, and weeping eyes; another while also it is furious, enflamed, and fretfull; to signifie unto us two sorts of impatient men, whereof the one silently bites the bridle, having no means to come to the end of their pretentions: and the other breaks out into extraordinary fury, with intention to tear asunder the obstacles which oppose their designs. Behold the picture of sadneste drawn out of Philosophy and reason. Now, I may well adde, following the conceits of the wise, that I see infinite many in this picture who have not all the same liveries; For the Kingdome of this Passion, is an admirable Purgatory, where punishments are divers, and every one participates of them according to the quality of his apprehension, and the diversity of objects. *Such* (saith S. *Ambrose*) *is the condition of our life, Roses, which before sin grew without thorns, are afterward on all sides armed with sharp-pointed prickles, to teach us that the most smiling fortunes take part in the cares, and miseries of the condition of mortals.*

Spina gratiam floris, humanæ speculum præferens vitæ, quæ suavitatem perfunctionis suæ finitimis curarū stimulis sæpe compungit. S. Ambr. l. 3. Hexameron.

I observe nice impatient ones, who have been bred as it were between silk and cotton, and who never beheld the miseries of the world, but through shadows and clouds, and therefore the use they have taken to be served from their childhood according to their humour, causeth patience to be a matter very extraordinary with them. So you see that upon the least occasion presented of suffering, their weak spirit shrinks within it self, and their tender flesh makes resistanee. These are they of whom the Prophet *Baruch* spake, *My nice ones have walked through hard and rough wayes.* And of whom *Seneca* hath aptly said; *They are ulcers which are irritated when they are lightly touched, or that you make but a shew to do it.* I on the other side observe suspicious Impatient ones, who skirmish with flies, and are tormented upon shadows of affronts which never were, continually ruminating on some slight cold countenance not purposely shewed them, or some word spoken, meerly out of freedome of speech: on the other side, I see of them that are prompt, and sharp, whose bloud quickly comes into their faces, whose eyes sparkle, voice is shrill, fashion turbulent, and veins wholly bent upon revenge, so that they do not long dispute with a yoke, but break it, and runne at randome, where they oftentimes commit as many errours as they go steps. I observe others, who are more bitter then sharp in their Impatience, and in this number I behold many wayward, and prying old men; who still have some accusations to make against the actions of youth. I see many Courtiers discountenanced, many entranced lovers, many officers, servants male and female dismissed, many suitours rejected in their pursuits, many envious, who repine at the prosperity of their Neighbour: on the other part I behold many persons afflicted in the world, one with sickneste, another for the death of a friend, one with contempt, another with slander, one with poverty, another with deformity of body; some with indispositions of mind, and other temporall mishaps. It is of this Sadnesse whereof the Wise-man speaketh, when he saith, that *Even as the moth marreth a garment, and a little worm gnaweth wood, so Sadnesse insensibly eateth the heart of man.*

Impatient of divers qualities.

Delicati mei ambulaverunt viæ difficiles. Baruch. 1. 26.

Prov. 25. Sicut tineæ vestimento, & vermis ligno, ita tristitia viri nocet cordi.

Lastly, I see many miserable creatures, who cease not to find fault with their vocation, and to complain of those who govern them, to accuse the Age, and seasons; and oft-times to call God in question. Some tell their evil to all the world, like unto those sick persons who sought for remedies from all who passed by the gates of their Temples: others hatch their discontent in the bottome of their heart, and have much to doe, that it be not seen in their faces; others publickly drag their Crosse through Currents of water, with murmures and imprecations; of which the Scripture saith: *That the clamour and noise of their exclamations openly brake forth.* Others cannot rest in any place, being weary of all manner of sports, recreation and company: others are vexed at themselves, are dotish, melancholick, frightfull, as if they had some evil spirit in their heart, so much oppression of mind they feel: they neglect all the offices of civill life; yea, and the functions of naturall life, loth any longer to eat or drink, as if they already were in their graves: from thence proceed black fansies, illusions, despair, and a thousand agitations of mind, which cannot be sufficiently expressed. It is Sadnesse which in Scripture is called *a generall Plague.* Verily it is a lamentable thing to see, how we are here handled by the unhappinesse of our passions. I am not ignorant, there are dolours so great, and Sadnesses so

Tumultus murmurationum non absconde-atur. Sap. 1.

Omnis plaga. Eccl. 25. 17.

ſo deep, that an extraordinary grace of God is neceſſary to free a ſoul from it which is touched with it, and to ſet it at liberty; but we muſt likewiſe ſay, that we often betray our Repoſe and Conſcience, by ſuffering ſo many bad ſeeds to grow up in our hearts, which we might kill with ſome reſiſtance of virtue, and ſome ordinary help of the grace of God.

§ 2. *Humane Remedies of Sadneſſe, and how that is to be cured which proceedeth from melancholy and puſillanimity.*

WHilſt the great Genius of Phyſick, *Hyppocrates*, drave away maladies by his precepts and almoſt ſnatched bodies out of the hands of death, one *Antiphon* aroſe in Greece, who envious of his glory, promiſed to do upon ſouls what the other did on mortall members, and propoſed this ſublime invention which *Plutarch* calleth the art of curing of all Sadneſſes: where we may truly ſay, he uſed more vanity, promiſes, and oſtent of words, then he wrought good effects. Certainly it were to be wiſhed, that our age (which is ſo abundant in miſeries) ſhould likewiſe ariſe great comforts to ſweeten the acerbities of the times, to pour oil on the peoples yoke (as the Scripture ſpeaketh) to enter into the interiour of ſo many poor ſouls beaten down with Sadneſſe, and waſted with cares, to draw them out of the ſhadow of death with the firſt raies of ſome felicity. Another *Helena* were needfull to mingle the divine Drug of *Nepenthe* in the meats of ſo many afflicted perſons, who moiſten their bread with their tears before they eat it.

Τέχνῃλυπῶν ἀκεσαι, Plutarch. in vita Io. Rhetorum.

Iſa. 10. 27.

For my part, I think, that to apply a remedy to Sadneſſe, there muſt a diligent conſideration be had of its nature, kind, and quality, for fear that going about to give it comfort, the evil be not exaſperated, or that a medicine be unprofitably applyed.

Four kinds of Sadneſſes

There are Sadneſſes which come from humour, there are which proceed from puſillanimity, others are cauſed by ſcruples, others by an infinite many of irkſome objects which happen in the chances of humane life.

As for thoſe which grow from Melancholick humour, they are deep rooted, as being the inheritances of Nature, and the effects of Temperature. They may notwithſtanding be greatly moderated by prudence, diſcretion, and ſtudy, which one may uſe in overcoming them. It were not to be deſired to cut off all manner of Melancholy at once, when it is born with us, and proportioned to the functions of our mind and motions of our body. It is a land which ſeemeth ſomewhat dry, but it hideth great treaſures. What would become of ſubtilty of wit, weight of judgement in conceits, invention in ſciences, indefatigable labour in affairs, conſtancy in reſolutions, a corrective for light humours, beſeemlineſſe in modeſty, perſeverance in devotion; ſtrength in meditation, conſtancy in ſerious life, patience in contempt exerciſe of humility; if the Melancholick temperature, and Saturnian influence did not thereto contribute ſolidity? It's that which maketh great Captains, ſage Counſellours of State, divine Philoſophers, and the moſt famous Religious: From whence it cometh, that the Antiens called it the paſſion of Demy-gods. Onely heed muſt be taken it run not into ſome exceſſe, and render not nature ſharp, criticall, preſumptuous, inflexible, and odious; For by that means, certain ſpirits too much do ſooth their own humour, uſing therein not any correction, make themſelves among company, that which Aconite is among plants. They are inſupportable in converſation, and oft-times mingling vanity with ſharpneſſe, there is not any thing wherein they will not find ſomewhat to reprehend in words, in ſciences, in affairs, in ſport, in recreation, in voyce, in garb, in habits: and becauſe nothing pleaſeth them, they many times diſpleaſe all the world. It is a great prudence in ſuch as feel themſelves naturally diſpoſed to Melancholy, to cultivate their mind, and to take from it all which may make it harſh by a perpetuall countrepoiſe of ſweetneſſe and mildneſſe. The wicked *Rutilius* thought all the Anachorets and Religious were ſick of *Bellerophon's* diſeaſe, which is a furious ſadneſſe; but he is groſly deceived. For it is undoubted, there are great Religious perſons, who drawing nought out of Melancholy, but ſolidity and conſtancy, do aſſociate unto it, out of virtue, a ſingular ſerenity of life, ſo that it is a hard matter to find any of a humour more pliant and pleaſing. *Palladius* in his *Lauſiac* Hiſtory, maketh mention of a famous Abbot named *Apolon*, who was the father and maſter of about five hundred Monks, whom he maintained in ſo perfect alacrity, that their countenances ſeemed to bear the characters of Celeſtiall tranquillity. There were none ſad, and if any one ſeemed to be touched with heavineſſe, the good Abbot drove it away by his diſcourſe, as ſwiftly as the Northern wind diſpelleth the clouds, ſaying unto them, It was for Jews, for Gentiles, and for ſinners to be contriſtated; but good religious men ought to entertain an eternall commerce with Joy.

Rutilius in Itinerar.

Pallad. in hiſt. Lauſia.

S. *Athanaſius* ſaith of S. *Anthony*, that his face was a looking-glaſſe, wherein God cauſed the ſanctity of his mind to be reſplendent, and that he alwayes ſeemed chearfull, as if the bloomings of his heart had put his venerable face all into bloſſome. So much ſaith *Denis* (ſurnamed the little.) S. *Pachomius* (a man very eminent, who, in body altogether diſſolved with auſterities and maladies) did in converſation retain the vigour of holy alacrity. It is an imitation of the Saviour of the world, who, according to the Prophet *Eſay*, was to be neither ſad nor tempeſtuous. And as pious *Anna* of whom is ſpoken in the firſt book of Kings, forſook all the countenances and crabbed looks which ſadneſſe cauſed in her ſo ſoon as ſhe had conceived the little *Samuel*: ſo we muſt inferre, that a ſoul which is honoured with the ſpirituall conception of *Jeſus* formed in his heart, is able to drive away all the diſturbances of dolour. Otherwiſe, if this evill humour of Sadneſſe be cheriſhed, without breaking it upon all occaſions by convenient diverſions and the direction of reaſon, it encreaſeth with age, and being aided by evil diſpoſitions of body, it often degenerateth into ſhamefull follies and hideous frenzies. From thence are come thoſe Melancholicks of whom *Gallen* ſpeaketh, whereof one thought himſelf to be an earthen-pot, the other imagined he was a cock, and ceaſed not to crow and clap his wings; the other feared that *Atlas* would let the heavens fall. And *Trallianus* aſſureth, there was a woman who continually kept her hand very cloſely ſhut, fearing leſt the world, which in her opinion was held between her fingers, might eſcape her. Such Melancholies (ſaith S. *Jerome*) ſtand more in need of *Hippocrates* his remedies, then the diſcourſes of Philoſophers.

S. Athan. c. 40. in vita S. Anton.

Dionyſius exiguus in vita S. Pachomii.

Non erit triſtis neque turbulentus. Iſa. 42. 4. 1 Regum. Vultus ejus non ſunt amplius in diverſa mutati.

Utility of melancholy

Saturnus ſi fuerit optimè conſtitutus, largitur ſcientiæ profunditatem.

Gal. c. 6. l. 3 de locis affectis.

Trallian. l. 1 cap. 16.

But laying aſide theſe Sadneſſes of naturall Melancholy, it is fit to know, that which proceedeth from a tedious anxiety of heart, is very hurtfull to the practice of virtue, and may be cured by the reſolution and courage of a well-diſpoſed will. It is the malady which the Grecian calls *Acedia*, againſt which *Caſſian* wrote a whole book, ſhewing, it faſteneth very eaſily upon perſons who make profeſſion of Devotion, if they uſe not labour and ſtudy to divert it.

Abditas. Ἡροΐκὸν νόσος. Gellius l. 18 cap. 9.

Caſſian. lib. de ſpiritu Acediæ.

Sad ſpirits.

And verily, there are people in no ſort fit for Religion, nor the exerciſes of Meditation, who, neverthe-

leſſe

leſſe are therein embarked through levity or ignorance, never having well weighed the greatneſſe of that vocation. But if they meet ſome ſpirituall Directours, either indiſcreetly Zealous, or little experienced, they will raiſe them from earth, and inſtantly apply them to the higheſt contemplations, drawing them from handy labours and employments of civill life. I would willingly ask what can they elſe do but fall into the paſſion of ſlothfulneſſe, into anxieties and languors, which make life unprofitable to them; In the mean time, they who have undertaken the charge to guide them in their Labyrinth, make them many times believe theſe dryneſſe, and diſreliſhes are the viſitations of God, who will try them; and that they muſt go on and not faint, nor ſuffer the honour of their crown to wither. And there are, who living as beaſts in a meer lazineſſe of ſpirit, imagine it is an *Inaction* which cauſeth a ceſſation from all the functions of their ſoul, to let the Spirit of God to work in them. Hereupon, we ſee ſome Devoters ſo well practiſed in this myſtery, that they abandon all the correſpondencies due to a huſband, all the care of their children, all the providence they ought to have for their family and houſhold affairs, to ſatisfie the fancies of their mind. It is not Devotion which teacheth them this, nor is it fit that Libertines hereby take occaſion to condemn the exerciſe of piety. It is an errour muſt be corrected, and ſpeedily, ſuch ſpirits muſt be reduced to labour and care for affairs, to cure their ſadneſſe. It is the counſel which the Apoſtle gave to the Theſſalonians: *We entreat you (my brethren) to profit more and more, and to endeavour to be peacefull, and that attending your affairs, you take pains with your hands, as we have appointed you, that you by your converſation may edifie thoſe who are none of ours, and that you may need nothing.* The fore-alledged Authour notably deduceth this Text of Saint *Paul*, with many other which he citeth, ſhewing, that a ſingular remedy for Sadneſſe, cauſed by Idleneſſe, is, the occupation of the mind and body.

1 Theſ. 4.

The ſcrupulous.

For my part, I am perſwaded, that by this means many ſcruples might be cured, wherewith divers minds are now-adayes miſerably turmoiled. For they no ſooner enter into the great repreſentations of Gods judgement, of ſinnes, and of the torments of the damned, but they preſently bear all Hell on their ſhoulders. The thunders of the divine Juſtice roars not, but for them, and for them the lightning-flaſhes; they build ſcaffolds in their heart, whereon their imaginations walk; they nail themſelves on voluntary Croſſes, and bind themſelves on racks, making an executioner of their mind, and a continuall puniſhment of their life. All they think (in their opinion) is ſin; all they do, nought but diſorder; and all they expect, meer malediction. They never have made a good Confeſſion, they have ever forgotten ſome circumſtance, they have not well ſummed up the number of their ſinnes, the Confeſſour hath not well compriſed what they would ſay; they muſt eternally begin again, and for trifles of no value: they muſt run and weary all the tribunals of Confeſſion, and employ more time then would be needfull for a man who ſhould manage all the great affairs of *France*. It is a pittifull thing, and verily tyrants never invented ſo rigorous torments, which ſuperſtition (witty in the fruitfulneſſe of its own tortures) ſurpaſſeth not. It ſo toileth the mind, that the body is extremely weakned, which is ſeen in a face diſcoloured and wan, a brow heavy, an eye troubled, a heart ſobbing, a countenance ghaſtly, a loſſe of ſleep and appetite, a forbearance of all recreations and pleaſures of life.

To ſpeak truly, theſe poor ſouls are worthy of compaſſion: for they are perpetually in moſt painfull Purgatories. Efficaciouſly to comfort them, they muſt be put into the hands of ſome prudent, charitable, and reſolute man, who may enter into their heart, and may be (as it were) the ſoul of their ſoul. They muſt be drawn from this indigeſted and too frequent devotion, from all thoſe generall confeſſions ſo often reiterated; they muſt not be permitted to accuſe themſelves of all the vain imaginations of their interiour, but of the tranſgreſſions which paſſe to their exteriour. They muſt be made to account their doubtfull ſinnes for not ſinnes. ſince ordinarily the ſcrupulous have a mind wakefull and adverſe enough to themſelves, not to doubt of any grievous ſinne; great conceits muſt be put into them of the goodneſſe and mercy of God; their courage muſt be raiſed; and they, inſtead of ſinnes, cauſed to ſet down in writing, or otherwiſe, their good works, and the favours they have received from God. It is ſometimes fit to change meditations into good broths, to excite them with ſome generous thought, to ſtirre them up ſome difference or ſuit if it be needfull, to hold them in buſineſſe interlaced with honeſt repoſe, and convenient recreation; to handle them ſometimes a little ſeverely, to teach them to believe, and to ſuffer themſelves to be directed, and to accuſtome them to brave this ſcrupulous conſcience and to vaunt to have deſpiſed whatſoever it dictateth. Laſtly, to perſwade them there one is who hath anſwered for their ſoul before God, and that if there be any ill in his direction, he ſhall be damned for them and no hurt come to them thereby. To commend them for their docibleneſſe when they obey, to let them ſee the fruit of their obedience in the conſolation of their ſoul, to exhilerate them, to heighten them, to take them from themſelves, and to turn them into other perſonages. Many have been abſolutely cured by theſe kinds of proceedings, many much ſweetned. For there are of them who ſuffer all their life time, their thoughts being as devils ſettled in ſome poſſeſſion which never fully forſake them; but they muſt be let to underſtand, the croſſes ordained them in this life, and that undertaking a good reſolution for patience, they ſhall multiply their merits.

Remedies for ſcrupulous minds.

§ 3. *The remedy of Sadneſſes which proceed from divers accidents of humane life.*

HEnce I diſcover very long dilation of pleaſures daily framed in ſo many divers occaſions, which makes it ſufficiently appear unto us, that as of all living creatures, there is not any, more delicate, more ſenſible, and which is waited on with ſuch a train, as man; ſo there is none more expoſed as a Butt for all accidents, which are of power to occaſion trouble, then he. Alas! what is man who maketh a crime of his birth, a ſlavery of his life, and an horrour of his death? To ſalute day-light with his teares, to come into the world to be inſtantly crucified, his mouth open to cryes and hunger, to bring a barren mind, a frail body, enraged concupiſcences, to be a beaſt ſo many years, then an infant to feel his miſery; to ſee his poor liberty fettered, to live under the fear of rods, in a perpetuall reſtraint of will; then to enter into adoleſcency, followed by youth, which cauſeth loud ſtorms of paſſions to beare along with them the ſeeds of all his miſeries. After that, a ſervitude of marriage, an evill encounter of wives and husbands, of affairs, of cares, of poverty, of children, of ſlanders, of quarrels, affronts, of contumelies, of bodily pains, of faintneſſe of ſpirit, of ruines of families, of poiſon, of puniſhments, of privation of all one loveth, of vexations by all one hateth, an old age contemptible, ſick, and languiſhing. Death a hundred times invoked, to fly from the miſerable, and to

Miſeries of Humane condition.

lay

lay hold of the fortunate. With all this, to see abysses of fire, and torments prepared for sins, ordinary in worldly life. Who is it that trembleth not, thinking upon all these objects? and who saith not, that one must be either well fortified with prudence to divert his evils, or have patience to bear them?

The subjects of our afflictions.

Note, that all which may afflict us, is reduced to the losse of goods, of credit, of friends, of incommodities of body or mind; and that our miseries, which we think to be infinite, are confined within three small limits. For all the Sadnesses which may arise from these five sources, God hath given us five remedies: Sense, Reason Time, Necessity, and Grace. There are many dolours which grow from the senses, and are likewise cured by the senses. We must not think all Sadnesses have ears patiently to hear the discourses of Philosophers. There is question how to help the soul by the body. hundred shillings are of more worth then a hundred reasons to a poor wretch who hath need of sustenance and refreshment to solace his pains. A little good usage, meat, apparel, a Crosse upon gold or silver, remedieth many Crosses of needy people. If they to whom God hath given worldly wealth, took the pain to imitate so many honourable personages, and to accustome themselves to visit the shamefaced poor, they would dayly do miracles, they would drive away the devils of Melancholy, bad humors, spectres, despairs, and maladies, they would pull millions of souls out of the hands of their evil fortunes. and would be more to men then were the demy-Gods of Antiquity,

Five remedies for all Sadnesses.

How many herbs, simples, compositions of physick; how many lenitives; what powerfull effects of Chyrurgery, being well ordered, do cure strange infirmities, and do pluck one from out of the gates of death? But as the cure and easing of the senses is neither present nor efficacious with all the world: what should a man do who hath never so little heart, but try to cure himself by reason? It is it which God hath given unto man instead of so many offensive and defensive armes, born with other creatures; why should we not use its help? It is it which teacheth us, that grief is nothing else but an apprehension of division, and that as we are out of excesse tyed to all pleasing things in the world, so the want of them becomes very sensible, in such sort, that our Sadnesses ordinarily proceed from our love; Experience sufficiently shewing, that all such spirits as most are in love with themselves, are the most tormented: but if we come to lessen those geat affections which straightly tie us to conceits, and account as lost all which may be lost; there is no doubt, but we shall begin to find a wholesome medicine for all the afflictions of life. A mother, greeved for the death of her sonne, said in *Quintilian*, That all her evil came from loving too much what she might lose, and that our passions are insensibly most ardent for things which must quickly be taken from us, as if our grief were to take revenge upon the exorbitancy of our love. It is reason that weakneth the opinion of evils, which many times torment us more then their effect. It, which giveth light to things obscure, order to confused, vigour to languishing, and resolution to despair: there is nothing for which it finds not a lenitive; if poverty make you sad, why complain you? Ignorant of thy self, (saith it unto us) it is not poverty, it is thy fancy which tormenteth thee. No man is ever so poor as he is born. Hast thou brought gold in thy veins, and pearls in thy entrails, that thou complainest of the change of thy condition; why dost thou set thy self upon the rack for a thing, whereof *Jesus* made boast, and so many wise-men make vows? Expect a little, Death will make thee as rich as *Crœsus*. If thou thinkest thou art poor, for that thou hast not what thy covetousnesse desireth, it is an Illusion. If thou wantest necessaries for life after thou hast lived commodiously and happily, it is somewhat painfull, but make thy self a good poor man since God will have thee such; suffer a while without murmuring, and the divine Providence will not fail to raise for thee the mercy of some rich man to become thy steward. Pray, be patient, endeavour, take paines, live meanly, thou shalt become rich by learning to live contented. If a suit be lost, what cares, what apprehensions, what pains, what toils are in the same instant lost? If it be according to Justice, endure it; if angainst Justice, those who have lost their conscience in making thee lose thy cause, have more cause to be sorry then thou. If thou hast lost much in game, it is a lesson of wisdome to cure a folly; If thou hast lost all, give thanks to God that thou shalt never lose any more so basely, and that thou hast meanes to purchase a little in this occasion. If fire and water, winds and tempests, harpies and theeves take away thy goods; what wilt thou do against chance, violence, and iniquity, but preserve submission and innocency? The whole masse of worldly wealth is a torrent, which swelleth now upon one side, and then upon another: let that go with patience which thou canst not hold by force. If slander assail thy renown, and condemne thee, perhaps it doth that thou oughtest to do hadst thou more virtues. Many by despising themselves have prevented all contempts. Tongues cannot hurt thy conscience; we stand before God such as we are, and all the teeth of calumny, take not from us one sole atome of perfection. Others have but one tongue to say, and thou hast two hands to do. Perfect thy life since it hath censures: verity will force light through those vapours of waligne spirits, derive glory out of thy proper confusion. If thou beest discountenanced by great ones, put thy self into the good favour of God, who is above all greatnesse, and after thou hast made thy self a slave to men, live a while a master over thy self. Thou shalt find envy will have consecrated thee, and that thy punishments will make a part of thy felicities, If thou entrest into sadnesse for being frustrated of some expected good, wherefore art thou so earnest in thy desires, and so credulous in thy hopes? and wherefore makest thou crosses to thy self out of thy own thoughts? If it be for the absence of a beloved friend, thinkest thou he must continually be tied to thee, as if he were a second body? It is in absence where our imaginations oftentimes render all that we affect most present; we enter into the bottome of our soul, and there find the images of our friends despoiled of matter and body: we practise the best amities in mind, where the envious watch us not, the jealous observe us not, and the troublesome interrupt not our discourses. If this good friend be goue into the other world, we every moment run after him, and each hour draw near to him. Let us be satisfied that his death is the cause that death hath nothing terrible for us, and that for him we begin to desire what we most fear.

A suit.

Losse of money.

Slander.

Disgrace.

Absence of friends.

Death.

If we in body must suffer chains, imprisonment, maladies, sharp pains, hunger, thirst, the sword, fire, and all the hostility of nature, we must needs say, all which toucheth the skin, toucheth us very near, and that there are few charming words that can well cast these serpents asleep which devour us; but we must likewise confesse, that if our griefs be short, they deserve not so great complaints; and if they be long, their lasting fashioneth us to patience. All is formidable to a body full of long health, but the accustoming to things unpleasing causeth the contempt of them.

Bodily pains.

Nature

The comfort derived from reason.

Aug. l. 3. de liber. arbitr. cap 23. Quid est enim aliud dolor nisi quidam sensus divisionis, vel corruptionis impatiens.

Amabam misera periturum. We most ardently love the things we most lose.

How it remedieth all humane accidents.

Poverty.

Nature hath determined the most nice and tender to great dolours, as women to that of child-bearing; to teach us, that what we fear most, is not alwayes to be most feared. When our courage faileth, all torments insult over us, but if it makes some resistance, we much the lesse feel our pain. There are who fight even to bloud, out of bravery, others receive wounds for a very little money, others run to the burning chaps of cannons, for a small salary; there are others to be found who have jested at a gaith, and others who have played on a lute, whilst their members have been slashed with keen rasors, to shew that if there be an evil in nature, there is much more in our opinion.

The Philosopher *Zeno* sought out torments to taste pleasures, and said they were nothing if they were not thus seasoned. Pain and pleasure interchangeably sway in us, as do day and night in our Hemisphere. If we must die, it is but a moment of adversity to enter into a perpetuall repose. Evill taketh up all the parts of our life, but death hath onely one instant of time. It is so conformed to the most part of the world oppressed with so many afflictions, that as *Zaleucus* the Law-maker said, an Edict should fitly have been made, to die, if God had not imposed a necessity upon it. To be born, maketh us tributaries to all miseries: but death alone freeth us from all imposts. *Socrates* saw his death coming whilst he was philosophising: *Anaxagoras* in pleading: *Calanus* braved it, out of temerity, and *Canius* jested at it, out of merriment.

Notable speech of Zaleucus.

The evils of the mind.

If your evil be in the mind, is it chiefly sin or folly which tormenteth you? Why forbear you to chastise the one by penance, and the other by the credit you will give to the judgement of the wise? By this meanes you shall find, that Reason will remedy almost all evils without much violence.

Comforts which proceed from time.

Where Reason is surprised and darkned by the violence of torments, Time quits the medicine. There is no evil immortall: for the mortall; let us make our selves tractable by not thinking on our evils, and they cease to be evils, according as time stealeth them away from us. Think not to dry up the eyes of a mother who hath lost her son, or of a wife, from whom death hath taken her husband; on the day of the burialls suffer them to weep, let the wound bleed, and think how to cure it, rather by prayers then by discourses: The most pertinacious dolours disband with time, and we are all amazed that we find our selves above our afflictions, as if we had climbed up thither from out of the bottome of abysses. He who should see the mount *Aetna* big with flames and thunders, would not think there were any meanes to approach it, but its furies passe away with time, and we pursue little tracks, which insensibly lead us to the top, where we find verdant grasse and blooming flowers. The like happeneth to us, when we in the beginning consider our evil fortune, it seemes our mind can never associate with its disasters: but in the end, the divine Providence discovereth wayes unto us, which (ere we think on't) bring us to the top of patience, where we gather the fruit of our travels.

Insensible comforts.

Who would not admire the goodnesse of God, to say, That time doth our businesse without our trouble, and if we must be sad, we find (I know not what) in our sadnesse that pleaseth us? so that we preferre solitude and silence before the most eloquent consolations. The friends of *Job* seeing these his deep miseries were seven dayes without speaking to him; they let him discourse with his own thoughts, and gather some ease from his own dolour, as we draw remedies out of scorpions.

Julianus Imperator in consolat. Anicii ep. 37.

I (to this purpose) observe an excellent invention in the Emperour *Julian* of the Philosopher *Democritus*, where it is said, That *Darius* King of *Persia* had lost the Queen his wife, and that excessive melancholy made him disconsolate. The wisest men of Greece were called to him to mitigate his torments; but it was to play on a lute to the ears of Tygres and Panthers, to go about to cure by words fitly applied, a grief, which had had more of fury then mediocrity in it. The Philosopher let all these great comforters to passe on, and put himself upon time to expect some disposition in the heart of this Monarch; and seeing his mind tired out with his teares, began to relent, he promised to raise the Queen again if he he would furnish him with things necessary for his purpose: the other extremely rapt with this proposition, said, he therein would employ all the riches of the world, which were at his dispose; but the Philosopher onely demanded of him three names of such as had never felt any grief or sadnesse, to engrave them on the Queens Monument, which could not in any sort be found, after a long search throughout the whole kingdome of *Persia*. Then *Democritus* taking his opportunity: Alas! Sir, we may well say, the rubies and diamonds of this diadem resplendent on your head, dazle your eyes, and hinder you from seeing the miseries of your poor subjects, not to be able in so great and vast an Empire, to meet with three happy men; and yet you wonder, though born under the condition of mortals, that death is entred into your palace. He added many grave sayings, which the Emperour for his consolation liked very well. Whereby we are taught, that we must sometimes make use of time to remedy sadnesse.

An excellent observation of Julian.

Tela demittere telis.

If time doth nothing and that it be an evil necessary which we cannot remedy, (as it happeneth in death and in other accidents, which those Ancients called the blows of Destiny) why do we resist against heaven, and censure the divine Decrees? It is a goodly thing indeed to see a man to afflict himself with a fatall necessity, which indifferently involveth Monarches and peasants. Must God revoke his laws? and must he create a world apart to content a simple creature, and serve it to its liking? But is it not much better to go along with the streame of this water, and follow the great current of the divine Providence which maketh all the harmony in the world?

Necessity forceth patience.

§ 4. *That the Contemplation of the divine Patience and Tranquillity serves for Remedies for our temptations.*

Lastly, let us behold the assistances of Grace, which is incomparably above Nature, and let us from the example of the Divinity, take instruction how to demean our selves.

Remedies and helps of grace by the contemplation of things Divine.

Let us look on our first model, and consider a strange thing able to make our impatiencies wax red, not with anger but with shame, to say, that God all impassible (as he is) of his own nature not obnoxious to the sword, fire, sicknesse, or any other exteriour violence, would in all times suffer men more violent then the sword, more ardent then fire, more irksome then sicknesse, and many times more cruel then salvage beasts.

It is said, there were heretofore made very goodly mirrours of saphyr, which were for Princes and Monarchs; let us not covet those which cannot much avail us; but let us contemplate the admirable saphyr enchased in the Throne of the living God, in the Prophet *Ezekiel*, and let us therein see and compare our impatiencies, with the mildnesse of the Creatour. It seemes that by how much the more a dignity is soverein, by so much the lesse ought it to be exposed to injuries, because the fear which is had of its power should stamp in

Ezek. 1 26. Quasi aspectus lapidis sapphiri similitudo Throni.

in hearts that respect which love (weak) cannot imprint: yet God a (sovereign Majesty, a supream Greatnesse, an absolute Justice) hath endured, and doth daily endure so many contradictions of men, that it seems, that to give credit to his mercy, he occasioneth some prejudice to the terrour of his Divinity. *Many men* (saith *Tertullian*) *believe not in God, because they cannot perswade themselves he is angry with the world, since they see it in so peacefull a state.*

Plures idcirco Dominum non credunt, quia seculo iratum tam diu nescisunt. Tert. de patient. c. 2.

What is there more important for God, and men, then the knowledge of his Divine nature, then the fear of his Justice, then the much to be adored reverence of his sovereignty? Notwithstanding, as if he preferred the glory of his patience before his own Being; he rather chose patiently to suffer so many faithlesse, so many wicked ones, so many sinners, and that the lips of Blasphemers might dare to say there is no God; then that, taking revenge, in the heat of crimes, by punishing every sin, it should be said of him, Verily there is a God, but he is perpetually armed with lightning and terrours, ever inaccessible to the prayers of men, as those mountains which throw forth their enflamed bowels. Nay, much otherwise; he would be stiled the God of mercy, and the Father of goodnesse: whereupon Saint *Gregory* hath judiciously said, that his patience walks still hand in hand with his charity. Wherefore, as the love of God towards men is incomparable: so his patience, to indure the faults and infirmities of sinners, admits no comparison. How many Pirates are there daily for whom God openeth seas? How many Idolaters, for whom he causeth stars to shine, fountains to stream, plants to sprout, harvests to wax yealow, and vines to ripen; as well as for the faithfull? How many ungratefull and rebellious children are there, who every day receiving so many benefits from him, take them as Hogs do Acorns, still grunting towards the ground, and never casting an eye towards heaven? How many spirits (enemies of truth, and light disturbers of publick repose, transgressours of laws both Divine and Humane) do daily frame obstacles against the will of their sovereign Master, and yet he suffers them, as if he had no other businesse in the world but patiently to bare, and vanquish by benefits, the malice, and ingratitude of men? *Hierusalem is the stone of burthen* (said the Prophet) which layeth a burthen upon God himself. What will this Oracle of God say, but the same conceits which Saint *Hieron* suggesteth unto us upon this passage, when he writes, that there were seen, in places where the Antient wrastlers did exercise, huge stones or certain bowls of Iron or Copper, with which they made tryall of their strength: and he witnesseth that he in a list saw one of those bowls which was so heavie, that he could not lift it up from the ground, although others robustuous of body, and eminent in those exercises, could easily carry it. Now mark my conceit, and say, that as those champions of antiquity had for object of their strength those weighty bulks, on which they daily exercised themselves: So likewise, God, that strong Gyant, and great Wrastler, as if he stood in need of exercise, takes the sphere of this great Universe which he beareth, & lifteth it up with all facility. He takes the Masse of so many mortals whom heaven covers, and the earth beareth, and there he findeth much resistance: he takes his people which he hath chosen and sanctified above all the nations of the world, and hence oft-times very many sensible displeasures come. A true stone of burden is that Christian, that Ecclesiastick, that Priest, that Religious, who belyes his profession, who throws disorder and scandall among the people by his ill example; yet God tolerateth him, God protecteth him, God continually obligeth him: and, if needs he must draw the sword of Justice out of the scabbard; it is with delayes, consideration, and excessive Clemency. O infinite Goodnesse! And who is that man, now, that will not bear with a man? and who is he that seeing God of nature impassible, busie in the world as about his stone of burden from the beginning of Ages; cannot bear a small burden, whereto he finds himself tyed by duty, by condition, and by nature!

Pater misericordiarum Dominator, Dominus, Deus misericors, & clemens & patiens, & multæ misericordiæ, &c. Deut. 5. Quantum lata manus fuerit per amorem, tantum erit & patiens longanimitatem. Totius genituræ tributa dignis & indignis pariter simul occurrere. Tertul. de patient. c. 2

Hierusalem lapis oneris. Zachar. 12.

God is buried about the world, as his stone of burden.

§ 5. *That the great temper of our Saviours soul in most horrible sufferings, is a powerfull lenitive against our Dolours.*

AS for the second Modell, which is the *Word Incarnate* the true mirrour of Patience, and onely reward of the Patient; It is a very strange thing, that all nature being so bent upon its conservation as to suffer nothing, *Jesus Christ* did miracles incomprehensible to the spirit of Angels, onely of purpose to suffer for man! For, how could dolour have laid hold on a God, of his own nature impassible, if it had not passed through all the heavens to take the divine word in the sanctuary of the Trinity, which otherwise was meerly impossible! but, the son of God, considering this Impossibility, and being fixed in the desire to sustein for us, took the body of man to suffer all that which the most cruell could invent, and all whatsoever the most miserable might undergo. Verily it is an effect of so prodigious a love that it found no belief in senses, perswasion in minds, example in manners, nor resemblance in Nature. We have heretofore heard of a Prince, who, desirous to offer himself to death for the preservation of his subjects, took the habit of a Peasant to steal himself from his greatnesse, and facilitate his death. All histories say he laid down his purple, and crown, and all the ensigns of Royalty, retaining none but those of love, which caused him to go into his enemies army, where he left life to purchase an immortall trophey for his reputation. But I must tell you, he had a mortall life, and in giving it, he gave that tribute to nature, which he owed to nature from the day of his birth, and which of necessity he was to pay; yea, he gave it to buy the memory of posterity, and to beg honour, which is more esteemed by generous spirits, then life. But in what history have we read, that, a man glorious by birth, immortall by condition, necessarily happy, hath espoused humility which all the world despiseth, mortality which the most advised apprehend, misery which the bravest detest; for no other occasion, but to have the opportunity to dy for a friend! And this is it which *Jesus Christ* did. He was by nature immortall, impassible, impregnable against all exteriour violencies: he took not the habit of a peasant, as *Codrus*, nor a body of air, as the Angell-conductour of *Tobias*; but a true body, a flesh, tender and virginall, personally united to the word of God; to quail it with toils, to consume it with travails: and lastly, to resign it as a prey to a most dolourous death; he casts tottered rags over his royall purple, and takes pains to stoop down to pull me out of the mire where I lay, and to take my miseries upon him, not sullying himself in my sins.

Abscondit purpuram sub miseriæ vestimento, ad limum ubi jacebam, inclinavit, non mergitur.

My God! what a prodigie is this? All ages have observed a thousand and a thousand industries of men which they found out to avoid the pains and torments of life; but never have we seen a man who sought to invent means, and to offer violence to his own condition; to become suffering, and miserable, according to the estimation of the world, since there are day and night so many gates open to this path: yet thou (Oh God of Glory! O mild Saviour!) hast done it. Thou

Abbas Guericus.

Mortem nec solus Deus sentire, nec solus homo vincere poterat, homo suscepit, & Deus vicit. Faustus l. 1. de lib. arbitr.

haſt found a way how to accord infirmity with ſovereign power, honour with ignominy, time with eternity, and death with life. *It was not poſſible that ſole God ſhould endure death; or that ſole Man could vanquiſh it; but man hath abided it, and God hath overcome it.*

The quality of the ſufferings of our Saviour.

As for the quality of pains; it ſufficeth to ſay, that if men judged of the greatneſſe of Gyants by one of their footſteps impreſſed on the ſand: and if we likewiſe meaſure the courſe of the ſun by a ſmall thread of ſhadow; one may have ſome groſſe knowledge of ſo great a myſtery, by the figures which forewent it. Now, all the ſacrifices of the Moſaick law, and ſo many travails and ſufferings of the antient Patriarchs were but a rough draught of the paſſion of *Jeſus Chriſt*: from whence we may imagine what the originall was, ſith the Copies thereof were ſo numerous and different throughout the courſe of all Ages.

3 Reg. 8 63. 22000 bullocks, and 120000 sheep sacrificed for the dedication of Solomon his Temple.

The perpetuall ſacrifice which was evening and morning made in the Temple, the twenty two thouſand oxen, and the hundred and twenty thouſand ſheep which were ſacrificed by *Solomon* at one feaſt of the dedication of the Temple (ſo much blood ſhed, that it ſeemed a red ſea to thoſe who beheld it) was to no other end but to figure the blood of the immaculate Lamb, and of all its members which have ſuffered after it. But if ſo much preparation and profuſion were needfull to expreſſe one ſole ſhadow of his paſſion; what may we conjecture of the body, and the thing figured! Beſides, if all the antient Patriarchs, who were ſo perſecuted in times paſt, and all the Martyrs (who ſince the death of our Saviour have endured torments almoſt infinite in number, and prodigious in kinds) made but an aſſay or tryall of the dolours of this King of the afflicted; what an account ſhall we make of his pains, which ever ought to be as much adored by our wills as they are incomprehenſible to our underſtanding! The Lamb was ſacrificed from the beginning of the world (ſaith Saint *John*); He was maſſacred in *Abel* (ſaith S. *Paulinus*;) toſſed upon ſo many waves in the perſon of *Noah*; wandring, in that of *Abraham*; offered up, in *Iſaac*; perſecuted, in *Jacob*; betraied, in *Joſeph*; ſtoned, in *Moſes*; bruiſed, on a dunghill, in the patience of *Job*; blinded, in *Samſon*; ſawn, in *Eſay*; flayed afterward, in the perſon of S. *Bartholmew*; roaſted, in that of Saint *Laureuce*; thrown out to Lions, in that of Saint *Ignatius*; burned, in that of Saint *Polycarp*; pulled in pieces by four horſes, and caſt headlong into a ditch full of Serpents, in that of Saint *Teela*; drowned, in that of S. *Clement*; expoſed to waſps, in that of many other Martyrs. From whence it commeth that the paſſion of *Jeſus* is called a ſhort *Conſummation* by the Prophet *Eſay*, and that Saint *Paul* hath ſaid to the Hebrews, *That by one ſole Sacrifice he hath conſummated thoſe which were to be ſanctified for all eternity.* And S. *Hilary* clearly confeſſeth, *That Jeſus Chriſt the onely Son of God deſirous to fulfill this great and myſterious Sacrament of his pretious death, did paſſe through all imaginable dolours which were (as it were) melted and diſtilled together; to make of it a prodigious accompliſhment.*

Apoc. 13. 8. Agnus occiſus eſt ab origine mundi.

Our Saviour hath ſuffered in the perſon of all the juſt and the martyrs

Conſummatio abbreviata. Ila. 10 12.

Una oblatione conſummavit in ſempiternum ſatisfactos.

Heb 10 14.

Unigenitus Dei ad peragendum mortis ſuæ ſacramentum, conſummavit humanarum omne genus paſſionum. Hilar. l. 10. de trinit.

Jeſus is the ſtone with ſeven eyes, whereof the Prophet *Zachary* ſpeaketh, which the heavenly Father ſayes he hath cut and engraven with his own hand, thereon figuring all the moſt glorious characters of patience. He is an Abyſſe of love, of mercy, of dolours, of ignominies, of blood, of lowlineſſe and greatneſſe, of exceſſe, of admiration and amazement, which ſwalloweth all thoughts, dryeth up all mouths, ſtayeth all pens, and drencheth all conceptions; Who now then, will dare to complain that he ſuffereth too much, that he doth too much, that he is treated with leſſe tenderneſſe then he deſerveth? O our coldneſſe, and remiſſeneſſe! whence can it proceed but from not ſtudying enough on this incomparable Book which comprehends all ſecrets? we at leaſt ſhould conſider the divine Providence in the matter of the burdens of all the world; to diminiſh our niceneſſe, to gain opinion and underſtanding which may alter our judgement.

Zach. 3 9.

A ſage Roman ſhewing to an impatient man the whole world ſurrounded in a great deluge of miſeries, ſaid unto him, *I aſſure my ſelf, you would not ſo much play the milk-ſop*, nor have a ſoul ſo effeminate, if you would think that the whole world ſwimmeth in a dreadfull ſea of calamities. All things conform themſelves to the nature of their originall; and we have elſewhere ſaid, that Bees bred in the dead body of a Bull carry the reſemblance of their Progenitour, pourtrayed by certain little lineaments in their proper body. The world hath produced us, and *Jeſus Chriſt* hath regenerated us by his Death and moſt precious Bloud; never ſhould we reſt untill we carry upon us ſome token of nature wailing, and of a God ſuffering: according to S. *Pauls* precept, *Glorifie and bear the Image of God in your body,*

Senec. l. 3. nat. quæſt. Præferri ſcies quid deceat ſi cogitaveris orbem terrarum notare.

Bees bear the figure of a bull on their bodies

Glorificate & portate Deum in corpore veſtro. 1 Cor. 6.

§ 6. *Advice to impatient Souls.*

IMpatient Souls, to you I ſpeak; I ask you, Is it a ſmall motive to you to ſuffer that have the Univerſe for a Companion, God for an Example, and God for the Guerdon of your Patience? All creatures (ſaith S. *Paul*) ſigh, groan, and are, as it were in labour, expecting that day wherein all things ſhall be glorified in the reſurrection of bodies; and will you be of ſo abject a courage as to be like unprofitable burdens, with arms acroſſe in the midſt of a ſuffering world, and before the eyes of the God of ſuffering? Is it not a ſcandall to the Religion we profeſſe, often to afflict our ſelves with great and heavy ſadneſſes, for cauſes moſt light? To ſee too, you would make one think the Law, the Sacraments, and *Jeſus Chriſt* himſelf, were caſt away: Where is the Conſolation of holy Scriptures, the fruit of Preachings, the ſweetneſſe of Prayers? Where is that huge cloud of Examples of ſo many Patient ones, whoſe courages you ſo often have admired? where are good purpoſes, good thoughts? where are ſo many reſolutions ſo well taken in the time of proſperity? muſt the leaſt adverſity make you to ſhrink back? Verily, Ideots and ſilly women who have neither the wit nor knowledge which you have, do many times bear no ſlight burdens with much courage; and you, after ſo many good inſtructions, lay down arms, and make it appear, that ſtupidity hath more force with them, then all the precepts of wiſdome have power over your weakneſſe. People who live according to nature find remedies for their ſadneſſe in nature it ſelf; Bathings, Wine, Playes, Balls, Hunting, open Air, and ſo many other recreations make them paſſe away their evil. Is it poſſible, but that the conſideration of the firſt verity, and the divine Providence ſhould mitigate yours? What is it can have ſuch power over you? It is ſtrange that things the moſt frivolous torment you. Call back into your thoughts what I have ſaid to you concerning the matter of your pleaſures. It greives you, you have not thrived in this affair, nor have had the ſucceſſe of reputation which you exſpected! what a folly is this? as if I ſhould be troubled that the air and winds were not at my diſpoſe. Will you never ceaſe from uſurping that which appertaineth not to you? will you never order your own houſe, without taking care for things out of it? You afflict your ſelf for a word ſpoken of you! wretched (that you are) to tie your felicity to the condition of tongues. *There would almoſt be no ſlander, if it were not made ſlander by thinking thereon*

Rom. 8. 22.

Ad communem hanc Rempublicam, quiſque pro modulo exſolvimus quod debemus; & quaſi canonem paſſionum inferimus. S. Auguſt. in Pſal.

Very true!

You

you torment your self for the losse of health, or of some other good which was very pretious with you: Impute your crosse to your affection; so excessively to have loved a blessing which you might lose, and to have coveted all good things without you, to have an ill guest within your own house. You put your self upon the rack with the fear of the future: why do you set your foot into the possession of another? why do you not leave the future to the divine Providence? why do you reap dolours in a field, where you are not permitted to sowe? you incessantly complain of poverty, of sickness, and other inconveniences of life; if you think to live here free from pain, you must build a world a-part, and not be contented with the elements which served your ancestours turns. God here distributeth burdens, as the father of a family doth offices to all his domesticks: every one must bear that which is allotted him, otherwise, if he do not, he is a bastard, and not a legitimate child: and if having one, he bear it with a perpetuall vexation, he deprives himself of the crown of patience, the value whereof is as inestimable as the force thereof hath in all times been judged invincible. Have you forgot what S. *Paul* said? *If you be* (saith he) *out of the number of those who live in a regular discipline, and who daily have their petty charge in God's family, wherein they are subjects, I assure you you are not used like children of the house, but as very bastards left to live at randome.* Believe me, our burdens are like the stone of the Sybils, which to some weighed like lead, and to others as a feather: oft-times the weight or lightnesse of your evils proceeds from nought but your own disposition: Imagination hath made you believe it, nice breeding (which hath been bestowed on you) and evil habits wherein you have been perpetually nousled, fail not to accomplish your misery. Accustome your self a little to do that work well, for which you came into the world. Learn, that you must bear the miseries of mans condition, since you participate of humane nature, and that (thanks be to God) you are not a monster. When you have learnt to suffer something, you will begin to enter into the possession of your soul, in which alone you shall find all felicities, if so you be united to your beginning. Courage poor impatient one, raise your self a little above your self by the grace which is given you from on high, and so many good assistances, which you can never want. The God of patience and Consolation will confirm you, will fortifie you, and will give you the reward of your fidelity.

Dio. Chrys. orat. 13. Marvelous stone of Sybils.

Quod si extra disciplinam cujus participes facti sunt omnes, ergo adulterini, & non filii. Heb. 12. 8.

The seventh Treatise, Of HOPE.

§ 1. *The Description, Essence, and appertenances thereof.*

The Image and nature of Hope.

HOpe is the gate of a great Pallace replenished with riches. It is in my opinion the place which *Tertullian* termeth, when he calls it, *the portresse of Nature*. It looketh on, and considers upon one side pearls, which are (as yet) in the shell, and on the other upon Roses in the midst of thorns, which it thinks it may enjoy with some labour. Such is the nature of Hope according to S. *Thomas*; It is a motion of the appetite, which followeth the knowledge one hath of a good future, possible, and somewhat difficult. It hath two arms with which it endeavoureth to pursue, and embrace objects, whereof the one is called Desire, and the other Beleif; to be able to obtain what one desireth. Thus doth learned *Occham* define it. It is not sufficient to say that a thing is beautifull, pleasing, and profitable to create Hope, unlesse it be shewed it is possible, and that one may arrive thereunto by certain wayes, which are not out of his power, who hopeth. So Hope, if it be reasonable, hath ordinarily wisdome, strength, eloquence, amity and money for it: for these are the things which raise its courage. At the gates of this passion we see huge heaps of people of all manner of dispositons, who flatter it, and behold it; of one side lovers, who seek for a mate; For *Philo* said, it was the virtue of lovers: on the other side, Courtiers who run after favour; on the other, aspirers, who canvas for offices, and dignities, on the other, Laborours and Merchants: but above all there are many young-men bold and resolute, who therein have a great share; because, (as saith *Aristotle*) they have little of the past and much of the future. Or (as S. *Gregory Nazianzen* affirmeth) for that nothing is hard to a fervent spirit. Moreover it sitteth upon a Peacock, and its face is encompassed with a Rainbowe, by reason it infinitely charmeth, and recreateth the minds of such as follow it by very pleasing semblances: and (as King *Mithridates* saith) it hath, I know not what kind of sweetnesse, which pleaseth even then, when it deceiveth, but if you observe it, you shall find, it holdeth an Anchor in the right hand to fix the desire of the wise: as on the contrary, it carryeth in the left hand an enchanted mirrour, wherein it letteth fools see a thousand slight trifles, all which turn into smoke. Pleasure waiteth on it, whilst we hope; for it is that which sweeteneth all the labours of life; and which serves for a spur to all great and generous actions. But if it falls out that things happen not as they were figured in the imagination; then are all these Courtiers delivered over to a furious Monster called Despair, which drags them down to the foot of a mountain, and oft-times drencheth them in gulphs and precipices. Behold in few words the nature, definition, difference, composition, object, subject, the causes and the effects of hope. Let us now see, how we may govern this Motion.

Naturæ janitricem.

S. Thom. 1. 2 q. 40. art. 2.

Occham. quodlibeto 3. q. 9.

Philo lib. Quod deterius, &c.

Arist. l. 2. Rhet. c. 13.

Nazian. de vita sua. Δέους τὸ μέτρον τῷ ζέοντι τῆς ψυχῆς.

Mithrid. in epist. Græcis.

§ 2. *That one cannot live in the world without Hope, and what course is to be held for the well ordering of it.*

THey are of too haughty a strain who never friendly entertein Hope, and think there is no life for them, if Felicity be not alwayes at their gate. The condition of creatures is such that all their blessings never come to them all at once. It were to go about to expresse a word without letters, to compose a happinesse without joyes and contentments succeeding one another. How can hope be banished from earth, sith Heaven, which is so well content, hath not renounced it! The blessed souls, after the vision of God, do yet hope something, which is, the Resurrection of their bodies, to which they most ardently wish to be reunited: those which are represented under the Altar in the *Apocalypse*, who ask vengeance of their blood at the tribunall of the Divine Justice, are instantly clothed with white garments, in token of this most bright flesh which is to be joyned to their immortall spirits. Heaven, which expecteth nothing for the perfection of its beauties, ceaseth not to revolve each moment of the day and night, to diversifie them. But we must confesse, that earth is the place of Hopes, which are as seeds of our Felicities,

Apoc. 6.

Sperare ενελπιστι.

from whence it cometh, that what the Grecians call *to ſowe*, we name it *to hope*. Our ſoul here reſembleth the *First Matter*, which is perpetually enamoured of new forms: and as the underſtanding of Angels (according to the ſaying of a great Philoſopher) is all, that, which it ought to be from the beginning, and becometh not new at all; Contrariwiſe, Humane underſtanding is nothing in the beginning, and becomes all in proceſſe of time. So our will is like unto white Writing-tables wherein we eaſily write, or blot out all we will. The eſtate of perfection muſt be expected to imprint it with a laſting Character. So many young plants, ſo many little living creatures, ſo many children, ſo many imperfections, ſo many wiſhes warn us that we may live here with hope: we have ſo little of time preſent, that we are enforced to dilate our ſelves upon the future. This inſenſibly delighteth us, and ſtirs us, as Trees which ſeem to take pleaſure to be rocked by the winds. It being reſolved that we neceſſarily muſt expect and hope whilſt we are in the world. It remaineth to conſider, how we may well employ this paſſion in hoping good things, and hoping them by wayes very direct, and in an orderly manner.

Carolus Bovilus de, intellectu humano & Angelico.

The good husbanding of hopes.

Firſt, It is a ſhamefull thing to ſay there are ſuch who hope all that, which is to be feared. One promiſeth himſelf the death of a Kinſman; the other, the confuſion of a family; another, to ſeduce ſome ſilly maid; another, to debauch a married wife; another, to ſatisfie his revenge; another, to ſcrape together as much as his avarice can wiſh; and ſo many other things which are moſt unhappy Hopes, the ſucceſſe whereof God ſometimes permitteth, when he will chaſtiſe wicked men. What a horrour is it to hope for crimes, and to feed ones ſelf with anothers evils, as if one ſought nouriſhment from coals and ſerpents! If our thoughts be not alwayes ſo high as the glory of heaven; at leaſt, let us not abaſe them ſo low as Hell. If they cannot be divine; let them not be inhumane; let them ty themſelves to bleſſings permitted, and not to objects ſo unworthy. One may expect wealth, children, health, knowledge, honour, an office, a marriage, and ſo many other things which are commodious for humane life; without deſiring diſaſters: notwithſtanding, it is not enough to will good, unleſſe one therein obſerve circumſtances and meaſures requiſite for its accompliſhment. One of the beſt rules for the paſſion of which we treat, is, to adapt ones ſelf to his hopes, to ſee what comports with his birth, his breeding, his capacity, his genius, his knowledge, his power, his credit, and his pains; and not raſhly to be ſtirred up with the deſire of things above his ſtrength, unleſſe he will diſturb his life, and haſten his death.

To adapt our ſelves to our hopes.

Spes impii tanquam lanugo eſt, quæ à vento tollitur, & tanquam ſpuma gracilis quæ à procella diſpergitur, & tanquam fumus qui à vento diffuſus eſt, & tanquam memoria hoſpitis unius diei prætereuntis. Sap. 5. 15.

The world is a great Sepulchre of ſo many little Phaetons, who will guide the ſun and hours, although their life be but a continuall deviation; they have no other honour but to be fallen from on high, and to have uſed more temerity in affairs then ability: ſuch hopes alſo are very well compared by the Wiſeman, To thoſe little downs of flowers ſcattered in the air, to the froth which floateth on the water, and is inſtantly diſſipated by a tempeſt, to ſmoke which vaniſheth under the blaſt of winds, and to the memory of a traveller, who paſſeth by an Inne.

By the ſight of a bird we judge of her flight, by the genius of men we make conjectures of their fortunes; needs muſt there be much extravagancy, when a man in all kinds little, propoſeth to himſelf nothing but great things. I well know, the divine Providence, the worker of wonders, delighteth ſometimes to ſtrike a ſtroke with its own hand, drawing out men of moſt baſe extraction, to bear them to the higheſt tops of worldly greatneſſe. It is that, which forged a Diademe for *Pupienus* upon the ſame anvil whereof his father hammered Iron: That, which changed *Martianus* his ſpade into a Sceptre: That, which taught *Valentinian* to make crowns by twiſting ropes: That, which ſhewed *Juſtine* in a Carpenters-ſhop how to build a Throne for himſelf: That, which drew *Petrus Damianus* from the midſt of ſheep, to be made a Cardinall; and *Gregory* the ſeventh out of a Joyners houſe, to give him a Popes Mytre. But, one Swallow makes not a ſummer, nor one accident, from an extraordinary hand, which happeneth ſcarcely in an age, makes not all fortunes. S. *John* ſaith, that the meaſure of an Angel is the meaſure of a man; but this is not, but in the celeſtiall city of Hieruſalem, where we ſhall be as the Angel of God. Here our thoughts are high, our aims great, but the limit of our power, little. He who doth well underſtand what he can; wills, but what is reaſonable, and ſhall find that the modeſty of wiſhes makes life more commodious, and happineſſe more undoubted.

Fulgosius l. 3. c. 4.

Idem l. 6. c. 10.

Apoc. 21. 17

To this firſt rule of the moderation of hopes, we muſt add a ſecond, which is, to give them good foundations, to the end we be not conſtrained to ſee the indiſcretion of our deſires puniſhed, by the ſmall ſucceſſe of our pretentions. There are ſome who infinitely confide in the words of Aſtrologers, and to ſpeak plainly, it is a prodigious thing to hear the predictions they make upon the life and fortunes of men, which cauſe amazement among the wiſe, and love in the curious: as at the time when they anſwered to the Edict of the Emperour *Vitellius*, who commanded them to leave the city, that they would obey on ſuch condition, that he inſtantly ſhould leave life; which ſo fell out. Yet we muſt ſay that although God ſhould write down in the book of ſtars the ſucceſſes of our life, which cannot be eaſily agreed unto; yet ever would they be extremely encumbred, nor ever happen out of a fatall neceſſity. That is the cauſe why for ſome preſages which hit right, there are many other notably falſe; which makes it ſufficiently appear that God hath reſerved to himſelf the full knowledge of what ſhall befall us. Among other qualities, which the holy *Canticle* gives him, it forgeteth not to ſay, He had hair as black as the feather of a Crow. Where you ſhall obſerve the hairs myſtically ſignifie the Thoughts, and when the Scripture termeth them black, it will declare the obſcurity aud depth of Gods councels over the wiſdome of men. *Tertullian* ſaid, man was the care of the underſtanding of God, who provideth for all, and who cannot be a prevaricatour of his own providence. Can we think men are permitted to enter into thoſe great abyſſes of knowledg, and to take the rains of nature into their hands? think we, that a man who doth not alwayes very plainly ſee what lies before his feet; can aſſuredly behold that which is infinitely exalted above his head? Where have not Aſtrologers ſowed lyes? where is it that great ones who hearkened unto them as to their Goſpel, were not filled with diſaſtrous ſucceſſes? By their ſaying, all which is born at Rome comes into the world like unto little Zara, already marked with red, There are ſome who conſume themſelves with anxieties and cares of their life-time, to verifie the words of an Aſtrologer, and who inſtead of ſcarlet find (perhaps) in the other world a Robe of flames. It is a wretched ſupport to tye ones hopes to ſo great an uncertainty. I find the favour of great and powerfull friends is much more certain; for God eſtabliſheth them on earth as his images, to be the treaſurers of felicity, and diſtributers of good hap. When they be juſt, upright, and gratefull; men of merit have ſome cauſe to hope of their good affections; and an Antient ſaid, that we muſt approach near to the Deſtinies, and the Gods, and honour the happy. But how many are there, who, adhering too much unto men, make to them-

Theodorus Merechiſta hiſt. Rom. fol. 86.

To ground them well.

Coma ejus nigra, quaſi Corvus. Cant. 5. 11.

Tertul. Homo divini cura ingenii. Deus in omnia ſufficit, nec poteſt eſſe ſuæ perſpicaciæ prævaricator.

Gen. 38. 27.

Powerfull friends may ſerve for a ſupport for Hope.

Facit accede Diiſq; & cole fœlices.

Lucan. Maledictus homo qui ponit carnem brachium ſuum. Jer. 17. 3.

themselves an arm of flesh without bones, and a fortune as frail as Reeds? Others make themselves brave fellows with their sword, and expect all from their valour. Others from their wit and eloquence. Others from their gold. Others from dexterity in businesses. All this may do well, when a great integrity of long services puts these good qualities into action: but if it happen you have some ray of hope grounded upon some good title; do as Job, and keep it hidden (as long as is fit) in your bosome, for fear that discovering it you lose the pretended effects thereof. There are, who tell all their designs to the whole world, if they see themselves either contraried in the pursuit, or contemned in the small successe of them. The Scripture observeth how that a *Saul* seeking for Asses found a Kingdome, when he met *Samuel* who foretold him, he was to be the first King of Gods people. A meer peasant though he were he was so prudent, that an uncle of his examining him curiously of the particularities of his journey, he gave him account of the Asses, and other such mean things; but never did he open his mouth to declare the hidden mystery. This is the third precept which is to be kept in the ordering of this passion. To which we will gladly add a fourth, which is, not too soon to reject, not over slowly to presse forward in the pursuit of your hopes; by reason that there are some who are extremely impatient, and presently despair, if all happen not to their wish: Where, they well shew, they are never to make a great fortune, sith this search after good luck is a warre, wherein Time is of more use then Arms. There are dayes which be step-mothers others, be mothers; there be years which are spent with much pain, and little harvest: But there cometh a good one, which recompenseth all sterilities, and with a full hand casteth fruits into our bosome. A good Fisher catcheth some fish, or still keeps the hook in the water; so, vigilant Courtiers either get favour, or incessantly watch the hour of their good hap, to cast themselves into the fish-pool, when the Angel hath stirred the water. Fortune was at Galba's Gate with a diadem, complaining she was weary of attendance, and would be gone to another, if he took not heed thereto. Felicity hath wings of an Eagle for some, and towards others, she comes with a leaden pace. There are times and ages, when one may reasonably expect her: but it is likewise a lamentable thing to be tormented all ones life, to run after a fancy of honour and wealth which flouteth us; and never to account that, as lost, which for us is but a nothing. There are who have lost all their discretion, opinioatively to pursue a hope, and have profited nothing by their labour, but to give a solemne testimony of their unhappinesse.

To hope without vanity.

Prudence of Saul.

De sermone autem regni non indicavit ei. 1 Reg. 10. 16.

Not too soon to reject, nor too late to put forward.

Stare se ante fores sensum, & nisi ocyus reciperetur, cuique obvio prædæ futurum. Sueton in Galb. c 4

It is here most expedient to make use of the precepts which the Nightingale gave to the Fowler in the Fable of S. *John Damascen.* For he wittily feigneth that this poor bird being taken in the snare would redeem her self by three good words she spake in his ear who had captivated her pretious liberty. The first was, *Not to be light of belief, nor inconsiderately to be transported with the first apparence of objects.* The second, *Not to pursue that, which one cannot attain.* The third, *To put out of your memory those evils, the remedy whereof is not in your power.* Upon these instructions the bird is delivered; which, desirous to make triall of the docibility of the man, told him in her language he was very simple, to dismisse her so easily, for that if he had ripped up her belly, he had found a precious stone which had made him rich for ever. The Fowler, vexed at his own avarice and curiosity, begins to pursue her through the woods and forrests a very long way till seeing she was out of his reach, he afflicted himself with his own folly. But the Nightingale said unto him, Art not thou a miserable man to have observed with so little constancy the precepts which concerned thy Happinesse? Thou didst imagine there were Diamonds in the belly of a Nightingale; who misled thee, but thy own credulity? Thou most inconsiderately hast followed me, not observing that thou art a man, and I a bird: that thou art an inhabitant of the earth, and I, of the air: that thou hast naturall weight, and I, wings. Lastly, thou art out of hope to be able to catch me; and had it not been much better to believe what I told thee, which was, not to trouble thy self for an Impossibility? Behold, how this great Divine personates *Æsop*, to give sage directions to Courtiers in love with Hope, whence they may learn the means how to hope well. But, as for others who mock the world, and perpetually promise to those who serve them rewards which end in nothing; they deserve to have the same punishment inflicted, with which the Emperour *Alexander Severus* chastised an Impostor of his Court who made very advantageous promises to many honest men, without ever coming to performance; for which, he caused him to be choked with smoke, the Cryer proclaiming aloud, *He who sould smoke is punished by smoke.* It were better to cut off at a blow the hopes of many, then to draw them at length in insupportable languours. But it is time we passe from humane manners, to divine perfections: and behold, how, by the examples of our heavenly Father, and the practises of the eternall Word, we may rule and settle this Passion.

Damascen. in Barlaam. A witty Fable of Saint John Damascen.

Petronius apud Lampridium.

§ 3. *That God being not capable of Hope, serves as an eternall Basis to all good Hopes.*

God hath this property, that, being uncapable of Hope, he is capable to support all hopes. I say, he is uncapable of Hope, not through the want of ability, but out of a singular excellency, and a most abundant plenitude of all perfections. Hope, is of good to come, and no man hopeth for what he possesseth. Now, God expecteth not any thing in the future, since he from all eternity hath felicities perpetually present. It were good to hear S. *Zeno* speak of the sufficiency of the eternall God. *What is it which God may Hope, sith he hath nothing out of himself? And from whom can he Hope, being he alone is the origin of all things? Who hath no other beginning then himself, shall he expect any good from one elder then himself? And know we not he is before all things, since he shutteth all things within his own bosome? All that he is, he is of himself; and no man well knows what he is, but himself. He alone is perfect, because nothing can be added to him, nor taken from him. He is never damnified, but alwayes equall to himself, because he admitteth not Age, but is one day composed of Eternity.*

God is not capable of Hope, sith he possesseth all. Jac. 1. Apud quem non est transmutatio, nec vicissitudinis obumbratio

Zeno Veron. serm. 1. de gener. verbi. Solus Deus est principium, qui ex seipso dedit sibi principium; solus ante omnia, quoniam in manu ejus inclusa sunt omnia: Ex se est quod est; solus perfectus, quia non potest illi addi, nec minui; solus indemnabilis, ac semper æqualis, quia in se non admittit ætatem.

One may object here, that, to hope for any thing from another; it is not alwayes necessary he be absolutely greater, or more worthy then we. We hope from artificers, we hope likewise from our servants, the performance of businesses which we put into their hands, and therefore one might inferre, that it is not a proposition contrary to reason to say, that God can hope something from us, as are the praises and service which we are bound to render to him, as were likewise our conversion. To that I answer, it is true, that the greatest Monarchs of the earth may hope from the meanest persons of their kingdome, because they are men, and have dependence of men: and in this, God greatly humbleth great men, when he makes them see that all this glorious pomp of their fortune which seems to afford matter of jealousie to heaven, and of new laws to earth, subsisteth not but by the commerce of merchants, and by the labour and sweat of peasants: all which makes no impression

God is independent of all creatures and the source of his felicities proceedeth from the infinity of his perfections.

on the Divinity. It expecteth (say you) our praises; as if God were not his owne praise to himself; as if he stood in need of a mortall mouth to honour an Essence immortall. Were all the lipps of men the most eloquent at this present covered under ashes, what would it concern him? *All the world is before him no more then the turn of a ballance. Hath not he the morning starres round about his awfull throne? I mean those great Angels all replenished with lights and perfections, who praise him incessantly. And were the world annihilated, and the very Angels confounded in the masse of starres and elements; he would ever be God, always as great as himself: and even left alone to his thoughts; in his own thoughts he would find heaven.*

Tanquam momentum stateræ, sic est ante te orbis terrarum. Sap. 11. 3.

Resoluto mundo & diis in unum confusis, cessante naturâ acquiescit sibi, cogitationibus suis traditus. Senec. ep. 9.

But yet you will say, he may expect our conversion, which partly dependeth on our selves; since he, who made us without us, will not save us without us. It is easie to reply thereupon, that God hath no need of the conversion of men, to augment his glory; but to establish their salvation: and should he have need; he continually hath his elect before him in the book of his prescience, without blotting forth, or thereunto adding any names. Think you he expecteth till we have done, to judge of our works? He knoweth from all eternity what we must do in such or such an occasion, his prescience not imposing any necessity upon our free-will. *This great God sitting in the highest part of heaven continually beholdeth all the actions of men: and the eternity of his vision perpetually present infallibly meeteth with the quality of our merits.* It letteth us go according to the current of the stream, and the choice of our liberty; but if he would proceed with absolute power, there is no will so determinate upon evil which can resist him. And therefore we must conclude, his account is already made both within himself, and without himself, he not any whit depending on the future.

God hath no need of our conversion, to encrease his glory

Fasciculum suum super terram fundavit. Amos 6.

Manet spectator cunctorum Deus, visionisq; ejus præsens æternitas cum nostrorum actuum qualitate concurrit Boet. l. 5. p. 6.

It is more clear then the day, that God cannot hope; but it is likewise most manifest, that he supporteth all good hopes by reason of the capacity of his Essence, of his power, and of his goodnesse: and therefore *Esay* speaks very notably: *You have put your hope in our Lord, who is in eternall ages. In our Lord (I say) the true God, whose strength is not limitted by length of time.* Men are weak; and God is the God of the strong: Men sometimes preserve for a time; but God guardeth us eternally: Men have their wills as changeable as their power is limitted; but God (besides that he is of a constancy unshaken) exerciseth a power unbounded. Where then may we better lodge our hopes, then in the Divinity?

God supporteth all good hopes, by reason of the infinite capacity of his Essence.

Speratis in Domino in sæculis æternis, in Domino Deo forti in perpetuum. Isa. 26. 4.

There it is where our second model (I meane the holy humanity of *Jesus*) placed all his hope. *My God, my Hope; I did cast my self between thy arms, so soon as I began to be born in the world, and at my going from my mothers bosome.* But one may here aske of theology, If *Jesus* had the virtue of Hope; what is it then he might hope? I answer, that if he might pray, he might hope. For, prayer, and (namely) a request is not made but with hope to obtein that we seek for. Now, who doubteth but that *Jesus* prayed on earth? and doth he not also pray now in heaven? He prayed (saith Theology) for four reasons. First, for the exercise of his virtue which is most excellent. Secondly, for our example. Thirdly, for the accomplishment of his commission; and lastly for necessity. I am not ignorant that *S. John Damascen* hath said, that Christ prayed not but in appearance, insomuch as prayer being properly an ascension of the mind to God; it could not be that the soul of *Jesus Christ* should mount anew into the Divinity, since from the day of his Conception it was there (as it were) enchased, not being able to be separated from it, one sole moment. But this question is satisfied by saying

We must place our hopes in God, by the example of the holy Humanity of Jesus Christ.

In te projectus sum ex ute o, spes mea ab ubere ribus matris meæ.

For what reasons our Lord prayed

Damascen. l. 4. de fide.

with *Vasquez*, that it is true that our Lord, in regard of the person of the Word, could not pray, having in this kind no superiour: but by reason of the Humanity, which might be wanting and indigent without the help of the Divinity; therefore he mounted up to the source of the word, not by vision and *beatifick love*, which he already enjoyed; but by the knowledge of science infused, and by a new desire to impetrate something of his heavenly Father.

I say, he already had Beatitude, and that he was (as it were) engulfed in lights of glory; he notwithstanding had not yet glorification of his body, exaltation of his name, extent of his Church from one pole to the other: which made him pray, and to say with S. *John*, I *beseech thee (O Father) make me glorious and resplendent before the face of all Creatures, as I was from all eternity in the source of thy divine lights, even before thou hadst enlightned the beauty of this Universe.* And it is to no purpose to oppose against this, That he had nothing to do, to pray and hope for, since all he asked was fully assured him. For, it is evident that hopes, though certain, faile not to be hopes although they depend on the future. But which is more; the eternall Father had so tyed our salvation to the prayers and hopes of *Jesus Christ*, that we could not obtaine it, but under this condition. He prayed and hoped for us; but whilst he was yet hanging on the breast of his most blessed Mother, he shewed us we must pour forth all our hopes on the firm rock of the power and goodnesse of God. And to speak truly; what are all the hopes of the world, but reeds without support; shels without pearls; seeming colours of the rain-bowe without solidity? O! how well doth S. *Augustine* speak when he compareth hope to an egg? saying, that all Beasts bring forth young ones; but birds produce nothing but hopes, which are the Eggs. We are true Birds whilst we are in this miserable life, still hanging upon leaves, still troubled at time passed, ever uncertain of the future, ranging hither and thither, and perpetually restlesse, and finding punishments in the greatest contentments of Nature. We brood weak hopes like unto eggs, which promise us to bring forth wonders, and produce nought but wind. Hope is a marvellous Egg, whereof some eat the shell; others the white; but very few the yolk.

Clarifica me tu Pater, apud temetipsum, claritate quam habui, priusquam mundus fieret apud te. Joan. 17.

The hopes of the world are very deceitfull, and have no solidity. S. August. Serm. 18. de verbis Domini. c. 5.

This very well figureth unto us three sorts of Hopes, whereof some are harsh and irksome; others, vain; the rest in the end good, and nutritive. If you desire to see the harshnesse of worldly hopes, which we have set in the first place of this division; consider first, that hoping much, we must have much dependence upon another, which taketh away from us that sweet liberty, which is a good inestimable. *To hope is not a thing which dependeth upon our power, but on the liberality of another.* It is much, that Hope, which is so slender and scanty, is not wholly ours. If we hope for a good, and expect it from our own forces; we are in danger to become presumptuous, vain and ridiculous. For how many see we in the world who daily are undone, by having too much presumed on their own power? How many litle birds with feeble wings, have sought to take a flight which hath onely served to render their fall the more notable? If we must expect this good hap from another (besides the submission of dependence which hath always somewhat distastful in it) I see we most depend on men, some whereof want power; others, will; others, both together; but, if the one and other meet for a while, they are not of long continuance. The nature of blessings, which we hope for in the world, is frail, and more frail they from whom we hope them. We oftentimes hope for health from them, who are as sick as our selves; life, from mortals; riches, from creatures, who are all in the poverty of nothing. If we reckon up our evils, our maladies,

Three sorts of Hopes.

Sperare non est possibilitatis nostræ, sed largitatis alienæ. S. Paul. Orosius in Apol. de lib. arbitrio.

our

our suits, our injuries, and our persecutions; we shall find many who will compassionate us but very few to afford remedy. And that which often most vexeth us, is, that if there be some who are able, after they have promised us so much favor, & so many good turns, they in our cause are sparing of a step, and of the very wind of a word.

Others sell us under pretext to succour us. These are Herculeses, to whom we offer sacrifice to drive away Wolves, and they torment us more then the Wolves themselves. O how often are we enforced to say with the Prophet, *Babylon my wel-beloved, is set before mine eyes as a miracle*! And then presently, that, which is in the same Text, according to the Hebrew, *Mishap is the cause, that the bright day-break of my desires is turned into the horrour of my thoughts*. This Babylon of worldly hopes sheweth it self, in the beginning, as a miracle; but if we proceed further, we find that those desires that were as pleasing as the dawning of day (which at its first springing appeareth all over studded with Emeralds and Rubies) turn at last, and are changed into the horrours of a sad Tempest.

Isa. 21. 14. Babylon dilecta mea posita est mihi in miraculum. Crepusculum desiderii mei posuit mihi in horrorem.

Many seemed to be already arrived at the end of their hopes, when good success forsook them in the beginning of their rising fortune, and if others went towards the end, they fell: that, albeit it had honey on the lip, and light in the face; it carried poyson in the tail, like unto Scorpions. The vain hope of the world suggesteth us, what the Emperour *Zemisces* said to a Patriarch of Constantinople. *Thou wert but an oven, and I have made thee a pallace, but I will bring thee back to that state from whence thou wentest*. And all the splendour of thy false greatness shall onely serve to make thy fall the more miserable. Good God, that those are constrained to eat the egg-shel, who after they have hoped great felicities, see themselves thrown down, and roughly handled with pains waited on by ignominy, and confusion!

Cruentat fortunæ lenocinantes perfidus finis, & vitrum ut scorpius, ultimâ parte percutit.

Aidon. l. 2. ep. 13. Ego te, fute, ædificavi, ego te, fute, destruam.

They hit not upon a much more favourable condition, who eat the white of the egg, and who after they have hoped for great comforts in worldly prosperities, find the acquisition is painfull, the fruition uncertain, and the taste most unsavoury. Never are the hopes of the world specious, but when they are far from us, and all the pleasure we take in them is like to that of dreams; from whence it comes that they very well are called dreams without sleep. What pleasure is it for a thirsty man to dream all night that he is on the brink of a most delicious fountain, if, being awak'ned, he find, that he still hath the fire of thirst on his lips? *Libanius* the Orator said, he would gladly cite his dreams to appear in judgement, and see them condemned as very impostours, which many times promise golden mountains, and perform nought but matter of sorrow. By a much stronger reason we have cause to say the same thing of all worldly hopes which desist not to deceive us, till we be a-sleep, but surprise us open-eyed; Yet we shall do wrong to question them; for they are innocent: but we are culpable to make so ill use of reason, as to run all our life-time after fancies. One of the wisest men of antient times uttered a matter very remarkable, related by D. *John Chrysostome*, to wit, that all man-kind is tyed with a great chain; composed of two folds of links, which in great number all our life-time are multiplyed, and interchangeably follow one another. One is called joy, and the other, sorrow. But besides this, there are some (saith this Wise-man) who have fetters on their heels, being tormented with harsh hopes, which, under the shadow of sweetnesse, insult over them, and hold them as long as they live in a painfull slavery. There is a file (addeth he) called Reason, which is very excellent to file our fetters: but, there are none, but the most considerate who find it: fools are enforced to languish all their life-time in this Martyrdome, and as they have lived in the fervours of a feaver, they also dye in illusion.

Aut poterit comedi insultum, quod non est sale conditum. Job 6. 6. Et sicut somniat sitiens, & bibit, & postquam fuerit expergefactus lassus adhuc sitit, Isa 29. 8. Libanius declar. 37.

An excellent passage of a wise man mentioned by Chrysost.

Then let us learn to make an eternall divorce from all those frivolous worldly hopes, and to look on *Jesus* as a pole-star alwayes immoveable, under whom all mobilities move. What a shame is it to spend the better part of our age after smokes and phantastick semblances, which pay us with nothing but griefs; and not to hope in a strong God, who supporteth the earth with three fingers of his power; in a mercifull God, who loveth us tenderly as the apple of his eye! Shall we never learn to say. *Be our arms in the morning, and our salvation in the day of Tribulation*? Let us not flatter our selves with these goodly semblances of honour, of greatnesse, of riches, of pleasures, which by heap present themselves to our imagination; but let us say, Lord I will expect the *Saviour thou hast promised me*. Let us leave the men of the world, who unbowell themselves like Spiders by drawing out their entrails to catch flies; but let us imitate those little silk-worms, who cast forth precious threads, whereof they make a rich bottome in which they sleep, and come not forth but to take wings and soar in the air. Let us go and produce hopes which are as so many threads of gold, that involve us here below in pretious repose, and a certain expectation of Beatitude, untill charity hath perfected our wings to take our flight to the City of peace; where so many chosen souls stretch out an arm unto us. Let us take a very strong comfort, since we put our selves between the arms of hope, (which we hold as a firm, and an assured anchor) to stay all the disturbances of our mind, going forward in our way till we passe the veil, and enter into the Tabernacle of the Sanctuary, whereinto *Jesus* our Precursor hath made his entry for our Salvation.

Esto brachium nostrū in mane & salus nostra in tempore tribulationis. Isa. 33. 2. Salutare tuum expectabo Domine. Gen. 49. 18.

Fortissimum solatium habeamus, qui confugimus ad tenendam spem, quam sicut anchoram habemus animæ tutam ac firmam, ingredientes usque ad interiora velaminis, ubi præcursor pro nobis introivit Jesus. Heb. 6 19.

The eight Treatise. Of DESPAIR.

§ 1. *Its Nature, Composition, and Effects.*

The image of Despair.

IF E who would set forth the picture of Despair (me thinks) should do well to represent hope in the manner of some bird variously diversified with curious-coloured feathers, and endowed with a most melodious voyce, that were pursued by a man with much eagernesse; but when he should think to touch her with his finger, she should instantly vanish away in the air, and leave, in stead of her self, a black and ugly Hobgoblin which should possesse all the passages both of the Pallace, and Throne of this goodly Hope. In this property behold what the definition of Despair meaneth, which according to S. *Thomas*, is a recesse from a good impossible, or which one proposeth within himself he can never attain unto. From whence it cometh, that there are two acts wch compose this miserable Passion: the first whereof is a determinate judgment made upon the impossibility of the good that is sought; whether it

S. Thom. 1. 2. q. 4. art. 40. Recessus vitalis à bono ob ejus difficultatē vel præclusum futuritionem. There are two sorts of Acts in this passion.

it be loſt, or whether the means to arrive unto it be taken away, or whether it be ſo difficult, that the wit of man cannot purchaſe it at any price. Thence followeth a ſecond Act, of grief and ſadneſſe, to ſee it ſelf driven back from the deſired object, without any hope of coming near unto it: for which cauſe, we may well repreſent the diſmall ſpectre of Deſpair, tumbling ſo many Courtiers with frivolous hope down the mountain into the bottome of a valley, where ſome gnaſh their teeth, ſtamp with their feet, and pull themſelves by the hair. Some run to the ſword, to precipices and halters: others lie flat on the ground, drowned in their tears, and drenched in dull ſadneſſe, like people wholly ſenſleſſe, and walking in the way of a Tomb, as having almoſt nothing at all to do with the living. But the thing moſt admirable is, that there are ſome to be ſeen, who, being come to the extremity of miſeries, find themſelves in an inſtant ſaln into a happineſſe unexpected, ſo that Deſpair ſeems to have been for them the ſource of all their hopes.

§ 2. *The Cauſes of Deſpair, and the Condition of thoſe who are moſt ſubject to this Paſſion.*

THey who are of a Melancholick humour are infinitely diſpoſed to the effects of this direfull paſſion. For to ſay truth, Melancholy is the Pit of the Abyſſe, from whence iſſueth forth an infinite quantity of evil vapours which cauſe night in the moſt cheerfull brightneſſe, and make the moſt pleaſing beauties of Nature to be beheld with affrightment.

They who are turmoiled herewith, eaſily reſigning themſelves over to Deſpair, are perpetually upon complaints and lamentations; they ſee publick calamities coming afar off, and, like birds of an ill preſage, do prognoſtick nothing but diſaſtres. They have a ſingular inclination to believe the worſt news, to augment it in their imagination, to amplifie it in their diſcourſes, and to affright the whole world (if they could) with pannick terrours and imaginary fears. The leſt miſhap which befals their family, is (in their opinion) a generall ruine: Menaces are blows; blows, murthers; the leaſt ſparks are Coles; Theatres ſtrewed with flowers, are ſcaffolds covered with black for them; and all the actions of men are nought but Tragedies.

Wiſe *Plutarch* ſaid, All little Courages were naturally full of Complaints. They are like the river of *Silias*, wherein all ſinks to the bottome, and nothing floateth; all paſſeth with them into the bottom of the ſoul, nought ſtayes in the ſuperficies: which is the cauſe that the heart repleniſhed with cares and apprehenſions, diſchargeth it ſelf (what it may) by the tongue.

Beſides the materiall cauſe of Deſpair, which is obſerved in Melancholy, we find others efficient, which ordinarily faſten upon great and ſtrong paſſions of Love, of Ambition, and of Avarice. All hiſtories are full of miſerable people, who having ſettled their affections upon objects, whence they could not with reaſon expect any ſatisfaction, after an infinite number of languors, toils and purſuits, have buried their love in Deſpair, and drowned their ardour in the blood of their wounds. Some have hanged themſelves at the gate of their Miſtreſſes, others have thrown themſelves headlong down into ruines, others have been expoſed to ſalvage beaſts, rather chuſing to ſuffer the fury of tygers and lions, then the rage of Love without fruition.

Dido profeſſa in alieno ſolo ubi nuptias regis iniro optaſſet debuerat.

The Poet *Virgil* did her wrong, to put *Dido* Queen of *Carthage* into the number of the Unhappy, ſaying, ſhe ſacrificed her ſelf to the ſword and flames, out of a Deſpair conceived to ſee her ſelf deprived of her *Trojan*. *Tertullian* juſtified the Aſhes of his Countrey-woman, aſſuring us ſhe was one of the moſt chaſte Ladies in the world, and did more in the matter of Chaſtity then S. *Paul* preſcribeth. For the Apoſtle having ſaid, *That it is better to marry then to burn*; ſhe rather choſe to burn then to marry, making her own funerall alive, and rather entring upon the flaming pyle then to comply with the paſſion of a King who ſought her in marriage after the death of her husband whom ſhe had ſingularly loved.

ne tamen ſecundas ex. periretur, maluit è contrario uri, quàm nubere. Tertul. in exhort. ad caſtitatem.

The paſſion of Ambition is no leſſe violent in proud and arrogant ſpirits (who having been long born as on the wings of glory, and ſeeing themſelves on a ſudden ſo unfortunate, as to be trampled under foot by thoſe who adored them) cannot digeſt the change of their fortune, anticipating that by violence, which they ought rather to expect from mercy. Such was *Achitophel*, accounted to be one of the greateſt States-men of his time, whoſe counſels were eſteemed as of a Deitie, when ſeeing himſelf faln from the great authority he had acquired, after he had ſet the affairs of his houſe in order, he took a halter with which he hanged himſelf. And it is thought *Pilate* followed the like courſe, when he ſaw himſelf to be diſcountenanced after the death of his maſter *Tiberius*, and baniſhed by *Caius Caligula*, the ſucceſſour to the Empire. This calamity ſeemed unto him ſo intolerable, that he ſought to ſhorten his miſeries by haſtening his death, which he gave himſelf by his own hand. Yet *Euſebius*, who ſeems to be the chief authour of this narration, and who is followed by *Paulus Oroſius* and others, doth not aſſure it, as a thing undoubtedly true, but as a popular rumour. For my part, I think it not amiſſe to believe *Tertullian*, who conceiveth, that after the death of our Saviour, *Pilate* was a Chriſtian in his conſcience, when he in writing expreſſed to the Emperour *Tiberius* the things which occurred in the perſon of our Saviour with ſo much honour for our Religion, that from that time the Emperour reſolved to put *Jeſus Chriſt* into the number of the Gods. But if the opinion of this Author were true, *It could not be credible*, that a man who had a tincture of Chriſtianity ſhould have ended his life by ſo *furious a Deſpair*.

1 Reg. 17. 23

Tantis irrogante Caio angoribus coactatus eſt, ut ſe ſuâ tranſverberans manu, malorum compendium mortis celeritate quæſierit Paul. Oroſ. l. 7. c. 4.

Pilatus jam tunc pro ſua conſcientia Chriſtian. Tertul. in Apoleg.

Yes that it might very well, as many examples teſtifie.

Avarice in this point will nothing at all give place to Ambition, for there are many to be found, who (ſeeing themſelves unexpectedly deprived of treaſures which they kept, as the Griphons of *Scythia*) would no longer behold the Sun, after the Sun had ſeen the Gold which they hid in the bowels of the earth. Witneſſe that covetous man of the Greek Anthology, who ſtrangled himſelf with the ſame halter wherewith another man had determined to hang himſelf, who by chance having found this caitiffs treaſure, was diverted from it. This may very well teach us, that it is very dangerous, paſſionately to affect the objects of the world, becauſe (as ſaith S. *Gregory*) one cannot without immeaſurable grief loſe all that which with unlimitted love is poſſeſſed. The evil ſpirit, who ſoundeth each ones inclinations, and diſcovereth their diſpoſitions, powerfully intermedleth in them, and layeth ſnares for men in all the things wherein he obſerveth them to be with the moſt fervour, buſied. To theſe occaſions of Deſpair, fear of pain and ſhame is added, which is very ordinary, and is the cauſe that many haſten their end, before they fall into the hands of their enemies, or are laid hold on by Juſtice, which is as much as if one ſhould die, not to dye. This was very common among Pagans, who eſteemed that a glory which we hold the worſt of crimes: and the like opinion crept very farre, into the minds of the Hebrews, who thought themſelves to be ſacred perſons, and imagined they did an act generous and profitable to the glory of God, to

kill

kill themselves, before the hands of Infidels were bathed in their bloud. This is the cause if we believe the ordinary Glosse of the first Book of Kings, and the antient Interpreters of this Nation, that we cannot conclude the damnation of *Saul* by an infallible demonstration for having strucken himself; seeing, that according to their opinion, he was not sufficiently illuminated by the lights of the antient Law, that it was a Mortall sin to hasten his death to save the honour of his Religion, and to deliver himself from the scorn of Infidels. Nay, they assure us, that he in this occasion ordered himself as a treasure of God, refusing to deliver up unto enemies a Head honoured with sacred Unction, to be alive defiled by their profane hands. They add, that he had before him the example of *Samson*, who was admired by all his own Nation for being overwhelmed with the Philistims under the ruines of a house. And that after him *Razias*, esteemed a Saint and a courageous man, gave himself the stroke of death, and threw his bowels all bloudy from the top of a turret on the heads of his enemies. But now at this time we stand in a clear light, communicated unto us by Councels and School-Divinity, and know it is not at all lawfull, so farre as that a Decree hath decided, that a Virgin ought rather to suffer the losse of virginity of body by a manifest violence, then of her own accord to tear out her soul. Yet Doctours do not condemne him who throws himself down headlong to avoid a burning, nor him who putteth fire to the powder of a ship taken with Pirats, wherein he cannot doubt but he must perish, but he hastneth his end to take a prey from his enemy, and to sacrifice himself for a Publick good.

Glossa in 1 Reg. 31. Dicunt Hebræi, & alli qui etiam Christiani, quod interfecere seipsum intuitu Divini honoris, nè vituperium exerceatur in proprio corpore redundans in Dei vituperium, sicut timebat Saul, non esse illicitum.

Macch. 1. 13

Placuit, ut qui sibi ipsis voluntariè violentam intulerunt mortem, nulla prorsus pro illis in oblatione commemoratio fiat. Ex Concil. Braccarensi primo. c. 34. Caus. 23. q. 5 in Glossa. Laym. p. 116

The Doctrine which blameth every other act of Despair, is conform to the opinion of the best Philosophers, who held, it is to die like a licentious beast, to go out of this life without his warrant, by whose leave we entred into it. *Seneca*, who had been of another opinion, changed it afterward at the end of his dayes, nor would he use violence against himself, wherewith *Nero* was amazed, and sent him the sentence of death, which he received with a marvellous courage; shewing, that if he sealed not his former opinion with his bloud, it was not for want of resolution, but that he had acquired more light. For my part, I probably think he was at that time a Christian, although not declared; and it is to no purpose to alledge, that he in his last words maketh mention of a *Jupiter Liberator*, since he explicateth it in his writings, shewing that by this word he understands no other God, then the sovereign Monarch of the Universe.

Eundem quem nos Jovem, intelligunt rectorem universi, cui nomen omne convenit.

We ought not to take this glory from him, since S. *Hierome* so clearly giveth it him, placing him in the number of Christian Authours and Confessours of *Jesus Christ*. And that *Flavius Dexter*, a notable Historian, who flourished in S. *Augustines* time, and who wrote the History of Christianity from the Birth of Christ our Saviour, to the year 430. expresly saith in the year 64. *De Christiana re bene sensit, factúsque Christianus occultus.* But if this be so, it cannot have been but in the last year of *Seneca*'s life, which is 66. of our Lord, when the holy Apostles S. *Peter* and S. *Paul* returning thither the second time, made Christianity in that place to be resplendent. From whence it comes, that they much labour in vain who alledge many passages out of *Seneca*'s book, composed in his Paganism, to disapprove our opinion.

Nat. quæst. lib. 3. S. Hier. l. de Scriptoribus Eccles.

§ 3. *Humane Remedies of Despair.*

THe cause of Despair and the condition of those who Despair, being sufficiently known, we must fortifie our selves against this pernicious passion with all the courage and prudence we can use. If we consider the humane Remedies, they will teach us, that the inconstancy of things on the earth which overwhelme us, may raise us, that the state of this inferiour world is as a wheel, whereon we do nought but go up and come down; and that when we have the most happinesse, then is the time we fall to the lowest degree of misery. When the unfortunate are descended into abysses, the prosperous leap up in their places. We have seen of them, as the Wise-man observeth, that have mounted to Empires from the deep dungeons of a prison, as did *Michael* the Emperour, who was unexpectedly snatched out of the hands of *Leo* when he had resolved to burn him alive: was taken from black Caverns, born to the Palace as yet nasty and all horrid, and on his Imperiall Throne made to file off the fetters on his feet, for that the key of them could not be found. The proud *Sesostris*, King of Egypt, who pompously walked along in a chariot harnessed out with Kings, was diverted from his insolency by one of those miserable Princes, who taught him a lesson of the revolution of humane things by the resemblance of the wheels of the chariot of triumph, whereunto pride had lifted him. Experience will tell us, that many for having lightly believed their evil fortune, were deprived of very great prosperities; and became unfortunate for no other reason, but that they thought themselves such before their time.

De carcere catenisque interdum quis egreditur ad regnum. Zonaras. in Michael.

Perseverance will instruct us, that in worldly affairs, as are marriages, offices, benefices, suits in law, commerce, good turns, and recompences; we must not still fall off out of mood, but patiently expect the hour of our good hap, whilst there is any reasonable likelihood, *Scardion* in the third Book of his History, recounteth an excellent passage of Pope *Innocent* the Seventh, who employed a famous Painter named *Andrew Mattineus*, in adorning his Chappel of the Vatican. This brave work-man bent himself to it with affection, and therein used his most exquisite inventions, hoping that he who set him awork, would largely requite his merit in so notable a power to oblige all the world. He notwithstanding saw his labours daily to go on, but felt no rewards coming, which one day put him into Choler, with a resolution to be revenged by some trick of his Art. The Pope had commanded him to paint the seven deadly Sins, but he instead of taking his proportions for seven places, added thereunto an eighth, wherein he purposed to make a hideous monster. *Innocent* more fully informing himself of his design, the Painter answered, he left this place there to represent Ingratitude, as the most capitall of all Vices. The Pope well understanding what he would say, smiled, and said, *Matineus*, I give consent thou paint Ingratitude as ugly as thou pleasest, but on this condition, that thou place Patience directly over against it, which of all Virtues is the most courageous, from which thou art very much alienated, being unable a little to expect patiently the good I have resolved to do thee: and presently he gave him a good Benefice for his sons preferment.

Lastly, commonly fame will shew us there are people, whose ears are like those gates through which nothing was suffered to passe but direfull things. They burden themselves with all the worst, and become eloquent in the mishap of their friends, as if they infinitely obliged them by learning their disastres. We shall easily find a remedy for the evil we apprehend, by not being over credulous in giving ear to these news-carriers whom Poets will have to be the messengers of Hell. Constancy will assure us, that the evil opinion one hath of his own affairs troubleth the whole businesse; that

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we must persevere to the end, and albeit, the tempest turmoil us, never to forsake the helm, though tossed in the midst of surges. If it be a last necessity which assaileth us, we must put on the countenance of a Saint to receive it, and confidently believe, that if it take all Hope from us, it will by little and little take away also all our Despair. It is very dangerous at that time to trust our own thoughts, and to entertain dotages of the mind: rather, we should seek (by the comfort of a confident Confessour, and by other good friends) to strengthen our selves against the storm which most commonly, onely threatneth us in the haven.

§ 4, *Divine Remedies.*

Remedies for this Passion.

IF our soul have leisure to take wings, and to raise it self above it self, let us look upon Divine Remedies, whereof we may make use to divert or vanquish this direfull Passion; which is verily one of the most poisonous of reasonable nature. And first of all, let us consider, how God being neither capable of Hope nor Despair, faileth not to invite us to the one, and to withdraw us from the other, by the operations which he exerciseth on the visible world.

An excellent saying of venerable Bede.

Venerable *Bede* saith excellently well in his Observations, that he hath three sorts of Habitations, wherein he hath lodged six divers things. In heaven, he hath placed Verity and Eternity. On earth, Curiosity and Repentance. In hell, Misery and Despair. Why should we then take to us a Passion of the damned, which is not made for the world wherein we live? It is a remarkable thing, that God to make us hope, hath oftentimes strained the laws of Nature, doing things which seemed impossible to all humane judgements; and in works of Grace he daily also produceth miracles, drawing to salvation and glory people meerly desperate, according to the opinion of the world. How could we have one sole touch of Despair, were we truly faithfull, since God engageth even his goodnesse and power, to make us hope all that, which according to Man, is desperate. *There is nothing impossible to the omnipotency of God. He did but speak a word, and it was sufficient to vindicate from nothing all this vast world of Creatures. So soon as he ordained it, so soon it was done. And he hath indifferently let us know his greatnesse, as well in the production of the least things, as in the creation of the most noble and eminent.*

Non est impossibile apud Deum omne verbum. Luc. 1. Ipse dixit & facta sunt, ipse mandavit & creata sunt. Psal. 148.

Magnus in magnis, nec parvus in minimis. Aug. serm. de Temp.

What hindereth the production of admirable works.

There are three things which are opposite to admirable works: First, the weaknesse of the Agent created. Secondly, the indisposition of the subject. Thirdly, the frequency of things seen and used. But God takes away these three obstacles to do miracles in Nature. He gives to Active creatures a strength meerly particular, and wholly Divine, to work above their force. He gives to Passive, a power of submission, and a capacity to receive the supernaturall impression of agents, and brings forth effects, which are not onely great, but wholly extraordinary. And which is more, we therein observe five Excellencies, which are as five raies of their glory: to wit, Efficacy, Durance, Utility, the End, and the Means, which render all these works of God infinitely recommendable. It is by his command, that burning pillars walk in the air to serve as a standard for six hundred thousand fighting-men. That the sea parts in sunder and divides it self into two banks of Chrystall, to make a rampart for his people. That the Clouds of heaven showr bread of Angels. That Rocks open their sides to pour forth fountains. That armies of Flies and Caterpillers destroy legions all of iron and steel. That the Sun stands still in the midst of his career. That whales make a temple of their belly for a Prophet. That Sepulchres yield forth the dead alive.

God when he pleaseth takes away all the obstacles which oppose thereunto.

The wonders which God maketh to appear in the old Testament by the help of his creatures.

All this is done in nature by the ministery of Angels and the service of men: but, by the virtue of God alone, to whom it belongeth to do miracles; the soul of Jesus Christ it self having not been but the instrument of the World united to it in such like operation. What is it we ought not to hope from a God, from whom we can despair of nothing, and who holdeth Totall Nature at his service to help our confidence? But, not content with it, he passeth to miraculous works of Grace, wherein he causeth unexpected productions. I will give you an excellent consideration, to encourage you never to despair, either of your own salvation, or that of other sinners. It is, that God, albeit, by his prescience he cannot be ignorant of the successe of souls which are out of the sweetnesse of his predestination, and who are not reckoned in the number of his Elect; yet whilst they are involved in bodies, he treateth them as his own, not shewing that he despaireth of their happinesse.

S. Thom. 3. q. 13. 2.

God indifferently treateth elect souls as reprobate, during life, without shewing that he despaireth of their salvation.

Divines teach us, that there is not any one destitute of the help of sufficient Grace to work his salvation; not any one who is not visited with inspirations necessary for this purpose. Thus doth S. *Augustine* interpret the passage of the 18. *Psalme*, *There is none who can hide himself from his heat.* The ardour of the *Word Divine* pierceth through the coldest shadows of death. The Sunne is very generall, and there is not a creature in the world so little, which hears not news of him: yet all night long he retireth from us. And there are many people who are plunged in nights so tedious and irksome, that they seem to be (as it were) eternall. But this sun of Grace penetrateth into the darkest obscurities: It finds out men, who have nothing of man but skin and figure, and speaketh to them with its raies, which are so many tongues from heaven: It spake to *Herod* after the murder of fourteen thousand Innocents: It spake to *Nero*, in the agitations of a mind troubled with the image of his crimes: It spake to the Emperour *Theophilus*, when dying, he held between his hands the head of *Theophobus* his Constable to satiate his revenge: Lastly, It makes us pronounce aloud the excellent saying of S. *Clemens Alexandrinus*, *There are no Cimmerians for the Word of God.* He makes allusion to certain people, whom we now call Georgians, or else to those who antiently inhabited in the territory of Rome in places under the ground, such as that which we now-adayes call *Sybilla*'s Grot, and it is thought the Sun never reflected into their caves; but it is not so in the visits of the holy Ghost; *The great sea of Divine Lights is ever at hand, and abundantly overfloweth in favour of such evils as will participate therein.* I am not ignorant, that certain Divines have said, that some sinners arrive many times to such exorbitancy of crimes and ingratitudes, that they in the end are totally abandoned by God, and have not all the rest of their time, one sole good thought. But the most moderate say, that this happeneth for certain time, and certain moments, albeit, one cannot generally say that a man may come to an estate so desperate, as to be wholly impenetrable to the graces of God: *It is an errour to say, that a crime so detestable may happen in the world, of which one cannot have remission. We cannot set limits, nor bound time in the infinite mercies of God.* *Moses* the Ethiopian, who was so black of body, so stained in conscience, so wicked of life, that he was accounted a devil incarnate, was so changed by the Grace of God, that he became an Angel of heaven. An infamous thief having obtained his pardon of the Emperour *Mauricius*, was put into the Hospitall of S. *Samson*, where he so plentifully bewailed his sins in the last agonies of death, that the Physician who took care of him, coming to see him, found him unex-

God never faileth, with necessary succours, & sufficient Grace, to save us.

Psalme 18. August. ibid. Non est qui se abscondat à calore ejus.

Desperate people whom God visited to their end.

ἐθνος ἐν Νόμῳ Θεοῦ. Clem. Alex. protrept.

S. Dionys. de Hierarch. cœlesti.

Bellarm. l. 5 de Gratia.

S. Thom. 3. 4. 86. Dicere quod peccatum sit in hac vita de quo quis pœnitere non possit, erroneum est. Misericordiæ Dei nec mensuram possumus ponere nec tempora definire.

S. Leo. ep. 89

Admirable conversions of such as seemed desperate.

unexpectedly dead, and over his face a handkerchief bathed with his tears; and ſoon after he had a certain revelation of his Beatitude. To this purpoſe Pope *Celeſtine* ſaid, *That a true Converſion made at the laſt end of life; is to be meaſured by the mind, not by the time.* God cauſed a thief to mount from the gallows to Glory, to teach us, that as there is nothing impoſſible to his Power, ſo there is not any thing limitted in his Mercy. It is onely fit for him to Deſpair, who can be as wicked as God is good.

Cœleſt. l. ep. 2. c. 2. Vera ad Deum converſio in ultimis poſitorum mente potius eſt exiſtimanda quam tempore.

§ 5. *The Examples which Jeſus Chriſt gave us in the abyſſe of his ſufferings are moſt efficacious againſt puſillanimity.*

The ſight of our Saviour teacheth us to perſevere in our good hopes, and not to deſpair.

BEhold the conſolations we may derive from our firſt model: but if we will conſider the ſecond; we ſhall find that our Lord, who did all for our inſtruction, witneſſed ſtrong hopes in the great abyſſe of dolours wherewith he was all covered over on the Croſſe, to encourage us to hope well in the moſt ſenſible afflictions.

That you may well underſtand this point ſo important, you muſt conſider, what then was the ſtate of the body and ſoul of *Jeſus Chriſt*: the body was ſo full of wounds, that they, who could not be ſatisfied with his pains, did more in him torment his wounds then his members. He had almoſt no part about him entire, whereof he on the Croſſe could make uſe, but his eyes and his tongue. His eyes not being pulled out as (*Samſon*'s and *Zedekiah*'s;) there was nothing left for him, but to ſet before his view the Martyrdome of his good Mother, who was faſtned on the Croſſe by love, and who imprinted in her ſoul, by a moſt amorous reflexion, all the torments which the King of the afflicted bare on his body. His Tongue, which he had reſerved free to be the organ of heavenly harmonies in thoſe fervent prayers he ſent to his celeſtiall Father, was wholly drenched in gall,

But all this was nothing in compariſon of the dolours of his Soul: For, he was deſtitute for a time of all divine Conſolations, abandoned to himſelf, delivered over as a prey to all the outrageous ſadneſſe which may grow in our minds. It was a horrible blaſphemy in *Calvin* to ſay, that our Lord deſcended into Hell, there to endure the pains of the damned, without the ſuffering of which, he was not in a ſtate to be able to redeem the world. This (ſpoken in the manner as this abominable Noveliſt hath dared to write) woundeth, and offendeth the moſt obdurate ears. But if we will ſpeak with the moſt eminent Divines, we may ſay, that it is very likely that the Agonies of our Saviours Soul might in ſome ſort enter into Compariſon with the ſadneſſe of the damned; not by reaſon of their condition, but of their exceſſe. And certainly ſome have thought that our Saviour, ſtirring up in his bleſſed Soul a Contrition for all the ſin of the world in generall, and of every one in particular, was wounded with ſo piercing a ſorrow, that it in ſome ſort exceeded that of devils and the damned. For, all the ſadneſſe, which may be imagined in hell conſiſteth in acts which are produced from Principles that ſurpaſſe not the force of Humane or Angelicall Nature: but the pain which our Saviour endured for the expiation of our Ingratitude, was derived from the heart of God according to the whole latitude of the Grace and Charity of the word *Incarnate*.

Calvin. l. 2. Inſtit. c. 16.

Suarez. in 3. q. 46. Fieri potuit ut intenſivè eſſet major: an ità de facto fuerit non poteſt conſtare.

The exceſſe of the contrition and dolour of our Lord.

The three ſadneſſes of our Saviour.

For which cauſe, it is conformable to reaſon to ſay, by Allegory, that this bleſſed Soul entred into three kinds of ſacred and honourable flames, and of pains wholly Divine. The firſt was, in the garden of Olivet, when he ſaid, *His ſoul was ſad to death*: The

Mat. 16.

ſecond, when he pronounced on the Croſſe, *My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?* Complaining, not of the ſeparation of the Word (as ſome antient Writers have underſtood it, little conform to true Theology) but of receſſe from protection (as S. *Athanaſius* doth explicate it in his Book of the Incarnation; and S. *Auguſtine* in his 47. Tract upon S. *John*.) The third was, at the going forth of the incomparable ſoul of *Jeſus*, when there was not ſo ſmall a filament of a vein in his body, which reſented not the abſence of this divine Sunne.

Mat. 27.

Vox recedentis verbi Dei conteſtata diſſidium. Hil. can. 33. Athan. lib. de Incarn. Aug. tra. 47. in Joan.

Notwithſtanding, among all theſe great convulſions which put heaven into mourning, and earth into quakings under his feet: he ſtood firm, and, with an eye bathed in bloud beheld the raies of Glory which were to crown him after ſo exquiſite torments: ſo that in the one and twentieth Pſalme (which it is thought our Saviour wholly recited when he hanged on the Croſſe) having reckoned up the dolours which invironed him on all ſides; he raiſed himſelf up as the Palme againſt the weight of his afflictions, and ſaid, *I will declare thy Name to my brethren in the midſt of the whole aſſembly of the faithfull. Yea, my God, all my praiſe ſhall be in thee, and for thee. I will pronounce thy marvels in thine own houſe, and I will offer thee my vows and ſacrifices before all thoſe who make profeſſion to honour thee.*

Narrabo nomen tuum fratribus meis, in medio Eccleſiæ laudabo te. Apud te laus mea in Eccleſia magna, vota mea reddam in conſpectu timentium eum. Pſal. 21

6. *Encouragements to good Hopes.*

AND will we then in ſo great light of Examples, in ſo eminent protection of divine Helps, reſign our ſelves over to ſadneſſe and deſpair; among ſo many accidents of this tranſitory life? Deſpair onely belongs to hearts gnawn with dull melancholy, and to ſouls extremely in love with themſelves and the commodities of the world, or to maligne ſpirits who have loſt all the ſparks of good conſcience; or laſtly, to the damned.

Why ſhould we deprive our ſelves of an ineſtimable treaſure of good hopes, which the eternall Father hath kept for us in his omnipotency; of which the word Incarnate hath aſſured us on the Croſſe with his bloud, and the reſt of his life? Is it not a goodly thing to ſee people who bear the character of Chriſtianity, to lay down the buckler, and to throw away arms at the firſt approach of ſome affliction whatſoever, to grumble and murmure againſt God and men; to cruciate themſelves like *Prometheus* on the rocks of *Caucaſus*, to torment themſelves with a thouſand imaginary evils? *Wo to you Apoſtate and fugitive children, who have made reſolutions without me, and who have weaved a web which was not warped by my ſpirit. It is no extraordinary matter* (ſaid S. Chryſoſtome) *to fall in wreſtling; but to be willing to lie ſtill ſtretched out at length on the earth. It is no diſhonour to receive wounds in fight; but, to neglect them, and to let the gangrene through lazineſſe to creep in, is a folly inexcuſable.*

Væ, filii, deſertores, dicit Dominus, ut faceretis conſilium & non ex me, & ordiremini telam, & non per Spiritum meum. Iſa 30. 1. Chryſoſt. ad Theodorum

We entred into this life, as into a liſt, to wreſtle; as into a field of battel to fight: why are we amazed, if God uſe us as he did his moſt valourous champions? Let us look upon life on all ſides, and we ſhalll find it preſerved by good Hopes, and is totally ruined by Deſpair. Behold, men build after ruines and fires; ſee, others (after they are come all naked from amidſt waves, rocks, frothy rages of the ſea) gather together in the haven broken planks of their unfortunate veſſels, to commit their life to an element whoſe infidelity they know by experience, and taſte proſperous ſucceſſe onely by very ſlight hopes. Yet flie they like Eagles into dangers, among all the images of death, after they

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therein have been so ill treated. When *Alexander* was ready to enter into the Indies, one said unto him, Whither wilt thou go? Beyond the world? where dying Nature is but a dull lump: where darkneſſe robs men of heavens light: and the water hath no acquaintance with the earth. What ſhall you ſee, but frozen ſeas; prodigious monſters; maligne ſtars; and all the powers of life conſpiring your death? *To what purpoſe is it to haſten to ſail over new and unheard of ſeas? Inconſiderately to interrupt the peacefull ſeat of the Gods?* But (replyed he) *Let us courageouſly go on, let us diſcover thoſe forlorn Countreys: Thus did great* Hercules *deſerve to win heaven.*

Aliena quid æquora remis, & ſacras violamus aquas, Divúmque quietas turbamus ſedes? Bamus, inter has ſedes, Hercules cœlum meruit. Senec. ſuaſoria 1.

Hope cauſed Rome to ſet Armies on foot after the battel of Cannæ; and France, to triumph over the Engliſh by the hands of a ſilly ſhepherdneſſe: wherefore will we deſpair of our ſalvation, ſith the mercy of God was never extinguiſhed, nor can he ceaſe to be what he is? what a thought of a devil is it, to deliver ones ſelf over to deſpair in the ſight of a *Jeſus*, who beareth our reconciliation on his ſacred members, and pleadeth our cauſe before his eternall Father, with as many mouths as our ſins in him have opened wounds? Know we not, *We have a Biſhop, who cannot but compaſſionate our infirmities, ſeeing he himſelf hath pleaſed to paſſe through all thoſe trials*; and to make experience thereof to his own coſt and charges? It is not the deſpair of our ſalvation which tempteth us, but that of temporall goods; this ſuit, and that money, is loſt: here is the thing which afflicteth this deſolate ſoul, and makes it hate its proper life. O ſoul, ignorant of the good and evil of thy life! It is thy love and not thy deſpair alone which tormenteth thee. Thou then haſt fixed thy Beatitude on this gold, this ſilver, on thy profit by this ſuit; and thou looketh on it, as on a little Divinity. Doſt thou forget the words of the Prophet? *Silly partridge thou broodeſt borrowed eggs, thou haſt hatched birds which were not thine: let them flie, ſith thou canſt not hold them.*

Non habemus Pontificem, qui non poſſit compati infirmitatibus noſtris, tentatum per omnia. Heb. 4.

Perdix fovit quæ non peperit, fecit divitias, & non in judicio, in dimidio dierum ſuorum derelinquet eas. Jer. 17. 11.

That which thou eſteemeſt a great loſſe, ſhall be the beginning of thy happineſſe: thou ſhalt ever be rich enough, if thou learneſt to be ſatisfied with God. But, this perſon (whom I more dearly loved then my ſelf) is dead, and all my purpoſes are ruined by his death: wherefore doſt thou reſolve with thy ſelf to ſay now he is dead? Began he not to die from the day of his birth? Muſt he be looked on as a thing immortall, ſince both thou and he have already received the Sentence of your deaths from your mothers wombs? If thou onely griev'eſt for his abſence, thou wilt quickly be content; for thou daily goeſt on towards him, as faſt as the Sun which enlightneth us; there is not a day which ſet thee not forward millions of leagues towards thy Tomb. I am content that *they bewail the dead, who can have no hope of Reſurrection; they who believe they are dead never to live again. Let them bemoan the loſſe of their friends as long as they will: as for us, we ſhall ſoon ſee one another, and re-enter into the poſſeſſion of thoſe, whoſe abſence we a while lament.*

Ruricius. S. Hieron. Fleant mortuos ſuos qui ſpem reſurrectionis habere non poſſunt, fleant mortuos ſuos quos in perpetuum æſtimant interiiſſe, in brevi viſuri ſumus, quos dolemus abſentes.

It is not abſence (ſay you) which moſt afflicteth me; but, to ſee my ſelf deſtitute of a ſupport which I expected, that is it vexeth me. Enter into thy heart, lay thy hand on thy thoughts, and they will teach thee, that all thy unhappineſſe cometh from being ſtill too much tied to honours, ambitions, and worldly commodities. I would divert thee as much as I might poſſibly from deſpair, but I at this preſent find that the remedy of thy evils will never be, but in a holy Deſpair of all the frivolous fair ſemblances of the world. O how wiſely ſaid *Vegetius*, That *Deſpair is in many a neceſſity of virtue.* But more wiſely, S. *John Climachus*, who defining the life of a perfect Chriſtian, which he calleth the Pilgrimage, did let theſe words fall, *True, and perfect Religion is a generall Deſpair of all things.* O what a happy ſcience is it, to know how to Deſpair of all, to put all our hope in God alone? Let us take away thoſe deceitfull and treacherous props which beſiege our credulous minds, and ceaſe not to enter into our heart by heaps: Let us bid adieu to all the charming promiſes of a barren and lying world, and turning our eyes towards this celeſtiall Jeruſalem our true countrey; let us ſing with the Prophet, *All the greateſt comfort I have in this miſerable life, is, that I often lift up mine eyes to the mountains, and towards heaven, to ſee if any neceſſary ſuccour comes to me from any place. From whence can I hope more help or conſolation, then from the great God omnipotent, who of nothing created this Univerſe, and hath (for my ſake) made an infinity of ſo many goodly creatures? Should I ſee armed ſquadrons of thunders and lightnings to fall on me, I would have a ſpirit as confident, as if there were no danger. Were I to paſſe through the horrours of death being in thy company, I would fear no danger. Moreover, I hold it for a ſingular favour, and it ſhall be no ſmall comfort to me, when thou takeſt pain lovingly to chaſtiſe me for my miſdeeds, and to favour me with thy viſits.* Happy he, who hath raiſed his gain from his loſſes, his aſſurance out of his uncertainties, his ſtrength out of his infirmities, his hopes out of his proper Deſpairs, and who hopes not any thing but what is promiſed by God, nor is contented but with God who ſatisfieth all deſires and crowneth all felicities.

Vegi. l. 4. c. 3. Neceſſitas quædam virtutis eſt deſperatio. Clym. gr. 3. peregrinatio vera eſt omnium prorſus rerum deſperatio.

Levavi oculos meos in montes, unde veniet auxilium mihi. Auxilium meum à Domino, qui fecit cœlum & terram. Pſal. 120.

Si conſiſtant adverſùm me caſtra, non timebit cor meum. Pſal. 26. 3. &c.

The ninth Treatiſe, Of FEAR.

§ 1. *The Definition, the Deſcription, the Cauſes and Effects thereof.*

The nature of Fear, and the bad effects of it.

FEar is the daughter of ſelf-love and opinion; a Paſſion truly horrid, which cauſeth all things to be feared (yea, thoſe which are not, as yet in being) and by making all to be feared, hath nothing ſo terrible as it ſelf. It falleth on a poor heart, on a miſerable man, as would a tempeſt not fore-ſeen, or like a ravenous beaſt practiſed in ſlaughter; and confiſcateth a body which it ſuddenly interdicteth the functions of nature, and the uſe of forces. It doth at firſt, that, with us, which the Sparrow-hawk doth with the Quail. It laies hold on the heart, which is the fountain of heat, and ſource of life; it ſeizeth on it, it gripes it, it tortureth it in ſuch ſort, that all the members of the body extremely afflicted with the accident befaln their poor Prince, ſend him ſome ſmall tributes of bloud and heat to comfort him in his ſufferings, whereby the body becomes much weakned. The vermillion of cheeks inſtantly fadeth, and paleneſſe ſpreads over all the face, deſtitute of the bloud wherewith it was formerly coloured; the hair hard ſtrained at the root with cold, ſtares and ſtands on end; the flames which ſweetly blaze in the eyes, fall into eclipſe; the voyce is interrupted; words are imperfectly ſpoken; all the organs and bands are looſened and untyed; quaking ſpreads it ſelf over all, eſpecially the knees, which are the Baſis of this building of Nature:

cure) and over the hands, which are frontier-places most distant from the direction of the Prince, who is then toiled with the confusion of his state. This evill passion is not content to seize on our body, but it flieth to the superior region of our soul, to cause disorder; robbing us almost in a moment, of memory, understanding, judgement, will, courage, and rendring us benumm'd, dull, and stupid in our actions. This notwithstanding is not to be understood but of an inordinate fear. And that we may see day-light through this dark passion, to know it in all the parts thereof; I say first in generall that there are two sorts of Fear, Morall and Naturall. Morall, which comprehending filiall, and servile, is not properly a Passion, but a Vertue, which S. *Barnabi* (according to the report of *Clement Alexandrinus*) called the *Conductrix of Faith*. S. *Ambrose*, *the rudder of the soul*. And *Tertullian*, *the foundation of Salvation*. Of this very same it was S. *Zeno* spake so eloquently. *O necessary fear! which art to be procured by care and study, and not to be met by chance; voluntarily, not out of necessity, and rather by over much piety and tenderness, then by the occasion of sin, which brings a guilty soul vexation enough.*

The sorts of Fear. Clavus animæ fugientis. Ambr. de Paradis. Tertul. de cultu fœmin. O necessarius timor! qui timet ante non cadit, voluntate non necessitate, religione non culpa. S. Zeno.

Naturall fear is properly an apprehension of a near approaching evil framed in the soul, whether it be reall, or seeming, to which one cannot easily make resistance. It is divided into six parts, according to the Doctrine of S. *John Damascen*, to wit, Pusillanimity, Bashfulnesse, Shame, Amazement, Stupidity, and Agony. Pusillanimity feareth a labour burthensome, and offensive to nature. Bashfulnesse flyeth a foul act, not yet committed. Shame dreadeth disgrace which ordinarily followeth the sinne when it is committed. Amazement (which we otherwise call admiration) is caused by an object we have of some evill which is great, new, and not expected, the progressions and events whereof we cannot fore-see. Stupidity proceedeth, from a great superabundance of fear which oppresseth all the faculties of the soul. And Agony is the last degree which totally swalloweth up the spirit in the extreme nearnesse of great evils, and greatly remediless.

Six sorts of naturall Fear.

The causes of fear.

Forasmuch as concerneth the causes of this passion, if we will reason upon it, we shall find, that the chief and most considerable, is self-love, which is ever bent upon the preservation of it self, and the exclusion of all things offensive; from whence it cometh, that all the greatest lovers of themselves are the most fearfull, and the most reserved in the least occasions of perill, as are ordinarily persons rich, full of ease, and nice; who resemble the fish that hath gold on his scales, and is the most timorous creature of the sea. The second, wherein many particular causes meet, is the evil to come, namely when it is great, neer, inevitable, and that it tends to the privation of our being. From thence arise a thousand spectres of terrour; as are poverty, outrages, maladies, thunder, fire, sword, inundations, violent deaths, wild beasts; and above all, men powerfull, cruell, revengefull, wicked; especially when they are offended, or that they have some interest in our ruine, and that they can freely be revenged without any fear of laws or punishment. Adde to these, the envious, corrivalls, greedy heirs, friends treacherous, provoked, or timorous, mutinous, quarrelsome, violent, and greedy. The third motive of fear, is, the ignorance, and little experience we have in the evils of the world: for, all that which is covert and hidden from us seems the more terrible, as are solitudes, abysses, darknesses, and persons disguised. From thence cometh, that women, children, and men bred in a soft and sedentary life are more timorous, sith the knowledge of dangers whereof they are deprived is a great Mistresse of Fortitude. The fourth source is coldnesse, and consideration, which is the cause that the wisest justly fear perils, where hair-brain'd young men, fools and drunkards carelessly jeast and make sport: and that was the cause why *Sylla*, finding himself many times too considerate in the foresight of evils, did endeavour to drown his apprehensions in wine. The fifth is observed in a nature cold, melancholick, imaginative, and distrustfull, which sometimes happeneth to Hypocondriacks, such as was that of the antient *Artemon*, who caused a buckler continually to be carried over his head by two Lackeys, fearing lest something falling from on high might hurt him: or that of *Pisander*, who feared to meet his own soul: or that other frantick fellow, who durst not walk for fear of breaking the world, which he perswaded himself was wholly made of glasse.

Ælian. l. 12. de animal. ὁ καρχάρος ἰχθὺς δειλότατος.

The sixth, lastly comes from an ill conscience. For there is not any thing so turmoiled, so torn, and so divided as a soul which hath alwayes before it the image of its own crimes. This was it which made the *Nero's* and *Domitians* to tremble: This, which caused *Apollodorus* (of whom *Plutarch* speaketh) to have horrible visions, so that it many times seemed to him in his nightly sleeps that the Scythians flaied him alive & threw his chop'd members one after another into a boiling caldron, and that he had nothing alive but his heart, which said to him in the bottome of this caldron, I am thy wicked heart, It is I, who am the source of all thy Disastres.

Semper enim præsumit sæva perturbata conscientia. Sap. 19. 11. Plutarch. de sera numinis vindicta.

§. 2. *Of the vexations of Fear, its Differencies, and Remedies.*

Fear, a troublesome passion.

WE may well say this passion is one of the most troublesome and vexing among all the motions of our mind; because it is extremely ranging, sith, not content with the evils which are on the sea and land, yea in Hell, it forgeth new which have no subsistence, but in the perplexity of an imagination quite confounded. Besides this, it more spiritually tormenteth us, making our Judgement and Reason to contribute to our vexations, and many times so long turmoileth us, that it maketh us to fear, half an age of time, that, which passeth in a moment. For which cause, I account it a loving clemency of God to hide from us the greatest part of the things which befall us, the knowledge whereof would continually over-whelm our wretched life with sadnesse and affrightment, and not give us leave nor leisure, to breathe among the delicious objects of Nature. If so many great and eminent personages, who being mounted to the highest degrees of honour, have been thrown down into abysses, had continually beheld the change of their fortune, and the bloudy ends of their life; it is not credible but that the joyes of their triumphs would have been moistned with their tears, and by a perpetuall fear of an inevitable necessity, they would have lost all the moments of their felicity.

The ignorance of our evils is a stratagem of the divine Providence.

Three sorts of fear.

Now, in some sort to remedy a plague so generall; I find, the troubles which come to us this way either are naturall timidities, or fears of things very frequent in the condition of humane life, or are affrightments upon some terrible and unusuall objects. Forasmuch as concerneth timidities which we see in fearfull natures, they proceed either from the disposition of body and melancholick humour, or from the quantity of heart which is sometimes too great and hath little heat; or from idleneſse and effeminacy of life; or from a base birth and from a sedentary breeding, or from small experience, or from overmuch love of reputation, and ease both of mind and body. Some are timorous in conversation and fear to approach men of quality, they dread the aspect of those whom they have not accustomed to see, they quickly change colour, they have no consequence in their speech, no behaviour, no discourse, their words are broken, the tone of their

Timidity, its causes and symptomes.

voyce is trembling, and their countenance nothing confident; which very often happeneth to young men timorously bred, and little experienced: Others fear all occasions of Ceremonies, of pomp, and splendour, to see and to be seen, and would willingly borrow the veil of night to cover themselves from them. Others are very bad sollicitours of businesses, daring not to say, nor contradict any thing; and if they must needs ask a question, they do it so fearfully, that in asking, they shew how they should be denied. There are, who more fear to speak in publick, then one would a battel: which hath happened to many great wits, as to *Demosthenes*, *Theophrastus*, and *Cicero*, who protesteth, that being already of good years, he still became pale, and trembled in the beginning of his discourse: which in my opinion proceeded from an excessive love of honour, which these men seemed to hazard when they made Orations before Princes, the Senate, and people. A block-head exposeth himself with much more confidence, because he hath nothing to lose, and is like a Pilot who steereth a ship fraught with hay: But these were masters who guided vessels furnished with pearls, such credit and authority they had purchased. *Æschines*, a man well behaved, a great talker, and a huge flatterer, triumphantly spake before King *Philip* and the Macedonians, where poor *Demosthenes* had much ado to deliver his mind; so that one might have taken the one for an Ideot, and the other for an Oracle: yet there was no comparison, seeing the one had high and sublime thoughts, the other triviall and very vulgar, which were onely made good by the utterance of voyce and gesture. Some there have been so afflicted to have failed in a publick Oration, that they thereby have fain into despair; it so happened to *Herod* the Athenian (the proudest Oratour of his time) who being gravelled before the Emperour *Marcus Antonius*, was like to die with grief: yet judiciall hearers, do not the lesse value a learned man for the misfortune of these accidents; whilst popular spirits account them for disgraces, which more truly fall upon those who intrude themselves out of temerity, where they are not called out of duty, and striving to gain glory, do lose all the title they might have acquired. This happens to some by a precipitate imagination, who think upon the middle, and end of a discourse, when they are (as yet) in the beginning: To others, out of a light and skipping spirit, which in despite of them doth overflow: To others, by unexpected accidents, as it happened to the learned *Oporinus* of the University of Basil, to whom it was given in charge to receive the famous *Erasmus*, by offering him presents of wine in the name of the City: He was prepared for it with a brave and a long Oration; but being trained up to the School (which had little curiosity and quaintnesse in Complements) going about to kisse *Erasmus* his hand full of the gout, he did it so roughly that he hurt him, and made him to cry out of the pain he had put him to, by this kisse: which made the good Professour lose himself, nor could he ever hit upon the beginning of his discourse, untill they plentifully had powred out some of this presented wine for him to drink, so to awaken his memory.

Certainly we must needs tell you, it is like a dancing on a rope to recite a long oration by heart, and there are many rocks for those who are naturally fearfull. There is not any thing which so much correcteth these timidities, as to break them in ones youth; to put ones self upon hazard when he hath not so much to lose; to cry out, to declaim, to take on in the theatres of a Colledge; to accustome ones self to see good company; to be fashioned for entertainments, discourses, replyes; to learn the garbs of the time and countrey; to study the art of penetrating spirits; not to be out of countenance with ill successe at the beginning; fairly to put on a businesse what one can, and not to become impudent by striving to resist fear. For it happeneth that such as were very timorous become many times so bold by complacence, that they must master their passion which is grown a little too insolent. One would not believe how resolute and fearlesse a man is upon all occasions, who hath been accustomed to declaim.

When *Luitprand* Bishop of Cremona was sent in Embassage to *Constantine* sonne of *Leo* the Emperour of Constantinople, he gave him audience sitting in a throne which suddenly was lifted up to the roof, and was inviron'd with Lions of brasse, who by art began to roar, of purpose to astonish him; but, he gave not over to speak as confidently, as if all this spectacle had been but a childish sport, because he had overcome himself before in a thousand occasions.

But they who after they have in youth tryed to correct these naturall fears, seeing they therein very little profit, should do well to withdraw from great conversations of the world, from the embroilment of affairs, from specious offices, from negotiations (which must be treated with bold and quick spirits) from warfare, from the Court, from Ceremonies, from Orations; to cultivate a sweet repose, without being stirred up by worldly ambitions, and to set themselves on the rack to be successfull in a profession, whereunto nature stands indisposed.

This did *Isocrates*, who had an excellent wit, and very capable of Eloquence; notwithstanding, finding himself destitute of Countenance, Gesture and Confidence, he never durst to speak in publick, contenting himself to teach even to his decrepit dayes; and commonly saying, he taught Rhetorick for a thousand Ryals, but would give more then ten thousand to him who would teach him Confidence.

Fearfull Oratours.

Ælian. l. 8. variæ Hist.

Philostratus in Sophistis.

Theodorus Zingerius.

The courteous meeting of Erasmus and Oporinus.

The shelf of Orations.

Remedies for timidity in declaiming.

Timidity sometimes turns into Insolency.

Luitprand. l. 6. de rebus in Europa gestis.

How perverse timidities should be handled.

§ 3. *Against the fear of the Accidents of humane life.*

THe second manner of fear is more troublesome, as poverty, scorns, chains, imprisonment, pains, maladies, and of death which assaulteth us in a million of objects plentifully diffused throughout totall Nature. But we must confesse, that of all evils there is not any one so terrible to man, as man himself. An enemy powerfull, factious, and wicked; he employeth all the instruments of terrour, to serve as arms for his iniquity; he inventeth crafty tricks, he whetteth swords, he mingleth poysons, he prepareth fetters and dark dungeons; he tyeth tortures, he raiseth gibbets to satiate his Revenge: and it seems he holds all the Furies and Devils under hire, to torment the miserable.

What shall a poor heart do which sees it self menaced by many mischiefs, greatly contrary to nature? Think yon it is a rock, or an anvile, which is moved at nothing? we must not brave it on paper, and with a Stoicall insolency mock at *Phalaris* his Bull, and *Rhadamant*'s tortures. All these fears of things adverse to our nature may fall into the life of men the most constant, namely when hostilities (which assail us) are sudden, and violent, that the issue of them is irreparable.

Notwithstanding, it much helps to sweeten this passion, to consider what *Seneca* saith, *That often we fear too much, or too soon, or without cause*. We fear too much, by fearing things mortall, as if we were immortall. We have infinite apprehensions of pains which end with a life so short. It is to be ignorant of the things of nature, and to make an ill divident of our thoughts

Fear of accidents in the world.

Man terrible above all terrible.

Remedies against accidentall fear. Senec. ep. 13

thoughts, to caſt perpetuall cares upon an evil which is not many times ſo ſoon come, but that it ceaſeth to be an evil, taking away the ſenſe by the violence, or fortifying it by its faintneſſe. We fear too ſoon by apprehending things far diſtant from us. There is but too much time to be miſerable in this life: Let us not haſten to anticipate it, nor let us loſe one ſole moment of preſent happineſſe for imaginations of the future. We fear without cauſe, when we dread things which will never happen; and if they do happen, it will peradventure be for our advantage.

There are who eſcape out of priſon by fire, others who are faln into precipices very gently, and have in the bottome found their liberty; others, to whom poyſons are turned into nutriment; others, to whom blows of a ſword have broken impoſtumes: ſo true it is, that the ſeeds of good hap are ſometimes hidden under the apparances of ill.

To take things at the worſt

Beſides this, give your ſelf the leiſure to find out the whole latitude of the evill which ſtrikes you: Take (if you think good) all things at the worſt, and handle your ſelf as an enemy; yet you ſhall find that this evil is not ſo bad as it is ſaid; that many have gone that way before you; and that if God permit it, he will give you ſtrength to bear it. The fear it ſelf (which is the worſt of our evils) is not ſo great a torment, ſince it affordeth us precaution, induſtry, and fit means, and ſuggeſteth us wayes to fear no more. If you never have experienced evil you have much to complain, that you ſo little have been a man; and if you have ſome experience of the time paſt, it will much ſerve you to ſweeten the apprehenſion of the evils to come. Vanquiſh your own conceits as much as you can, and pray them not to preſent unto you under ſo hideous a maſk, thoſe pains, which women and children have many times laughed at: If you in the beginning feel any horrour, and the firſt rebellions of nature, loſe not courage for all that, ſince the Poet painted Boldneſſe with a pale viſage. We have often ſeen great Captains (as *Garcias*) to quake in the beginning of dangerous battels, becauſe their fleſh (as they ſaid) laid hold of their courage, and carried the imagination into the moſt hideous perils. Laſtly, be it how it will be, you ſhall find the remedy of your fears, in the preſence of that which you fear, ſince there are ſome who in the irreſolution of ſome affair do endure a thouſand evils, and ſo ſoon as the determination thereof ſucceedeth, though to their prejudice, they feel themſelves much more lightned. Many priſoners who ſtand on thorns in priſon expecting the iſſue of their triall, go very reſolute to execution, ſeeing it is better to die once, then to live ſtill in the apprehenſion of death. *David* ſhook with fear, wept, and faſted, lay on the ground for the ſickneſſe of his young ſon: But after the death was denounced him, he roſe up from the earth, changed his habit, waſhed and perfumed himſelf: then having worſhipped in the houſe of God, he asked for his dinner; and firſt of all comforted *Bathſheba* upon this accident: whereat his houſhold-ſervants were amazed. But he taught them, we muſt not afflict our ſelves for thoſe things, whereof there is no remedy.

Fiducia pallens. Statius Theb.

Rodericus Toletanus rerum Hiſp. l.5.c.23.

Reg 2.12.

I conclude, with the laſt kind of fear, which comes from things very extraordinary, as are Comets, Armies of fire, Prodigies in the Heavens and the Air, Thunders, Lightnings, Monſters, Inundations, Fires, Earthquakes, Spirits, Spectres, Devils, and Hell. Good God! what terrour is there in this miſerable life, ſince beſides theſe which are ſo ordinary with us, we muſt expect other from places ſo high, and ſo low? But howſoever, we notwithſtanding do find courages which ſurmount them with the aſſiſtance of God, although it do not ordinarily happen without ſome impreſſions of fear: otherwiſe we muſt be far engaged in ſtupidity. Comets, Eclipſes, flying fires, and ſo many other Meteors, do not now-a-dayes ſo much affright, ſince we have diſcovered the cauſes, which is a powerfull proof, that ignorance in many occaſions makes up a great part of our torments. *Pericles* ſtrook a fire-ſteel in an aſſembly of his Captains and Souldiers (who were aſtoniſhed at a thunder and lightning happened in the inſtant of a battel) ſhewing, that what the heavens did, was that he was doing before their eyes, which marvellouſly ſatisfied them.

Stratagem of Pericles, Polyænus l. 3.

Superſtition makes a thouſand fantaſies to be feared, whereat we might laugh with a little wiſdome. The Egyptians were half dead, when the figure of a huge dragon, which ſometimes of the year was ſhewed them, did not ſeem to look well on them: and the Romans fell in their Courage, when the Cocks which governed their battels did not feed to their liking. *Hecataus* an antient Hiſtorian, telleth that *Alexanders* whole army ſtood ſtill to look on a bird, from whence the Augur went about to derive ſome preſage, which being ſeen by a Jew named *Moſellan*, he drew an arrow out of his quiver and kill'd it; mocking at the Grecians who expected their deſtiny, from a creature which ſo little knew its own. As we laugh at this preſent at theſe fopperies, ſo we ſhould entertain with ſcorn ſo many dreams, and ſuperſtitious obſervations which trouble them enough who make account of them. Wild beaſts, inundation of rivers, productions of mountains big with flames, ſulphur, and ſtones; are other cauſes of terrour: nor hath there ever been ſeen any more hideous, then that which happened theſe late years in Italy, in the laſt fiering of Mount *Veſuvius*, which is excellently deſcribed by *F. Julius Recupitus*: Then it, there can be nothing ſeen more able to excite terrour, unleſſe in an inſtant the bottome of Hell were laid open, and all the hideous aſpects of the torments of the damned. Yet it is a ſtrange thing, how among waves of fire which ran on all ſides, clouds of Aſhes which appeared like vaſt mountains, continuall Earthquakes, countrebuffs of Hillocks, and of houſes, of Abyſſes, of Gulphs, and of Chaoſes; there were people to be found, who yet thought upon their purſes, and took the way towards their houſes to lay hold of their ſlender ſubſtances; which makes us ſee, that there is nothing ſo horrid where the ſoul of man (returned to it ſelf) findeth not ſome leiſure to breathe. The monſters of the Roman Amphitheatre, which in the beginning made the moſt hardy to quake, were in the end deſpiſed by women, who were hired to combat with them. Things not ſeen, which (it ſeems) ſhould moſt trouble the mind, becauſe they are moſt hidden, are alſo in ſome ſort ſurmounted; ſince we read how that many great Anchorets lay in Church-yards infeſted with ghoſts, and ſpectres, and about ſolitudes, in forreſts and wilderneſſes the moſt retired, in the midſt of ſo many illuſions of evill ſpirits: as it is written in the Acts of Saint *Anthony*, S. *Hilarion*, and S. *Macarius*. There is nothing but the day of Judgement, Hell and the puniſhments of the damned, we ſhould reaſonably fear, and not out of viſionary ſcruples, to free us from all fear.

Euſeb. l.1. de præparat. Evang. c.9.

Hecatæus apud Cuneum, l.2. de Rep. Hebræorum.

The burning of Veſuvius in the year 1631. Julius Recupitus.

The fear of poverty cauſeth ſtrange boldneſſe.

§ 4. *That the Contemplation of the power, and Bounty of God ought to take away all our fears.*

Remedies. The power and providence of God which preſerveth us ought to drive away all our fears.

But if theſe reaſon (which I more according to humane nature have deduced) enter not ſufficiently into your mind; lift up your thoughts to things divine: and when you have contemplated all the devaſtation of this paſſion, learn a little to deplore your miſery,

which causeth you to fear almost all except that which is able to deliver you from all fear. Behold, in our first model, the Power and Providence of God, which are two perfections able to fortifie our weakneſſe, diſſipate all our faintneſſe, and encourage all our puſillanimity. The omnipotency of God not onely ſets free from the ſurpriſals of fear; but aſſures all which is under its power and protection, to which we voluntary have ſubmitted. What ſhould he fear; nay, what ſhould he not hope; who hath a God for protectour, and a God abſolutely powerfull? His Power, and his Eſſence walk hand in hand, inſomuch as Power in God is nothing elſe but the effective Eſſence of God.

Apud Deum non erit impoſſibile omne verbum. Luc. 1.

We need not fear, that his juriſdiction is onely extended to certain places, ſince it is without limits, and embraceth all places: That it is limited, to a certain number of Ages; ſince it is eternall and involveth all Time: That it is greater at one time then at another, in that which interiourly concerneth it; becauſe it is immutable: That it looſeth any thing of its vivacity in the revolution of ſo many years; for that it hath an infinite vigour which comprehendeth all the perfections of Eſſence. As much as the Divine underſtanding can comprehend, ſo much the Divine power can execute. Both have no meaſure; and both alwayes go in the ſame proportion; equalling their greatneſſes, whilſt nothing equalleth their worth. What abyſſes, and what treaſures of power muſt He poſſeſſe, who hath within himſelf ſo inexhauſtible ſources, and ſuch communications, as are in God, who can endleſſy communicate himſelf in the orders of Vegetative, Senſitive, and Intellectuall nature; and laſtly in Grace and Glory, where he doth ſo many wonders, never emptying nor limiting his Virtue! All this great world, where the Sun (as ſome Aſtrologers ſay) is an hundred and fourty times greater then the Earth, and progreſſeth in twenty four hours more then twelve millions of leagues; where there are fixed Stars which go in the ſpace of an hour more way, then a Horſeman could in ſeventeen hundred, and twenty ſix years: All the great variety of this Univerſe (where there are creature without number, beauties without end, and greatneſſes to our eyes immeaſurable) is but an effect of his word; He made it with the leaſt blaſt of his mouth; and with the leaſt breath of his mouth can unmake it, and inſtead of it build up an infinity of other worlds much greater and more perfect then this. Good God! what ſay we, when we ſay God? when we ſay the power of God? All that is, and moves in nature, actuateth not, but by this predominant Power; and ſhould he once draw back an arm, totall Nature would ceaſe from its operations, and diſſolve into nothing. All thoſe vaſt armies which made oſtent to tear down ſmoaking Cities, and dry up ſeas, to render mountains navigable, to turn the courſe of whole nature topſie-turvey, were overthrown by the hand of God, who for this purpoſe made uſe of graſhoppers and flyes, which he calleth his *Great Forces*, in the Prophet. It is he who circumvolveth the heavens, who ſupports the earth, who diſtendeth the waters, who quickneth the whole world with his fire and breath, who darkneth the air with tempeſts, when he pleaſeth; who maketh clouds to pour down in deluges, who ſwalloweth up the fleets of petty *Pharaohs*, who flyeth upon the curlings of waves, who imflameth lightnings, and maketh bloud and ſcorpions to rain upon the rebellions of earth. O power of God! what do we ſay, when we tell your wonders? It is not ſufficient to ſtrike terrour into the wicked, and to occaſion confidence in his children; ſince it hath an eternall alliance with this great Providence which governeth the world? For, in a word, we are in his hands, both we, and all our deſigns, and all our poor providence: as for him he powerfully actuateth from one extremity to another, and ſweetly diſpoſeth of all, without any trouble. What aſſurance would a good ſoul have if it would attentively conſider it ſelf all covered under the wing of God, all looked upon with the eye of the divine Providence which protects Sceptres and Crowns, not forgetting the ſillyeſt little worm of the earth?

Nempe in ſemet manens quod habet, eſt; & quod eſt ſemper uno & eodem modo eſt. In eo & multa in unum, & diverſa in idem rediguntur, ut nec numeroſitate rerum ſumat pluralitatem, nec alterationem de variatione ſentiat. Bernard. in Cantic.

The Sun is an hundred and fourty times bigger then the earth; and in twenty four hours goeth more then twelve millions of leagues. Prodigious courſe of ſome ſtars.

Locuſta fortitudo mea magna. Joel 2. 25.

In manu enim ejus nos, & ſermones noſtri, & omnis ſapientia artingit à fine uſque ad finem fortiter, & diſponit omnia ſuaviter. Sap. 7.

It ſhielded the little *Moſes* under the waves, and the three Children in the flames: it likewiſe ſhielded all the juſt, nor doth it ever permit them to ſuffer, but to derive lights out af their Eclipſes, and glory from their torment. If we ſpeak with S. *Thomas*, we will ſay, it is the unchangeable rule of all the alterations of the world: If with S. *Denis*; it is a fountain which overfloweth from the higheſt part of the heavens upon the leaſt creatures of the earth: If with *Clemens Alexandrinus*; it is the ſuperintendent of all this great circle which we call the world: If it be the rule; why do we wander from it? If it be the fountain; why do we deprive our ſelves of its favour? If it be all Eye; why do we depart from its lights? Blind that we are, if we forget it, living daily in its boſome, and between its arms; diſloyall, if we forſake it; unnaturall, if we betray it.

Opuſc. 10. 23. S. Dyonis. de cœleſti Hierarch. c. 4. Clemens Alexandr. in protrept.

§ 5. *That the Example of a God-man ought to inſtruct, and aſſure us againſt affrightments of this life.*

LEt us caſt our eyes upon the ſecond model, and add to theſe, two great Motives which we go about to deduce, the example of *Jeſus*, which ſhould ſerve us for a bulwark of Adamant againſt vitious fear. He was the ſtrong of ſtrongs, and the moſt noble Courage which ever fell into the ſtrongeſt Ideas of Angels. The holy Scripture likewiſe calleth him by the name of Man, and of a ſtrong man, from his mothers womb; and as heretofore, in the ſacrifice which was made for the expiation of ſinnes, the Old Law admitted not any but males; ſo it was fit to ſeek out for a man perfectly man, to celebrate this great and eternall ſacrifice which was once made, and which is renewed every day for the Redemption of the whole world.

The example of our Saviour ought to encourage us againſt fear.

Fœmina circundabit virum. Jer. 31. 22. Num. 18. 10. Mares tantum edent ex eo.

All Divines and Philoſophers agree, that Fortitude (which properly reſiſteth Fear and Puſillanimity) is a courageous and a conſiderate daring in great hazards, conjoyned with a Patience in great miſadventures: For it hath two arms, whereof the one aſſaileth, and the other ſupporteth; and the whole extent of its wonders is very aptly contracted within the circle of four virtues, which are Confidency, Conſtancy, Patience, and Perſeverance. For which cauſe we may truly ſay, that the champion that combateth in the honourable liſt of Fortitude, giving notable proofs of his courage by every one of theſe virtues, with reaſon, election, and intention (which are the conditions required by Saint *Thomas*) is arrived at the higheſt period of honour, generouſly triumphing over all the images of terrour. Now this is it which *Jeſus Chriſt* did with incomparable tranſcendencies for our inſtruction. For firſt, he would not, out of infirmity of nature, but through a diſpoſe of the ſacred œconomy of our Redemption be aſſaulted by the moſt furious object of fear which ever fell into the mind of man; permitting fear to invade the moſt elate part of his ſoul, and to ſurpriſe it, as in the Sanctuary of the Divinity.

What true fortitude is, And the parts thereof.

All the greateſt ſubjects of apprehenſion which ever men the moſt valourous had, concluded in the loſſe of a miſerable life; & if they did apprehend an evil to come, it ordinarily was the ſpace of ſome very little time; and when they expoſed themſelves thereto, it was by fits of neceſſity, and with feeble intentions, and intereſſed

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in ſelf-love. But if they had the worſt in the beginning of the hazards which they confronted, their Confidence was quickly changed into Diſtruſt, their Conſtancy into Levity, their Patience into Fury, and their Perſeverance into Smoke. Theſe are the vices which we obſerve in the comportment of *Alexanders* and *Ceſars*, and of all the valiant men of the earth: but, *Jeſus*, the true model of Valour, gave up for us a life of God, which is no ſmall object of Fear; for, otherwiſe feareth the Merchant who is fraughted with ſlight merchandiſe; otherwiſe he who carrieth gold and precious ſtones. Should a man to do a generous Act, hazard all the lives of men, if they might be confined within his heart; he ſhould endanger nought elſe but a little ſtraw or ſtubble: but, our Saviour expoſeth a life created, rooted in a life increate; which did as much excell all the lives of men, as the ſun doth ruſhes. He expoſeth this life, not to common and ordinary torments, or to mean tortures; but he delivered it over to exceſſive pains throughout all the parts of his body, to unheard of ſcorns, and to execrable cruelties. He contenteth not himſelf to have once had them in ſight a little before his death; but he looks them in the face from the firſt day of his conception; ſo ſoon as his bleſſed ſoul is poured into his body, he ſeeth two abyſſes, the one of dolorous pains, the other of deep ignominies which he was to undergo in the undertaking of the reparation of the world. There is not a man who had not rather fall once, then to be three dayes onely in the Fear one ſhould be in, to ſee himſelf upon the point to fall into a precipice; and yet *Jeſus* would live thirty three years in the object of his pains: nay, not onely of his, but of thoſe which in ſo long a revolution of ages were to be practiſed on all the Martyrs who were members of his body.

Gen. 7. *Noah* ſeems to have been one of the greateſt courages that ever was, ſince he was choſen out by God among men to ſail in a frail veſſel in a generall deluge, and to ſuſtain the ſhock of the fatall convulſions of the world; but the Scripture teacheth us that God with his own hand ſhut the window of the Ark wherein he was encloſed, and that he ſaw not any of the deaths and diſaſters which then happened, to the end Fear might not take away his life. There is none but *Jeſus* for whom the Curtains are drawn-aſide, to whom all the gates of lights and knowledges are opened to let him ſee the iſſue of all his labours; He accepteth them with a powerfull reaſon, a full liberty, and moſt glorious intentions; He entreth into them with a generous confidence: He remaineth in them with an unſhaken conſtancy, he endures them with an incomparable patience, he perſevereth in them with an entire conſummation of love, of ſufferings, of virtues, and of myſteries; waſting himſelf as the victimes of the old Law which were to burn all night till morning. So did he burn in this tranſitory life, untill the Aurora of the great Eternity. This true *Joſhua* never laid down the bucklers untill he ſaw the profane City of Ai (the City of the wicked) overthrown under his feet, and the Church eſtabliſhed in his bloud. And that which alſo raiſeth the merit of his magnanimity in all this, is, that in all the greateſt terrours and ſharpeſt dolours to which he reſigned himſelf for our ſakes; he did all which concerned our inſtructions with an entire judgement, in a manner deliberate and reſolute, and a ſpirit equall. He prayed moiſtned with his ſweat and bloud in the agony of the garden of Olives, he exhorted his Diſciples, he went out to meet the Souldiers, he delivered himſelf up to Executioners, he gave order for the ſafety of his Diſciples in the perill of his own perſon, he healed the wounds of his enemies, he gave leſſons of Virtues, he rendred oracles of Wiſdome, he meditated and preached the Croſſe; and whilſt all heaven was troubled over his head, and the earth trembled under his feet, he was immoveable; expecting the time of the Conſummation ordained by his heavenly Father.

Levit. c. 6. Cremabitur in altari tota nocte uſque ad mane. Joſ. 8. Leva clypeum quod in manu tua eſt contra urbem Ai.

O the greatneſſe of the Combats of *Jeſus*! O the force of the reſiſtances of *Jeſus*! O the Exceſſe! O the Example! ſhall we not be aſhamed, if from the ſpectacle of his ſplendours we caſt our eyes upon our own puſillanimity? We now-a-dayes fear all in the world, and fear not the Sovereign Maſter and abſolute Governour of the world. All creatures which ſhould be the objects of our contemptments, are the ſubjects of our fears, ever ſince we made a divorce from the Creatour; it being a matter very reaſonable that God make uſe of all manner of arms to proſecute a fugitive from his Providence, who ſeeks to ſave himſelf in a Region of nothing.

Dominus exercituum, ipſe Pavor noſter, & ipſe terror veſter. Iſa. 8.

O poor ſoul! thou feareſt the poverty which thy *Jeſus* hath conſecrated in the Crib and in Clours: Thou feareſt the reproaches which he hath ſanctified in the loſſe of his reputation: thou feareſt the dolours which he hath lodged in his virginall fleſh: thou feareſt death which he overcame for thee: thou feareſt the falſe opinions of the world. And what feareſt thou not, ſince thou dreadeſt fantaſies which are leſſe then the ſhadow of an hair! There is but one thing which thou feareſt not; to loſe innocency and ſanctity which thou expoſeſt to ſo many liberties, and alluring occaſions; ſo prodigall thou art of a good which thou haſt not. O thou welbeloved of God, although the moſt ungratefull to the love of God! wilt not thou dreſſe thy wounds? wilt not thou apply ſome remedies to thoſe vicious fears which gnaw thee and daily devour thee?

Reſolution againſt fear

Nulla medendi cauſa, niſi ne quod amamus, aut adeptum amittamus, aut non adipiſcamur ſperatum. Aug. q. 33. & 83.

If thou wilt follow my counſell, thy firſt reſolution ſhall be to regulate the love of thy ſelf, not to have ſo indulgent, and paſſionate a care of all things which concern thee, as if thou wert an onely one in the ſpecies, and that thy death were waited on by the Sepulchre of the world. Thy aim ſhould be to unloode thy ſelf as much as thou mayeſt from ſo many ties and dependencies which multiply thy ſlaveries. Thou muſt (as it were) live here a life of Nabatheans, which were people of Arabia, who neither planted, nor ſowed, nor built but by expreſſe laws, flew from delicious and fruitfull Countreys, for fear that Riches might ſubjugate them to Paſſions & the Commands of great ones. But if we cannot come to this heighth; at leaſt let us have our heart well deveſted from theſe ardent affections which we have towards worldly enablements; and behold them as one would an inconſtant moving of ſhadows and ſpirits which glide before our eyes with a ſwift courſe, and which ever move with the ſtep of time and of the Sun; to account as already loſt whatſoever may be loſt; to caſt your immortall cares upon an immortall ſoul; and to place it in the firſt rank of your affections. But if naturall love do yet tie us to health, to life, to honour, and to ſlight pleaſures, to the preſervation of our own perſon; to whom ſhould we entruſt all this, but to the Divine Providence, with whom ſo many juſt have depoſited their goods, their reputation, their life, their bloud; and have loſt nothing by this confidence, but have tranſmitted their purchaſes and conqueſts to the boſome of Eternity? In all which happeneth to us, let us look towards this eye of God which perpetually beholdeth us, this puiſſant hand of God, this amorous direction: Let us behold it as our Pole-ſtarre, as our flaming pillar, as our great intelligence which manageth all the treaſures of our life: Let us learn to repoſe us in his boſome, to ſlumber upon his heart, to ſleep between his arms. Upon the firſt accident which befalleth us; let us readily bend our knees in prayer; let us adore the ordinances

Diodor. l. 5.

Qui te tibi committit; melius te poteſt ſervare qui te potuit antequam eſſes creare. Aug. ſerm. 8. de verbis Apoſtol.

dinances of our ſovereign Maſter: Let us behold with a confident countenance all which is happened, or may happen: Let us ſay, God knoweth all this, God permitteth all this, God governeth all this: He loves me as his creature, he wiſheth me well as one who hath given himſelf to him; he can free me from this affliction, if it be his holy will: He is all good, to will it; he is all potent, to do it. Nay, he is all wiſe, to will, and to do, all that which is beſt. Let us not meddle with the great current of his Counſels. He maketh light, in the moſt dusky nights, and havens in the moſt forlorn ſhipwracks. Were we with him in the ſhades of death, what ſhould we fear being between the arms of life?

Nullus eſt miſeriarum modus, ſi timetur quantum poteſt. Senec. ep. 13

Secondly, let us not be corrupted by opinions which invade us with a great ſhew of ſpectres and terrours, and make us ſo often to fear things which are not, and which ſhall never be. It is to be too ſoon miſerable, to be ſo before the inſtant: and if we for ſome time muſt be ſo; let us conſider that all the bleſſing and evils of the world are not great, ſince they cannot long time be great. Let us take away the mask from theſe fears of Poverty, of Sickneſſe, and above all from humane reſpects, as one would from him who goes about to affright children. Why fear we ſo much ſuch and ſuch accidents, which they, who are made of no other fleſh and bones then we, do daily deſpiſe? The acquaintance with perils hardneth to perils: and there is nothing ſo terrible, as the ignorance of reall truths. Laſtly, let us hold for certain, that a great part of our tranquillity dependeth upon our conſcience: Let us ſettle in it repoſe by a good Confeſſion; let us conſtantly undertake the fear of God, who will cure us of all our fears, ſince the Anchor of the floating underſtanding is the Honour of the *Divinity*.

Anchora mentis pondus timoris. S. Gregor.

The tenth Treatiſe, Of BOLDNESSE.

§ 1. *The Picture, and Eſſence of it.*

The picture of Boldneſs.

BOldneſſe is very well depainted in the boſome of power, ſhewing a heart in its hand, all encompaſſed with ſpirits and flames, its viſage is repleniſhed with confidence, its habit altogether warlike, and countenance undaunted. It looketh upon good all invironed with dangers, as a Roſe among thorns, or as the golden fleece among dragons, and is no whit amazed; but it is on fire to flie through perils, and to beat down all obſtacles which oppoſe its conqueſt. Good hap walketh before it, by its ſides innocency, benignity, piety, ſtrength, experience, and other good qualities which excite courage. The preſence thereof diſſipateth a thouſand petty Fancies which are loſt in the obſcurity of night, not able to endure the ſparkling of its eyes.

Its eſſence.

All this natively repreſenteth unto us the nature and condition of Boldneſſe, which is properly an effect of good hope, and a reſolution of courage againſt dangers. It is no wonder, if Power hold it in its boſome, ſince all the Boldneſſe a man hath comes to him from the opinion he conceives to be able enough, not to yield to the accidents which may aſſault him. This heart of fire, in which ſo many vigorous ſpirits ſparkle, is a token of the bold, who commonly have more heat and vivacity; from whence it cometh that young-men have herein more advantage then old, were it not that they derive more aſſurance from ſome other part, then from the weakneſſe of their age. The Eye, Port, and Habit ſuitable to warriours make it ſufficiently appear, it is a virtue wholly Military; and if it regard good environed with perils, we may thence conclude, it is the proper profeſſion of Boldneſſe to haſten to the conqueſt of a good, but of a good very difficult. For it will not gather palms and crowns but in a field watred all over with ſweats. All thoſe virtues which are by its ſides ordinarily, ſhew us ſuch as are the boldeſt, as are thoſe, who have their conſcience moſt clear, who are not offenſive, and therefore leſſe fear to be offended; who are underpropped by ſome great favour, and namely the protection of heaven; who are well diſpoſed both in mind and body; who have experience of other hazards from which they ſucceſsfully have vindicated themſelves, and the good hap which hath alwayes accompanied them. Thoſe aiery fantaſies which fly from Boldneſſe, are fears and affrights which are ſcattered by the firſt ray of its eyes.

§ 2. *The Diverſity of Boldneſſes.*

LEt us now more enlarge our thoughts to conſider the differences, cauſes, effects, qualities, and appurtenances of this Paſſion.

It is hard enough to make a ſound judgement of a man truly bold, ſo many illuſions there are of Boldneſſe which preſent themſelves to our eyes, and would have us make that to paſſe for virtue, which is meer crime and ſtupidity.

There are ſottiſh and beſtiall Boldneſſes which proceed from the ignorance of dangers, and which conſider not what is good or bad, hurtfull or innocent, perilous or ſafe in humane life.

This is it which makes ſuch, as know not what ſea-matters are, to laugh many times, and to take delight to ſcoffe in occaſions which cauſe pilots, the moſt experienced, to become pale.

This makes little children ſport and dally upon the brink of a precipice; that drunkards and fools go together by the ears, haſtening to ſword and peril; and that thoſe who walk, and are active in ſleep, to ſcramble upon houſe-roofs, paſſe over rivers, and precipitate themſelves into accidents, able to make the moſt hardy to tremble. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil coſts us very dear: It ſetteth before our eyes all the extent of our hazards and miſeries; it draweth our evils at length; it frames in our thought, that which ſhall never happen in effect; it armeth our knowledges againſt our ſelves; and, as Baſilisks kill themſelves by the reverberation of the mirrours they behold; ſo very often we cauſe the death of our ſelves by the reflexion of our lights.

A prima deſcendit origine mundi cauſarum ſeries, atque omnia fata laborantſi quidquam mutaſſe velis. Lucan. l. 6.

There are in the world who have Turkiſh opinions, and who believe a fatality in our lives, thinking the hour of our death is fixed; and that the heighth of rocks, the deſcent of precipices, ſquadrons briſtled with ſwords, deſarts full of ſerpents, flames iſſuing out of the bellies of ſcorched mountains, all poyſons and contagions haſten it not one ſole moment: and that on the other ſide; brazen walls, centinels full of terrour, fortreſſes and caſtles, flights and coverts cannot deferre it one ſilly inſtant. This opinion is very contrary to reaſon, becauſe it maketh from life all diſcourſe and diſcretion: and were it true, we need not eat nor drink, make uſe of arms, of garments, of munitions, of counſel, of induſtry, of puniſhment, or of reward; but to let all our actions looſe in a generall defection, which is wholly impertinent: and yet thoſe Maximes help Generals of armies, and

and are the cauſe that Turks throw themſelves with a brutiſh Boldneſſe into the moſt dreadfull dangers, and ſuffer themſelves to be killed like flies, out of perſwaſion of this Deſtiny. It is very true, that God knows the number of our dayes, and that he likewiſe by his Providence ſtayeth the courſe of our years: but on the other part, he obliging us to a reaſonable preſervation of our ſelves, if it happen that out of ſome temerity meerly extravagant we run into an evident danger of death, and that we therein perſiſt; well is our death according to Gods calculation, but the cauſe is an effect of our folly and preſumption, for which God reſerveth a chaſtiſement in the other life. So, that ſuch blind Boldneſſes being in no ſort laudable cannot have any place among actions of virtue.

There are others which are abſolutely impudent, and which deſerve the title of ſhameleſneſſe, as are thoſe bold askers who offer up armed ſupplications, and will have demands the moſt diſadvantageous to be aſſented unto: as are thoſe alſo of deceivers and impoſters, who readily lie to enſnare the goods of another. They invent a thouſand crafty tricks and guileſull impoſtures which they diſtribute piece-meal, as ſeriouſly, as if they were the moſt confeſſed truths of all the world. Some, who are men of no account, make themſelves noble and illuſtrious, even to the pretending of their being deſcended from Demy-gods: others feign riches in picture, and ſirname themſelves from Baronies and Marquiſates, which are no more in being then Chymera's and flying ſtags: others ſeem valiant like unto Rhodomonts, and would willingly ſay in the tone of Romances: *That they have had brave Combats with Rowland, Oliver and the Knight of the burning ſword.* Others are bablers, offenſive, and ſeem to be onely born to affront men of worth. There you find throats ſtretched wide, affected countenances, diſſolute tongues, crooked finge s, hands exerciſed in thefts and robberies. There are likewiſe ſome who go up the gallows with a countenance as confident as if they had learn'd no other trade all their life time, but the practice of this kind of puniſhment; others bluſh not at any crime whatſoever, living in a ſtrange proſtitution of renown; and purſuing this courſe, frame to themſelves other diabolicall Boldneſſes of cut-throats, who out of an overflow of enraged furies, dare attempt upon the ſacred perſons of Kings and Biſhops; eſteeming nothing to be ſafe from their miſchief, nor impoſſible to their daring.

All theſe manners of proceeding are moſt abominable, and in no ſort deſerve the title whereof we treat in this diſcourſe, wherein I intend to ſpeak of generous Boldneſſes, which are neceſſary for humane life; and wherein there are ſome Military, others Civil, others, Holy and Religious.

§ 3. *Of laudable Boldneſſe.*

IS it not a wonder to behold, that, which is ſo illuſtrious in combats, and is the inſeparable companion of true valour, to which ſo many valiant men have in all times made love, ſacrificing themſelves in ſo many members to the honour thereof; to be glorified with ſuch crowns by its liberality? It is it which enkindled a brand of fire in the heart of *Alexander*, and gave him wings to flie into the thickeſt ſquadrons of his adverſaries: It, which *Ceſar* looked on boldly ſwimming amidſt the roaring waves, fearleſſe of the hail-ſhot of his enemies arrows: It, which ſparkled with ardent flames in *Attila*'s eyes, when at the ſiege of Aquileia, ſeeing himſelf all alone unexpectedly ſet upon by a number of ſouldiers, he ſlew ſome of them in the place with his own hands, and ſcattered the reſt with the lightning flaſhes which reflected from his face: It, which crowned *Pyrrhus* in two duels: It, which made *Conſtantine* appear like a thunder-ſtroke in the battel againſt *Maxentius*: It, which animated *Scevola* when (left alone in the ſtreights of an Iſland by the Ebb of the ſea) he withſtood a whole Army of Barbarians: It, which accompanied *Sicinvius* in a hundred and twenty pitched battels, and affixed on his body fourty five wounds, as ſo many Rubies: It, which taught *Cynegirus* after his hands were cut off, to lay hold of a veſſel of his enemies fleet with his teeth: It, which cauſed a ſouldier of the Roman Army ſeeing himſelf lifted on high, and born with his armour upon an elephants Trunk, unaffrightedly to ſtrike him with ſo ſtrong and violent a blow that he made him let go his hold, and alone become victorious over a beaſt which carrieth turrets and houſes on his back. It is more eaſie to number the Stars in the ſky, then to keep a regiſter of ſo many valourous men who have been throughout all ages. Women and Virgins have had a ſhare in glory of this kind among many nations, envying the Laurels which crown the heads of brave Captains. The Scythian *Jaxametes* married not their daughters untill they brought the head of an enemy. The Lacedemonian women defeated the army of *Ariſtomenes* who had aſſailed them at a ſacrifice, and they maſſacred them with ſpits.

Lybyſſa ſlew ſeven men in a battel with her own hand. *Semiramis* was in a Bath, when hearing the news of the rebellion of a Province of her Empire, ſhe ſpeedily haſtned thither not taking the leiſure to put on her ſhoes, or dreſſe her; and brought it to obedience. She cauſed to be graven on a pillar of her tomb, That Nature had made her a Woman, but that Valour had equalled her to the moſt valiant Captains; that ſhe had made rivers to run along according to the current of her liking, and her likings, by the courſe of Reaſon; that ſhe had peopled deſart lands, hewed with the ſword through rocks, with ſilver-ſowed fields which were unknown but to ſavage beaſts, and that amidſt all her affairs ſhe ever had time for her ſelf, and for her friends.

In the fore-going Age in the warres of Hungary, we reade of a young Chriſtian woman at the ſiege of Agria, who with her mother and husband fought againſt the Turks, and the husband being ſlain, the mother adviſed her daughter to retire, and to interre the body of her dear Spouſe. But the valorous Amazon having anſwered, It was no time for funerals, took the ſword of her dead husband, thruſt her ſelf into the thickeſt of the troops, killed three Turks with her own hand, and in the end bare away the body of her well-beloved on her ſhoulders in deſpite of ſo many enemies, who ceaſed not to ſhoot at her. What may one adde to this Military Boldneſſe? Do we not daily ſee examples of it in our French Nobility, who fight upon occaſions, as if every man had a hundred bodies to loſe?

There is another, which hath place in civill life, and which maketh men bold in converſation, forward in affairs, courageous in occaſions, and patient in adverſity. Many who have not this great heart, are content to be eternally what they are, and do cultivate a litte life within the limits of modeſty. But others breathe nothing but buſineſſes, but bargains, but forreign commerces, but ſea-voyages; fearing neither ſtorms nor ſhipwracks. When this hardineſſe meets with great States-men, it maketh them pillars of Adamant, which a thouſand countrebuffs cannot ſhake. All the malice which is in corrupt minds, impiety in profane, inventions in the factious, daring in the inſolent, terrour in the potent, threats in the paſſionate, and cruelty in the bloudy,

Valer. l. 3. cap. 2.

Plin. l. 7. cap. 28.

Sabel. l. 7. Ænead. 8.

Alexander ab Alexandro.

Pauſanias in Meſſeniacis.

Æneas Sylvius in hiſtoria Bohemiæ.

Herodotus.

Aſcanius Contorius lib. 5. Bellar. Tranſilvan.

Olathus in vita Attilæ.

Thuanus.

bloudy, doth not make them go back one ſtep. They think with wiſdome, they ſpeak with liberty, they act with courage; nor have they any other fortune in their heads but the law, other life but innocency, other aim but truth, other reward then glory. Of this temper was the magnanimous *Papinian* (the honour of Lawyers) to whom the Emperour *Severus*, dying, recommended his two ſonnes, with the Government of the Empire. But the impious *Caracalla* having embrewed his hands in the bloud of his own brother *Geta*, and deſirous this great man ſhould ſet ſome Colour by his eloquence before the Senate and People upon an action ſo barbarous; he freely anſwered him, it was more eaſie to commit a paricide then to juſtifie it, uttering this truth, to the prejudice of his head which this wretched Prince cauſed to be cut off, and which the poſterity of great men hath honoured with immortall Crowns. Of the like conſtancy was *Ariſtides* the Locrian, in the Court of *Dionyſius* King of Sicily, who would have married one of his daughters; but the father ſtoutly anſwered, he had rather ſee her in her ſepulchre, then in the bed of a tyrant; which coſt him the life of his children: nor for all this did he repent him of his free Boldneſſe. Such alſo was the great Oratour *Lycurgus*, who managed the affairs of the Athenian Common-wealth, with ſuch equity and conſtancy, that being ready to die, he cauſed himſelf to be carried to the Senate to give an account of all the actions of his life; and to ſatisfie all thoſe whom he might have offended in his Government: but ſuch a life, inſtead of ſtains, had nought but palms and lights. To this may be joyned the boldneſſe of Saints, who have ſo often defended the Truth with the perill of their life againſt the rage of Tyrants: as that of S. *Athanaſius*, againſt the Emperour *Conſtantius*: That of S. *Ambroſe*, againſt *Maximus*: That of S. *Chryſoſtome*, againſt *Eudoxia*: That of S. *Baſil*, againſt *Valens*: Of S. *Staniſlaus*, againſt *Boleſlaus*: Of S. *Thomas*, againſt *Henry* King of England. With this, a million of Religious are to be found who have undergone, and do daily undergo the labours of Giants, who forſake the ſmiling favours of their native ſoil, to go into places, whither it ſeems nature hath been afraid to come. Thither they paſſe through an infinity of dangers, tempeſts, and monſters; there they live in forlorn wildemeſſes, among tombs of ice and ſnow; there they feed upon that which, to the curious and nice, would be a death to taſte. All ſweetneſſe and pleaſures of humane life are thence baniſhed; rigours, toils, and miſeries there perpetually reign; their eyes ſee none but barbarous vilages, their ears hear nought but outcryes and yells, their taſte finds onely bitterneſſe, their travels nought but thorns, their repoſe but torment, life but anxiety, and death very often a tomb of water. And yet holy Boldneſſe reſerveth to it ſelf courages which it leadeth forth, as it ſeems, beyond the ſun, time, and ſeaſons, to conquer ſouls to God. Muſt we not ſay, this paſſion is infinitely generous, and that it mounted to a heighth of virtue almoſt prodigious?

Notable Boldneſſe. Spartianus.

Voyages of Canada & the Indies.

All are not created to come to the moſt eminent degree of its excellencies; Nature muſt therein have a part: and verily in my opinion, the divine Providence prepareth bodies greatly adapted to thoſe daring ſouls which in them he reſolveth to encloſe.

Their temperature is hot, their heart little in bulk, but a rare fornace of heat; the members well compoſed, the ſpeech ſtrong, and the arm ſturdy. Education and Cuſtome create another nature; which hath alwayes been obſerved to be extremely neceſſary in the children which are to be trained up to valour. Thoſe people of India muſt in ſome ſort be imitated, who ſet them on the backs of certain great birds to carry them in the air, whereat theſe little Cavalliers are at firſt aſtoniſhed, but in the end, they ſo faſhion themſelves thereto, that they deſpiſe all other perill. The Romans daily made them to ſee lions and elephants in the Amphitheatre, and the bloud of ſword-players ſhed almoſt as ordinarily as wine; others leade them out to the ſea, among monſters and tempeſts; others practiſed them to combats, where they quickly learn'd the art of giving and receiving wounds, and to beat men down. *David*, *Theſeus*, and *Braſidas*, began the profeſſion of Warre very young. The ſon of King *Tarquin*, at the age of fourteen years, ſlew an enemy with his own hand. *Scipio* ſaved his father in the confuſion of a battel, being then but ſeventeen years old. *Probus* was without a beard when he was made Tribune in the Army. *Alboinus* very young in duel vanquiſhed the ſon of *Thoriſmond* King of the Gepides; which was the cauſe that his father, who before bred him amongſt his ſervants, did ſet him at his own table.

Cranz. l. 3. Dania.

Some think that ſtudy and learning are very much oppoſite to Military Boldneſſe; and it is very little to be doubted (if it be exceſſively purſued in the vigour of years which are proper for the exerciſe of arms) but that it will endanger mens Courages to become timorous. But it is of infinite uſe for Princes and young Gentlemen, who are to be diſpoſed to actions the moſt elate. For by a laudable temperature it ſweeteneth all that which a warlike humour might have contracted of roughneſſe and incivility; it awakeneth wiſdome, it enlightneth counſel, it renders Boldneſſe intelligent and magnanimous; it poliſheth the tongue; it gives authority in charges, grace in converſation, invention in the cabinet, honour among the wiſe, and glory with poſterity.

Study leſſeneth not courage.

After nature and education; to become bold, he muſt be ſenſible of Honour, which enkindleth the moſt timorous; he muſt vigorouſly exerciſe himſelf in the toils of Military diſcipline, and the practice of brave pieces of ſervice; he muſt not be either vaunting, ſcoffing, captious, or offenſive; but prudent, reſerved, active, and laborious: he muſt very little faſten his affections upon things of the earth; compoſe himſelf to the contempt of death, make account one is not born but to die for his Prince and Countrey, and to eſteem no life in the world more precious then *Glory*.

Nec triſtibus impar, nec pro ſucceſſu timidus ſpatiúmque moraudi, vincendíque modum mutatis noſcit habenis. Claudianus

§ 4. *That true Boldneſſe is inſpired by God, and that we muſt wholly depend on him to become bold.*

BUt beſides this, to raiſe ones ſelf to ſomething more excellent, we muſt look upon the divine Vertues which ought to be the perpetuall ſources of ours. But if you now ask me wherein we may be aided by our firſt model, to acquire Boldneſſe? I do not affirm we may properly ſay, that Boldneſſe is in God; becauſe this Paſſion is eſſentially conjoyned to a regard it hath towards a thing very difficult, and encompaſſed with dangers. Now we know, that nothing can be difficult or dangerous before God, by reaſon of his Sovereign Power and moſt accompliſhed Felicity. God (to ſpeak perſpicuouſly) can neither be timorous nor bold; but it is he who makes all thoſe who are truly bold within the limits and laſts of virtue. Certainly *Ariſtotle* ſaw much, when he ſaid, That the moſt bold were ſuch as were moſt in Gods favour.

Why Boldneſſe is not in God.

Ariſtot. 2. Rhetor. Audaciores eos eſſe quo recte ſe habent ad divina.

I will make good this propoſition in the firſt part of this diſcourſe, and ſhew a moſt manifeſt reaſon, which teacheth us, that every able man conſidering what he is, cannot be hardy of himſelf, by reaſon of the incapacity and weakneſſe of humane nature, and therefore we muſt ſay, that if he have ſome Boldneſſe, it neceſſarily comes to him from above.

The

Seven things able to humble a man.

The Platonists said, there are seven things able much to humble a man; the First whereof is, that his spirit is caitive, thorny, and light. Secondly, that his body is brutish, and extremely exposed to all the injuries and impressions of exteriour violences. Thirdly, that being so inconstant in his manners, he commonly is very constant in his errours. Fourthly, that his endeavours are infinitely vain, and that many times being ready to enter into his tomb (when he comes to behold and consider his whole life already past) he finds it to be full of spiders webs which he with much labour and industry hath spun, but to no purpose. Fifthly, that his fortune is of glasse, and many times catcheth a crack when it is most resplendent. Sixthly, that if he find wisdome amidst so many errours, it is but too late, and when he scarcely hath time left to use it. The seventh, that wisdome coming so slowly, death fails not to make haste, and to surprise a man, when his heart is embroiled with divers designs, and with certain knowledges of having done ill, with uncertainty of doing better. Besides Reason, doth not the Scripture in many places teach the weaknesse of man, and the necessity he hath of Divine succour for his subsistence? *Behold, you are but a nothing, and all your works are as if they were not. Man is the very image of vanity, and a sherd of an earthen pot; Hay, that withers at the first rising of the hot sunne. The name of God, is a strong and most assured tower, the just shall there have their refuge, and there shall be exalted.*

Apulei de Dæmonio Socratis. Homo levi, & antiâ mente, bruto, & obnoxio corpore, sui similis erroribus, dissimilis moribus, casso labore fortunâ caducâ, tardâ sapientiâ, citâ morte.

Is.41.24. Psal.143.4. Is.45. Jac.1. Pro.18.

Hence we see, how all those who have appeared in the world with some eminency, have ever had some particular favours from heaven to authorize their actions, and to make men believe, they had somewhat above man. So *Moses*, *Joshuah*, *Deborah*, *Gedeon*, *Samson*, *David*, *Solomon*, and so many others sent by God for the government of his people, came with certain characters of his Divinity, which gave them an admirable confidence, and framed in their souls notable persuasions of their own abilities. And it is a thing very remarkable, that such as were not in the way of true Religion, and who consequently could not have those assistances and singular protections from heaven, sought at the least to fortifie themselves with some semblances. All which filled *Alexander* with Boldnesse, was, that they had perswaded him he was of Divine extraction, and that this belief had seized on the souls of the credulous people; which was the cause that he was looked on as a man wholly celestiall, destinated to the Empire of the world. It is thought that *Pyrrhus* who imitated him, shewed his teeth in great secret to his friends; on the upper row whereof the word Λέων was engraven, and on the lower, βασιλεύς; as much as to say, He was a King as generous as a lion: but that which most made this Elogy good, was, that these letters were thought to be formed by a Divine hand, to give a testimony from heaven of the greatnesse of this Monarch: And this being spread among the people, it made them to expect prodigious things from him. *Augustus Cæsar*, who changed the face of the Common-wealth into Empire mounted on the Throne of the Universe by the same means. For it is said, that his father *Octavius* whilst he sacrificed in a wood, having shed a little wine on the Altar, there came a flame from it which flew up to heaven, whereon the Augur foretold him, he should have a son who should be Emperour of the world. It is added, that this Prince, being yet very young, in his child-hood, played with Eagles, and made frogs to cease their croaking by a silly command; and that as he entred into Rome after the death of *Julius Cæsar*, the Sunne was encompassed with a Rainbowe, as a presage of the great Peace he should produce in the Roman Empire.

A notable observation of Pyrrhus.

Adolphus Occo.

Suetonius.

Presages of the generosity of Cesar.

Dio, & Ziphilinus in Augusto.

Vespasian had never dared to aspire to the Empire, without the favour of presages, and namely of that, which happened to him on Mount Carmel, when, sacrificing in the same place, and being in a great perplexity of mind what resolution he should make in this affair; the Priest bad him to be of good courage, and the secret hopes of his heart should have very good successe. The world hath not been content to afford these favours to men alone, but it hath also given it to famous places. Rome, for good lucks sake, was termed, among other titles, *Valence*, by the name of Valour; and *Cephale*, as much as to say (Head,) to shew it should be the Head of the world. Presently also it was flattered with the opinion of its Eternity, so that many termed it the *Eternall City*, which was the cause that the Romans in their greatest desolations would never forsake the place.

Cornel. Tac. histor. l. 2.

Elogies of the City of Rome.

Solinus l. 1. Gergyrhius.

Ammianus l. 15. c. 6.

It appears out of all this, that men having not the power to be ignorant of their own weaknesses, never think themselves strong enough, if they have not some (I know not what) of Divinity: wherefore we must conclude, that the true means to have a generous and solid boldnesse, is, to be well with God, and to tie ones self to this most pure spirit by purity of heart; for if a little opinion of Divine favour so much encouraged Kings and People; what will not the testimony of a good Conscience do?

The most bold are such as have a clear conscience.

The Egyptians amidst so many plagues from heaven, and that dreadfull night which took away their first-born children, were dejected, and couched low on the earth without any spark of courage, because their evill Conscience was more weighty upon them then all their miseries, as the Book of Wisdome observeth.

Sap. 17. Ipsi ergò sibi tenebris graviores erant.

What assurance can one have in perils, when, after he hath committed some crime, he feeleth a little Executioner in his heart with pincers and hooks of iron? Contrariwise, a good Conscience is well compared by S. *Basil* to that little Kell which environeth the heart, and which continually refresheth it with its wholesome waters; to signifie unto us that the heart of a good man abides in perpetuall solace, which among dangers preserveth it from disturbances. I ask you, with what assurance stood the good *Malchus* with his holy wife at the entrance of the lions den, when of one side the glittering sword was presented them, and on the other, they heard those savage beasts to roar, and they notwithstanding remained immoveable? With what arms? but with those which S. *Hierome* gives them, when he saith, They were encompassed as with a strong wall, which they found in the testimony of their innocency, whereof they were most certain. With what confidence went S. *Macarius* to lie in the sepulchres of Pagans, and (wholly fearlesse himself) to strike terrour into the spirits of the damned! was it not the assurance of his holy life which furnished his heart with all this resolution? And shall we then doubt but that the true means to be replenished with a holy Courage, is, to set the Conscience in good order, and to make entire Confession of sinnes to preserve ones self afterward, in all possible purity, from our infirmities?

Carnificis occulto in cruciatu sceleris tormenta deserviant. Pet. leg. ad Demetr.

S. Basil. in Isa. κεφ. ιθ.

Hieron. in Malcho.

Pudicitiæ conscientiæ quasi muro septi.

§ 5. *That Jesus hath given us many Pledges of a sublime Confidence to strengthen our Courage.*

Let us next contemplate our second Model, and consider a thing very remarkable, which is, that *Jesus Christ*, who putteth us into a holy dread by the consideration of his greatnesse, hath acquired us boldnesse by his proper fear. These are the words of great

Jesus Christ acquired us Boldnesse by his fear.

S. Leo hom. de Pass.

great S. *Leo, I have borrowed fear from thee, and I have furnished thee with my confidence.* He expressly would admit the agony of Mount Olivet in his sacred Humanity, to encourage our pusillanimity; that we in mildnesse being Lambs, might become Lions by courage: and this is the course he hath observed in all his actions in this great contexture of pains and dolours, of punishments and glory. He descended from heaven like a rich Merchant laden with great treasures, he came to lodge in a wretched cottage among mortals, whom he held for his brethren. He was charmed with a love so powerfull, and entranced in a manner so prodigious, that he made a change, admirable to all the world; taking upon him our infirmities to give us strength, our affronts, to conferre his dignity upon us; our wounds, to bestow his health on us.

Christus venit suscipere infirmitates nostras, & suas nobis conferre virtutes, humana quærere, præstare divina, accipere injurias, reddere dignitates: quia medicus qui non fert infirmitates, curare nescit. Chrysol. serm. 150.

When I here below behold a man, well may I have some small impression of his example, but I thereby become not enriched with his merit. Now Jesus hath this property, that besides the benefit of the celestiall Doctrine which he communicateth to us, besides that of example (which is infinitely ravishing) he maketh in us, under the title of Adoption, a powerfull infusion of his Graces. *He continually powreth his virtue on souls who are in the possession of Justifying Grace: as the head on the rest of the members, and as the root of the vine sendeth nourishment to all the branches which depend upon it.* He is our *Aaron*, who (as it is said in the Book of *Wisdome*) is crowned with vessels of virtue, since the treasure of his merits are so many vessels of sanctity, which flow over the whole masse of mankind.

Tanquam caput in membra, & tanquam vitis in palmites; in ipsos Justificatos jugiter virtutem influit. Concil. Trid. sess. 6. c. 16. Eccli. 45. 9.

Note, that he communicateth to us three Pledges of his inestimable Love, to give us confidence; that is to say, his Name, his Crosse, and the Sacrament of his Body and his Bloud. Good God! What dastardlinesse would not be animated, and what courage not raised in the presence of three so much to be adored assistances? The Name of *Jesus* is the Name of names which we should grave on our fore-heads, as the Character of our Christianity, and the assurance of our salvation against all hostilities. This is the Name, which the high Priest of the Jews bare on his Mytre. It is the name, in sight of which, *Alexander*, when he went out to besiege Jerusalem, became a lamb of an enraged lion, breaking all his choler at the feet of a Priest, as waves are dashed against the rocks. It is that Name, which made *Daniel* to take his refection, whilst he was in the paws of lions, with all tranquillity. That Name, which the flames of the Babylonian fornace acknowledged. That Name, which God maketh use of to seal up the Abysses.

Three powerfull succours of our Saviour to animate our constancy.

The power of the name of Jesus.

Facies laminam de auro purissimo in qua sculpes opere cælatoris sanctum Domino. Exod. 28. Oratio Manassis. Concluisti Abyssum, & signasti eam, terribili & laudabili nomine tuo.

And what shall I say of the Crosse, and of this Royall Standard of the Monarch of monarchs, laid the voyce of heaven to *Constantine*. It is he under whom so many brave Colonels of Christian souldiery have flown from one Pole to another as Eagles, fain like tempests upon the armies of Sarazens, cut like keen razours, consumed as with coles all Powers opposed against Christianity. How often hath this sign lifted up dejected Courages? How often hath it thrown terrour among legions of Infidels? How often hath it driven away Devils? *On this wood, God established his Throne. Jesus Christ* (as saith S. *Augustine*) *fought with his Crosse. He by it, defeated the Kings and Monarchs of the earth; and having gloriously overthrown them, hath made them to carry the Crosse on their fore-heads.* O how unhappy be we if we resemble vipers who bear the Crosse, but hidden under their jaws! It is to do like the brood of vipers, to blush at the Crosse, and to be ashamed at the venerable scorns of the Passion of our Saviour. But it is our work to bear it in the sight of all the world, and to regard it as the sign of our Redemption, and the harnesse of our Protection.

The admirable effects of the Cross of Jesus Christ.

Dominus regnavit à ligno. Aug. in Psal 91. Pugnavit Cruce sua Christus, vicit Reges & subjugatis eis ipsam Crucem in fronte fixit.

Raymund. in Antechrist. fo.

What shall we not do with it, and with this adorable Sacrament of the Altar, which maketh us present with God, and God so present to us? Is it not from thence, that so many Saints have gone forth as lions casting fire and flames out of their mouths? (as saith S. *John Chrysostome*) The learned S. *Gregory* of Tours teacheth us, that antiently the holy Eucharist was kept in Churches in a little tower of silver. In my opinion, to signifie, that this pledge of the love of God is a fortresse inexpugnable, against the assaults of our enemies. That is it, which at all times fortified Virgins against the ardours of Concupiscence and the importunities of carnall lovers who would have bereaved them of their honour. That, which made Martyrs run to flames and wheels, as others, to delights. That, which made them to look with alacrity upon their streaming bloud, and to hold it more precious then orientall pearls.

The courage we may derive from the help of the holy Sacrament of the Altar.

An excellent observation of S. Gregory.

The Scripture telleth us, that the Children of Israel being departed from Marah (as much as to say a place of Bitternesse) arrived at Elim, where they found twelve Fountains and seventy Palms. And I must tell you, that when, after the Mortification of the flesh, the afflictions of the world, the fears of so many accidents which menace us, we come to this divine Sacrament; there we meet with fountains which stream from the wounds of our Saviour; there we gather palms and victories, numberlesse. Who then would not learn holy Boldnesse in the school of *Jesus Christ*? But alas! it often happens that instead of profiting in so good a school, and in the Doctrine of so great a Master; we are bold for the world, and timorous in the affairs of God. What a prodigy is it to see now-a-dayes so many who are onely bold, to do ill? If a falshood be to be averted, if a wretched maid to be debauched, if a revenge to be put forward, even to the effusion of humane bloud, if lawfull Powers to be resisted, if laws both Divine and Humane to be spoken against; there Boldnesse and Confidence appeareth. But, what say I? Confidence? yea, Impudency, fomented by the mildnesse of laws and impunity of so many crimes. But, in undertakings made for God, we have hearts of wax, and souls trembling like leaves under the breath of winds.

Numb. 33.

O detestable Boldnesse! which art not born but to serve as an instrument to mischief; dost thou not know there is no assured Power against God, who in the twinkling of an eye overthroweth the children and race of Titanians? O senslesse man! canst thou not be bold, but from the presumption of thy strength? And hast thou not yet learned, that the things which, according to the opinion of the world, are most strong, are confounded by the weakest? Lions have been fed upon by flies, and wretched rust wasteth the hardest metals. If we must be bold, let it be in things honest; let it be for virtue, for verity, for Gods cause. *Should the heavens fall in thunder-claps upon our heads, their ruines have not power to astonish a mind courageous. Turn a square stone which way you will, it never stands immoveable upon the solidity of its Basis, said S. Augustine.* One would have me do an ill act, and if I consent not thereto, I am threatned with the losse of a suit, of a ruine of my affairs, and with poverty, the worst scourge of all. Let my enemies vomit forth all their rage on me, they cannot make me poorer then I was when I was born. I came not into the world glittering with precious stones, and it was not gold which instead of bloud ran up and down my veins; let poverty come against me with all the train of its terrours. When I behold

Si tactus ille labatur orbis, impavidum ferient ruinæ: Quadratum lapidem qua verteris stat. Aug. in Psal. 86.

We muſt fear nothing in the world, to the prejudice of our ſoul.

behold on the Croſſe a God all naked, who in his nakedneſſe giveth all things; I ſay, we ſhould account it a glory to die poor, for a God ſo deſpoiled. They threaten me with baniſhment, the Spirit of God teacheth me, not to care what land be under my feet, when my eyes are fixed on heaven, and on the moſt bleſſed repoſe of the living, which concludeth all evils in a beatitude infinite.

They threaten me with impriſonment, fetters, gibbets, and death, the terrible of terribles. I expect not till it fall on me. I look on it afar off with an eye ſtrucken with the firſt rayes of felicity. What can death take from me but a miſerable carcaſſe ſubject to a thouſand deaths, but a life of piſmires and flies? And what can it bring unto me, but a ceſſation from ſo many relapſing actions, and from a wretched embroilment, which every day endeth not, but to begin again? O how little are all things mortall, with him who looks on a God immortall! I will walk in the ſhades of death with a firm footing, and a confident countenance, ſince it cannot ſeparate me from the ſource of *Lives*.

The eleventh Treatiſe, Of SHAMEFACTNESSE.

§ 1. *The Decency of Shamefac'tneſſe, its Nature, and Definition.*

Shamefac'tneſſe a very reaſonable Paſſion.

SHamefac'tneſſe is a humane Paſſion, more reaſonable then the reſt: becauſe (being properly *A fear of Diſhonour*) it makes diſtinction between that which is decent or undecent; laudable or blame-worthy; glorious or infamous; which appertaineth to the Court-hall of Judgement and Reaſon: It hath this priviledge, that it takes its Origin from two very eminent ſources; which are Conſcience and Honour: ſeeing the things which cauſe ſhame in us, are ordinarily vitious, or naught in the common underſtanding of men.

Its ſource, honour, and conſcience.

Conſcience (which, according to S. *Thomas*, is a naturall habitude that exciteth us to good, and maketh us to diſapprove evil) inſenſibly ſtirreth in us ſhame ſo ſoon as any of our thoughts, actions, or words tranſgreſſe its laws. Honour, on the other ſide, caſts forth a ray from the circuit of its glory which viſibly figureth unto us the blemiſhes that darken its beauty. The love of Reputation is powerfull. It ſeems to be ſome Atome of Divinity which enters into hearts the moſt generous, makes men very deſirous to be well eſteemed, thinking by this means to lead a pleaſing life in the minds of many: which is much more prized then the life of bodies, ſeeing there are ſome who daily ſacrifice themſelves for Punctillio's of Honour, to bloudy deaths, in the moſt exalted heighth of their proſperity. This reputation pompouſly marcheth before Conquerours, and cauſeth a million of Trumpets to be ſounded to make them famous: It cultivateth the verdant Laurels of great Captains: It encourageth the moſt heartleſſe ſouldiers to Combat: It cheriſheth the learned, and ſweeteneth the toils of their pens: It awakeneth arts: It raiſeth the moſt excellent Ladies, as it were, on the wing of Glory, by ſingular praiſes of their Chaſtity: It entreth into places the moſt infamous, as the ray of the Sun into a puddle, and makes even thoſe who have renounced Honour ſtill to ſeek ſome rag of Renown to cover their reproach. S. *Auguſtine* ſaith, men are ſo ready to make themſelves to be known, that thoſe who cannot be known for their goodneſſe, make themſelves many times to be talked of for their wickedneſſe, as if they thought, it were as good to be nothing as to ſee themſelves deprived of the knowledge of the living. S. *Ambroſe* ſaith admirably well, I am not ſo great a man, as to be ſatisfied with my own Conſcience. I have this infirmity that I cannot endure the leaſt ſtain of ſhame without waſhing it off. This is the cauſe, that the whole world endeavoureth to preſerve for it ſelf (as much as it can) an inviolable eſtimation among ſo many different opinions of judgements, paſſions, favours, diſgraces, intereſts, and revolutions of the world. Manners (ſaith S. *Bernard*) have their colours, and their odours, which are good examples.

1 Part. q. 80

The love of reputation is a ſtrong ſpurre.

S Auguſt. in Pſal. 19. Heroſtratus and others. Non ſum tantus, ut ſim contentus conſcientia mea. Ambr. l. 1. Offic. c. 48.

So ſoon as Reputation is wounded by the object of ſome diſhonour; the ſoul is moved, all the bloud is ſtirred, ſpreading it ſelf over the face with a ruddineſſe, as if it proceeded from this wound. It is a favour from heaven, when we have our ſenſes tender in this kind: and I find the antient Oratour *Demades* ſpake right, when he ſaid, Shamefac'tneſſe was the Cittadel of Beauty and Virtue. Likewiſe, the Oracle of Doctours, S. *Auguſtine* writeth, that a more acceptable ſacrifice we cannot give to devils, then to offer them up our Shamefac'tneſſe; forſomuch as if that be once extinct, there remains nothing but to expect a generall inundation of all wickedneſſe.

αἰδὼς τὸ κάλλος τῆς ἀρετῆς πρόπυλον. Demades.

Aug. Epiſt. 202.

§ 2. *Divers kinds of Shamefac'tneſſe.*

NOw we muſt here obſerve, that there are many kinds of Shamefac'tneſſe, one whereof is Holy, the other Humane, and the other Evil. I ſay, a holy Shamefac'tneſſe (as that which being a moſt faithfull companion of Chaſtity) cannot endure the leaſt thing contrary to this holy virtue, but that it becomes much intereſſed therein. This moſt evidently appeareth in ſo many good men, in ſo many virtuous women, and chaſte virgins; who cannot hear an unchaſte word but that it fixeth a wound in their hearts. *Tertullian* ſaid, Virgins ſhould bluſh even at the good they poſſeſſed; meaning, that albeit their virginall body bear nothing upon it but the characters of honour: yet ought they not to permit the view of their beauty, as a pillage, to curious eyes, fearing leſt any glance might ſteal away ſome tender bloſſome of amiable Virginity. There are ſome who eaſily bluſh at the approach of another ſex, and at words too freely ſpoken, not that they feel themſelves guilty of any thing; but of a naturall Shamefac'tneſſe, which cannot ſuffer the leaſt thought of things reproachfull: and many times alſo out of the fear they have to be ſuſpected in matters, of which they in conſcience have no remorſe. This is a ſign of a good ſoul, and it is neceſſary for ſuch an one as will preſerve a Chaſtity inviolable; to avoid the leaſt approaches, and all which may prejudice Decorum. *Libanius* an excellent Oratour obſerveth, that a Painter one day deſirous to paint *Apollo* upon a board of Laurel, the colours ſeemed to be rejected and could not be laid thereon. Out of which, this curious wit invented an excellent rarity, ſaying, That the chaſte *Daphne* (who according to the fiction of Poets was turned into a Laurel-tree, flying from *Apollo* who would diſhonour her) could not endure him, yea, even in painting; although ſhe now was nought elſe, but a piece of inſenſible wood. Whereupon we may inferre, that chaſte bodies fear the leaſt images and reſemblances of impurity,

Three kinds of ſhamefac'tneſſe.

Holy ſhamefac'tneſſe.

Virginibus etiam ipſum ſuum bonum erubeſcendum eſt. Tertul. de Velandis Virginibus cap. 3.

An excellent obſervation of Libanius.

impurity, and do, even beyond a Tomb, preserve some sense of Integrity. It is read in the life of S. *Epiphanius*, that he gave a kick with his foot, after his death, at a curious man who looked too near upon him. And we also see many who expressly by their will forbid themselves to be opened, and to have their entrails pried into by dissections, which somewhat savours of inhumanity. We must not be too curious in these matters, when we make no profession of them. For, sometimes many maids are more knowing before marriage, then is requisite for Chastity. *Marcia* daughter of *Varro*, who was one of the rarest wits of her time, was skilfull in all arts, yea, even in Painting; but never would she paint naked men, lest she might offend modesty. Is it not a brave sight to behold a Christian, whose bloud flyeth up into his face when he heareth blasphemies vomited forth against God, as a good son would blush when the Ashes of his father were defamed! What a goodly thing is it to see a vice rejected, which, a dissolute brazen-face, or a confident corrupt spirit suggesteth to a young tender soul of an Angelicall Shamefac'tnesse, that draweth bloud from the face, and makes use of this vermillion as of mysterious ink, to write down the condemnation of dishonour!

Simeon Constantin. in Epiphan.

Fulgosius l. 6

Humane & interessed shamefac'tnesse.

The second kind of Shamefac'tnesse is much more humane, and more interessed, which is daily observed in a thousand occasions in the world, when one blusheth, out of an apprehension of incurring some blemish of a good reputation, in what concerneth Extraction, Body, Wit, Profession, Integrity, Virtue, Condition, and Estate. Some are much vexed at their own birth, and when they see themselves raised to some degree of honour, they are ashamed that their enemies reproach them with the baseness of their beginning: but, they should remember, that Birth is a businesse wherein they are not called; that it is no more in our power then are the stars and the winds; and that many great personages have boasted they have mounted higher by Virtue, then their ancestours had descended by the obscurity of their Extraction.

Obscurity of birth in great personages.

Porus the Monarch of the Indies was the son of a Barber: *Bradyllus* Prince of the Sclavonians, of a Collier: *Orragoras* Duke of the Sicyonians, of a Cook: *Agathocles* King of Sicily, of a Potter: and yet they gloried to have made a large way to greatnesse for themselves from the recommendation of their valour. *Primislaus*, come from the condition of a peasant to principality, caused his old homely rags to be kept, that he might sometimes look on them. The Archbishop *Villegesius* son of a Carter, commanded wheels to be painted all over his Scutcheons of Arms. There are none but inferiour hearts which are offended with Gods counsels, who is the distributour of Glory. Others are confounded for deformities of body, as he, of whom *Chrysippus* speaketh, who was extremely discontented that he was called *Sea-Ram*: and *Cornelius* who wept in full Senate for being compared to a *bald Ostritch*: but this tenderness of apprehension proceeded from over-much prizing the body, which is but a dunghill even in those who are most resplendent in beauty. We should prevent such a scoffe upon so slight occasions, and to take the word out of their mouth, as *Vatinius* a man much mishapen, who mocked so long at his own throat and legs, that he in conclusion left nothing for *Cicero* to declaim against. Others love not to have their age talked of, as if that, which is to be desired, were a crime. Others must not be seen in a mean habit, as if they were much greater then *Adam* and *Eve*, who in the beginning of the world were cloathed onely with leaves and skinnes. Others are infinitely apprehensive to seem poor, not considering that by hiding poverty, they reproch themselves, and condemne *Jesus Christ*, who spread it over the Crib as on a Throne of Honour.

Senec. de constantia sapientis.

Shame of scoffing.

Others are dejected with deep melancholy, to see themselves despised in parts of Wit, Judgement, Understanding, Capacity, Industry, and Dexterity in matters, whereof they make profession, and wherein they think to excell; namely, when this contempt is offered in company before men of reputation whose good opinion they affect, before their competitours, their corrivalls, their enemies, who take a direfull comfort in their confusion. Then is the time when one sinketh into the bottome of dishonour, and when shamefac'tnesse covers all the face over. *Cronus* was so abashed, that he was not able to solve a Sophisme at King *Ptolomy*'s Table, that he died with discontent. A Polonian Prince strangled himself upon an oppression of Ignominy, seeing *Boleslaus* the Third, who was his King, had sent him a Hares-skin with a distaffe, to upbraid him with his Cowardise in a battel against the Muscovites. But we must say truly, that all this proceedeth from an enraged desire of punctilio's of Honour which ought never, to such extremity, take root in the soul of a Christian.

The strange shame of contempt, Laertius.

Cromerus lib. 6.

Lastly, there be who are touched with some shame for vices, not those which they know do displease God, but for such as are accounted ignominious in the opinion of men: as to be a Villain, a Miser, a Liar, a Traitour, a Falsifier, an Impostour, a Thief, Unjust, Ungratefull, Base, and exorbitant in the excesse of bodily vices, especially when those exorbitancies are waited on by shamefull punishments and publick infamy. All this is able to confound one who hath any feeling of honour; but if shame happen for sinne, it must be driven away by virtue; nay, it is much better to take shame, then to be taken by it; for the one flyeth the sinne before it be committed, and the other blusheth to have committed it. There are others to be found who make a little account of grievous sinnes with which they defile their consciences, and dishonour their reputation: But if there be any blemish or some suspicion concerning the honour of their wife, that thrusts them into despair: as it happened to *Valerius* a man of eminent quality, who was wounded with the most sensible arrow that ever he received, when the Emperour *Caligula* reproached him at his table, and in the presence of many, with some very secret defects which he said were on his wives body, which was indeed to publish an Adultery, and the contempt of a Lord one of his dearest friends, and of a man of his own nature, fierce enough to take revenge, as it happened a while after, when the insolencies of this miserable Prince bare him to a violent and a direfull death.

Seneca de constantia sapientis.

Let us conclude with a third sort of Shamefac'tnesse, which is absolutely bad and blame-worthy, when one blusheth for Devotion, for Chastity, for Temperance, and other Virtues which are not accounted of in the souls of Libertines and dissolute people. How many are there, who, to comply with ill company, attribute sins to themselves which they never committed, and vaunt imaginary vices, as if there were no Hell for them, but in picture? Others had rather be found in an ill place, then to be often seen at the feet of a Priest, or at the Communion-Table, in a time when great spirits accustome not to observe Christian duties. They fear lest the reputation of being devout may draw along with it some suspicion of weaknesse: they are troubled, that nature hath not made them impudent enough, to shake off the stings of a good Conscience. It is a monstrous shame to betray so good a Mistresse as Virtue, and to esteem the services ignominious which are done her. They who adulterate metals,

and

and poison the sources of lively fountains, do lesse ill, then such as corrupt the pure lights of the apprehensions we ought to have out of vertue. But, although it be many times ill to be shamefac'd; yet there is not any thing more intolerable then to be impudent: for, that is it which putteth all vice into authority; and all the noblest actions into a base and bad esteem.

§ 3. *The excellency of shamefac'dnesse, and the uglinesse of Impudency.*

A notable observation of Clemens Alexandr. 3. Stromat.

I have alwayes made great account of a Curious note of *Clemens Alexandrinus*, who observeth that at Diospolis a City of Egypt, on the gate of a Temple named Pylon, were seen five figures: To wit, of a child, of an old man, a Hawk, a Fish, and of a Crocodile: A child, to signifie Birth; an old man, to denote death; a Hawk, to represent the eye of God; A fish, to be the Hieroglyphick of Hatred; and the Crocodile of impudency. And this excellent Authour addeth, that these five statues onely meant this sentence, *O you who are born, and shall dy, Know God hateth impudency.*

The esteem antiquity had of shamfac'dnesse, Virpudens.

Shamefac'dnesse hath been so recommended by all Antiquity, that when one would praise a man of honour by a most speciall title; he was called *a man of shamefac'dnesse*, as we see in antient stiles, and contrariwise, to name a man impudent, were to qualifie him with the titles of all vices. The Scripture, which is admirable in representing to the life the propriety of all things, hath not forgotten this: For, willing in two draughts to give the picture of a bad man, in the person of *Antiochus*; it saith, *An impudent, and a crafty king, shall rise who shall seek to understand all manner of subtleties.* And it is a strange thing, that, going about to set forth a man who was a masse of ordures and bloud; it is content to give him, for the chief of his titles, the term of *Impudent in his countenance*; leaving us from that, to conjecture that he had lost shamefac'dnesse, the nurce of vertues, and the Guardian of the Temple of Sanctity. To this purpose the learned *Melissa* in the sixteenth discourse, speaks two excellent words. *The first of all vertues is Innocency, and the second Shamefac'dnesse,*

Consurget Rex impudens facie, & intelligens propositiones. Dan. 8. 23.

Melissa disc. 16. Πρῶτον ἀρετῶν ἡ ἀναισχυντία δεύτερον δὲ ἡ αἰσχύνη.

He who hath once lost it, hath nothing entire, since he hath likewise broken the sacred instrument of all vertues, which is Conscience. Thence we may easily understand, that impudency (which is no other then a neglect of reputation, as *Theophrastus* a Disciple of *Aristotle* defineth it) is a great evil. Should I depaint it, I would give it a brow of Brasse: What is more impregnable against blushing? I would make it with the eyes of a Frog, black, and bloudy: What is more inflexible to modesty? And could I give a voice to my Table, I would make the voice of Stentor to resound from its mouth, who was the most open-throated of men: For what is more filled with outcries, or is more tumultuously clamorous? I would give it hands of violence and rapine: for what is more injurious? Wandering feet: for what is more straying? I would set by its side liberty, and hope of impunity, which are two disorders that support and foment it. Finally, it should have all vices waiting on it, since he who is not ashamed of doing ill, is capeable to produce all manner of monsters. I would figure at its feet a Crocodile; for it is a creature which, from the least of all, proportionably, becometh the greatest: and impudencie, which in its beginnings seems in children but a little spark, doth in conclusion kindle a huge fire. Besides, I behold in the region of this unhappy passion divers subjects, according to the diversity of age, sex, and conditions: I there see little children, to whom Nature hath given a veil of shamefac'dnesse, which made their scarlet innocency appear upon the first object of malice. And I perceive that Impudency by little and little breaks in upon them, some have more of it, some lesse; but all, instantly begin to prattle too freely, and indifferently to take liberty by slight mis-becoming actions. I see others of them at the age of eighteen and twenty, who have shaken off the yoke of parents, masters, and kindred, tearing away even in a moment the scarf of shamefac'dnesse, and sucking in the breath of liberty, as if they were little wild-Asses in a wildernesse. O! what dangerous beasts; oh! what salvage creatures (saith *Plato*) are children ill bred! Foxes and Wolves are a thousand times more easy to be tamed, then dissolute youth, which hath folly for guide, and Impudency for companion. O God! what a monster see I here? I also discover young maids and women to whom Nature (as S. *Gregory Nazianzen* saith) had supereminently afforded the goodly veil of virtuous shamefac'dnesse, dyed in the richest and most beautifull Incarnadine that may be; yet have they defaced it. When they conceived sin, they had got a little shame; after they had brought it forth, they became extreamly impudent in glances, in words, in conversation, in immodesty, and dissolution. I have seen Lionesses, and Panthers taken out of the most salvage wildernesses, which one (well practised in the ordering of beasts) with a little industry lead along through cities and villages; but I never found a bridle strong enough to curb an impudent woman. A cohabitation with Aspicks and Vipers would be more sweet and supportable. I see (moreover) in this Region many deceivers and impostours, many Buffons and hunters after bountifull meals, who have belly-talk perpetually in their mouths and actions, such as were those of the Cynick *Diogenes*, which they cover with a pretext of Nature. Lastly, I see servants bandied against their Masters, sonnes rebellious against their fathers, people revolted against their King, who trample under foot all manner of obedience and justice. I see hideous Monsters of Heresies, of impiety, and Atheisme; who uncontrolably throw forth blasphemies against religion. Behold the effects and goodly government of Impudency!

Plato de Repubi.

Greg. Naz. Carm. in matter.

Basil. apud Melissam

§ 4. *Of Reverence due to God.*

Remedies

TO reform the Image of Shamefac'dnesse, let us reflect on our first originall, and see how God would train us up to Reverence by an admirable way of his divine Providence. Is it not a thing very remarkable that the apparitions and communications of the Divinity, although they seem to be most important to awaken our faith, were at all times so rare; that God rather chose to permit doubts in the faith of his Essence, and formall infidelities, then to shew and communicate himself upon all occasions under corporall and visible formes, which might cause any diminution in the reverence due to his Majesty? He is in the world, as a King in his palace who sees all, and is not seen by any: He looketh on us through so many latice-windows, as there are creatures, yet is invisible to our corporall eyes. Verily, It was an ancient maxime held by the Hebrews, to oblige them to the reverence of the Divinity; that the Majesty of God was so potent, and awfull, that no man might see it without dying in the place; which they inferred upon the passage of *Exodus*, *No man shall see me, and live.*

The great reverence of the Divinity.

Exod. 33.

Thence, *Manoah* father of *Samson* after the admirable apparition of the Angell (the Lieutenant of God) which appeared unto him said to his wife, *we shall dy, for we have seen God.* And *Jacob* according to the interpretation of some Father, after the notable vision of the ladder, said, not by a motion of joy, but out of admiration,

Judic. 13.

Gen. 32.

O wonder! I have seen God face to face, and yet I am alive. And albeit God communicated himself to his greatest favourites under visible figures; yet never did he shew himself properly in his Essence, no not to *Moses*, although S. *Ambrose* saith of him, that *God gave him a clear and most manifest view of his divine presence.*

Clarâ atq; perspicuâ præsentiâ divinæ dignationis donatus. Ambr. I. Hexam. c.2.

We must understand it, in such manner, as that this great law-giver had most resplendent and most familiar apparitions of God, above the other Prophets. For God seemed to speak with him face to face, as one friend talks to another: notwithstanding we must say, with the greatest doctours of the Church, that for all this, he saw not the essence of God. Such is the opinion of Pope *Euaristus*, of S. *Dionysius*, of S. *Irenæus*, of *Tertullian*; and, the text of S. *John* is therein expresse, *No man hath ever seen God*; and the decision of S. *Augustine*, who saith, *That as for those who have seen him, this favour was granted them, Because God appeared when he would, and how he would, in such figure as it pleased him to make choyce of, his Essence still remaining under covert.* Let us also add, for a reason, that as often as God in the old Testament gave to his people visible marks of his presence, he gave them with so much terrour and affrightment, that the poor people astonish'd at his approch so prodigious, were enforced to say, *Let not God speak to us.* We know it by the apparition of the mount Sinai, where they saw voices, that is to say exhalations of flames which made a great noise in the clouds, and burning lamps, and horrible smokes, the sound of Trumpets, and Clarions being mingled throughout all this loud Dinne; which made them to swoon, and become pale at the foot of the mountain, and with suppliant hands to beseech *Moses* to speak to them, because the voyce of God was too terrible. Wherefore was all this done? but to maintein reverence in the people which were ready enough to let themselves loose to impudency.

Buarist. Dionys. c.4. Hierarch. cœlestis. Origen. 2. princip. Irenæus l. 4. adve. sus Hæreses. c. 34. Tertul. adversus Marcian. Deum nemo vidit unquam Joan. 1.18. Illi autem ideo viderunt qui cunq; Deũ viderunt, quia cùm voluerit, & cui voluerit, apparet, eâ specie quam voluntas elegerit etiam latente naturâ. Aug. ep. 112. ad Paulinam. Non loquatur nobis Dominus. Exod. 12.

Alas! How can we live under the laws of God with so little respect and reverence, even in Churches? Have we not still the same signes? the like advertisements? All in this universe, on us, about us, and above us, is marked with the messages of the fear of God. Above us, God reigneth in the store-house of air and clouds; the pillars of the Firmament tremble, the heavens are bowed in all their regions under the glory of his steps. The winds are the Courriers, and Postillions of his will, who run along spreading his name throughout the four quarters of the habitable world. The Sun confesseth, he is but a shadow in comparison of the increated light, and presenteth as many fingers as there are rayes, to write down the commandments of God upon the brow of clouds; his decrees move with wings of lightnings, and are heard in the roaring voyce of thunders. It is so naturall to bear a reverence to his Divine Majesty, that there is not a creature in the world, how insensible soever, which feeleth not the touches of this much-to-be-adored greatnesse. Wild beasts, who roam up and down Forests with bloud and massacres perpetually under their paws, by naturall instinct quake at the thundering voyce of God. Fishes in the bottome of seas, and abysses with horrour hear it: enraged tempests (which seem ready to tear the world in pieces) become silent at the command of the Highest, and draw in their wings under his throne: waves and floods which make a shew not to regard this great All, no more then a single Element, dissolve their fury upon the sight of one silly grain of sand, which imposeth a law on them by virtue of Gods ordinance. The very divels, all on Fire in the flames of their punishment, which, infinite misery seems to have exempted from fear, can not free themselves from this sting. O most mighty! O most sovereign Lord of things visible and invisible! O great Eye, who seest all, and art not seen by any here below! Thou art truly worthy (If we with mortall lips may call thee worthy; yea worthy) to whom all intelligent and reasonable Nature should give continuall thanks for thy inexplicable benefits; worthy, before whom we on our bended knees should all our life-time remain prostrate; worthy, that for thee we should have praises and prayers everlastingly on our lips. And where is that brazen brow which dares to offend thee in the midst of thy Temple of this universe, from whence thou on all sides beholdest us? O what a monster is impudency, if it persist insensible to such considerations!

O maxime, O summe invisibilium procreator, opifex invise, & nullis unquam comprehense naturis, dignus es vere, si modò te dignum mortali dicere dum est ere, cui spirans omnis intelligéns q; natura, & habere, & agere nunquam gratias desinat, cui tota conveniat vitâ genu nixo procumbere, & continuatis precibus supplicare. Arnob. contra gentes.

§ 5. *Of the reverence which the holy Humanity of our Lord bare to his Eternall Father.*

LEt us look on the other Modell, and consider how *Jesus Christ*, uncapable properly either of fear or Shamefac'dnesse caused by any defect, observed all the dayes of his mortall conversation so lowly a reverence towards the divine Majesty, that it serves for matter of admiration to all Angels, and of example for all ages. To understand this well, I beseech you to take into your consideration two reasons that I will set before you, which me thinks are well worthy of your ponderation. First, that the greatnesse of actions ought ever to be measured by the end for which God hath instituted them: as if one prove that the actions of understanding are given us to raise us to the knowledge of God, we by the same means infer that those actions are very noble, since they are directed to an end so eminent. Now wherefore, think you, was the eternall Word Incarnate in the womb of a holy Virgin? I say, that besides consideration of humane Redemption, and the instruction of all mortals, God covered himself with the flesh of man, that there might by that means be a person in the world able to praise and honour God, asmuch as he is praise-worthy, and honourable, by a nature create, hypostatically joyned to the divine nature. *Philo* in the Book of *Noahs* plantation saith, that search was made through the world for a voyce suteable to the divine Majesty, to speak, and recount his praises, and there was none found. For although the sovereign Creatour hath been praised from the beginning of Ages by the morning starrs, which are the Angels (as saith *Job*) yet we must say, that all the praises which the highest Seraphims may give to the Divinity (if we compare them to the merits of its incomparable greatnesse) are like a Candle in comparison of the Sun; a small drop of water parallell'd with the sea; and an infant-like stutterer who should undertake to declare the prowesses of the most illustrious *Cesars*. There needeth a lauding God, a reverencing God, and an adoring God, to praise, reverence, and adore God worthily: otherwise there were nothing suteable to his Divine Majesty, there being no proportion between the finite, and the Infinite. And that which seemed to be impossible is accomplished in the person of *Jesus Christ*. All reverences of Angels and men are dissolved into him, as if one should melt many small Bells, to make a great one. And verily all creatures being dumb in his presence, he made himself as a huge Bell of the great clock of the word, which striketh the hours, and resoundeth thanks to his heavenly Father. All our reverences, our homages, our adorations have neither force, dignity, nor value, if they be not united, and incorporated with the homage, submission, and adoration which this glorious Humanity rendereth to his Celestiall Father, even above the vaults of the Empereall Heaven. This is the great Angel

The reverence Jesus bare to that divine Majesty.

Philo de plantatione Noemi.

Cum me laudarent astra matutina, & jubilarent omnes filii Dei. Job 38.5.

of

of Counſel, of whom we may pronounce theſe words
Apoc. 8. 3. of the *Apocalypſe*, *That he came to preſent himſelf before the Altar having in his hand a golden Incenſorie, and much incenſe was given him, that he might offer the prayers of holy Saints on this golden Altar.*

The ſecond reaſon is, that the reverence and honour we do to one, is juſtly augmented according as we more clearly know his great and worthy parts; whereupon we may inferr, that as our Saviour had knowledges and incomparable lights of the Majeſtie of his heavenly Father, not onely in reſpect of ſcience increate, but of ſcience beatifick and infuſed: ſo had he proportionably reſentments of honour, ſo profoundly reverent, that he perpetually lived abſorpt in this reverence, as a drop of water in the ſea, or a hot Iron in the fornace. There was neither vein nor artery which was not every moment penetrated and overflowed with the veneration he yeilded to God his Father.

Men who naturally are dull and ſenſuall, ſtand in need of exteriour ſigns to raiſe them to the reverence of God. For which cauſe the ſages of the world in the falſhood of pretended religions, have always affe-
Philoſtr. l. 1. c. 16. de vit. Apollonii. A notable cuſtome of the Babylonians in doing Juſtice. cted ſome tokens of terrour to affright perjured and wicked men. So the Babylonians when they ſat on matters of Juſtice went into a Hall of the Palace, made in the form of the heavens, where were hanged the figures of their Gods, all reſplentent in gold, and where were to be ſeen on the roof certain forms of birds which
The cuſtom of Bochyris a Judge of Egypt. they thought to be ſent from on high, as meſſengers of the Sun. So *Bochyris* a moſt famous Judge of Egypt, (ordinarily named as the Father and protectour of Equitie) that he might powerfully imprint an apprehenſion of God avenger of Injuſtices, when he ſate on his throne of Judicature, always had the image of a ſerpent in emboſſed work, hanging over his head as in a readineſs to ſting him if he pronounced an unjuſt ſentence. This is partly tolerable, partly alſo praiſeworthy among mortal men; but as for the perſon of our Saviour, he had not any need of exteriour ſigns, having always a perſpicuous viſion of the Divinitie. And tell me not, this continuall ſight of God, this ſo expreſt familiaritie, might leſſen the reverence which ordinarily is preſerved in things leſſe accuſtomed. This verily hath ſome truth: if we ſpeak of men, their perpetual preſence many times diminiſheth the reverence of thoſe who familiarly converſe with them; becauſe being men, their perfections are finite, and imperfections almoſt infinite; which is the cauſe they are exhauſted like roſes, which with their odour caſt forth part of their ſubſtance. They waſte like Torches which annihilate themſelves before the eyes of beholders, leaving moſt times nought behind them but ſtink and ſmoke. They are to be looked on afar off and in the dark, as painted women and adulterate merchandize: but in God, whom S. *Denis* calleth
Dionyſ. de divin. nominibus, c. 1. the Hearth and Houſe of Eſſences; we muſt not apprehend theſe limitations, theſe defects, and theſe diſreliſhes, ſince he, being of his own nature infinite, is never leſſened.

The moſt bleſſed ſoul of *Jeſus Chriſt* entred into the conſideration of his greatneſſes, as into a moſt ſpacious Labyrinth all repleniſhed with lights, perfections, and virtues which never ſatiate; but on the contrary give (as in an eternall Theatre) ſpectacles delicious, immortall, and inexplicable. For there it is, where all the bleſſed draw their felicitie; always greedie and ever full, always in poſſeſſion and ever deſiring; their ſatiety is without loathing, and their hunger free from torment; ſtill they eat the bread of life, and never
Hymn. Dam de gloria Para. waſte it. As S. *Auguſtine* hath moſt divinely obſerved in the Hymn, which Cardinall *Damian* hath framed out of his words. Thence I leave you to conſider with what reverence our Lord walked on the earth, as a man ſuſpended in heaven, drenched in God, as a ſpunge would be in a vaſt ſea; a man who held not of the earth, but by roots of compaſſion and mercy. Still he had his eyes lifted up towards heaven in doing miracles, ſtill his hands raiſed towards heaven in prayer, ſtill his heart contracted with ſadneſſe for the irreverencies committed againſt the irreverencies of his father. Converſation, drinking, eating, ſleeping deſolved not the ſweet converſation he had with God. Sometimes even in company, being overwhelmed with the impetuous approch of this holy Majeſtie, he brake forth into words of reverence, of love, of thankſgiving, as it were ſaying, *I laud* Matt. 11. 25 *thee my Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou haſt hidden theſe goodly lights from men who make account of the wiſdom and prudence of the world, and haſt made them known to the moſt ſimple and little ones; yea dear Father, for ſuch hath been thy moſt holy will.*

In honour of the lowly reverence which *Jeſus Chriſt* bare to his heavenly Father. Let us reſolve to preſerve in our ſelves three ſorts of ſhamefac'neſſe; of pietie, of chaſtitie, of diſcretion: Shamefac'neſſe of pietie; by obſerving a holy and religious modeſtie in Churches, and all thoſe actions which do appertein to the ſervice and honour of God: Shamefac'neſſe of chaſtitie; by abſtaining from all words and actions which render converſation too free and exorbitant, not without ſome prejudice to chaſtitie. And therefore (O Virgins) engrave in your hearts this document of *Tertullian*, who ſaith, *That it is fit a virgin ſhould bluſh even at virtue.* Laſtly, let us have ſhamefac'neſſe of diſcretion in demeaning our ſelves very circumſpectly in all the duties we ought to yield to perſons worthy of honour, and namely to thoſe to whom we are tied by ſome obligations.

Alas! who can endure thoſe that have loſt not onely reverence of a God inviſible, but even the ſhame of men viſible? Shamefac'neſſe is the laſt ſhirt of virtue which one never putteth off, but when he is readie to clothe himſelf with an infinitie of vices. It is a ſtrange thing that *Adam* and *Eve*, who bare (as it were) in one veſſel all the riches of Mankind, after they had made that miſerable ſhip-wrack (the loſſes whereof we yet deplore) after they had loſt all that which a wretch might loſe, and all that which a happie man might deſire; they yet ſtill, in the midſt of this great breach preſerved ſhamefac'neſſe as the laſt plank of this lamentable ſhip-wrack. They yet were aſhamed to ſee themſelves naked; and by this ſpectacle of their nakedneſſe, were perſwaded to penance. And thou wretched and depraved ſoul, over head and ears; thou feareſt neither God nor man, father nor mother, neighbour nor kinſman, friend nor magiſtrate, force, mildneſſe, admonition, menace, nor reputation, either good or bad. Ah Caitife! It is to run to a downfall with veiled eyes, to live in this manner: It is to lift up an armed hand againſt heaven. Thy conſcience juſtifies thee (ſayſt thou) and thou careſt not at all for men; what conſcience, if thou neglecteſt reputation which is the bridle wherewith God uſeth to repreſſe all ſorts of vice? Thou haſt no conſcience, which notwithſtanding, never forſakes any man, enlightening and ſtinging thieves in wild caves, and in the maſſacres of men, to expoſe to light vices (which could never endure the rayes of the Sun which were confined to darkneſſe and Gomorrhian night) to eſtabliſh them in the converſation of men, to publiſh them, to practiſe them openly before the eyes of heaven and earth, and to ſay we ſhould give nature free libertie. Ah! wicked *Zimri*. Haſt thou not read the Hiſtorie in the book of *Numbers*? haſt thou not in

Num. 25. The miserable end of an unhappy impudent man

this picture observed the effects and disasters of impudency? As that of *Zimri*, a Prince of Gods people, who hastening to make love to a Madianite, a *Cozbi*, at mid-day, in sight of all the people of Israel; cast under foot the laws of God, the shame of men, the honour of Reputation, the reverence of all posteritie: Wretch, whither goest thou? said one to him. Knowst thou not the law of God forbiddeth alliance with strangers? what hast thou to do with this Madianite? she will ruine thee. It importeth thee not to say, I will go. But dost thou consider thy qualitie, and the rank thou holdest, being a Prince of People? Thou well seest, the bad example thou wilt give to all the world, cannot but be pernicious. It importeth not, I will go. Behold thy Parents and neerest of kin stretch forth their hands to thee, and say; Son, Do not our family this dishonour: Bring not such a crime into our house, which will make us incurre the malediction of God, and will overwhelm thee first of all under some notable disaster. It importeth not, I will go. Alas! seest thou not poor *Moses*, who weeps with all the people prostrated before the Tabernacle of God, that he would be pleased to divert such a thought from thee, lest thou become culpable of the anger of God, which will fall on the whole Army, if thou goest to this stranger? It importeth not, I will go. Son, if thou resolvest to sin, then stay till night; make a veil of darknesse further to cover thy wickednesse from the eyes of the world, for fear lest thy example may serve for a rock of scandall to those who are yet novices in virtue. Yet, thou perversly sayest, I will go in full day light: I will enjoy my pleasures; and who art thou that givest me a law? Go *Zimri*, Go impudent man, thou in thy calamitie shalt know the salarie of thy sin. You know the rest of the History, he goes thither, he accosteth the Madianite in sight of all the world. At which time God raiseth a young Prince, as courageous as a Lion, grand-child of *Aaron*, who followeth him armed with zeal and sword, crying out aloud; Ah Traytor! Ah infamous man! He finds him out in the throne of Lust, in the bed of iniquitie, in the heat of Crime; and with his sword transfixeth him and the Madianite, making the abominable Bed and their unchaste loves to float all in bloud. O bloud horribly (but justly) shed, which still cryeth out with a voyce of bloud, and saith to all posteritie! Men, women, children, great, little, poor, rich; flie from Impudency, flie from Impudency, as the last of vices: otherwise know, there is a revenging sword, and a Judgement of God inevitable to all the Shamelessnesse of *Sinners*.

The twelfth Treatise, Of ANGER.

§ 1. *The origine of Anger, its Nature, Causes, and Diversities.*

The marveilous effects of fire.

FIre, which is a Mean between Spirits and Bodies, doth work very diversly according to the matter and disposition it meets withall; In the heavens it enkindleth the stars with flames the most pure in totall Nature: it diversifieth clouds with Gold and Rubies: it maketh Bowes and Coronets in the air: it enterteineth a heat of life in the bodie of living Creatures, which being maintained in a good temperature, cause all the harmonies of health; but, when it mounteth up into a tempestuous cloud, when it boyleth in Fornaces, and creeps into Canons, which are as mouths of fire to pronounce war; it maketh so strange devastations, that it vanquisheth the most valiant, beats down the most boysterous, mollifieth the hardest, and terrifieth the most daring.

In the same manner we may say, heat, which in our bodies is an admirable work-Mistresse, multiplyeth its effects according to the diversitie of the stuffs, and occasions it lights on: it conspireth with our spirits, to serve as an instrument for the soul in its great operations: it exciteth the honourable flames of chaste loves: it disposeth courage to generous resolutions: it polisheth the mind to embrace worthy purposes: It secondeth the Imagination in its apprehensions: It makes it self the steward of the vegetative faculties for the generation and production of men; But if it once meet with burnt blood, and fuming Choler, which is as it were in the hands of the imagination; when it is touched with some displeasure, it insinuateth it self thereinto, as into a cloud swoln with storms and tempests, which throws forth fires, roareth with thunders, shooteth with inflamed darts, and practiseth nought but ruine.

What Anger is.

This is it we call Anger, which is properly an ardent appetite of revenge caused by an apprehension of contempt, and injuries. Now this opinion of Contempt springeth in some from disesteem, or for that they are forgotten and neglected by those of whom they think they ought to be respected: In others, from being crossed in what they desire most, as in their profession, their ambition, and especially their affections: In others, from being depressed in that wherin they imagine they excell, and principally before such, by whom they perswade themselves they are beloved and honoured; In others from being derided for defects of nature aswel of body as of mind, and extraction also: In others, from being injuriously disgraced, and insolently outraged by base and abject people, and such as they have obliged, As the opinion of injury increaseth, and as it meeteth with a nature disposed, and matter prepared, this ardour is inflamed: and if it be accompanied with a great power, it teareth down smoaking cities, it desolateth Provinces, it swims in massacres, it raiseth scaffolds all sprinkled over with bloud, and hung with black, whereon it acteth horrible Tragedies.

Dum incipit tota est Gen. de Ira. How Anger is formed.

The other passions are augmented by degrees; but this ariseth fully formed, and appears perfect so soon as it beginneth. The opinion of contempt no sooner entreth in by the eyes and eares, but it striketh the imagination, which promptly communicateth its influence to the irascible appetite; and then, as if fire were given to a Canon, it becomes Thunder and Tempest, which disfigureth the bravest bodies, turmoileth the bloud and spirits, and bendeth all the veins to vengeance. You would say, the heart is not at that time any other then *Vulcans* Forge, where the thoughts, like so many Cyclopes, labour to make Hail-showrs, Lightenings and Tempests. It is not known in this countrey what kind of language Reason speaketh: It is no better heard then words among the Catadupes of Nilus; strength hath a hand lifted up to employ the sword, and a thousand instruments of iniquity, to commit outrages. This passion resembleth the furious *Martichora* renowned among Indian wild beasts, who teareth his members asunder to make of them the arrows of his vengeance; It hath nothing so resolved on, as to destroy all, and to raise unto it self a Tombe in its own ruines. Yet we cannot but say, that there are three very different sorts of Anger, according to the

Divers qualities of anger.

offences

offences and persons who either raise it, or suffer it. In some it is cold in apparence, and more inward; but these oftentimes have the aspect of Virgins, who in conclusion throw forth the fire of dragons: In others, it is fervent, and headlong: In others, haughty, and scornfull: In others, dumb, and malicious: In others, obstreperous, and stormy: In some it is frequent, and sudden: in others, sticking, and obstinate. There are some, who being offended for frivolous things, cease not to persevere therein for fear some may think they began without reason, in which the lesse the cause is, the more passionate they become: Others, blame their greatest friends for having done them lesse good then they expected. In some, Anger is but yet in bloom; in others, it taketh great and deep root. Some satisfie themselves with clamour and injuries; others, therein employ the hand; others, wood, and Iron; others would have lightening in their power for some time, of purpose to prosecute their revenge with all advantage. Lastly, this passion thrusts forth all that is hidden in the heart: Which made *Cassian*, according to the Septuagint, to write, that it disentombed sinnes which were before (as it were) interred.

Vir iracundus effodit peccata. Cassian. de spiritu ira. c. 1.

§. 2. *Three principall Kinds of Anger.*

WE notwithstanding can say with S. *John Damascen*, that Anger stirreth up and down in three principall regions, where it produceth very different effects. The first is called the region of sharp choler, the second of bitter choler, and the third of fury. In the first region are all those who have slight heats of the liver; who are angry upon every light occasion, and almost every moment. In this are to be found many women, many children, and lovers; and besides; Hungry, Thirsty, needy, sickly and nice ones, fantasticks and extravagants, as that *Smyndrides*, who seeing a peasant taking pains before him, said, his body was quite broken therewith. There needs almost nothing to make choler fly up into their faces, so much they are thereunto disposed. The slightest things put them out of the limits of reason; and if no man contradict them, they frame quarrels to themselves with wood and stones, and with other things inanimate which serve their use; and in the end, fall out with themselves, and skirmish against their own shadow. The great *Cesarius*, a Greek Authour, saith that Mil-stones, having not com to grind, strike fire: so we oft-times see, in households and Communities, when there is no employment, no gain, nor profit; the fire of Anger interposeth between man and wife, between brothers and friends; yea among religious, who are not throughy well applyed to the functions of their profession.

Three regions of Anger. Damascen. l. 2. orth. c. 16. Weak spirits ordinarily cholerick. Cæsarius in dialog.

The second Region is, that, of inveterate choler, wherein malicious souls are engaged, who do nothing else but gnaw their own heart, and envy the felicity of another, closely undermining it as much as they can, both by word and deed. There you behold them all ranked in order, which is nothing but disorder, with a visage ghastly and disfigured, an eye of an owl, a countenance moody, a gate slow, speech wrangling, and most often an enraged silence. O discontented, and dismall Region! I had rather see the Comet which appeared not long since, then to behold a man so composed, who perpetually hath vultures in his entrails, executioners by his sides, and who moreover hath a petty hell within himself. It is of this anger, the wise-man saith, that *A stone was very heavy, and sand weighty: but choler, incomparably more.* I had rather roll *Sisyphus* his stone, eat sand and coles, then hatch in my heart such anger. Have you ever observed the unlucky Tree, whereof *Theophylact* speaketh upon the Prophet *Nahum*, which we in our Language call the yew Tree? It is a Tree of death, which with its shadow alone, killeth the herbs and plants about it. This worthy Interpreter addeth, that it out of a singular malignity devoureth them. And *Dioscorides* noteth, that being once set on fire, it will many moneths keep a melancholy fire, hidden under the ashes, not, almost, to be quenched. Behold the picture of one who is tainted with the cursed choler of the second region; you see him anxious, and burthensome to himself, dull like an old yew, an old Tree in a Churchyard. He is impotent, in effect, for revenge; but hath a furious appetite towards it, which he dissembleth under the meagerness of the Countenance of a dead man, and under the coldness of a maligne passion. The fire is, as under ashes, the space of so many moneths, so many good friends, so many good advises, so many convincing reasons quench some little spark of it; yet there still remaineth some of it behind. So many powerfull Sermons, so many confessions, so many communions cry out, Fire, Fire, pour on water. Miserable creature! thy house smoketh. It will burn thee when thou art asleep. But he hath no ears. And when this serpentine soul shall be snatched away by a sudden death, if you search into the ashes of his body, there you shall yet find fire. *The Earth which shall cover him, shall be like burning pitch, It shall burn night and day, and make black and thick smokes arise, which shall eternally issue out of it.* Preserve your self from this second region, and observe the words of S. *Augustine*; *Choler, which proceedeth from some innocent promptitude, is as a stick; but this, is a beam. A stick is the beginning of a beam. For the beam at first, is but a stick; if you water it, it becometh a beam: and if you cherish choler, by evill suspicions; you turn it into Hatred.*

Second region of anger wherein rest malicious and covert souls. Proverb. 26. Grave est saxum & onerosa arena sed ira utroq; gravior. The property of the yew Tree, like unto Anger.

Et erit terra ejus in picem ardentem, nocte, & die non extinguetur; in sempiternum ascendet fumus ejus. Isai. 34. Festuca in oculo ira est, trabs verò odium. Festuca initium trabis est, nam trabs quando nascitur prius festuca est; rigando festucam deducis ad trabem, alendo iram malis suspicionibus perducis ad odium. August. l. de verbis Domini, ser. 16.

The third region of choler, is fury, in which all such are, as play the part of mad *Orlando*, and become as red as the Comb of a Cock, and presently as pale as the dead; who have eyes bloudy like frogges, sparkling like Gorgons, rolling as those of Cain; who roar like lions, who foam like Boars, who hisse like serpents, who poyson all they see, like Basilisks; who cast forth fire like *Medeas* buls; who tear one another, like Canniballs; who sup with lights and lamps of bloud, like Cyclops; who walk in the night to strike and commit outrages, like Furies; who are perpetually in disturbance, like Devils; who do nothing but vomit forth blasphemies; who swear by heaps; who breath nothing but wounds, but plague-sores, and revenges; who have no more of man in them, but so much as may serve for food to eternall fire, unlesse they betake them to repentance. There are of them so ardent that they resemble those dogs of hot Countreys, whereof *Xenophon* speaketh, which strike their teeth so eagerly into the skin of a boar, that, together with the gash, they make fire to fly out.

The region, wherin are the furious

Behold a horrible sphere of monsters, and tempests, bloudy Comets, horses, and arms of fire. It is they of whom the Scripture speaketh, *Simeon and Levi (you vessels of warre, instruments of Iniquity, Trumpets of fury and bloud) never, shall my spirit have to do with you, never will I defile the glory of a peacefull soul by the contagion of your company. Cursed be your fury, for it is head-strong, cursed your anger and revenge, for it is wicked and insatiable.*

Genes. 49 Simeon, & Levi vasa iniquitatis bellantia, &c. Maledictus furor eorum, quia pertinax, & indignatio quia dura,

Two things principally are deplorable, in this third region; The first, is, that anger is exercised, with outrages and violence, upon the renown, estate, body, and soul of a neighbour, who crieth out for vengeance before God: and above all, it is much to be feared, when great passion is linked to great power, where fortune permits all which vengeance desireth. For, fire, water, and greatnesse never overflow without bearing down the common shore. Secondly, it so bewitcheth some infatuated spirits of these times, that they make

Paulus Orosius lib. 3. adversus Pagan. c. 16. Rapere consilii furor, dolorem virtutem putat; quantum meditatur ira, tantum promittit audacia.

tropheys of the greatest reproches which are in nature, and to make their torments everlasting they deifie their Crimes. That is it which the excellent Authour *Paulus Orosius* said, Fury, as it ordinarily walketh without reason, will make its dolour to passe for virtue, and boldnesse promiseth to accomplish all whatsoever anger suggesteth it.

§. 3. *The Contemplation of the serenity of the divine spirit is the Mistresse of meekenesse.*

The picture of the Tranquillity of God.

LEt us to this disorder, oppose the serenity of God, which we may contemplate when we are far removed from the surprisalls of this passion. If this place would permit me to delineate the picture of the Tranquillity of God, as the sublime *Tertullian* hath done, that of patience; I would give it a visage wholly angelicall. What is more divine and celestiall, then this virtue? I would set it in a fortunate Iland (all tapistred with verdure, and enamelled with flowers) where the sun should smile out of all its mansions. For, what is more delicious? I would place it on a Rock such as was that of Egypt, which was never touched by profane feet: What is more stable, and more religious? Thereon I would raise a Temple to it, such as was that of *Adonis*, in Greece, wherein lions were tractable: what is more lovely? I would give it a sceptre of diamond; what is more solid, or powerfull over the passions of mans heart? I would set upon the head thereof a Crown of starres: What is more sublime? what more majesticall? At its feet I would hang harps and lutes; for it is the Mistresse of holy Harmonies. About it should be little nightingales, Halcyons, and holy Fishes which cause a calm every where: what is more peacefull? A good distance from it, should be sea-dogs, storms, and waves which should roar, without troubling its repose; since it is immoveable. It should have eyes lifted up to heaven, and should live by influences flowing to it from the union it hath with God; as it is said the bird of Paradise liveth on the thinnest vapours of the air.

But let us in a word tell you, that Tranquillity is the Essence of God himself, and that all which is peacefull draweth near towards God. I am not ignorant of what the Scripture speaketh in many places of Gods anger, and among others, David, in his Psalms, with a certain admiration; *Who is it knoweth the force of thy anger? and can weigh thy indignation in the terrour of thy countenance?* But this must be understood by an Anthropopathia, as Theologians do explicate it; which is done when God is represented by sensible figures, like unto men. For to speak truely, God hath no anger, nor can any wise have it, being incapeable either of the form or matter of it. The form is an appetite of revenge, and the matter, a boyling of bloud; as appeareth by that we have said before. Now, we understand, that in God there is neither bloud, nor appetite. If he in all times hath produced Examples of Justice, (as he did in the deluge, in the burning of Sodome and Gomorrha, in the plagues of Egypt, in the defeat of Sennacherib) It was with the same tranquillity which he had when he made Paradise, and the blessed by his aspects. God punisheth not the wicked out of anger; but the wicked punish themselves by the remorse of their own consciences; and if the divine Justice put a hand thereto, the world marcheth in battel-array against them, and is all on fire under the feet of its judge, the Judge being thereby nothing at all enflamed. The punishments which fall from heaven, come not from a headlong precipitation, since they are resolved on from all Eternity.

Quis novit potestatem iræ tuæ, aut præ timore tuo iram tuam dinumerare? Psal. 89. God, to speak properly, hath no anger.

It was a judicious invention of the ancient sages, to tell us, there were three sorts of thunderbolts in Heaven; and that, the first was onely to advertise, without doing hurt; the second did good, but not without causing hurt; the third ruined, and defaced all it met. And thereupon, to shew us the mildnesse of God, they said, the Monarch of heaven and earth of his own motion sent the innocent Thunderbolts; but if there were cause to throw that which doth but little hurt; (although it were to derive profit from it) he called twelve Gods to counsell: but when those great artilleries of heaven were to be shot off, which aimed at the ruine of the most guilty; it was never done without a generall councel of all the Gods: we say more then all this; for we affirm that God stayeth not a certain time to resolve on the punishment of men, but hath decided it from all eternity, and hath ordained Hell for crimes, with the same Countenance he decreed Heaven for the blessed. All is peacefull, and alwayes peacefull in God: from whence it cometh that men most like unto him, as are good Kings, have borrowed the Title of Serenity. Can it then well become a Christian, who makes profession to render himself like unto his heavenly Father, to suffer himself to be transported with the furies of anger, which in man extinguish all that is divine, and leave nothing humane?

Senec. natural. l. 2. c. 41. Three sorts of thunderbolts, which figure unto us, how God proceedeth in the chastisements of men.

§. 4. *That the example of our Saviour teacheth us the moderation of Anger.*

ONe might perhaps object for excuse, that our Lord, who ought to be the example of all our actions, was angry when he with a whip drave buyers and sellers out of the Temple. I to this answer with a doctrine of S. *Augustine*, very remarkable, which teacheth us, that as our Lord took a true body, when he was born of the most blessed virgin; so he hath shewed himself to have reall passions descending for us into the shadow of our infirmities, to make us ascend into the light of his glory. Notwithstanding, we must not think he would undergo all sorts of passions, especially such as carry in them any uncomely misbeseeming; but those he took upon him which were most decent, and incident to man. If love (saith the oracle of Doctours) be a humane passion; *Jesus* hath taken it, shewing many times tenderneesse of affections towards persons of merit: as it is said, that seeing a young man, who had strictly kept the commandments of God, from his most innocent years, he loved him, and had some compassion of him, for that he entred not directly into the way of the Gospel being withheld by the love of his riches. If fear be accounted among the motions of nature; had not he fear and anxiety when he was near unto his passion? If you look for joy; doth not he say, *Lazarus* is dead, but, I rejoyce for your sake? because by this means the Apostles faith must be confirmed. Lastly, if sadnesse be the inheritance of our condition; hath he not said, My soul is heavy to the death? But there are other passions which he would never admit, as, sensuall Love, Hatred of a neighbour, Envie, and Anger.

To know whether our Lord was subject to anger. The answer.

Aug. l. 14. de civitate Dei. cap. 9. Neq; enim in quo erat verum hominis corpus, & verus hominis animus, falsus erat humanus affectus. An amor affectus est hominis? sed ipse audiens adolescentem scipsum de observatione mandatorum commendantem, intuitus dilexit eum. An timor? sed ipse in janua passionis constitutus cœpit pavere & tædere. An gaudium? sed & Lazarus mortuus est inquit, & gaudeo propter vos quia non eram ibi. An tristitia? sed & tristis est anima mea usque ad mortem.

As for that which concerneth this last passion; it is certain that our Lord was more meek and gentle then all men; from whence it came that he would be called the lamb of God, by a solemn title, and that he in the primitive Church was represented under the same figure, as it appeareth in the Christening Font of Constantine, where the statue of a Lamb of massie gold poured out the water of Baptisme. Never in his greatest sufferings hath he shewed one least spark of anger, or impatience; but was alwayes calme and peacefull, even shewing an incomparable sweetnesse to a naughty servant, who had cruelly wronged him at the time of his passion. And as for that he did, in the matter of buyers and sellers; that ought not to be called anger, but

Excellent observation upon the turning our Saviour a Lambe.

a fervent and vigorous zeal which caused him to punish irreverences committed against his eternall Father.

Good God! Had we perpetually before our eyes this mirrour of meeknesse; we need not seek for any other remedies. His aspect would remedy all our anger, as the brazen serpent cured the plagues of Israell. This sacred fish would cause a Calm wheresoever it rested, and the presence of his aspect would banish tempests: but since passion so clondeth our reason; let us apply remedies more obvious against the motions of anger.

§. 5. *Politick Remedies to appease such as are Angry.*

ANger being a jealous passion ever grounded upon the opinion of contempt, ought to be handled with much industry, and dexterity. There are some who very soon are cured by joy, by the meeting of light-hearted people, and by some pleasing and unexpected accident. This notably appeared at the Coronation of *Philip Augustus*, where there was a prodigious confluence of many people, who out of curiosity excessively flocking thither, much hindered the Ceremony. A certain Captain troubled to see this disorder, was desirous to remedy it, ceasing not to cry out and thunder with a loud voice to them to be quiet; but the earnestnesse of those that thronged had no ears for Thunders: which made him, being much incensed with anger to throw a cudgell he had in his hand at the heads of such as were the most unruly; and this cudgell being not well directed, lighted upon three lamps of Chrystall hanging right over the King and Queens heads, which breaking, the oil abundantly poured down upon them. All there present were troubled at an act so temerarious; but the pleasure of the sight put off their anger. The King with the Queen his wife instead of being offended, laughed heartily; seeing themselves so throughly besmeared: and a Doctour thereupon inferring, that it was a good presage, and that it signified aboundance of unction, both of honours and prosperities which should overflow in their sacred persons; they had no power to be angry, out of the Imagination of glory which driveth up the root of this passion. Verily, there is no better a remedy to appease such as are cholerick, then to flatter them with honour, and submission: which likewise was to be seen in that which happened in the person of *Carloman*. He was a virtuous religious man, brother of King *Pepin*; who had buried himself in humility, that he might courageously renounce all the greatnesse, whereunto by birth he was called. It fell out, that being in a Monastery of *Italy*, not discovering himself; he begged he might serve in the Kitchin, which was granted him: But the Cholerick cook, seeing him to do somewhat contrary to his liking (not contented to use him harshly in words) with much indignity strake him: But there being not any thing which more vexeth a generous spirit, then to see him ill treated whom he most loveth; *Carlomans* companion who was present, not remembring himself to be a religious man, entereth into a violent anger, and suddenly taketh a pestle, and throws it at the cooks head, to revenge the good father who bare this affront with incredible generosity.

But so soon as this his companion had declared his extraction, and related all which had happened; the whole convent fell at his feet who was affronted; and begged pardon of him. Where were to be seen sundry sorts of passions; Some of indignation, others of compassion, the rest, of Reverence. But *Carloman* thought it a thing intolerable, to see himself honoured in such a manner, whilst his Companion laughed beholding the Cook beaten, and the submissions yielded to his Prince.

Rigordus.

Chronicon Cassinense.

There are others, who seeing their friends much incensed, feign to take their part, and seem angry with them; saying, this wicked fellow must at leisure be chastised, to render his punishment the more exemplary. Mean while, they give time, and expect the return of reason, and then they perswade the contrary. Many also have in apparence pretended fear, to flatter the anger of great ones, who take pleasure to render themselves awfull in this passion, as did *Agrippa* towards the Emperour *Caligula*.

§. 6. *Morall Remedies against the same Passion.*

I Will descend into more particulars against the three kinds of choler, which we insinuated. As for the first, which consisteth in that hastinesse and heat of liver, that breaks forth in motions somewhat inordinate; First, I say, God is offended to see persons who make profession of a life more pure, and whose soul verily is not bad, to be perpetually upon the extravagancies of passions unworthy of a well composed spirit. Besides, it causeth a notable detriment to our repose. For, by being often angry, our gall increaseth (as Philosophers observe) and the encrease of gall maketh us the more anxious, wayward, and irksome to our selves.

More particular remedies against the three sorts of anger.

The onely means to amend and correct your self, is, to represent the hurt this passion bringeth, by depriving you of wisdome, of justice, civility, concord, virtue, and of the splendour of the spirit of God. The way to lessen the opinion you have of being despised, is, not lightly to believe tale-tellers, and to find reasons to excuse him who hath erred; not to be curious to know that which may displease you; to fortifie your self in that side you find to be most feeble in you, avoiding objects which most ordinarily provoke you; to live with peaceable people; to shun cares, and troublesome affairs; to afford your self convenient solaces; to extirpate petty Curiosities and false opinions which you have of your sufficiency, in such sort that you imagine within your self that you ought to be used with great respect, and that you should not suffer any disgrace either by word or deed, but that men and elements must contribute to your likings. Behold from whence your feaver proceedeth, and how you may handsomely remedy it. O soul, infinitely nice! It seems you were bred in a box, in perfumed Cotton, and that you must endure nothing. Broth overmuch salted, a garment too straight, a mustachio ill turned up, the creaking of a door, the wind of a window, the least indiscretion of a servant, puts you out of your self. What do you take your self to be? You believe those flatterers who say, Do you suffer this? you measure not your self by your quality. And yet Kings and Queens and the Monarchs of the earth have endured, and daily do endure many slight oppositions with great tranquillity: and you, silly worm of the earth, turn against God, when he permitteth any thing to happen contrary to your liking. Frame unto your self a life simple, and free from affectations; take away your wantonnesse, your pleasures, and petty peevishnesse. *Choler is engendred by overmuch curiosities of spirit: stifle them, and you immediately extinguish it.* Know that to quarrell with an equall is hazardous; with an inferiour, is contemptuous; and with a superiour, it is foolish. Set before you the Maxime of *Pirrhus*, that great Master of Fence, who said this passion was a Trouble-Trade; and that whilst you continue the same humour, you shall be unable for all good employments. Do as the brave Philosopher *Agrippinus*, of whom *Epictetus* makes mention, who perceiving that when any misfortune befell him, he thereby became hasty and cholerick: What is this? (saith he) *I play the slave, where*

Seneca de Ira. Ira volo-prarium generatur, & volo-prarium suppressione sopitur.

Seneca de Ira l. 2. c. 14.

Ira perturbat artes.

Agrippinus. Epictetus. Stobæus.

where I should play the Monarch. O misfortunes! I will deceive you. Thereupon he wrote the praises of every evil which might happen against his will. If a calumny; the praise of the profit calumny brought. If an Exile; the praise of exile. If a quartane Ague; the praise of the Quartane Ague. And by this means he came to such a height of Tranquillity, that so soon as a fresh mischief assailed him; he met it with a smiling countenance, and said, God be praised, behold the way of my exercise.

And you who are a child of light, fed with the body and bloud of your master for Heaven, and the company of Angels, you cannot say (when some little inconvenience befalleth you) prailed be *Jesus*; behold here how the good purpose I have made of patience is exercised. And then if you feel any rebellion; Take heed you shew it not either by words or outward signs, but get you and lodge at the signe of silence, where the haven of Tranquility is. Do as those that are ill of the falling sickneſſe, who retire at the approch of their fits, that they may not let any things uncomely appear. say, *Blessed be our Lord God, who teacheth my hands to fight, and frameth my fingers to warre.* The Hebrew hath it, *Blessed be our Lord who is my rock.* To shew you, that God, if you endeavour to vanquish your passions, will place you upon the holy rock of Tranquility, from whence he in his immutability beholdeth the motion of all ages. Take a good friend, a faithfull companion, who may divert your passion in its first fit, who may admonish you, and play on Davids harp to drive away this devil of mad Saul, and take you from the occasions of hurt.

Benedictus Dominus Deus meus, qui docet manus meas ad prælium, & digitos meos ad bellum Psal. 143. Benedictus Dominus rupes mea. Stabilisque manens dat cuncta moveri.

The second remedy. Cogitemus nequaquam licere nobis orare, nec iratas fundere preces ad Deum. quotidie credamus nos è corpore migraturos, nihilque nobis continentiâ castitatis, nihil abrenunciatione facultatum, nihil divitiarum contemptu, nihil jejuniorum vigiliarum, laboribus conferendum, quibus propter iracundiam solam & odium ab universitatis judice supplicia promittuntur æterna. Cassian. l. 8. c. 21. de Institutis Renunc. Vade, prius reconciliare fratri tuo, & tunc veniens offeres munus tuum. Matth. 5. 24

The second remedy. The second choler, and entertain aversions irreconcileable is, that It were good to ponder and consider the words of *Cassian*, *Let us persuade our selves that whilst we are angry, It is not permitted us to pray unto God, and to present him our prayers. Let us take each day to be our last; and let us not think that for being chast and continent, for having forsaken the pleasures of the world, and despised riches, for macerating our bodies with fastings, watchings, and labours; much is due to us, if at the end of the reckoning it be found we carry hatred, and anger in our hearts. That alone is sufficient to condemn us to eternall punishments, by the sentence of him, who shall judge the whole world.*

Take not this as my saying, but take it as an oracle which that great man hath collected from many holy men of his age. When you keep in your heart some hatred against your neighbour, you do a notable wrong to your soul. For first, what have we more sweet, more mercifull then altars? There we should seek for mercy, if God had banished it from all parts of the world; and yet whilst you deferre reconciliation with your enemy, you deprive your self of the right of altars: and if you still have some spark of Christianity, as often as you approch to them you hear the voice of the son of God, who speaketh to you in the bottome of your heart, and saith these words of the Gospel, *Go first of all, and reconcile your self to your brother, and then you shall come to offer your sacrifice of the altar.* By despising these words of our Saviour, and going on, you commit a new sacriledge; by recoyling back, and avoiding the altar, and sacrifice, you fly from pardon, and life. And then in what a state are you? what necessity is there that for sparing a good word, you must perpetually live either a sacrilegious, or an excommunicate person?

The third remedy. Lastly, you must think you are not immortall: the very moment which is now in your hands you must divide it with death: even the sun (which you to day have seen to rise out of his couch) before his setting, may see you in your Tomb. Moreouer, know that should you all your life time have preserved an inviolable virginity; should you have built a thousand hospitalls, and spent your whole estate in entertaining of the poor; should you have lived in Hair-cloth, among thorns, and in great abstinencies: if you into the other world carry a dramme of resolved and determinate hatred of a neighbour, with unwillingneſſe to hear any words of reconciliation; all which may be in you of virtue or merit will nothing avail you; your lot shall be with reprobate souls & devils, O God! what a sentence, what a Decree, what a punishment is this? and who would now purposely cherish hatred against his neighbour, unleſſe he had lost all Reason, all sense, and discretion? Let us conclude with the third remedy, against the furious and bloudy, who are not content to fume; but like unto *Ætna*, do throw forth their all-enflamed bowels, nor are ever satiated but with outrages and humane bloud. This is it which makes us to behold the goodly duells which have at all times been the profession of servile souls, of fools, or mad-men. There we see men, bewitched with a curſed and damnable opinion, seeking upon the least injury to require reparations sealed with humane bloud; to engage seconds to make them complices of their crime, and companions of their misery; to send challenges many times by pages apparelled like women, then to cut anothers throte with horrible fury; to dragge a long chain of allies, to make a pitchd battel of a single combat, and mothers and wives in the mean time to tremble in expectation of the issue of this butchery. Some slight fellow, who hath a soul miserably shallow and base, to cover his cowardise and acquire reputation, will wash his impurity in humane bloud. It is not courage which puts him forward; he who would behold him a little in the buisineſſe, should see him ready to swoon, to wax pale, and tremble. If he would follow his own nature, he would fly a hundred leagues off, and never look behind him: but for a little vanity, that Hacksters may praise him and say he hath fought a duell; he tormenteth his mind, and especially when he is among pots and glasses he shews himself valiant. Ah (*Rodomont*) Is this your buſineſſe? you cannot speak, but you must menace to slash a man. Bloudy beast! where have you learnt this, but in the school of Furies and devils? and do not say, he hath put an affront upon me. What affront? a cold countenance, a harsh word, a piece of foppery which you would never have taken notice of, had you not been void of the reason of an honest man. None would affront you, were not you your own affront: behold the root of all these enflamed angers. And he who will give remedy to them, must cut them off in his imagined contempt, where indeed there is none; and therefore it is fit he retire to the haven of silence, and lessen what he may in his imagination, the injury which he thinks he hath received: when you shall have well weighed it, you will find that you of a fly have made an elephant. *The true means to forgive all the world, and to pardon it, is to judge of offences, before we be angry.* There are offences which we should laugh at; others, which we at least should deferre, and some we should speedily pardon.

Multos absolvemus, si cœperimus antè judicare quàm irasci. Senec 3. de ira. c. 29. Terminum etiam marinis fluctibus ac tempestatibus fabricator descripsit arena maris exigua sæpe inter duas acies inter capedo est: si reprimere iram non poces memento quis indignabundum mare nil ultra humanam & fluctuationem effert. Simocatta.

If this stay you not, at least think upon the end, and say, Behold a quarrell which begins to be enkindled: there is nothing wanting but a poor word, fair, and advised, yea verily but meere silence, to give remedy thereto. If I augment it, in stead of lessening it, I do put fire to dry wood, which will make a terrible havock to consume me first. I must be a homicide, or a sacrifice to death, or live in brawls, quarrels, and eternall divisions, which will involve parents, children, brothers, cousins, and a whole posterity. Behold the goodly fruit which brutish anger bringeth. Since I can prevent all this by a little discretion and patience; am I such an

enemy

enemy of my own good as willingly to seek my proper ruine! The sea is tempestuous, but there needs but a little sand to represse it; and when it hath made all its menaces which seemed ready to swallow all the world, it retires back, contenting it self onely to leave froth and broken shells.

The direfull example of Haman, a, against the enraged, who are, at a little offended.

Behold, if you have eyes, the goodly gain which *Haman* made of his anger, and how, seeking to remedy an affront, he transfixed himself with eternall misery. *Mardocheus*, whom he accounted a beggar, had not saluted him at his entrance into the Kings palace, for which he must be revenged. His reason suggested to him, he was a man of no worth; why wilt thou take notice of him? No, I will destroy him. What! for not saluting thee? He is a Jew by nation, and peradventure he hath seen on thy garments the figures of the Persian gods embroidered, and dares not bend his knee, lest it might be thought he gave this honour to thy gods; and he should be esteemed an Idolater. It is no matter, I am resolved to ruine him. If thou beest gone so farre, take then the head of the culpable, and pardon all the rest who are innocent. No, I will destroy him with all his race. See, I have in my hand the Kings Signet-ring, and I go to dispatch letters throughout all the Provinces, that all the Jews may be slain, which shall be found on such a prefixed day. O God! what! a slaughter for the deniall of a silly salutation, to make choler swim in the tears of so many widows and orphans, in the murther of so many mortalls, in the bloud of so many Provinces? Dost thou think, there is not a God in heaven to take vengeance upon such torturing cruelties? God may do what he pleaseth; But I must be revenged, my wife, and my friends advise me so. Alas! unhappy wretch! He was then contriving his direfull designe, when the vengeance of God fell upon his head. Behold him disgraced, lost, and shamefully supplanted by a woman; coming to the palace of the King his Master, he heard the roaring of a lion which said, Take him away; when instantly, behold, he was hanged on a gallows fifty cubits high which he had caused to be prepared for his enemy; his ten male children were made the companions of his punishments, and his whole race was destroyed. O God of Justice! what Thunders, and what Tempests fall upon men of anger, bloud, and revenge! O God of the patient, and eternall mirrour of patience! may my soul for ever avoid these three regions of Gall, Hatred, and Fury; to become a Mistresse over its Passions which have hitherto tormented it: And may it arrive in that fortunate Island, where divine Tranquility dwelleth: May it enter into thy temple; and may the eternall odours of the sacrifice of Reconciliation, of Mercy, and Propitiation mount up to thy throne, which thou taughtest us upon Calvary, in the bitter and sharp dolours of thy body, amidst the sorrow of heaven, the darkness of the sun the opening of sepulchres, the breaking of stones, the effusion of thy bloud, and the desolation of thy Soul!

The thirteenth Treatise, Of ENVY and JEALOUSIE

§. 1. *The Picture thereof.*

The picture of Envy.

Matthias Vienna, in the piece of work which he confesseth to have carefully laboured the space of thirty years to make a present thereof to Pope *John* the two and twentieth, giveth us a picture of Envy, when he depainteth it born on a Dragon, with a Coat-armour wreathed all over with Serpents, a Helmet on its head figured with Bee-hives, to signifie, that the Envious like unto Bees, carry sharp and sweet; and a Target all over pourtrayed with Batts, enemies of light, as is that which beareth it. Should I amply dilate my self upon his conceits, setting aside all the inventions of Poets and Painters upon this subject; I would place it, not in the deserts of *Lybia*, where the Sun onely shineth on sands and rocks, but in the midst of Virtues; because such are the objects of Envy: I would give it a fierce eye, a countenance spitefull and dusky; what is more sad and direfull? I would paint it sucking the heads of Aspicks for its ordinary repast, since so, holy *Job* describeth wickedness, nor should I be deceived, it living on poison: I would set two companions by its sides, which S. *Bonaventure* giveth it, the one whereof is called *Oola*, and the other *Oliba*: the one (saith he) signifieth the sadness which Envy hath at the prosperity of another; the other, the ignominious joy it conceiveth upon other mens disasters. I would make it dine and sup by candle-light, but they should be serpentine lights, whereof the same Doctour maketh mention, which cause straws to seem like unto serpents; so, the slight imperfections of men, which are but straws, are by the Envious, esteemed the malices of a serpent. I would have Truth present a Torch before its eyes, to dazle those infernall lights; but the miscreant should turn its face to the other side, for it hateth all which is true and solid: I would make virtue appear before it with a branch of Palm in its hand; but this caitiff should vomit up frogs, to marre this brave monument of worth, according to the ingenious model which *Cypselus* giveth us. (Verily, the words of the Envious are as so many frogs which on all sides besiege the benignities of virtue) I would paint round about it screetch Owls, and *Hyena*'s, and all manner of maligne creatures. One cannot do too much to expresse the malice of it: Lastly, I would make it to feed on it self, as the beast of *Martreas* the Enchanter, and that it should rise again out of its bloud and wounds, ever ready for new torments. For doth not this infamous passion ordinarily do so?

Caput aspidum sugent. Job 20. 16.

S. Bonavent. in dicta.

§. 2. *The Definition of Envy, its severall kinds, and first of Jealousie.*

Definition of Envy.

But let us leave this pourtraict and tell you, that Envy (which is a sorrow one hath for the good of his like, thinking it to be prejudiciall to his own ends) ever since by the malice of our enemy it entred into the world, hath many officers, and servitours, who notwithstanding are not alike evil. I see in this Picture some like *Rachel*, who seeing her self barren, and her sister *Leah* very fruitfull, would not really cut the throat of her sisters children but onely with much earnestnesse desired to have issue, and for that cause she said to her husband the Patriarch *Jacob, Give me children, or let me die with grief*. Many (saith S. *Thomas*) are in this degree, which properly is Jealousie; for they are pensive, comparing their want and imperfections with the plenty and perfections of others: to see themselves reduced to that condition, albeit, they have no purpose to prejudice the prosperity they behold in another; and such are not the worst. In this rank

First degree of the Envious.

Gen. 30. Da mihi liberos aliequi moriar. S. Thom. 2. 2. q. 36.

are

are many old folks who envie the graces, pleasures, and good successes of young people: many men painfull and little prosperous, who are troubled at the great felicities of their likes: many Merchants, and handicrafts-men, many women and maids, who are vexed with some discontent, when they see the beautie, gracefull carriage, gentle behaviour, estimation, and account wherein their companions are: and others also are troubled to observe in them, wit, devotion, and more virtue then they could wish. Others honour these fair parts, but they would that those who have them were wholly at their dispose, without having recourse to any other.

The seed of Jealousies.

The great love which many have towards themselves, and the desire they shew of coveting to be in all things the onely of their kind, are the seeds of infinite many Jealousies. So we see old Captains, (who having been eminent in a thousand occasions, and having bred, and raised to themselves a flourishing reputation out of a world of labours, and in a very long course of years) are stung to the quick when they hear speech of some new prowesses of young people, daring and fortunate, who find out short wayes to hasten to the Temple of honour, and do in little time that which others could not with much pain, industry, service, and toil. This afflicteth the hearts of men experienced; to whom it then seems that this new-come-man is born, as a worm in wood, to gnaw and wither up the Laurels, whence they hoped to gather immortall crowns.

Jealousie for honours and dignities.

This Passion very often assaileth Prelates, Princes, Sovereign Monarchs; and by how much the dignitie is exalted, so much the more the fire of Jealousie therein finds matter and bait. A man who beholdeth himself on a throne, in the most supream glitters of glory, who seeth so many powers to bow under his feet; who is the God of Battels, of War, of Peace, Life, and of Death; the distributour of Fortunes, the arbitratour of Differencies; who makes himself an avenging *Mars*, and the pacifier of minds, when he pleaseth; who marcheth environed with lightnings of arms, who sendeth thunders and tempests, and calm air in the midst of storms; cannot endure a Companion in this dignitie. The least suspicions cause wounds in the mind, which are many times waited on by anger, poyson, furie, and massacres. Bloud and affinitie is not therein acknowledged, is not assured; virtue hath no credit; parents will have no children, how perfect so ever; yea, even those who are worn with old age, borrow vermilion to paint their faces, and still think themselves young enough to command.

Diadems and Sceptres run the like hazard, and they have but one desire in the midst of Authoritie, which is, to reserve the appeals of death to themselves, and never to leave the places void, which they have once replenished. This poyson creepeth into Ecclesiasticks,

Learned men subject to Jealousie

into Priests, Religious, Graduates, into the Learned, into Doctours and Preachers, who are willing to bear sway in Letters, in Eloquence and chairs, and to have none to argue their supe.-eminencie; and when some one out-strips the Course of his years by the lustre of his wit, and in the beginning stands in high esteem, the old Gamesters cannot digest it. Masters spare not to lessen the credit of their scholars. Fountain-heads envie rivolets, and the Sun, his proper rayes; especially, when some barbarous applause of people of slender judgement and little wit giveth excessive praise to a young man, who discovereth more wind and ostent in brave undertakings then capacitie. This frenzy endeavours to insinuate it self into Altars, into Tribunals of

Jealousie goeth to Altars.

Penance, where (without touching so many deserving men, who worthily acquit themselves therein) there are some, who are more jealous of their spiritual daughters, then the most passionate husbands of their wives. It seems to some, that, now adayes, to have a notable penitent, is to possesse a piece of land that yields a good revenue, or a fat Abbacy; and that they must have a perpetual title to it. It is cunning deceit to blind their eyes, to captive them, to tie them to a Confession-seat with an indissoluble chain, not to permit them conference nor commerce with any, which may let them see their bondage, to be offended if they change Confessour, to throw out complaints, and to make it to be accounted as if it were a sin of Adulterie. God forbid such a folly ever enter into a generous mind, and unworthily profane the Sanctuary. It is very certain, that all good directours imitate the sea which receiveth rivers into its bosome, without asking from whence they come, or what countrey they passed through, and when they came from thence; nay, so farre is it from being displeased, that it hath not any feeling of it; this being not able to cause any diminution of its greatnesse: so, a good spirituall Father leaveth all the souls he directeth, not in exorbitant libertie, but in a discreet permission, to go, to come, to absent themselves; to return according as it shall be most fit for their commoditie, and spirituall advancement. He neither feels them almost to come near him or retire from him, so little is his mind busied in the distinguishment of persons.

Jealousie in Marriage.

One may here adde the Jealousie of unfortunate Marriages, although (to say truly) it is an effect of the Passion of Love. I am not ignorant that great personages and learned Writers have thought, that Jealousie proceeded not at all from Love, because Love is obsequious, and readily taketh the tincture of the affections of the thing beloved, which the Passion of Jealousie doth not, thwarting the most innocent inclinations of a creature, and framing suspicions upon actions. But it is easie to answer to this objection, and to say, that never hath any of understanding had the opinion, That Jealousie might proceed from a generous and well rectified Love, and nevertheless it followeth not, that it doth not proceed from a Love of concupiscence, bad, and inordinate. For it is very reasonable, the definition of S. *Thomas* stand good, as being the most judicious, who said, That Jealousie is nothing else, but Love impatient of a Corrivall. And it is to no purpose to say, That there are many jealous Husbands to be found, who notwithstanding love not their Wives. For if their passion be without Love, it is not properly Jealousie, but Malignitie, and Envie; because they envie them the sweetnels of conversation, the good and honour they might derive from the honest conversation of persons of merit, and do resemble the Dog who eats no hay, nor suffereth the Ox to come near it. The envious man cannot endure it, out of the hatred he hath of anothers contentment; and the Jealous cannot suffer it, through the over much love he beareth to himself, perpetually fearing lest communication of love may not tend to the diminution of the good he possesseth, or pretends to have right to possesse. This passion ordinarily is framed out of a dull feaver of indiscreet love; and taketh its originall in minds too greatly in love with themselves, greedy, weak, and interessed; upon one side they have a most strong imagination of the excellencie of the thing beloved which they excessively affect; on the other, a certain distrust of their own small capacitie, and of the uncertaintie of love, which makes them perpetually to apprehend the losse of that which they love. A lover (in *Plato*) seeing the creature he most loved, did use to behold the starres; wished he were heaven, to look on her with as many eyes as there were stars. These eyes

The Jealousie of marriages, which may hold the first place among the envious.

Definition of Jealousie according to S. Thomas.

Out of what Jealousie is framed.

Plato in Anthol. Grec.

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in my opinion, would be very proper for good love; but Jealousie is a monster with a hundred eyes, which are enkindled with certain flames like to those of hell; dark, and mischievous. And besides, it hath very many ears continually hearkning, and receiving all which any one will pour into them. Its loves are rages; benefits, snares; thoughts, crimes; words, outrages; designes, follies; and events, tragedies. So soon as it observeth in the things beloved the least inclination to another, suspicions are framed, distrusts and giddy fantasies in a man who would willingly number his wives hairs on her head, for fear lest she should have laid apart some of them to give them to a lover. And if these suspicions be fortified by some ill accident, or some reports of a venemous tongue; then do we see anger, anxiety, fury, and despair to come forward, which many times run to fire and bloud, to precipices and halters. What is more ugly or monstrous then this passion? Think you not you see the pit of the Abysse, whereof S. *John* speaketh in his Apocalyps, when he saith, *That the pit of the Abysse is open, and the smoke comes out of it as from a great furnace, wherewith the Sun is darkned, and in the midst of this smoke strange grashoppers are seen which waste and consume all that is verdant.* What is the pit of the Abysse, but Jealousie? And what are those smokes, but its suspicions? and what is the darkned Sun, but Reason all over oppressed by Passion? and what are those grashoppers, but the evil effects of cruel Jealousie which over runneth mankind? Ah! How many innocent Ladies have been wounded by this monster in their honour, more precious with them then life? Ah! How many miserable wives have served for victimes to the fury of enraged husbands, who have thrust a sword through the moity of their owne flesh to satisfie their barbarous Tyranny? Our eyes are still moistned with this bloud, and our minds cannot speak of it but with horrour. All the Jealousies men entertain for the goods and persons of the world, have this proper, that they presently make their deformity appear in the disorder of sundry passions which tosse & turmoile them.

Description of Jealousie

Compared to the pit of the Abysse. Apoc 9.2.

Who could see a jealous heart, should behold a huge swarm of distrusts and suspicions which issue thence, as spirits of Hell, and hasten to whisper in its ear; she becometh cool in love; she was in such a place to watch an opportunity to see such an one: If she be simple, she dissembles; if she be prudent, she is cunning; if she be pensive, she contriveth plots; if she be lightsome, she figureth fruition to her self. Never did a more detestable plague come out of the Abysse to trouble the peace of Marriages; never was any thing seen so unjust, never any thing so cruel. An innocent creature who abhorreth sin as hel, sees her self wounded in reputation, more dear to her then life, transfixed with mortall arrows all covered over with ordure and bloud in the soule of a passionate man: afterward this unhappinesse stretching further, first filleth the house with division, then the neighbours with curiosity, and the whole city with a tale which trotteth on tongues.

The havock it makes in the heart.

Advice to women.

Many times they passe from sport to actions tragicall, diresull, and diabolicall. It hath happened that Jealous women running up and down the streets and fields, to discover their husbands loves, have been torne in pieces by wild beasts: and husbands have been hanged and strangled for having sought by infamous wayes into the secret of confession. Many times banishments, and murders have followed which have put all into combustion: witnes *Theodosius* his appeal, and *Mariamne*, of whom I have spoken very amply in the first volume of this Book. It is undoubted, that a husband makes his wife loyall, by accounting her such, and that he who suspecteth evil in an innocent creature, gives her occasion of sin. Never doth a generous husband slightly fall into these weaknesses. Women also are most injurious when they give cause of suspicion by a licentious life which striketh the understanding of the most stupid man. It is to cast oil into the flame, and to wish it may not burn, when one in all occasions carrieth her self ill, and cannot endure suspicions, which ordinarily wait on actions too free, as the shaddow on the body. And that which is more insupportable is, that certain women chast enough in their conscience, will needs many times appear Libertines to increase the distrusts of a husband, and to hold his soul in a hell of torments; when they should by all wayes endeavour to divert his Jealousies.

A woman is ill advised to complain of the Jealousie of her husband, when she thinks it sufficeth to have a husband for the Sacrament, and a friend for her own liking; and so that she preserve her self from the extremity of Infamy, that all is permitted her in wedlock. When she imagines it a decent thing to be alone, and (in the obscurity of darkneſse with men who are not reputed Angel-*Raphaels*; guardians of Chastity) to roam and run up and down the streets, orchards, and gardens; to hearken after appointments, walks, and junketings; to receive and write love-letters; to be quaint, and to desire to be esteemed such; to serve others in their humours, and to wish to be alike served; to wear a wanton garment; to be bare-brested; to talk freely; to live wantonly; to despise all that is said; to follow her own pleasure. Doth not all this tend to prostitution of Honour, and to shipwrack of Chastity?

§ 3. *Two other branches of this stock, which are Indignation, and malicious Envy, with calumny its companion.*

But let us lay aside that which concerneth the Jealousies of Marriage. There are others plunged in this passion, who have a perpetuall indignation to see those to prosper who are really wicked, or whom they in their thoughts do imagine to be so. They would willingly call God in question, and see not (to speak with S. *Augustine*) that the fish which they esteem happy in the bait, hath the hook already in his throat. I behold others who afflict themselves, and are unquiet, not for these considerations only, which were more tolerable; but because others are farre more excellent then they, either in wit, industry, beauty, or in estate desirous (out of an irregular appetite of proper excellency, and most palpable ambition) to stand in all things, transcendently conspicuous, to the prejudice and abasement of others: and such Envy (saith the most eminent of Doctours) is of all the most perfect and absolute; and is ordinarily to be found among concurrencies of age, of fortune, and profession. We see others who are not content with simple thoughts, but thrust their passion forward to wretched effects; and I observe that these are disposed to evil by divers motives. Some have a dark and cloudy Envy; as the Philistims who went and secretly filled the pits with earth, which the Patriarch *Abraham* had made with much labour for the benefit of many: so we behold them, who silently seek to frame obstacles against all the good works which they observe to be begun, casting the stone of scandall as far as they can, then pulling back the arm which threw it. Others are possessed with a furious and fantastick Envy; as that of *Saul*, who setting himself loose to the extravagancies of his maligne spirit, sought to transfix *David* with his launce to the wall, when he for his Recreation plaid on the harp: so we see mischievous souls, who out of a transportation of frenzy,

Two other sorts of the envious Indignation.

Augustin. in Psal. 91.

1 Reg 18,11

frenzy, do brutish acts against such as wish them well. Others have a determinate Envy, and a formall habitude, which proceedeth to rage, to glut themselves in bloud, and massacres; such was that of *Josephs* brothers, and of *Cain* who embrewed his hands in the bloud of *Abel*, out of the jealousie of a sacrifice.

It seldome happens, but that this Fury concludeth in some execrable Tragedy. At least, it hath calumny for a perpetuall companion, which is a hideous monster whose picture anciently *Apelles* drew. He figureth it unto us a woman; for it is a feminine vice to skirmish with the Tongue in the want of courage, and vertue. It hath by its sides two waiting-women, one whereof is called *Surprizal*, and the other *Deceit*, because these are the two vices which make Calumny prevail: the one surprizing credulous spirits; the other sophisticating and disguizing Truth. It is very curiously decked and pranked up; for, who would not abhorre it, if it had not some exteriour attractive to surprize the unwary? It nevertheless shews in its countenance passion and rage; for it is as hard to hide Love and Hatred, as a Cough, or Fire. It holds in one hand a Torch, like that of the Furies; and who hath not heard that a great personage called it the *Phaeton* of the world, because it sets all a fire, and in combustion? With the other hand she catcheth a poor man by the hair, as if she were ready to strangle him; and albeit he implore heaven and earth to his aid, there is not any one to deliver him out of the hands of this murthteresse. These are the effects of the tyranny of this Passion. Before it, marcheth a vast fellow, dry, frightfull, and lean, whose eyes are sharp: He is Envy's Agent, and the inseparable companion of Slander. On the right hand is seen a man with great ears, such as were *Midas's*, who makes a shew to receive this impostresse with open arms. Ignorance and Suspicion (seeing the disposition and inclinations he hath) do put a yoke about his neck, and lead him by the nose. Behold! just so they are compoled who readily hear Detractions. They for the most part are open-eared to receive all poured in; but otherwise suspicious and ignorant. Lastly, Repentance cometh behind all mourning, and ill clad, saying, What have we done? This creature was innocent; and then with a finger sheweth Truth, which in the Evening presenteth her self to enlighten darknesse. It is the misery of humane things, that one never almost repenteth a wickednesse, but when it is remedilesse. Nothing may be added to the conceit of this excellent Painter, so happily he hath hit it. I will onely say, that if you desire to know the officers and inferiour ministers of this tyrannicall Passion (they are not all equall in qualities or vices) I find three principall Orders of them.

Lucian, The picture of Slander.

Lipsius de Calumnia.

The first is, of those who slander of purpose to vilifie the actions of others, and to weaken their reputation, whether they be disposed thereto by some motive of pride which cannot endure any thing eminent but it self, or through some jealousie; (as it happeneth in concurrencies of professions and conditions) or out of some pretension of interest. These are not gone so far yet as to black Slander: for they do not report any criminall matters; but content themselves to fall upon some defects, sometimes slight, and sometimes sufficiently apparent: yea, they seem to be reserved in matter of Slander; for they do as the spies of the Land of Promise, who first told its beauties and singularities, before they mentioned its monsters: They lick the person before they bite, they know the number of his virtues and perfections, as if they had undertaken to make a Panegyrick of them, saying, This man is witty, is sober, is temperate, is just, and other such like; nevertheless there is alwayes a Conclusion which in the end marrs all. You see likewise of this sort, who cover the praises of another under a sad silence; others, who ascribe to chance that which was out of virtue; others, who by comparison of excellent men extenuate the acts of him whom they would blame; others, who punctually decipher all the defects of a good action; others, who say they have great compassion of his imperfections of whom they speak, and would have supplied them at their own charge, if it were in their power. To conclude, all such have some honest cloake for their Passion.

Divers degrees of Calumniatours

The second order is much more dangerous; for it comprehendeth those who publickly and confidently speak of defects not common and incident, but important and notable. So you find an infinite number of them in the world, who seem to have studied the lives, the estates, the families, and genealogies of a whole City; and, as nothing can exempt it self from the curiosity of their eyes, so none escapeth the poison of their tongues.

The third otder is that of the Devill, the father of Calumniatours, and conteineth such as invent mischiefs and crimes with defamatory libels, to brand the reputation of persons most innocent, and many times very virtuous. And as it is said, that the ink of the Cuttle-fish poured into lamps, maketh the bravest pieces of Painting to be seen with horrour; so these wicked tongues, when they have cast their poison upon the lights of a life the most innocent, make it appear with hideous deformities. One cannot say how damnable this vice is, for it proceedeth from a source of Hell, to ruine and extirpate all the members of humane society: and if there be a disorder which deserveth that all men detest it, and by common consent make warre against it; This stands in the first place. Such as forge Calumnies are extreamly detestable; but those who lend their ears to receive them, and do easily believe all which is suggested to their credulity (against the same persons whom they have loved, without hearing their justification) grievously offend the divine Majesty, and shew they have little judgement but much wilfulnesse. An ear very hard to evil reports, is needfull in a time when the tongue is so soft, and streaming in an overflow of words.

§ 4. *Humane remedies of Envy.*

Humane remedies against Envy.

IF you at this present seek for humane remedies which may be applied against the poisonous passion of Envy and Jealousie; I can then tell you that this evil laies hold very often by the eyes; and that it is expedient to guard them with a carefull heed, and to divert them what one may from objects which are of power to excite many inordinate motives in the soul in this kind. To what purpose is it to be so curious in the affairs of one, towards whom you have no affection; since by understanding his prosperities, you very often learn your own disastres? you look on his lands, his houses, his bravery, his pomp, his family, his alliance, his friends, and all that (entring into your heart through the curiosity of your eyes) causeth therein fits of a lingering feavour which wasts and consumeth you. The amourous eye sucketh in a sweet poison, and the envious eye feeds it self with a venome which is full of bitternesse. It (peradventure) expecteth, that beholding the parts of the person it hateth, it shall see the mischief it wisheth; but God permits it there, to find what least it would, and that those envenomed aspects serve for a torment to the soul.

Greg. Nyss. in vita Mosis.

S. *Gregory Nyssen* in the life of *Moses*, saith it resembleth the Vulture whom carrions nourish, and perfumes kill. All the evill it meeteth, prepareth a refection

reſection of Serpents for its mind, and all the good, afflicteth it to death.

Accuſtome not your ſelf likewiſe eaſily to believe thoſe tale-tellers who (to gain your good liking by baſe ſervitude) relate the vices and diſaſters of the party whom you envie: for, that much avails to foment your Paſſion. *Proſper* hath ſagely ſaid, that the envious are ready to believe all the evils in the world which the tongue of a complaining ſpirit telleth them touching the miſhaps of ſuch as they hate; and if any one by chance (not knowing the diſeaſe) happen to ſpeak good of them; they ſufficiently witneſſe by their contradiction, that they believe not what they ſay.

Proſper l. 3. de contemplat. c. 9.

Omne malum quod mendax fama citaverit ſtatim credunt ſerali. ter el, qui illud verum non eſſe probare voluerit, contradicunt.

Secondly, it is very behooffull inceſſantly to labour in the mortification of pride, and the exorbitant appetite of ones own proper excellency, as being the principall root of the paſſion of Envie, as affirmeth the forealledged Authour, ſaying, that Sathan became envious out of pride, and not proud through Envy; we muſt inferre, Pride is not the fruit of Envy, but Envy a ſprout of Pride. The ambition you have, every where to have the higheſt place, to be in great eſteem, to poſſeſſe a petty ſovereignty in all favours, neceſſarily makes you envious and jealous; ſo that one cannot praiſe any body in your preſence, but that this commendation inſtantly ſeems to tend to the diminution of your reputation: Your heart bleeds at it, & the bloud flieth up into your face; nature arms her ſelf to beat back a good office (which a charitable tongue would render a perſon of merit) as if it were a great injury, and a ſuit commenced againſt you. It is a ſign you deſerve little praiſe ſince you cannot endure it in another. How would you be eſteemed, ſince you firſt of all betray your own reputation, ſhewing your ſelf to be of ſo weak a judgement that one cannot ſpeak a good word of another, but it miniſters matter of an evil thought in you? Were you as rich in merits, as your mind figureth to you: you would no more be moved, when a good word is ſpoken of another, then a man infinitely wealthy; to give a ſmall piece of coin to a poor creature who were in want.

Non ſuperbia fructus, invidiæ fuit, ſed invidia de ſuperbiæ radice proceſſit. Proſper. ib.

Multis abundat virtutibus qui alienas amat Vincen. Bel. 3. a. l. 4. c. 7.

I add alſo a third remedy (that many have found to be very efficacious) which is, to know, and much to eſteem the gifts that God hath given us; to content our ſelves with what we are, and with the ſtate the divine Providence allotteth us, without attempting on forreign hopes, which would (perhaps) be great evils unto us. S. *Chryſologus* ſaith, that Envie once ſhut up Terreſtriall Paradiſe with a ſword of fire: but I may ſay, it daily ſtoppeth from us the ſources of many contentments which would plentifully moyſten all the parts of our life: that, many would be happy, if they could tell how to manure their fortune, could content themſelves with their own mediocrity, and take the felicities which Nature preſenteth them, without being troubled at others. Miſerable that they are, not knowing how to be happy, unleſſe another be unhappy! unfortunate that they are, to forſake Roſes which grow in their gardens, to haſten to reap thorns in their neighbours! *Tertullian* writeth, the Pagans in his time were ſo enraged againſt the Chriſtians, that all their comforts ſeemed nothing to them in compariſon of the pleaſure they took to hate and torment them. This is the fury which many envious now-a-dayes practiſe. All their proſperities fade, all their joyes languiſh, and all their good ſucceſſes never are accompliſhed, whilſt they ſee thoſe to flouriſh whom they perſecute. It grieves them they are what they are, that God hath fixed them in a mean condition, and that they are not born to be of thoſe great Coloſſes which ſhrink and daily fall by the ſole burthen of their weight. If they knew the black phantaſmes of cares which leap on the top of ſilver pillars, and go athwart gilded marbles (to find out thoſe pompous lives who moſt commonly have but the bark of happineſſe) they would every day a thouſand times bleſſe their condition: but this maligne ignorance which ſealeth up their eyes makes them complain of all that they ſhould love, and cauſeth them to love all they ought to complain of.

Paradiſi nobis amœna flammeo cuſtode ſeclusit.

Tanti non eſt bonum, quanti eſt odium Chriſtianorum.

Laſtly, to remedy the bitings of Envie, you muſt entertain a ſpirit of love and correſpondence, often repreſenting unto your ſelf, that a man who loveth none but himſelf, and wholly lives to himſelf (not able to endure the proſperities of another,) is a piece unloſened from this great univerſe which altogether bendeth to the unity of our ſovereign God, who is one in Eſſence, and who gathereth all creatures into the union of his heart. What would this jealous man have, who is ſo deſperately paſſionate concerning this creature? Doth he not well ſee, that loving ſo inordinately he takes the courſe to be no longer loved by her, and looſeth all he deſireth moſt, by the violence of deſiring it? A woman out of a deſire to be beloved, would not be tyrannized over. She wiſheth love, not fury; fire of Seraphins, not of devils. Theſe Courtſhips are offences to her: theſe ſuſpitions, injuries: theſe prohibitions, rigours: theſe ſolitudes, impriſonments. How can ſhe love a man, who loves not any but himſelf, who will play a God in the world, who will fetter the freedome of creatures, which is, the will; for which God himſelf hath made neither bands, nor chains? How can ſhe affect an Argus who obſerveth her, who watcheth her, who reckoneth up her words, who queſteth at her thoughts, who prepareth racks of the mind for her in the moſt innocent pleaſures? The ſole conſideration of the ruines and miſeries which envie and jealouſie do cauſe to themſelves, were able to ſtay theſe exorbitancies, were it once well conſidered; but if theſe humane reaſons ſeem yet too weak, raiſe your ſelf to divine.

§ 5. *Divine Remedies drawn from the Benignity of God.*

O Man! Behold (for a firſt remedy, among all the divine ones) thy firſt modell, and contemplate the benignity of God oppoſed to thy malice. It is an excellent thing to conſider againſt an envious eye, that God who will reform us to his likeneſſe, doth all the good to the world by ſimple ſeeing, and by being ſeen. For by ſeeing he giveth Eſſence and grace; and by being ſeen, he cauſeth heaven and beatitude. Thus doth S. *Auguſtine* aſſure us, that the ſcience of God is the cauſe of all things, which draweth Being from the Abyſſe of nothing, and brings the ſhades of death into light. The world is known by us, becauſe it is; but it is inſomuch as it is known by God, ſo efficacious this knowledge is. O what a goodly thing it had been, to ſee this great world, how it diſplayed it ſelf in all its pieces, and ſmiled in all its manſions under the eye of God! The Heavens were ſtretched forth like a Courtain, the ſtars were inchaſed in the Heavens as Diamonds, the clouds ſuſpended in the air as floating bodies, the air was diverſified in meteors, the eternal veins of fountains began to ſtream, the earth to cover its boſome, and liberally to afford us, out of its entrails, infinite many bleſſings from the benignity of his aſpects.

Remedy by the conſideration of the firſt modell.

God doth all by ſeeing, and by being ſeen.

Tell me not that, which the naturall Hiſtory mentioneth, that the Oſtrich hatcheth her little ones by the rayes of her eyes, yet never ſhall ſhe bring forth eggs by looking on the earth: but the Eye (that is to ſay) the knowledge of God, hath ſuch virtue that it is the maker of all creatures. O beauty! O greatneſſe! O goodneſſe! Beauty, to inhabit in the Idea of God, as in a Paradiſe

of Glory: Greatneſſe; to have a capacitie infinite: Goodneſſe; to reſt in the bowels of the mercy of the Creatour.

The differencies of our knowledges from thoſe of God.

See (a little) the difference that is between our knowledges and that of God: you think it a goodly matter to know a man, and to wiſh him well, yet he thereby becomes neither white nor black, hot nor cold, good, rich, nor learned; for our knowledges are ſmall, in their capacities; limited, in their effects; and inefficacious, in their operations. How many brave Captains, and learned Authours are there, who are ſtill well thought of in the opinion of men! but whether they be living, or whether they be dead, (if their ſouls be in an ill ſtate) this knowledge, and this love nothing contributeth to their felicities. But ſo is it not, with the knowledge of God (I ſpeak of an amourous knowledge:) It gives Being, and Grace: Being; becauſe all things, known by God, are, in God, in a more noble manner, then in themſelves.

Here, we behold dying creatures who fade, wither, and ſhrink inſenſibly into nothing, were they not ſupported by the divine hand; but, in the houſe of God, in the palace of Eſſences, the Summers are of Cypreſſe (ſaith the holy *Canticle*) inſomuch as all therein is immortall, vigorous, perfect, and inco ruptible, and there it is where the bleſſed (who have not here ſeen the world but by two eyes of fleſh, and have ſeen it tottering, and altogether imperfect) behold it in God, fully ſtable, equall, and abſolute, in all its dimenſions. *The Saints perpetually have before their eyes the incomprehenſible mirrour of the Divinity in which they at eaſe behold all that which concerneth them, and may conduce to their greater contentment.*

Cant. 1. 17.

Beatis pervium eſt omniforme illud divinitatis ſpeculum, in quo, quicquid eorum intereſt, illucescat. Concil. Sennonſe.

I add that this knowledge cauſeth Grace. For, what makes predeſtination, but that preparation of Grace and Glory which God hath conceived from all Eternity in his underſtanding, to communicate it to his elect? See what God doth, ſeeing; and, God ſeen; what doth he elſe but actually make heaven, and Beatitude which conſiſteth in the clear viſion of God? So ſoon as a ſoul, predeſtinated to enjoy without delay the glory of heaven, is gone from out the bands of its body; it hath, for guide, this divine ſplendour which Divines call the light of Glory, which is a quality infuſed into the underſtanding, that ſo elevates and fortifies it beyond its condition, that it is able to endure the lightning flaſh of eternall Beatitude. Is it not of this light holy *Job* ſpake when he ſaid, *he hideth light in his hands and ſaith to his friend, it is his inheritance & poſſeſſion?*

Job 36.

Then God (all-good) communicateth himſelf to this ſoul ennobled with ſuch a qualitie, not by ſome image or repreſentation, but by its very eſſence intimately united to the glorified underſtanding; and from thence, what followeth, but an admirable transformation! The ſoul is wholly ablorpt in felicity; and, as a ſmall drop of water poured into the ſea, inſtantly takes the colour, and taſte of the ſea; ſo, the ſouls taſte is fully inebriated, and coloured with the Divinity; It is almoſt no longer in its ſelf, but becometh wholly like to God, not by nature but by participation. *We know* (ſaith S. *John*) *when we ſhall ſee him, we ſhall be like him.* And S. *Gregory Nazianzen* dareth to call it God. and as we have two principall parts of the ſoul to content; the underſtanding, and the will: ſo God all benigne abundantly ſatisfieth them, making thither to ſtream, as by two dugs of glory, all the delights and contentments proportioned to their condition. For the underſtanding which naturally deſireth to know, is illuminated by a moſt excellent knowledge of things the moſt hidden which it ſeeth in God (as in an incomprehenſible Mirrour) and ſeeth them, not in the manner of the wiſe men of the world, who flutter round about ſciences; as little flies about lamps that ſindge their wings, and make their tomb in the flames; but it ſeeth them with a viſion ſublime, calm, and delicious, which giveth to the will (that is made to love) amorous eagerneſſe, ever deſiring, and ever having what it deſireth. O what miracles doth the eye of God (enkindling with one ſole aſpect of many Divinities) when it maketh ſo many bleſſed ones, like unto it ſelf! as if the ſun riſing ſhould, in the heavens, create a million of little ſuns; and on earth, an infinitie of Diamonds; all which ſhould bear the image of this bright ſtar.

Joan. ep. 1.

Greg. Naz. Hymn.

Avidi, & ſemper pleni quod habent deſiderant. Pet. Damia. in Hymn. de gloria Paradiſi.

All thoſe bleſſed ones illuſtrated by this aſpect (albeit they ſhine divetſly according to each ones merit) are ſo far from envie, receiving the flames of eternall Goodneſſe; that every one accounteth the felicity of his companion, for the accompliſhment of his own. *There you ſhall hear no ſpeech of envie occaſioned by inequalitie of felicity, where the union of charity ſhall eternally reign.* Go to then, O thou Envious, O thou malign Man! God hath made thee to his likeneſſe, to carry, as he, (in proportion) raies of love and compaſſion in thy eyes, towards men; and thou there beareſt gall, bloud, and poyſon. Nay ſo far art thou otherwiſe, that if it were in thy power to make benefits to grow from thy aſpects, thou wouldeſt rather deſire the eye of a Baſiliſk, to poyſon, burn, and conſume the eſtate, and perſon of thy neighbour. O miſerable Owle, where wilt thou find waters ſtrong enough to waſh a ſtain ſo criminally oppoſite to the Sovereign bounty of the Creatour!

The bleſſed although unequall in glory are not envious.

Non eſt ibi aliqua invidia diſparis claritatis ubi regnat unitas claritatis. Aug.

§ 6. *The mercifull eye of Jeſus ſerves for an Antidote againſt all ſorts of Envy.*

LEt us next conſider the ſecond modell: and if we be ſtung by the biſings of Envie; Let us caſt our eyes upon *Jeſus Chriſt*, as heretofore did the Iſraelites on the brazen ſerpent to free themſelves from ſerpents of fire. The eie of *Jeſus* was a gentle eie, an eie of love, of compaſſion, and of mercy which opened (as the gates of the Eaſt) to let in day light, and the ſpirit of life. It alwayes had in our cauſe the ſymptomes which Phyſicians gave a ſick eie, which is, to watch, to ſparkle, and to weep: yea, the eie of the Saviour of the world was to watch inceſſantly, for our ſalvation, even to the paſſing of nights in oratories dedicated to God, as S. *Luke* obſerveth. Is it not this eie the Prophet *Jeremy* meant, when he ſaid, *I ſee a waking rod?* The interpreters think he alluded to the ſceptre of the Kings of Egypt which had an eye pourtraied upon the top of it; and that ſuch was the ſceptre and power of *Jeſus* for our ſakes: a power not harſh and imperious, but ſweet and charitable; which ſpent it ſelf without waſte in the watches wherein it perſevered for our ſalvation. Others, following the Hebrew letter, inſtead of a waking Rod, reade a twig of an Almond-tree, which firſt of all other trees, flouriſheth, and expecteth not the ſummer to tell us news of the ſpring; So the eie of *Jeſus*, ſo ſoon as it began to exerciſe the functions of life, was ſeen all in bloſſome, and in an amorous aſpect for us: In bloſſome; when, at his arrival, he cauſed the Angels to ſing the Hymne of Glory, and Peace; of Glory to God, and of Peace to men: In bloſſome; when, at the age of twelve years he ſo ſweetly darted forth beams in the Temple of his father; In bloſſome; when, from the top of a mountain, he looked on his poor famiſhed people who wandred through the deſerts, as ſheep deprived of their ſhepheard: In bloſſome; when he ſtayed upon ſo many miſerable bodies, detained by incurable maladies, to give them health. O eie of *Jeſus*! Eie of the Nazarean! always flouriſhing and blown for the comfort of mortals.

The eie of Jeſus watchings, ſparkling, weeping.

He erat pernoctans in oratione Dei. Hier. 1. 11.

I ſay, in the ſecond place, this eie ſparkled when he was to give the example of zeal (which it behoved him

him to have) the honour of his heavenly father; then it was when he was armed with tetrours and lightnings, to cast astonishment into wicked souls, and to deliver those from their Tyranny who thereby were oppressed: *There was seen I know not what of glittering and flaming to sparkle from his eyes, and the Majesty of a Divinity did shine on his face*, saith S. *Jerome*. Have you heretofore considered the Angel of the living God, who was as a sentinell, in the great flaming pillar of fire which led the Israelites in the passage of the red-sea? Have you observed, how (placed just in the midst of two armies, the one whereof was of the people of God, and the other of the Egyptians) he darted raies of favour on the heads of the elect, which were all lighted with a celestiall light, notwithstanding the thick darknesse of the Egyptian night, and at the same time he threw on *Pharaohs* Diadem and on his warlike horses the avenging dart of Gods anger, to involve them in remedilesse misery? So the eye of our Lord hath alwayes beheld (and at this day likewise doth lovingly behold) such as fear his holy name and do tremble out of the reverence they bear to his divine Majesty; but as for perverse souls, who have hands armed against heaven, he hath sparklings sharp and quick, which are the messengers of his justice. As for thee (Libertine) this sparkling eie, for thee (Harpy) for thee (bloudy Devil) for thee (wicked creature) it throws forth sparks of fire which in this life will begin to burn thy sinfull soul: but, as for souls (chaste and loyall) he hath sweet influences, and mercies. In the last place, I likewise say, to shew the benignity of this eye, that it was almost alwayes weeping, and dropping for us in tears a thousand times more precious then those of Myrrhe. O what tears were those of *Jesus! Jesus* was the firmament which divided waters from waters, heavenly tears from earthly tears. And seeing Interpreters say, that the masse of waters was divided into two substances, whereof the one, congealing into a bright Chrystall, made Heaven; and the other, remaining on the earth, made the Sea; I may say, the tears of *Jesus* were all Chrystalline, and wholly celestiall, as that Palace of God, which we see over our heads; but ours are salt, bitter, and storm like the sea. *Jesus* yet walking on the earth, was towards the wicked and proud, a mount Sinai, which roared, thundred, lightned, and seemed to be as the Charriot of the God of Hosts; but in respect the miseries of the earth, and the pains likewise which waited on sinners; he was a Mount Lebanon that ceased not to make the waters stream forth in the spring, which issued from the snows wherewith the winter had wholly covered it. *Jesus* the true Lebanon, in whiteneſse of innocency: *Jesus* the true Lebanon, in the continuall waters of his eyes, which can no more be dryed up then the fountains of Lebanon. *Jesus* also the true Lebanon, in the sweetnesse of the odours of his eternall sacrifice. He burnt as the incence of Lebanon, and dissolved as the snow of Lebanon; at the same time giving us fire and water; Fire to enkindle our love, water to wash our sinnes: O how these waters have quenched the flames of the sword of the Cherubin, able to burn all the earth with the fire of Justice! O how sweetly distilled these tears for us on the day of his birth, when he moistned the clots of his poverty! O how often have these tears bathed his eyes in the sacrifice of prayer! O how pitifully these tears bedewed the pomp of his triumph, when he wept over miserable Jerusalem! O how efficacious were these tears; when he offered them for us in the bloudy Sacrifice of the Crosse, and rendered up his sweet soul into the hands of his heavenly Father, bleeding and weeping, and looking this last time on the earth in his mortall conversation to lift it up to Heaven!

Ignoum quoddam, atque sydereum radiabat ex oculis ejus & divinitatis majestas lucebat in facie. S. Hier. in Mat.

Exod. 14. 20

Numquid deficiet de petra agri nix Libani. Hier. 18.

In diebus carnis suæ preces supplicationesque cum clamore valido et lachrymis offerens exauditus est pro sua reverentia. Heb 5. 7.

§ 7. *A Detestation of Envie.*

WIll we not then enter into the joy of God by participation of the joyes and prosperities of men, whence we shall take a holy and magnificent possession in the quiet we shall find in our hearts, perswading our selves that that saying is most true, *That he who loveth virtues in another, hath them abundantly in himself?* There is not any way more short or honourable to felicity, then to arrive thither by a contentment taken in the happinesse of our likes. In wishing their hurt we resemble the Thunderbolt, which to strike a rock, breaks the cloud that bred it; we ruine our selves by our proper labours, and profit not but by the Justice of our punishment. But by loving in another, that which others envie, we shall become absolutely rich, and totally powerfull in the kingdome of perfect love. Let us not satisfie our selves with not envying any, and to take pleasure in the good successe of good men; but let us have an eye of affections, a liberall hand, and a heart wide open to the exercise of charity, alwayes remembring two rare documents given by two great Apostles S. *Peter* and S. *Bartholomew*.

Multis abundat virtutibus qui, alienas amat Plin. jun. in epist. ad Cornel.

The first teacheth us that the virginity of the soul consisteth in brotherly love *Rendring* (saith he) *your souls chaste in the obedience of charity, in the brotherly love which you ought mutually to preserve*. The other hath in S. *Denis*, left us in writing this royall sentence, which saith, *Love is the greatest, and least Theology, because all is abbreviated in this great word*. Who is it then would enter into the Hell of Jealousie, to rob himself of all the joyes of chaste marriage, and to live like *Ixion* on the wheel of an eternall torment? Were it not much better, to tear away this frantick love, this troublesome curiosity, this easinesse to believe tales, this rashnesse of judgement, and all that which fomenteth passion; then to raise matter of Laughter, of Comedies, and Tragedies, to defile your conscience, betray your bed, dishonour your children, and ruine your house?

1 Pet. 1.

Dion. c. 1. de Myst. Theo. Ἀγάπη ὅτι μείζων καὶ θεολογία μία λέγεται.

Thou envious and jealous creature! what dost thou answer to this eye of our celestiall Father, which causeth by seeing, Essence and Grace, and by being seen produceth heaven? What dost thou answer to this eye of *Jesus*, waking, sparkling, and weeping for thee? Wilt thou yet have an eye of the Basilisk to scorch plants, break stones, and kill men? Ah thou pusillanimous thing! to be envious against thy neighbour for a good which thou hast not, and which thou with excessive passion desirest. Thou dost envie profit, thou envyest credit, honour, riches, and the talent of nature, and all which thy jealous heart beholdeth. Thou wilt not (saist thou) bereave others, but dost onely complain of the want thou findest in thy self. And how knowest thou whether these blessings (thou seekest for, with desires as ardent as fire) would not be great evils unto thee? How knowest thou whether in prosperity and abundance thou mightest not lose thy self with ingratitude, forgetfulnesse of God, arrogance, and sinne? How knowest thou whether the Saviour of the world hath not expresly deprived thee of these temporall favours, to assure thy predestination? Cease to envie, that, which God will not give thee. Ah! Thou on the other side, to be perpetually arguing with God about the prosperity of sinners and out of petty infidelities to waver in the belief of his holy Providence. Ignorant of celestiall blessings, and stupid admirer of the bread of dags! who seest not that all these favours are rough obligations, and rich punishments, which will rather increase the misery of the wicked: then lessen their pain. God promiseth thee a Kingdome if thou be faithfull; and thou longest for the dishes which sinners feed on at the table

of the world, even tearing one another with a thousand torments, and as many disturbancies. And thou on the other side, wicked as thou art, not onely to envie the good of thy neighbour, but to desire, and work his hurt with impatient madnesse, one while biting his reputation, another while hindering his good; one while deliberately wishing his death & another while having direfull enterprises upon his life: what canst thou expect from this infernall passion, but an eternall damnation? Wouldest thou know whom thou art like? Behold (I pray) in histories the mount Etna which rends and throweth forth its all-inflamed entrails, as if it would scorch and consume the flowers, which in the mean time flourish upon its top. Thou ceasest not to cry out, to storm, to thunder against this man; Thou castest forth fire and flames from thy throat, with which it seems thou art resolved to vomit up thy heart infected with poyson. What getteſt thou with this brutish fury? This man whom thou wouldest swallow alive, by the permission of God shall flourish over thy head.

Joseph triumphant maugers the enraged envie of his brothers.

Let us go, let us go to seek in Judea for the cruell brothers of *Joseph*, and let us shew them the innocent, not any longer groaning under the weight of fetters, but born on the wings of glory, and mounted upon the chariot of *Pharaoh*, in a habit full of Majesty, and in a pomp which dazleth the eyes of those, who have now no other word in their mouthes but *Abrech, Abrech*, which was an acclamation of joy, by which the people acknowledged him, as the Father and Protectour of all Egypt, *Abrech, Abrech.* O wretches! know you this man? This is he, of whom you said, *Behold our Lord, come let us kill him* Gen. 37. 9.

Look well upon him; this is he, whom you inhumanely did despoil of his garments, to embrew them in the bloud of beasts, and represent them to your deplorable Father, to give him the stroke of death. Acknowledge your own bloud; this is he, whom you threw into the bottome of an old Cistern, and banqueted over his head. Detest your fury; This is he whom you did sell to the Amalekites! Behold what your envie hath brought him to! Bend your knee with all the people who adore him, and say, O caitif Envie, the Hang-man of the envious, mayst thou never find any habitation but in hell, whence thou first camest to trouble the peace of men.

Heavenly Father, I beseech thee by that Eye which createth heaven; and (thou word Incarnate) by that Eie which hath wept so many tears of compassion and love over us; banish this fury from our hearts, and make thy holy charities there to flourish, which shall by us for ever be as much adored, as they have been to mankind profitable, who hath no subsistence but in thy mercies.

The fourteenth Treatise, of MILDNESSE and COMPASSION.

§ 1. *The great Miseries of Man make Compassion necessary in the world.*

HEaven is repleniſhed with Sanctities, and Felicities; with sanctities without blemishes, with Felicities without disasters: and hell is filled with ordures, and miseries; Ordures, which never are washed off, miseries, which are without end. But this world wherein we live, as it hath sanctities which are not without hazard, and Felicities which cannot be without change: so it hath sinnes waited on by pardon, and miseries comforted by remedies; yet against iniquities God hath given us penance, and against calamities, mercy. God in heaven produceth another God, not in substance, but in person, and on earth a second image of himself, which is this divine mercy. It is an infinite goodnesse of the Father of Nature and grace, to have here below seated this excellent passion, to the end great maladies might not be without great medicines..

Deum extra se efficit, creaturis omnibus providendo. S. Maximus.

Man as he is the most miserable of all creatures, so he is the most mercifull.

Of all living creatures there is none more miserable then man, nor is there any likewise more mercifull then man, whileſt he is man, and that he despoil not himself of that which God hath made him to do that which ought never to be so much as thought on. And if he forget mildnesse and Compassion, which is naturall to him, our sovereign Creatour teacheth it him, by his own miseries. Alas! How can one man harden his heart one against another? on what side soever he look, he seeth the tokens of his infirmities; and scarce can he go a step but he finds a lesson of humility against his vanities. If he consider what is above him; he beholdeth the heavens and the air which so waste and change his life, that (yet) without them, he cannot live: If he cast his eye round about him, and under his feet; he sees waters, which in moistening him, rot him; and earth, which being spread as a Table before his eyes, fails not to serve him for a Tomb.

It is a strange thing that even evils are necessary for him, and that he cannot overslip things which kill him. Smelling, tasting, meat and drink, sleep and repose, do with his life what *Penelope* did with her web: what one houre makes, another unmakes; and the very sources of the greatest blessings are found to be wholly infected with mortall poyson. But if man come to examine himself; he finds he hath a body frail, naked, disarmed, begging of all creatures, exposed to all the injuries of elements, of beasts, and men; and there is not a hand so little, which strives not violently to pull off his skin. Heat, cold, drouth, moisture, labour, maladies, old age, exercise him: and if he think to take a little repose, idlenesse corrupteth him: If he enter farther in to himself; he meeteth a spirit fastned to the brink of his lips, which is invaded by an army of passions, so many times fleshed for his ruine. And yet we must truly say that of all the evils of man, there is not any worse, then man. It is he who causeth wars and shipwracks, murthers and poysons; he who burneth houses, and whole Cities; he who maketh Wildernesses of the most flourishing Provinces; he who demolisheth the foundations of the most famous buildings; he who reduceth the greatest riches to nakednesse; he who putteth Princes into fetters, who exposeth Ladies to dishonour, who thrusts the knife into the throats of the people, who not content with so many manner of deaths, daily inventeth new to force out a soul by the violence of torments, by as many bloudy gates, as it receiveth wounds. Good God! what doth not man against man, when he hath once renounced humanity? Now what remedy would there be in so great and horrible confusions which make a hell of the earth, were it not that God hath given us this wholesome mercy, which it seems is come from heaven to unloose our chains, to wipe away our tears, to sweeten our acerbities, repair our losses and rebeautifie our felicities! *Mercy tilleth the fields of heaven, and had it not descended on earth, all which God did, had been lost.* (saith the golden mouth of the West.)

Man hath no greater evil then Man.

Chry. l. 1. 4. so

§ 2.

§ 2. *The Eſſence of Compaſſion and how it findeth place in hearts the moſt generous.*

The Eſſence of this paſſion.

GOd (then) hath cauſed Compaſſion to grow in our hearts as a Celeſtiall inſpiration, which ſtirreth up the will to ſuccour the miſeries of another; and taketh its ſource (as Theology obſerveth) from a diſlike we conceive out of the conſideration of a certain diſſent and diſorder we ſee in a civil life, when we behold a man like unto us according to nature, ſo different in quality, and ſo ill handled by the miſhap of the accidents of life. Thence it comes to paſſe that all good ſouls have tender hearts, and eſpecially ſuch as know what worldly miſeries are (as learned men, and thoſe who have had experience of them) and who think they may alſo feel them in the uncertainty of life and condition of humane things. The bowels of mercy open with ſome ſweetneſſe in the evils which nearly touch us: namely, when we ſee perſons innocently qualified, delicate, well diſpoſed; to fall into great calamities and ruines of fortune; Honourable old men, ill uſed; young people, ſnatched away in the flower of their age, and beauty; Ladies, deſpiſed and diſhonoured; afflictions, without remedies; or remedies that come too late when the evil is ended: And moreover, when thoſe afflicted perſons ſhew conſtancy and generoſity in their affliction, it penetrateth into the deepeſt apprehenſions of the ſoul. Yet we ſtill find, among ſo many objects of miſeries, hearts which have no compaſſion, and (as if they were made of rocks or anviles) are never mollified with the ſufferings of mortals. This proceeds in ſome, from a great ſtupidity, from a nature very ſavage; in others, from a narrowneſſe of heart cauſed by ſelf-love, which perpetually keeps them buſied within themſelves, never going forth to behold the miſeries of another; in ſome, from long proſperities, which make them forget the condition of men; in others, from the nature of a Hangman who takes delight in bloud, in fire, and in all horrid things. Such kind of men think nature did them wrong in not having given them the horn of a Rhinoceros, the paws of bears, the throat of a Lion, the teeth of Tigers, to cruſh, to quail, to devour, and tear men in pieces. They ſupply, by a curſed induſtry, that which by nature faileth them. They make themſelves mouths of fire by the means of flaming fornaces, and boiling caldrons; hands, by the invention of Iron hooks; arms, with combs of ſteel; fingers, with ſcorpions; and feet, with the claws of wild beaſts. You would ſay, theſe are men compoſed of the inſtruments of all torments, or rather devils crept into humane bodies, to create a Hell on Earth. Such are thoſe Tonoes of *Japonia*, who ſtudy to ſaw, to hack aſunder, to beat, and bray in a morter the courage of Chriſtians, thinking the greateſt marks of their power to be ſcaffolds and gibbets, where are practiſed inventions of devils, to draw life, drop after drop, out of a miſerable body.

Deteſtation of Cruelty.

But not ſpeaking at this preſent of theſe extremities of Cruelty which ariſe out of Hell; it is evident that the Hardneſſe of heart, and the harſhneſſe of a nature devoid of Compaſſion, is a monſter in humane nature. All great ſouls have (I know not what) tincture of goodneſſe which rendreth them pliant to the afflictions of ſuch as ſuffer. It is a feeling which God hath poured into the maſſe of mankind, and which he would have communicated by the prime men of the world, to all poſterity. The tradition of the Hebrews holdeth that the Patriarch *Noah* recommendeth mildneſſe even among beaſts, accounting it a capitall crime to tear off a member of a living beaſt. And the moſt ſage commonwealths have walked in the ſame wayes, ſince that of *Athens* condemned to death a young child, who took delight to prick out the eyes of crows, and having made them blind, let them fly for his paſtime: It judged this heart was baſe and bloudy, and practiſed its firſt apprentiſhip of crueltie upon birds to exerciſe it one day upon men. The Carthaginians publickly condemned a very induſtrious Citizen for no other cauſe but for having made a lion tractable, ſuppoſing that a man who had ſo great converſation among wild beaſts would loſe all he had humane in him, and put on the manners of a tyrant.

Mildneſſe of the firſt men.

Fab. Quintilian. l. 5. cap. 9.

Plin. l. 8. c. 16.

What can thoſe anſwer to this call of Nature, who are aſhamed to compaſſionate their neighbours, ſeeing pity extends it ſelf even to beaſts? They fear, that by ſhewing compaſſion it may be thought their courage thereby is greatly effeminate; and ſee not that to ſeem valiant, they ceaſe to be men.

Compaſſion of great courages.

Conquerours have wept over their Laurels as yet all verdant, blaming the juſt rigour of their arms albeit they could not hate the glory. *Marcellus* deſired to quench the coals of the city *Syracuſa* with his tears. *Titus* ſeeing the city of *Jeruſalem* all covered with dead bodies, found his heart much ſoftned therewith, proteſting it was an act of Heaven, and not an effect of his own diſpoſition. There is ſome touch of Divinity in good natures; and God hath alwayes been pleaſed that they who neareſt approach to him, ſhould be the moſt humane. The firſt Images of the Saviour of the world were ordinarily painted in the form of a Lamb, and it was likewiſe a Lamb of God which repreſented him in Great *Conſtantine's* Font, and which poured forth the water of Baptiſm; to ſhew us that the fountains of his Bounty ran throughout the whole Church. The holy Ghoſt hath never been ſeen in the form of an Eagle or of a Hawk, but of a Dove; to ſtamp on our manners the impreſſions of his bounty. It is an inſupportable thing, when there is obſerved (even among thoſe who approach neareſt to Altars, and who conſecrate the Lamb of God in their hands) ſome to be of imperious ſpirits, and wills inflexible, who torment poor ſubjects, and make them groan under their Commands. They reſemble *Semiramis* who on her Banners bare a Dove which in its beak held a bloudy ſword, as meaning to ſay, that under a womans face, ſhe had the courage and ſtern violence of tyrants. So their name, their character, and degree teſtifieth nought but mildneſſe; but their manners are full of rigour and acerbity which wound hearts even to bloud. This happeneth to many out of a certain ſtupidity, in ſuch ſort, that it ſeems they entering into office, at that inſtant drink of the water of forgetfulneſſe which in them blotteth out the memory of all they were, to become that which they ought never to be. They forget their inferiours are men, who put their precious liberty (to wit a good ineſtimable) into their hands as a pledge, and that they muſt very skilfully handle them, there being not a creature in all nature more tender or more ſenſible then the King of creatures. They conſider not that the power of one man over another is a thing which is alwayes ſomewhat ſuſpected by nature on what ſide ſoever it come, and that it muſt be practiſed inſenſibly, ſo that the fleſh be rather caſt into a ſlumber, then irritated. To others, it comes from a moſt refined pride, which being under the ſubjection of a ſuperiour, kept it ſelf cloſe in the interiour of the ſoul, a ſerpent enchanted, and faſt aſleep; but ſo ſoon as he ſees himſelf armed with a ſword of authority, he cuts with both edges, not ſparing any one, as if the great myſtery of making a dignity valuable, were to encompaſſe it with all the enſignes of terrour. Some are not of a bad nature, and do reſemble the ſea, which is not by nature ſalt, but the ſunne ſtirreth up unto it vapours, cold, dry, and terreſtriall, which being burnt by

Concil. 6. in Trul. can. 82. Damaſus in Pontificibus qui eſt potius Anaſtaſius Bibliothecarius.

Non dominantes in Cleris ſed forma factiq; gregis ex animo. 1 Pet. 5. 3.

Revertamur ad populum noſtrum à facie gladii columbæ Hier. 46. 16

Rigour miſbecometh perſons Eccleſiaſticall. Its cauſes, and difference.

Porta in Chao.

heat, ſpread themſelves on the ſuperficies of the water, and cauſe ſaltneſſe: ſo theſe lights of authority which environ a man raiſe ſmokes in him, which, being not wel tempered by prudence, leave a bitter impreſſion on manners, communicating ſome haughtineſſe to words and converſation. It is gotten in others by a long aſſiduity of ſuperiority, which is the cauſe that beholding themſelves perpetually with a head of gold, and a breaſt of ſilver, they conſider not that being in ſome ſort like to *Nabuchodonozors* ſtatue, they yet have feet of clay. Others come thereunto, by an indiſcreet zeal, and out of ſmall experience of humane things, who are no ſooner raiſed unto ſome degree, but they talk of reformation, of correction, of chaſtiſements; and to ſee them, you would ſay they were ſo many Archimedes who ſeek for a place out of the world, to ſet foot in, of purpoſe to turn the world topſie-turvey. Their power is not alwayes anſwerable to their purpoſe, which makes them ſad and dejected in their courage, cauſing them to fall back to the other extremity; from whence it cometh that they are one while harſh, and another time gentle; and by inequality in their manners, thruſt all into diſorder. That is it which Saint *Gregory* the great obſerved in *Abbot Urbicus*, ſaying, that his Monaſtery was in diſtemper, becauſe he made himſelf unequall, one while flattering ſome, and another while reprehending the reſt with immeaſurable anger. Laſtly, there are others who have a very good conſcience, and whoſe manners are rigid, and they be not imprudent; but they have ſuch a deſire to frame the whole world to their humour, that out of the aſſiduity of their admonitions they render themſelves ſomewhat burthenſome to their inferiours, and authorize the ſaying of that ancient who affirmed an honeſt man was a great burthen. There are natures, like to Caper-ſhrubs, which grow worſe by too much manuring, and are much better being left to the goodneſſe of their own nature.

Gregor. M. in epiſtola ad Urbicum.

Moleſta ſarcina vir bonus. Apud Joan. Euſebium.

§ 3. *Moderate Severity is neceſſary in government; but it ought to be free from Cruelty.*

IT muſt of neceſſity be acknowledged that they who govern States and Commonwealths ſtand in need of ſeverity in ſo great a corruption of mens manners; there being almoſt nothing ſo pitifull as the goodneſſe of a Prince diſarmed, who ſerves for a Butt to reproches, and a ſport for inſolency. The Senatour *Fronton*, who had experience of many Kingdomes, ſaid it was a miſerable kind of life to live under an Emperour who permitted nothing; but much more wretched likewiſe was the eſtate of ſuch as live under a Prince who permitted all: as it happened in the time of *Nerva*, who cauſed thoſe men to ſit near him that had conſpired againſt him, and preſented them ſwords to give the blow, and asked them whether they were ſharp enough. His over-faint goodneſſe, which could not engage it ſelf to puniſh any, made men almoſt to deſire the rule of the moſt cruell; good men being unable to endure to be equalized with the moſt diſſolute. Needs muſt Juſtice hold its place, to cut off rotten members, to repreſſe the inſolent, and to make honeſt men live in the ſweetneſſe of repoſe. But it being very hard to find this divine temperature which is between ſofneſſe and too much ſeverity; it is alwayes farre better to lean towards Mildneſſe, then to incurre the leaſt ſuſpition of Cruelty.

Dion. in Nerva.

Cardinall *Petrus Damianus*, ſeeing himſelf one day very civilly entreated by the Pope, and at the ſame time menaced by his Archdeacon *Hildebrand* who was a moſt ſevere Cardinall, anſwered according to *Plutarchs* fable, that Heat deſpoiled more then the North-wind. Theſe ſtormy ſpirits are not alwayes the moſt efficacious. It is not ſparkling flames, but inviſible heats which melt metals, and ſweeteſt influences are thoſe which cauſe the greateſt effects in totall Nature. Our Saviour, in the Prophet *Eſay*, is called a Rod, and a flower; to correct ſome, and comfort others: but never is he termed a ſword to kill and deſtroy. Power, which is given by God, ought to be managed according to his intentions; and as we cannot but ſee on all ſides the effects of his bounty; ſo is it not lawfull for a man to defile the Character of the Divinity by rigours inſupportable. O what a brave thing it is to poſſeſſe a great Kingdome in the hearts of men by bounty and munificence! to make ones ſelf a Throne of peace, to which love raiſeth an eternall Baſis, on which God raineth from above with full hand an infinity of Benedictions! A Prince which ſo liveth, findeth Corps du gard in the moſt unfrequented wilderneſſes, aſſurance in perils, protection in battels, good hap in affairs, ſucceſſe in his enterpriſes, proſperity in his houſe, veneration abroad, & admiration among forreign nations. When he ſleeps, a million of eyes wake for him; a million of mouths open at altars to carry thanksgivings to God for the favours he receiveth from heaven: and were he not in his Throne, all his ſubjects would make ſteps of their bodies for him to mount up unto it. His joyes are pure, his pleaſures innocent, his repaſts without fear of poyſon, his repoſe dreadleſſe, his life a miracle, and his Memory a Bleſſing. But, what a ſpectacle is it to ſee Tyrants cloſe hidden like old Owls in perpetuall nights; with a mind beſet with horrid fantaſies, filled with ſuſpicions, ſeized by diſtruſt; for whom Thunders ſeem to roar, and for whom Heaven ſeems to prepare all its Thunderbolts! What a horrour is it to ſee them come in publick, clothed with Iron, and deſpoiled of the peoples affections! To ſee them tear their members in the torments of their ſubjects; to ſuck in bloud; to break bones; to make terrours to march before them; and after them maſſacres! What honour is it for them to be hated like plagues and poyſons; to make a Hell of their life a Fyranny of their manners, and a publick vow of their death? Laſtly, the divine Providence (which ſharpneth the ſword of Juſtice with the tears of the miſerable) falls on their heads; ſome have been conſumed by ſtrange maladies; others have been abandoned to the fury of people; maſſacred by a thouſand hands, puniſhed with a thouſand deaths, dragged over lay ſtalls, buried in dunghils; even ſtones and metals have been puniſhed, which had no other crime but to be inſculped with their features: Their life had been a reproch; their memory, the But of all maledictions. All this is not of power to teach us, that there is not any thing ſo ſoveraign for the government of minds, as Mildneſſe and Compaſſion.

Iſai. 11.

The beauty, and utility of Mildneſſe.

Horrour of Cruelty.

§ 8. *The goodneſſe of God beateth down the rigour of men.*

IF we be not fully convinced of this verity; Let us behold our firſt Model, againſt the infamy of this unnaturall paſſion; and let us firſt ſee the benignity of our heavenly Father in naturall, and civil life; thence we will conſider the mercy of *Jeſus* in the life of Grace. God, is ſoveraignly good, as Theology noteth, by three ſorts of Goodneſſes; of Nature, of Manners, and of Bounty: His Nature, and his Manners make him to appear good in himſelf: His bounty out of himſelf in ſo many communications as he imparteth to all Creatures. The Platoniſts ſaid, he had the underſtanding of a father, and the heart of a mother, to provide for the great family of the world: and one of them, rapt with the Conſideration of his Bounties, cried out, *As for*

Remedies.

Lib. 1. ep. 16

for thee, O God of ſanctity, Saviour, and conſervatour of all Man-kind, thou haſt the heart of a Mother admirably to comfort the calamities of ſo many miſerable mortals, and there is not a day, a Reſt, nor a moment, which is not repleniſhed with thy benefits. You would ſay he is perpetually bent upon the care of the very leaſt creatures, to give them the contentment and ſatisfaction they can derive from their condition. He is in the feathers of the peacock, to frame a mirrour unto himſelf of his train; In the throat of Nightingales, there to make Muſick; in the innocent theft of Bees, to lade them with booty; in the Husbandry of Ants, to maintain them in their little Granaries. The Authour of the Egyptian Theology ſaith, that the Eternall Father, willing to pleaſe all living Creatures gave them bodies faſhioned to their likings and inclinations: and as there are other inſtruments neceſſary for a Taylour, others, for a Smith: So he hath given other members to Lions; others, to Bulls; others, to Fiſhes, and Birds. He gives to a Lion (which is a predominant Beaſt) a Robuſtuous body, Eyes of lightning, a Roar of Thunder, a Gate Haughty; To Bulls, Horns to defend themſelves; To Birds, a little head and a ſharp beak to cleave the air, feathers to cover them, wings to fly; To Fiſhes, a tail to ſerve them for a Rudder, and little fins to be unto them as Oars.

Tu quidem ſancte, & humani generis ſo-ſpitator perpetue, ſemper fovendis mortalibus mirificè dulcem matris affectionem miſerorum caſibus tribuis, nec dies nec quies ulla, ac nè quidem momentum tuis tranſcurrit beneficiis otioſum. Apul. 11. Metamor. Author. Theolog. Ægypti l. 12 cap. 1.

S. *Baſil* likewiſe obſerved, that this great Father of a family diſtributeth to birds of prey a body fit to ſeek out for their living, and to ſuch as are of a more peaceable diſpoſition, members ſuteable to their nature. So true it is that there is nothing in the world which is not repleniſhed with the wiſdome of this great Maſter-workman. He provideth and armeth each one according to his Kind; Some have naturall arms to reſiſt ſuch as aſſail them; others have a marvellous promptitude to fly from that which is contrary to them; others have an incomparable dexterity to defend themſelves; ſome poiſe themſelves in the air with their feathers; others grapple with their claws; others fortifie themſelves with their horns: and if there be ſome which ſerve as a prey to the reſt; God ſupplyeth this neceſſity with a very great fruitfulneſſe which he affordeth thoſe poor little creatures expoſed to the violence of the ſtronger. Thus diſcourſeth *Lactantius*. To conclude, There is not any creature ſo little which beareth not his own Mill, his chimney, his habit, his ware, and his ſhop about him: and, if this paternall bounty continually open its hands to repleniſh all creatures with benedictions; what would it not do for man who ſo divinely and ſo happily buſieth the divine providence, and is the rule of all the reſt of the world!

S. Baſil. in Hexam. Lactant. l. de opificio Dei, c. 2.

It were to enter into a vaſt Labyrinth of diſcourſes and reaſons, to repreſent at this time before our eyes, how this eternall underſtanding maketh infinite many engines to concurre in all the creatures of this great univerſe; to contribute to our benefit, our protection, and delight. I will onely expreſſe one thing very conſiderable which he powerfully doth above the ordinary nature of elements, to divert the inconveniencies of people, and to afford them favours beyond all humane hopes. Behold how under the torrid zone (which would otherwiſe be inhabitable, by reaſon of exceſſive heats) he cauſeth rain to fall ſo commodiouſly, that he ſeems to diſtill it through a Limbeck in rule and meaſure! Behold, how in Egypt, (when the Pharaohs covered the land with arms and chariots againſt his people,) he made Nilus moſt gently to overflow to ſupply the want of rain, which (as it is ſaid) never falls in that countrey! We will alſo tell you what modern writers have obſerved in certain Iſlands, where there are neither rivers nor fountains for the uſe of the living; God gives them certain trees which (at a time determinate by his Providence) fail not to ſprinkle down water with ſo much advantage, that the thirſt of man and beaſt thereby is ſufficiently ſlaked: Who is he that conſidering all theſe works of nature will not cry out that God really is (what S. *Iſiodore* of *Pelenſium* ſaid) the common Magazine of all the people of the earth; from whence they inceſſantly derive an infinite number of liberalities, & the true Temple of ſweetneſs and benignity wherein altars are perpetually covered with victimes!

Iſiodor. l. 2. ep. 151. Ταμεῖον φιλανθρωπίας. &c.

What doth he not in civil life; to make men live in peace, abundance and tranquility! what good Laws inſpireth he not into them! what laudable inſtructions ſuggeſteth he not, even to people adverſe to his honour! what induſtries, and what inventions in all acts! what conveniencies in trade! what authority imprinteth he on the face of Kings and Magiſtrates! what obedience he cauſeth inſenſibly to creep into the hearts of people, ſo that bloudſuckers, and murderers do alſo adore ſome rayes of Juſtice! And foraſmuch as he permitteth poor and miſerable creatures in the world, (which ſeems to have ſome repugnance with his bounty;) we ſee by experience, it is ſo neceſſary that we may ſay of them what the glorious *Hanna* did in her Canticle, The poor of the Earth belong to God, and he hath laid the whole univerſe on their ſhoulders: without them; arts would fail, induſtries would languiſh, the ſervices and benefits (which the rich derive from men who are their likes) would wholly ceaſe; and, which is more; the two moſt eminent virtues of the world (Mercy and Patience) would be baniſhed from the earth. Beſides, God hath an incomparable care of thoſe neceſſitous people whom we think to be wholly abandoned. He hath numbred their hairs, he hath taken the task to preſerve all their bones, he moiſtneth the dry bread of peaſants in taſteſull ſweetneſſe, he diverteth them from the apprehenſion of their miſeries, he fitteth them to their conditions, he comforteth their labours, he crowneth their patience. Laſtly, to expreſſe the tenderneſſe of Gods mercy in a word; there is not ſo much as our own tears from whence he doth not make us to draw ſweetneſſe and conſolation, for our ſolace. O ineffable Bounty! O greatneſſe unheard of! O inexhauſtible liberality! And can we then beholding this model have a heart ſhut up againſt all manner of liberality? what a horrour is it to ſee men burn with enraged avarice which ſticks to their bones as doth their marrow, and which ſhall ſleep with them in their Tomb!

§ 5. *The Mercies of the Incarnate word are able to ſoften the harſheſt hearts.*

But with what admiration is not the heart of man ſeized on, when he entreth into the great Abyſſes which are diſcovered in the ſecond modell, in the Oeconomy of our Redemption?

Have we any proof more manifeſt then that which is ſo well weighed by S. *Anſelm* in theſe words? *What greater mercy can there be then to ſee a humane nature deſpoiled of the robe of honour and of the diadem of glory, by a juſt chaſtiſement of its rebellions, condemned to a priſon of flames and darkneſſe, even then when it was unable to free it ſelf, and when there was neither Angel nor man could deliver it from the miſery, whereinto it was plunged? to ſee it (ſay I) ſought unto by God when it flew from his liberality, and to conſider how the heavenly Father tranſported with unſpeakable love, ſaid unto it, Take my onely Son to redeem thee from ſo many remedileſſe calamities, and that this onely ſonne diſdaineth not to become its ranſome, delivered himſelf for it to torments ſo enormous, and confuſions ſo hideous.*

Quid miſericordius intelligivalet, quam quod peccatori æternis tormentis depuncto, & unde ſe redimeret non habenti, Deus patet dixit, accipe unguentum meum, & da pro te, & filius dixit, tolle me & redime te? Anſel. l. Cur Deus homo.

The earth (ſaith S. *Auguſtine*) expecteth light and rain from heaven, and we from a Meſſias expect truth

and

and mercy: He came after so long expectations, and hath repleniſhed the earth with his knowledge, and the effects of his benignity. What ſhall we now admire in the ineffable myſtery of the Incarnation!

If we caſt our eyes on the heavenly Father, we there ſee a work of the power of his arm, wherein he ſeems to have exhauſted all his ſtrength. The heavens, and the ſtarres (ſaith Saint *Gregory Nyſſen*) were but the works of the fingers of this divine Majeſty: But in the Incarnation he proceedeth with all the extent of his might, with all the engines of his power, and all the miracles of his Greatneſſe. It is a Maxime among Politicians, that a man, to appear very great, ſhould not waſte all his force at an inſtant; but ſtill to reſerve to himſelf ſomewhat to do, wherein he may make his ability to be ſeen, as it were by degrees, by daily ſurpaſſing himſelf. From whence it came that *Seneca* ſaid to *Nero* who had cauſed a certain Pavillion infinitely precious to be made, that he therein had ſhewed his weakneſſe; for if it ſhould chance to periſh, he could not recover it: and were it preſerved, it would be an everlaſting reproch to him, to have done to the uttermoſt of his power. Behold the proceedings of humane prudence. But our celeſtiall Father ſetting aſide all other conſiderations (and forgetting his greatneſſe, to be mindfull of his mercy) did a work in our behalf which hath ſo limited his power that we may truly ſay, that God cannot in the world in all Eternity make any thing greater then a Man-God.

Plutarch. de Ira.

And if we on the other part do reflect on the holy Ghoſt, it ſeems that this third perſon (which in the ſphere of the Trinity had a myſterious barrenneſſe) ſpringing from the incomparability of a new production in the divine emanations, would make recompenſe in this myſtery, pouring out at once, heats, lights, and beauties in the bleſſed Virgin, there to form the body of *Jeſus Chriſt*, and to raiſe his holy Humanity to the union of the Word Increate. But what piece meriteth more admiration, then to ſee the perſon of a God-man, then to ſee a *Jeſus Chriſt*, who in himſelf uniteth Divine and Humane Nature, who carries in himſelf the laſt lines of the love and power of his Father, who beareth the conſummation of all his deſignes for the government of man, who includeth all poſſible communications to an inferiour nature in one inimitable communication, who makes himſelf the ſource of Grace and Glory in Angelicall and humane nature, as he is the ſource of life and love in the Trinity! O what a goodly ſpectacle is it, To behold how he bleſſeth by his preſence, how he repleniſheth by his greatneſſe, how he governeth by his power, how he ſanctifieth by his influences, both heaven and Earth! If we yet doubt of his love and fatherly goodneſſe; let us look on his hands, and we ſhall ſee that he hath written our name with his nails: Let us ſee his heart which was opened for us by that lance which at the latter end of his dayes digg'd from out his entrails the remainder of his life; and we ſhall obſerve how we therein live, how we therein breathe, and how we therein honourably burn, as in a great fornace common to all intelligible Nature. *If you would know what you have coſt (and happily do not believe your Creatour) aſk your Redeemer and he will tell you.* Let us alſo behold the effects which have ſucceeded from the alliance of the Divine nature with the Humane; and let us reverence the divine Goodneſſe which hath raiſed up all the great Maſſe of men in a ſupernaturall Being, to innocency, to felicity, to light, and to life eternall. Who was more deſtitute then Man, more brutiſh, and more ignorant in ſo great a night and in ſo horrible confuſions of Idolatry? and *Jeſus* by his Incarnation hath revealed unto us the ſecrets and wiſdome of heaven. Who was more unfurniſhed of wiſe direction? and he affordeth us his examples. Who was more forlorn? & he adopteth us for his children. Who was more needy? and he gives us the treaſure of his merits. Who was more hungry? and he nouriſheth us with his fleſh and bloud. Who was more unhappy? and he divideth his Beatitude among us. If after ſo many benefits we remain ſtill faithleſſe to his fidelity; he expecteth us with a ſingular long forbearance: if we delay; he ſtirreth us up: if we fly; he followeth us: if we return; he ſtretcheth forth his arm. He waſheth us in his bloud; He regenerateth us in his love: He makes it his trophey to have conquered us, as if he entred afreſh into the poſſeſſion of an Empire, & cauſeth our proper ſinnes to contribute to our glory. If we endure ſomewhat for him; he endureth with us; he weepeth over us; he prepareth eternall ſources of conſolations: and, as it is ſaid that there is a certain fiſh which ſweetens the water of the ſalt ſea in its mouth; ſo *Jeſus* mingleth all our acerbities in the inexplicable ſweetneſſes of his benignity.

Quàm pretioſas ſis factori tuo non credis, interroga redemptorem Euseb Gal. Homil. 2. de Symbol.

Faſten apud Maiolum.

And yet thou (O Man) wilt in preſence of this Modell ſtill remain a little Tiger, as irreconcileable to amities, as ſtreight-handed to works of liberality. Believe me, among all the Enſignes of Greatneſſe which thou canſt have; there is not any more ſenſible then the charitable communication of one man to another by waies of liberality and alms, which God receiveth in the nature of victimes. It is a Divinity for one man by his benefits to oblige another, and this is properly the way of eternall glory.

The ſource of charity.

Plin l. 2. c. 7 Deus eſt, mortali benefacere mortalem, & hæc ad æternam gloriam via.

Who are they, in your opinion, that firſt of all deſerved the title of Cardinall, which is now-a-dayes accounted among the great dignities of the Church? Do you think that nobility of extraction, favour of great ones, Eminency of wiſdome, prudence in the government of Empires gave theſe Titles to the primitive Church? I ſay all theſe qualities are very conſiderable; yet nevertheleſſe it is true, that the firſt fourteen Cardinals who were called by this name, were fourteen perſonages of honour and merit, who under Pope *Sylveſter* were ranged in as many ſtreets of the City of Rome, to take care of the poor. So true it is that they who begat us to Chriſtianity placed the magnificence of men, not in garments which are the food of moths: not in precious ſtones which are the excrements of the ſea and land: not in Coaches and horſes which are the notes of our poverty and dependence: not in titles which are Imaginary felicities: but in the relief of perſons neceſſitous who are the Images of God. A learned Biſhop ſaid to a Pope, *He deceives himſelf who thinks that a conſcience ſo near to the Divinity is tyed to its Intereſts; For my part I imagine you do not believe there is any other gain for you, but that which takes birth from your liberality, and that you think you receive good, as oftentimes as you do it.*

From whence the Title of Cardinals cometh.

Fabianus. Vide Concil. Rom. ſub Sylveſtro. Laeerdam. adverſar. c. 35. Cardinales à Cardinibus ſeu vicis Romæ.

Errat qui Deo proximam conſcientiam credit commodis invitari: ſola puratis lucra, quæ vobis de liberalitate naſcuntur qui divitias cum tributis accipitis. Innoc. l. 1. Ep. ad Symmachum Papam.

But if there be no ſpurre of honour which inciteth you to proceed confidently, and liberally to open your hands to men, to enter into the communication of the virtue and glory of ſo many Saints; at the leaſt ſoften your bowels from the neceſſity of times, and the calamities of ſo many poor people who ſeem to be the dregs of the earth, or froth of an inraged ſea. Inform your ſelf a little of the wants of Cities and Towns, and you ſhall find many (abandoned of all conſolation, and deſtitute of all neceſſaries) who yet are your fleſh, your brethren, and your coheirs in *Jeſus Chriſt:* and now, whilſt all ſmileth in your houſes, and all is reſplendent with a luſtre of fair accommodation in your own perſons; there are poor old men couched on ſtraw among copwebs; there are women afflicted with long and irkſome maladies, environed with very many children whom they ſee dying before their eyes, not having any means to give them a bit of bread.

They

They are forſaken by kindred, friends, and all manner of aſſiſtance, as if they were ſome monſters of nature thrown on the ſhore by the ſeas anger. There are Virgins for whom daily ſnares are laid, that they may fall into ſin under colour of poverty. There are ſome who have been heretofore very fortunate according to the world, who are faln into great wants, and at this preſent (when they have ſo many tears to bewail their miſery under the covert of ſome poor cottage) have not a tongue to complain; for having loſt all, they yet retain ſhame which tieth the hands of their poverty, and hindereth them from ſtretching them out to the cruel rich, from whom they expect nothing but deniall. Know we not, how in certain places men many times have run up and down the ſtreets armed with fury and rage for bread, and have ſnatched (as it were) out of bloud and flames a nouriſhment worſe then death? Know we not, there are many who have been divers dayes without bread? And how often have others eaten ſuch as they were fain to ſhut their eyes when they put it in their mouths? Are we ignorant, that certain mothers have proſtituted their daughters out of a curſed and vitious conſtraint to help their miſeries? Their hands peradventure had been more mercifull, if they had hewed them in pieces before they ſacrificed them to diſhonour; but, behold whither the tyranny of Avarice and Prodigality have tranſported the affairs of Chriſtendome! What rock would not be mollified among ſo many direfull objects? What eye of ice would not melt amidſt ſuch ſpectacles of diſaſtres? Will you not then in your houſes eſtabliſh the ſacrifice of Mercy, which God would have to be perpetuall? Will you not conſider what you may do without much prejudicing your revenues? Will you expect death to do good, and to make your torch to be carried after you? They who have renounced Faith, Truth, and light (I mean Hereticks) have not renounced mercy: they exhauſt themſelves for their faction, and many times do acts of liberality to ours, who help the poor. But what ſay I? Hereticks? The Turks in their ſalvage life give the Tenth part of their goods to the poor. There are ſome who build fountains, and pay men wages to give drink to paſſengers; and ſome thereto add camels to carry their ſardels. Will it not be a great honour to you at the day of judgement, if perſiſting in this inhumanity, you ſee your ſelf worſe then the Infidels, and that the Character of Chriſtianity hath ſerved you for no other purpoſe, but to reproch you in the eternity of your pains with the exorbitance of your Infamy? Good God, divert this miſery from thy ſervants: and ſince thou ſo freely haſt opened thy heart unto them; Let them never ſhut up the bowels of their Compaſſion againſt thy brethren who are the poor.

FINIS.

HISTORICALL
OBSERVATIONS

Upon the Four Principall

PASSIONS,

VVhich are as Four DEVILS, Disturbers

OF THE

HOLY COURT.

Printed, M. DC. L.

To the Reader.

Dear Reader,

I Here find that which Job, the first Writer of the world, saith that our thoughts are as the Branches of our soul which multiply and extend as farre as their Root giveth them vigour and nutriment. You see, the affection you have shewed to these Books of the Holy Court, hath served for vitall humours to my wit; to produce many discourses; and with much labour, to undertake that which I supposed to be profitable and satisfactory for you, which I have ever more esteemed then my own repose.

When I thought I was at the end of my design, you have caused me to set forth a fourth Tome, wherein I conceive I have comprized all the secrets of humane life in the moderation of Passions. It would here have been fit for me to end, were it not that some Lords and Ladies, who make up a part of this innocent Court by the good example of their lives, are not fully satisfied unlesse I afford them Histories. This then hath moved me, to crown these Treatises with most select Historicall Observations, to expose to view the disorder which ill rectified Passions introduce, and the profits they bring when they are ranged under the laws of discretion. I meant expresly to have drawn them almost all out of our own History, for two reasons; whereof the one is, That the Passions of Infidels of Antiquity, and even those of many other Christian Nations have passages too full of horrour and brutishnesse: But ours, albeit they have extravagancies inconsiderate enough, are more within limits ordinary to nature corrupted by sinne. The second is, that writing this to the Court of France, I propose to my self I should more efficaciously perswade by domestick Examples which are partly already known to our Countrey-men, then by forreign and unheard of Histories.

Now all Passions of the Court relate to four Principall, which are Love; Desire of Honours and Pleasures of the world; Anger alwayes animated to Revenge; and Envy which draggeth along with it the black Passions of Jealousie, Sadnesse, and Despair: I will content my self to pursue these Tracts, scoring out unto you the disastres of such as have yielded to these Motives, and the felicity of others who have gloriously surmounted them; And to add a pleasing variety to this last piece, I will conclude with many short and remarkable Examples suited to those four mentioned Passions.

THE DISASTERS OF SUCH

As have yielded to the Pasion

OF LOVE.

AND

The Glory of Souls, which have overcome it.

1. LEt us begin with that Passion which is the Source of the rest, and which in all times hath caused trouble among men, to give a ground to our discourse. The children of great *Clodoveus*, became not so soon tractable to the severity of Christian manners, but suffered themselves very often to be transported with very violent exorbitancies, and particularly with unlawful loves; which caused ill example in their house, and great disorder throughout their Kingdome.

Gregory of Tours l. 4.

Gregory of Tours observeth sordid and shamefull affections in the person of King *Caribert* grand-child of *Clodoveus*, which cast an Eclipse upon the lights of the Diademe of this great King, and could never be rooted out but by patience, by prayers, and by the effects of the puissant hand of God.

The plot of Queen Ingobergua to cure her husbands passion, succeedeth ill out of too much affectation.

Queen *Ingobergua*, who knew the humours of her husband to be addicted to inconsiderate love, and who was jealous enough of her bed, took not among her attendant Ladies those nymphs of the Court which are full of attractives, and deserve admiration: but purposely chose out base and despicable wayters, thinking it was a singular remedy against the Kings malady. She had at that time in her Court and service two daughters of a Clothworker, the eldest of which was called *Marcovessa*, and the youngest *Miresseur*. *Caribert* (whose love was more lustfull then ambitious) became desperately in love, and courted them to the prejudice of his honour and wedlock, which wounded the soul of the Queen with a very sensible arrow, seeing the havock this passion made in the mind of this Monarch. Jealousie suggesteth her a trick which seemed sufficient to divert him from his infamous servitude; if this passion might be cured by another, and that a jealous woman did not irritate the wounds of love by its proper remedies. She calleth the Father of her two servants, & commanded him secretly to practise his trade in some corner of the Court, whither she very cunningly brought his Majesty, to make him see the base extraction of his Mistresses, and to throw shame & confusion upon him. But he (who at distance saw this wile coming towards him, and the solemn preparation of it) was displeased, saying, that if nothing were wanting but nobility to render these maids worthy of his love, he would sufficiently ennoble them by his person, and that it onely belonged to him to raise inferiour things, by loving them: and as great ones will rather be flattered in their passions, then censured; instantly he made a shamefull divorce with the Queen contrary to laws both divine and humane, to take to wife the younger of these sisters which was *Miresseur*. But, love (which being of its nature a slave faileth not to be disdainfull) quickly put a distaste of her unto him, to make him look after the elder who seemed the more modest, and wear a religious habit; whether desirous to enflame love by this pretext (which ordinarily is eagre to pursue all it can least obtein) or whether she did it to give lesse advantage and suspicion to the jealous spirit of Queen *Ingobergua*: The fire of Concupiscence (which spareth not to enflame Linsey-wolsey, as well as Satin) continually blowed by the wind of ambition (which promised this creature a giddy Fancy of a Crown) burnt so strongly; that this spirit (which had more cunning then beauty) caused so much madnesse to creep into the heart of this miserable king, that he resolved to marry her; which he did, qualifying a prodigious whoredome with the title of wedlock. The Queen was ready to dy, and addresseth her complaints to God, and men.

The Bishops, who were assembled in the Councell of Tours in favour of her, made Canons against incestuous marriages; but the Canons at that time were not strong enough against the arrows of love. S. *Germain* Bishop of Paris sent forth thunders of excommunication; but passion armed with authority made no more account of them then of flying fires, which are quenched in their birth. God thereto put his hand by the prayers of the Church, and took away this religious woman by a horrible and sudden death which affrighted the King, and he in the end conceived shame and sorrow for his fault, deriving his salvation out of necessity, since he could not gain it from the glory of his resistance. That which remained him of life was short and miserable, and his passion having rendred him contemptible to his own subjects, he quickly left Crown and Scepter to pay a tribute to his Tombe.

2. Another kind of foolish love appeared in the government of young *Meravæus*, which I will here relate, as being able to minister matter of terrour to youth which takes liberty in clandestine marriages. King *Chilperic* his father happened to bear away the bloody spoil of his brother *Sigebert* who had been traiterously murthered by the subtile practises of *Fredegond*, when he was come to the Eve of his triumph. The famous *Brunhault* widow of the deceased King (as yet) very young was become a party of this miserable booty; and saw her precious liberty enthralled in the hands of her brother in law, and sister, who was born for vengeance, and exercised in massacres. Her fortune represented nothing unto her but a thousand images of terrour; and the cruelty of her adversaries made her

Gregory of Tours l. 5.

apprehend all that which notable miſchievous wickedneſſe can do, when it hath the ſword of power in hand. Yet her bloud was ſpared to conſume her with languors, ſentence of her Captivity was pronounced, by giving her the City of Roan for priſon. A truſty man was ſought for to execute this Commiſſion, and the King caſt his eye on his ſon *Meroveus* a young Prince of a nature ſweet and facile, & endowed with excellent parts which made him to be beloved, and beheld (as a riſing ſtar) by all the eyes of France. This was to put fire too near to ſtubble, not conſidering that the calme of ſuch natures is ordinarily the moſt turmoiled with ſtorms of love. So ſoon as *Brunhault* (who according to the relation of S. *Gregory* of Torus was a very beautyfull and well ſpoken Princeſſe) began to unciel her eyes which had hitherto been drenched in a deluge of tears; ſhe appeared to *Meroveus* as a bluſhing Morn which raiſeth the more fair after a ſhower; and the arrow of love ſharpned by compaſſion made ſuch flames to ſparkle in his heart, that he was enforced to quench them with his bloud. He ſaw himſelf the captive of his fair priſoner, and already well felt he was not born to be predominant over a beauty ſo triumphant. The eaſineſſe of his nature ſuffered him not to be long in reſolving to give way to his paſſion. He inſtantly declares himſelf and coloureth his requeſt with the title of marriage. *Brunhault* gives ear, (whether for the love of *Meroveus*, or whether out of the hatred of *Fredegond* his mother) ſuppoſing it was an opportunity to carry fire very far into the Royall race.

A notable example of Meroueus to dievrt youth from licentious mariages.

They ſecretly marry, the Nephue eſpouſeth the Aunt, by a crime unheard; Love is their Pope and King, from whom they take diſpenſation and leave. Fury conceiveth this marriage: Timerity ſigneth it; but miſery ſealeth the contract. *Meroveus* returneth from Roan ſtil hiding his fire under the aſhes. He gives account of his commiſſion. The King his father reſolveth to ſend him to take poſſeſſion of Guyenne, which he judged to be fallen unto him by the death of *Sigebert*. He feigneth to depart from the Court with intention to go to Bourdeaux, but the countrepoiſe of love inſenſibly carryed him to Roan, and he haſteneth to court his pretended ſpouſe, and forgets all cares and affairs, to pleaſe his paſſion: which being not kept with in the limits of moderation, made a great noyſe, and was carried to the ears of the Court. King *Chilperic* went to Roan with an army to quench the fire in its beginning, thinking there was ſome notable plot contrived againſt his ſtate; but he finds theſe lovers had no other arms, but thoſe of Cupid; and that the exceſſe of their paſſion had given them ſo little leiſure to think on their own ſafety, that ſeeing themſelves beſet by ſouldiers, they had recourſe to altars which were then ſecure refuges: for the miſerable *Chilperic* durſt not violate Sanctuaries in the preſence of *Pretextatus* Biſhop of Roan, a man courageous and zealous for things divine. He promiſed himſelf to take this new married Couple by the want of victuall, and other naturall neceſſities But he ſeeing the buſineſſe to be drawn, at length patience ſlips from him, and he made them to come out of the Church, with promiſe of impunity. His ſoul was ſoftned, ſeeing a young Queen, a widdow; and miſerable by the cruelty of his wife. Nature pleadeth in his heart for his own bloud, he embraceth them both with tears in his eyes: and (not to affright them) enterteins them with fair hopes; & whileſt they little think of it, he ſends *Brunhault* into Auſtraſia her own Countrey, and keeps *Meroveus* under good and ſure guard, judging one could not well truſt him if he were at his own diſpoſe. In the mean time *Fredegonda*, immeaſurably diſpleaſed with the proceedings of this affair, and ſuppoſing the King her husband went on too remiſſly; made it a great crime of ſtate, and of manifeſt conſpiracy: wherein ſhe involved the Archbiſhop *Pretextatus*. He was *Meroveus* his God-father, & could not but have ſome tenderneſſe towards this Prince his God-child, which being ſiniſterly interpreted, drew much miſery upon him. He with his moveables and papers were ſeized on, where they found certain packets of Queen *Brunhaults*, which ſtrengthened the ſuſpition they conceived to his prejudice. He is ſent for to an aſſembly of Biſhops, where the King coming in chargeth him with the crime of rebellion, accuſing him to have withdrawn the people from their obedience, to crown his ſon; and thereupon roundly required the Prelates that juſtice might be done according to holy Canons. The witneſſes are heard, and confronted, who do not throughly enough prove the crime whereof he was accuſed. *Pretextatus* juſtifieth himſelf by a ſolemne proteſtation of his innocency, which cauſed compaſſion in many. But theſe Prelates aſſembled were partly weak, and partly ſold to ſerve the Kings paſſions; there was almoſt none but *Gregory* of Torus who having an invincible ſpirit in a little body encouraged the whole Aſſembly to the deſence of the truth; the menacies of the King, and murthering flatteries of Queen *Fredegonde* being unable to ſhake his conſtancy; Other batteries were likewiſe made to ruine a man half dead, by ſtirring up againſt him divers calumnies from which he very happily vindicated himſelf; untill at length ſome treacherous Biſhops counſelled him to accuſe himſelf (by way of humiliation) of the offence of ſtate which was objected againſt him. They told him he muſt not appear too juſt before his Maſter; that it was not reaſonable the King ſhould receive an affront in this affair; that he was a mild Prince who would *Pretextatus* ſhould owe his ſafety to his clemency, and that he no ſooner could ſpeak one word of confeſſion but he ſhould be freed from this vexation, and reſtored to his Dignity. The unfortuante Prelate (giving ear to the hiſſing of ſerpents) made his tongue the ſnare of his ſoul, and owned an imaginary crime, to undergo a reall unhappineſſe. He had no ſooner pronounced the word, but the King tranſported with exceſſive joy proſtrated himſelf on his knees before the aſſembly of Biſhops, demanding that his robe (for ignominy) ſhould be cut off, and the execrations (thundring againſt *Judas*) to be pronounced over him. The compaſſion of ſome procured moderation therein. Nevertheleſſe he was inſtantly degraded, condemned to baniſhment, and delivered to the Kings Guard, who lead him to a little deſert Iſland near the city of Conſtance in Normandy, whence he eſaped to be in the end maſſacred by the practiſes of Q. *Fredegonde*.

This ſtep-mother was not content to ſee *Meroveus* confined to a priſon, but ſhe violently urged he might be ſhaven, and ſhut in a Monaſtery, which was executed. But it is a great errour to think to make a religious man by holding a poignard to his throan, and by taking hair from his head when the conſent of his heart cannot be had. The thoughts (which according to the Interpreters of Scripture are as the hairs of the ſoul) were not taken away by the roots from this miſerble *Samſon*. They much perſecuted him about his paſſed Loves, that he quickly forſook Cowl and Monaſtery, to begin new ſirs. He went directly to Torus, (which gave much trouble to good Saint *Gregory*) and ſpent nights upon the tomb of Saint *Martin*, faſting and praying to have a revelation which might promiſe him a crown. But ſeeing *Chilperic* purſued him with armed hand, he fled from town to town, and from Sanctuary to Sanctuary, finding not any one who would ſupport his rebellion. In the end he gets into Auſtraſia, and returneth to the embracements of his Spouſe, as it were to end himſelf in thoſe eyes which had enkind-

led

led his first flames. But the cunning Queen (considering that her subjects were raised in alarms upon his comming, and fearing she might draw upon them the totall storm of *Chilperics* arms, preferred reasons of state before those of love,) besought him to retire. They of Tours (who were suspected by the King for having first of all favoured his flight) thinking not to find their own safety but in his ruine, called him back again under colour to support his arms, and to become of his side. The Prince (in whom passion caused a continuall drunkennesse of Reason) being more easie to believe, then prudent to examine reasons, turned towards them; and presently found himself caught in their snare. When seeing himself betraied and ready to be delivered into the hands of his Father, and stepmother (whom he more feared then a Panther) he addressed himself to *Geilan* his confident friend, and prayed him to give an end to his miserable life, sith having found so much infidelity in his beloved, treachery in his friends, and crueltie in his father, there nothing remained for him but a Tomb to bury all his miseries. The other thinking to do him great service, thrust his sword into his body, and separated his soul. Which may be a fearfull example for youth, to make them for ever to abhor the charms of love.

Paulus Æmilius.

That of *Carloman* was as light, (although it had not, so long a sequele of accidents.) *Paulus Æmilius* recounteth that this young Prince, accustomed to sottish and sordid love, having in a street perceived a creature which to him seemed handsome; he began to follow her being mounted on his horse; but the maid very chaste (to avoid his courtships) cast her self speedily into a house, whither *Carloman* (spurring his horse) desperately followed her, not observing that the door of the house was too low; which smote him, and stroke him down so unfortunately, that he left both love and life. It was a direfull thing to see so great a Prince to die in jeast: but the sports of this passion are ordinarily bloudy, and *Venus* came from a sea of water, to swim in a sea of bloud.

Concilia Gallicana tom. 3.

3. I will here also let you see the effect of a passion (to all extremity) dissolute and scandalous, which made a great noise throughout all Christendome, and will serve to make men detest the wickednesse of such as break conjugall bands, to satisfie their lust. The young Emperour *Lotharius*, grand-child of *Lewis* the Courteous, loved in his younger years a Lady, much mentioned in the Epistles of Popes, under the name of *Valdrada*. She had a commanding beauty, was of a humour full of attractives and wiles, which surprized the young Prince with an affection so strong and catching, that after a thousand crosses he could not be unlooked from it, but by death. Nevertheless, Time and Reason inviting him to think upon a lawfull marriage; he espoused *Theutbergue* a beautifull and virtuous Princesse, who was thought fit to quench the fire of his unchaste love, and hereafter to enkindle his heart with flames more chaste and happy. But fascinated by his evil Genius, he presently took an aversion against his wife, being seldome personally with her; and perpetually in mind, and affection with her, who had laid hold of his first love. Whether it were that this audacious woman imperiously ruled over him, (as a man timorous in his passions, who durst not yet confidently do a mischief) or whether he were sufficiently disposed thereunto by the violence of his love; he undertakes a very scandalous businesse, which was to unmarry himself, falsly imputing adultery and barrennesse to his wife. The criminall processe is handled in the Ecclesiasticall Court; *Gontier* Archbishop of Collen, who had great power and great faults, supporteth the Princes part what he might, & having won *Theutgard* Archbishop of Trew on his side,

Scandalous love of the Empetour Lotharius, and Valdrada.

he drags along souls set to sale by a torrent of authority to which none make resistance. The innocent *Theutbergue* is condemned in two pestilent Synods, and handled as a prostitute, the Crown is taken from her and put on *Valdrada's* head, who appeared with a marvellous pomp, whilest the other groaned under the ashes of a publick penance. The chaste Princesse, who not so much regarded eminent wedlocks as the honour of her purity (which she meant to preserve to her tomb) appealed to the Pope, which at that time was *Nicholas* the first, and wrote mournfull letters to him, able to rent rocks asunder. The common Father of Christendome heareth her complaints animated by truth, and deputeth two Legates to do her right. These Prelates had not courage enough to decide the matter; and seeing themselves upon one side assailed by their conscience, and on the other, besieged by the powerfull contentions of *Lotharius* and two Archbishops, they found out a way how to wash their hands from this judgement, They shew, that since two Provinciall Councels had passed upon it, and that the Archbishops *Gontier*, and *Theutgard* had born sway therein; it were good that the same men took pains to go to Rome to let the Pope see the acts of those two assemblies, and to justifie all their proceedings. These two Prelates (who thought nothing was impossible to their credit) refused not the commission. They go armed with impostures and tattle, to oppresse truth, and overwhelm innocency. The Pope, a clear-seeing and charitable man, interessed himself in the cause, and in full assembly discovereth their jugling, with such vigour and perspicuity, that all the Fathers cast their stone at them. The mischief they meant against the innocent *Theutbergue* falls back upon their own heads; they are excommunicated, degraded, deprived of their offices and benefices, to be reduced to the communion of Lackies. Never did men practise a mischief with more unluckinesse, and lesse successe. A Legate is dispatched to annull all they had done, which was the courageous *Arsenius*, who caused all the processe to be reviewed, drave away the impudent *Valdrada*, restored her honour to Queen *Theutbergue*, and tied her marriage with an indissoluble knot. Nevertheless this judicious Lady, well foreseeing that those loves (which are re-enkindled with the fires of S. *Peters* thunders, would neither be happy nor faithfull for her) saith, she was satisfied to have put her honour into safegard, and that having observed so much evil disposition in her husband, and treachery in the world, she desired to spend the rest of her dayes with God. *Lotharius* was transported with joy upon this news, and addressed an humble supplication to the Pope, shewing he had obeyed his commandments; being dutifully bent to take his wife again: but since the piety of this Princesse, who is not born for worldly matters, is suggested with the thought of entering into religion; it would please him to favour her generous purpose; & to give him leave to marry *Valdrada*, wch would be a means, to take away all the sin & scandall of his miserable life. The holy Father answers, that he much commended the charity he had towards queen *Theutbergue* his spouse; but that it was fit this good affection might begin in himself, and should he throughly resolve to enter into a Monastery, the permission he required for his wife should hinder nothing. This answer confounded him, and seeing that of two wives, he was despised by the one, and interdicted from the other; he lived in the world as a man without soul or contentment. Mean while, he hoped that God calling *Theutbergue*; he at least should then have all facility in his marriage with *Valdrada*: but the Pope, considering the evil practises of this lustfull love which had scandalized all Christendome, and the former usage of his wife; he let him understand that this match was for ever

forbidden. Provoked desire burns to fury: and he again beginneth a most notorious whoredome, since he could not colour it with the title of marriage. Thereupon menaces and thunders from Rome follow, and the name of *Valdrada* is mentioned in all excommunications reiterated one after another. The miserable *Lotharius* seeing himself crossed by God and men, perpetually pricked with remorse of conscience, resolved to take a journey to Rome; and to present himself to *Hadrian* the second, successour of *Nicholas*, and to get his absolution, and to mediate the affair of his marriage; his heart still propending towards her, whom he so unfortunately had loved. The Pope harkened to him, and received him to penance, and disposed himself to say Masse, wherein he was fully to finish the affair of his reconciliation. When he came to the instant of Communion, he takes the venerable Hoast in his hand, and addresseth himself to king *Lotharius* and all his complices ready to communicate, and sayes to them, Sir, if it be true, that, having renounced your unchaste loves, you this day do present your submissions to God and to the Church in all sincerity; come near, you and yours to this blessed Sacrament with all confidence in the mercy of God: But, if you still retein the old Leaven of your inordinate affections; get you from the Altar both you and all those who have served you in this businesse, if you will not be involved in the vengeance of God. This speech was a stroke of thunder that affrighted the king and his followers, and which made many of them instantly to retire. *Lotharius* was ashamed to go back; and albeit he yet felt the flames of his love to burn in his heart; yet failed he not to passe further with his greatest intimates and friends. From that time not any one of those who had unworthily communicated had any health; all miserably died, and the poor *Lotharius*, returning from his voyage, found the end of his life and direfull passion in the city of Placentia: *Valdrada* submitting her self to a just penance obteined absolution from Pope *Adrian*. *Gontier* and *Theutgard* seeing themselves deposed without hope of recovery, armed their pens against the Pope to no purpose. But afterward, *Gontier* made great submission that he might be reestablished; yet obteined not what he desired: for it was answered him that it was from respect of honour and temporall gain that all these humiliations proceeded; and therefore it were much better for him to persever in the exercise of his penance, which was so much the more bitter unto him for that he had in the beginning of this businesse prostituted his Niece to King *Lotharius* under the hope of marriage, which his ambition figured to him. So true it is that God chasticeth vice with a rod of Iron, in such as too near approch the Sanctuary.

Valdrada is not alone (among the Ladies of the old Court) who hath made her self to be talked of in so ill a sense. Love appeared as weak and shamefull in *Ogine* Queen of France, Mother of *Lewis Outremer*, who transported with fooliſh affection married her self to a young gallant named *Heribert*, sonne of him who had betrayed and imprisoned *Charls* the simple, her husband.

Annals of France. 5. The like passion was scandalous in the time of *Philiple Pel* in three noble Princesses married to three sons of France; who were all accused of unchastity by their own husbands. and fell into horrible disasters, to teach women of quality, in what account they ought to hold the honour of chastity.

6. But verily never any thing in this kind did equal the exorbitancy of Queen *Eleanor*, who renounced France which had eyes too chaste to tolerate her disorders. She going along to the conquest of the holy land, with King *Lewis* the young her husband, lost piety and reputation, resigning her self to the love of a Sultan Sarazin, the turbant, nor dusky colour of a hideous man being able to stay the fury of her passion. She was the daughter of *William* the last Duke of Aquitane, who in his time was a scourge of mankind; he alone at one meal did eat as much as eight men; and this vast body filled with wine and viands burnt like a Fornace, throwing out flames of choler and lust on all sides. S. *Bernard* knocked him down like a Boar; foaming at his feet, presenting the holy Hoast before him, and by that miracle made a Hermit of him. His daughter imitating his evil habits, had no part in his conversion, living in all liberty. Which was the cause that the King, under colour of affinity, made his match with her to be broken, and restored *Guyenne* to her which she brought. This bold woman, not amazed at this divorce; espouseth *Henry* of England, a man as passionate as she, where she found a terrible businesse, when (her unquiet spirit, powerfully bustling in affairs of state, and the interests of her husbands children) she saw her self shut up in a prison, where she lay for the space of fourteen years in rage and languours, which put a penance upon her more irksome to her humour, then it proved profitable to her soul.

Good God! what heavie horrours, what Tragedies, and what scourges of God do alwayes fall on sin! What a pleasing spectacle it is to see, amidst such confusions, victories gained over evil love!

The honour the French have born to the virtue of Chastity. 7. It is very true, that he who would recount the remarkable acts of chastity, resplendent in the Court of France, and especially among Ladies, for one (who ought to be forgotten) a thousand might be found, who had lived with very singular testimonies of Integrity: but it is certain that Historians have an itch to set down mischiefs and crimes rather then virtues; which is the cause, that when so many honourable women walk in the beaten track of a well ordered life, we no more admire it then the ordinary course of the Sun: But if one step awry, all curious eyes look on her as on a star in Eclipse.

Yet in so great a negligence of Historians to write the rare effects of modesty, we do not want good arguments which testifie the love our nation hath in all ages born to purity.

8. *Nicetas* a Greek Authour (in the lamentations of the city of Constantinople taken by the French) cannot hold from admiring *Baldwin* the conquerour thereof, who, entring into a vanquished City wherein there were many beauties, never did he cast so much as one wanton glance; beginning his triumph from the victory he got over himself: and that which he practised in his own person, he caused to be exactly observed among his attendants, commanding his Heralds twice in a week to proclaim throughout the Imperiall Palace, that all such as should have any ill purpose towards the chastity of Ladies, and meant to debauch the wife of another, were to take heed under grievous penalties never to lodge within the circuit of the house. Verily this is a rare example of integrity, able to shame the nobility so much defamed by giddy and base luxury, which hath blasted the lustre of its conquests, and not spared to raise up bloudy tragedies which still make Historians to lament.

Baronius ad annum 499. 9. *Clodoveus* who brought not virginity from Paganisme so much honoured virgins, that, in the liberty of arms, he permitted not any to touch either their bodies or lands. He bare a singular reverence to S. *Genevieſue* who made profession of this angelicall virtue; he willingly gave ear to her request, and often granted her what he had denied the greatest in his kingdome, even to the drawing of offendours from the gates of hel who had already the executioners ax over their heads.

10. *Gon-*

Greg. Turon. l. 9. c. 27

10. *Gontranus* his grand-child made himſelf much worthy of praiſe by a notable act he did in the behalf of Chaſtity. It happened that in his time, one *Amalon* Count of *Champaine* (who no more ſpared the honour of Virgins then his own, of which he was infinitely prodigall) cauſed a Virgin as fair as chaſte to be taken, that he might diſhonour her. Whilſt he expected the ſucceſſe of this theft, he feaſted and drank (according to his cuſtome) immoderately. Wine, which enkindleth concupiſcence, quenched it in him by reaſon of his exceſſe: and whilſt he more thought upon ſleep then love; this poor unfortunate victime was ſtoln into his bed with all menaces and violences that fury could invent. The poor Virgin ſeeing this *Holophernes* was faſt aſleep thought it were not amiſſe to renew the Hiſtory of *Judith*, to vindicate her honour from this gulf whereinto the craft of this treacherous man had precipitated her: ſhe takes a ſword which hung at the beds-head, draweth it out of the ſcabbard, and gave him a wound on the head, which awakened him from this dead-ſleep, and made him cry out Murder. His ſervants ſpeedily ran thither and were ready to knock down this Amazon, when the other, touched with remorſe of conſcience, hindered it, and gave her leaſure to eſcape through the throng of the people. The wound (being mortal) quickly carried him out of the world after he had had ſome time to deteſt his ſin. But his kindred and allies ſought for nothing but to cut this young *Judith* in pieces, who had dared to lift up a ſword againſt a man of ſo eminent quality. Wherefore ſhe had recourſe to King *Gontranus*, and proſtrated her ſelf at his feet, telling him all the ſtory which had paſſed between the Count and her. The King hearkned to her, and freed her, taking her into his protection, againſt all ſuch as would enterpriſe upon her life, or honour.

11. *Lewis* the Courteous conſecrated his Kingdome by the honour he gave to chaſtity, reſolving not to enter into his father *Charlemaignes* palace, until it was ſanctified. He inſtantly baniſhed thence all thoſe plagues (which laid ſnares for the honour of the Princeſſes his ſiſters; repleniſhing his whole Royal palace with a holy odour of virtue and reputation.

Vita S. Ludovici.

12. S. *Lewis* may ſerve for an Example to all Princes, inaſmuch as may concern the continency of the married. To baniſh all Love-toyes from his heart; he reſolved perfectly to love the Queen his wife, whom he eſpouſed in his moſt tender years, and both of them lived and converſed with ſo much integrity, ſweetneſſe, and admiration, that one would have thought them a pair of Angels on earth. The husband ſecretly ſtole into the chamber of his dear ſpouſe; and much he feared to be met by the Queen his mother who ſeemed (to ſuch as did not well underſtand her intentions) to be ſomewhat jealous to ſee them together. But to ſay truly, ſhe managed theſe interviews in their tender youth, that their health might not be prejudiced, and their marriage might become the more fruitfull. And the good King, to give her no cauſe of ſuſpicion, had little dogs in the lobby of purpoſe that they might bark and afford him leaſure to ſave himſelf, and not be ſurprized by the diligence of *Blaunch*, in the Queens chamber. His love was accompanied with ſo much reſpect and confidence, that he diſpatched not any buſineſſe without communicating it with her; in ſuch ſort, that when he was to conclude the conditions of his deliverance with the Sarazens; he freely told them, he could not ſign them without the advice of the Queen his wife, who was not farre off. At which theſe Barbarians were much amazed; but he anſwered them, it onely belonged to them to account their vvives for ſlaves, and that his, vvas his Lady and Miſtreſſe.

Conjugall Chaſtity of S. Lewis.

13. Our moſt Chriſtian King (an imitatour of S. *Lewis* in the virtue of purity) poſſeſſeth it in ſuch a degree, that in him it more dependeth on a gift from God then the temper of man. Praiſes are often given to Princes, which are as colours in the air, and have no foundation in their merit; but this hath taken ſuch an incorruptible root in the integrity of his manners, that it will never die; which might miniſter matter for me here to enlarge, had I reſolved to write a Panigyrick, and not a Hiſtory which treateth of things paſt, as Prophecy, thoſe which are to come.

14. I think I have ſufficiently touched in the firſt and ſecond Tome the notable acts of *Charles* the Eighth, and *Chevallier Bayard*; and I am confident, Hiſtory will never ſuffer the auſterities of holy K. *Robert* to die; who to mortifie concupiſcence ſometimes lay on the boards the ſeven whole weeks before Eaſter.

Helgaldus Monachus Floriacenſis

15. I do not account them contemptible, who having not had the happineſſe to live in this great purity of S. *Lewis*, have not ſpared to reſiſt love which had formerly maſtred them. *Dagobert*, a young King bred in all virtue, by the care and zeal of S. *Arnold* his Tutour, took liberty in vice very irregularly, ſo ſoon as this grave directour had obtained leave to retire from the Court. There are ſpirits which reſemble the wooden Dove of *Archytas* the Philoſopher, which flew by engines whilſt they had their operation, and ſoared in the air; but ſo ſoon as they ceaſed, it trailed the wing on the earth. Such was our *Dagobert*, who perpetually having this worthy man *Arnold* by his ſides; he ſpake as an Oracle, and lived like an Angel. There was not any thing more chaſte, more devout, and more affable: which was the cauſe that his Tutour, thinking there was no more need of him about his perſon, urgently entreated he might be permitted to withdraw into the Countrey, which the King gain-ſaid, even to the expreſſion of anger, if he ſpake any more of this retreat. Nevertheleſſe, redoubling his importunities, he prevailed; and ſo ſoon as he was ſeparated from his ſcholar; he, who before, was a dove with wings of ſilver, and who in acts of virtue took a ſtrong and confident flight, ſuffered himſelf to fall into the mire with a ſcandal as ſhamefull, as the exceſſe was violent. Luſt aſſaulteth, and on all ſides beſieges him. Licencious youth takes poſſeſſion of his ſoul, and continually blows love and beauty into his ears. It many times hapneth that the paſſions of young men which have been too ſeverely reſtrained, ſo ſoon as they have found paſſage, do the more violently overflow, as if nature went about to take revenge upon art and precepts. They muſt ſometime be ſhewed the world with contempt, they muſt be enured againſt its aſſaults, they muſt be prepared againſt its deceits, that they be not like fooliſh pigeons which have never ſeen any thing but ſuffer themſelves to be taken with the firſt baits. S. *Arnold*, who was a man that breathed nothing but wilderneſſes, in my opinion held the ſpirit of *Dagobert* in a life too much reſtrained, which, in the firſt approach of liberty, flew out into moſt violent extravagancies. He preſently took an averſion againſt Queen *Gomatrade* his wife, and in a liberty of doing all which flatterers told him fell to him as an inheritance; he durſt to repudiate her, and take a young Lady named *Ragintrude*, whom he moſt affectionately loved. Luſt is the throat of Hell, which never ſayes It is enough; and when ſhame hath no bridle to with-hold it, it makes no difference between things ſacred and profane; and the greateſt crimes paſſe with it, as matters indifferent. This love is not content with common paſſion; he entreth into Cloyſters, and takes a virgin out of a Monaſtery who had begun to dedicate her ſelf to God. To her he addeth many others, and makes a little Seraglio of his palace. All *France* groaned to ſee ſo ſudden and deplorable a change of life in

Notable victory of Dagobert againſt love. Paulus Æmil. Haymonius.

their King. S. *Arnold* is invited by ſome good men again to viſit his young plant, and to take in hand the raines of the Kings direction, which he had forſaken; but whether he were charmed by the ſweetneſſe of his ſolitude, or whether he feared he ſhould have no favourable admiſſion after ſo ſolemn a leave; (which he with ſo much importunity had begged) he would not hearken to it, rather chooſing to ſend his ſighs to the ears of God then the Kings. S. *Amand* determines to undertake the matter, which he did with Eccleſiaſtick vigour, and a moſt undoubted confidence; but the ſick man was too tender to endure a tongue armed with ſword and fire; ſo farre was he from diſpoſing himſelf to remedies, that he could not ſuffer ſo much as the preſence of his Phyſician, cauſing him to be ſent into another countrey. *Pepin* of Landen, who was the prime man in the Court, thought fit to inſtill ſome good counſel and ſage words as occaſion offered; but the King, tranſported with the exorbitancy of his youth, told him he was a troubleſome man, of whom it were fit to rid the world, ſince he was ſo hardy as to cenſure the innocent delights of his Maſter. For which cauſe, this great pillar of ſtate, ſhaken by the ſtorm of a violent paſſion, much tottered, and was very near to have been thrown down. The Reverence wherewith his virtue was honoured, (which proceeded almoſt to veneration) ſaved him to reſerve his reaſons for a better diſpoſition. During this time the Queen dieth, and the affections of *Dagobert* began to ſlacken either out of ſatiety or ſhame. This good Councellour layes hold of his opportunity, and takes him on the Biaſſe; ſhewing him, his honour and repoſe joyned with the good of the ſtate required of him a happy poſterity; and that it was a very eaſie matter for him, ſince he had honoured *Ragintrude* with his affections for her exquiſite beauty and the excellent gifts wherein ſhe ſurpaſſed, that he might take her to wife, and limit his love within lawfull wedlock, which would draw upon him the bleſſings of heaven, and the love of all his people. This ſpeech happily entred into the Kings heart, and he reſolved to follow the Counſel which was preſented him by ſo good a hand. He diſmiſſeth all the women which had tyrannized over his affection; he marrieth *Ragintrude*: and, as if in an inſtant ſome charm had been taken away; he in himſelf (by the hand of God) made ſuch a change, that his life was a Rule of virtue, and his converſion, a miracle. The Court which commonly followeth the inclinations of the Prince, took with him a quite other face; vice and vicious are thence baniſhed, and all virtues thither brought chaſtity as in triumph.

Rigordus. 16, I verily think, it is many times an act as hard and heroick, to free ones ſelf from a miery bog wherein to one by miſchance is fallen, as to live perpetually innocent. For which cauſe, I much eſteem the reſolution of *Philip* Gods-gift, who being in the beginning diſtaſted with *Engelbergue* his wife, after he had repudiated her, and taken *Mary* the daughter of the Duke of Moravia, out of a violent affection which long had embroiled him; he was ſuddenly converted, and laid hold of the occaſion of his ſalvation. The Complaints of the ſcandall he gave flew to Rome, and returned with Cenſures and Thunders. *Cenſus*, and *Meilleur* (two Legates ſent by the Holy Sea) durſt not touch this wound which they judged to be incurable. *Peter*, Cardinall of S. *Mary* abſolutely incenſed him, putting the Kingdome into interdict, and the King into deſpair, who vomited nought but choller and flames. Two other Legates deputed for a third triall proceeded therein with much ſweetneſſe, which ſo gained the ſoul of *Philip* that he began to ſubmit to reaſon. Yet the charms were ſo violent, that his reaſon thereby became infirm, and his conſtancy wavering. His buſineſſe was laſtly decided by a Synod, and it was dangerous leſt it might ſtirre up a ſtorm, when this Royall heart (which was come to plead before the Councel, and to diſpoſe of his affections to the heighth of his contentment (there wanting not to men of authority who flattered his paſſion) was ſuddenly touched, takes the Queen his wife, reconcileth himſelf to her, ſets her behind him on his horſe, carries her to his Palace, and cauſed to be ſaid to the Legates and the other Prelates aſſembled, that they had no more to do to trouble their heads any longer about his buſineſſe, for he had happily determined it. If *Henry* the eighth, King of England, had taken the ſame courſe; love would have been diſarmed, innovations hindered, concord eſtabliſhed, and all the diſaſters baniſhed out of England.

Great Triumph of Philip Gods-gift over himſelf. Laſtly; to conclude this diſcourſe, I verily think, never woman better mannaged love then Queen *Blanch* mother of S. *Lewis*. She was very lovely: and among thoſe great lights of perfection which encompaſſed her on all ſides; ſhe wanted not beauty, which was the cauſe that, continuing a widow in a flouriſhing age, there were Princes in her kingdome who durſt promiſe themſelves, that ſhe would reflect on them for a ſecond marriage. Among others, the Count of Champaign propoſed this good hap to himſelf, more then was to be believed, and ceaſed not to play the Courtier, even to the fitting his gallery with verſes and Emblems of the Queen. This prudent widow, who had to do with Great ones in the beginning of her authority of Regent, engaged not her ſelf to any, nor did ſhe likevviſe reject their ſuits: but ſo ſoon as ſome of them perceived ſhe had no purpoſe for them, they preſently took arms to diſturb the Kingdome, and leſſen the authority of the young King. The Count of Champaign ſaw himſelf by neceſſity embarked in the faction; but he had much ado to defend himſelf from the affection vvhich poſſeſſed him for this exquiſite beauty. For vvhich cauſe he pleaded like a lover, and betrayed his faction, diſcovering the things moſt important; vvhich gave Queen *Blanch* a great light to guard her ſelf from the vvicked enterpriſes of her enemies, and diſſipate all factions.

Obſervations upon the Paſsion of DESIRE.

Wherein we may behold the miſery of ambitious and turbulent Spirits.

Marvellous effects of the paſſion of Deſire. THE wind, which is an inviſible power, and which appears before our eyes no more then nothing, maketh tall ſhips to move, pulleth up trees by the roots, overthroweth houſes, exerciſing on land and ſea powers too-too viſible. Deſires, and hopes likewiſe (which, to ſay truely, are but imaginations almoſt unperceivable) vex empires, embroil ſtates, deſolate Cities and Provinces, and make havock, ſuch, as we cannot in thought conceive, nor can our eyes ever ſufficiently deplore.

It is a ſtrange thing, that from a little fountain-head which onely diſtilleth drops of vvater, great rivers grovv; and from a deſire vvhich inviſibly hatcheth in the heart of man, lofty ambitions, burning avarices, and enraged

raged covetousnesse proceed, which destroy mankind.

Our first desires respect body and life, which is the foundation of all the blessings we can hope in this world, and here it is wherein those who flourish in Empires and eminent fortunes shew passions and cares, able to make them immortall, if humane nature might reach to such a state.

Strange desire of life in Lewis the eleventh.

We all know that *Lewis* the eleventh was a Monarch, who, by the greatnesse of his wit and power, darkned all the Kings of his Time; but we likewise cannot be ignorant, that he had most ardent Passions which gave him infinite disturbances, the consideration whereof may serve Great ones for the establishment of their repose. Never any man more loved life, nor more feared death, then this mighty Prince; who seeing himself laden with infirmities, and assailed by old age, (a disease incurable) employed the whole power of an ample Kingdome to hold together a poor thread of life. There was not any remedy in the world which he tried not; there was no secret in physick which he opened not: his profusion caused him to give a Physician ten thousand crowns a moneth: and although this Monarch were one of the most eminent of his time, and that he sought nothing but to climb over the heads of Princes; yet he made himself a slave to *Hippocrates* his disciples, to idolatrize health. It is to be thought, if *Medea* had in his dayes returned into the world, he would have put himself into her hands, of purpose to wax young again, like another *Peleus*. So soon as he heard speech of a man who cured maladies by certain extraordinary wayes; needs must he come from the utmost limits of the earth: and for this cause he called S. *Francis de Paula* who drave away feavers and plagues from humane bodies with so much ease; yet could he not prolong the Kings dayes, whom God would punish by the privation of that he most loved. He also took the holy viol of Rhemes to keep it in his chamber, and therein to find treasures of life, which was bootlesse; to teach us there is no greater a Hang-man of our hearts, then inordinate ill rectified desire. The desire of life transported him to extraordinary actions. For having been all his life time very plain in apparell; towards his latter dayes when he went out of his chamber, he sumptuously clothed himself, he shuffled his officers, and changed them out of a certain desire of novelty, that it might be known, he was yet alive: he cared not to be curled so that men believ'd him to be living. Yet, if he had done all this to lead the life of a man, and of a King with some reasonable contentment; his cares might have been the more excusable. But all this great endeavour was but to drag along a miserable life among the distrusts of his neerest allies, among jealousies of his own sonne, among woodden and Iron cages wherein he kept a Bishop of Verdun for the space of fourteen years, among chains and clogges of Iron, (which he called his threads) among disconsolate sadnesses which they sought by all means to sweeten, one while making clowns to sport before him, another while furnishing out a musick of Hogs ranged under a pavillon of velvet, which they pricked through the ears with bodkins to make them chant forth their goodly warblings. What inventions doth a passionate man find out to prolong his punishments!

Next unto life, the most ardent desires are for wealth and honour, which make turbulent and busie spirits to disturb the whole world, without enjoying one hour of repose. One might as soon number the starres and the sands of the sea, as reckon up the souls of this kind, with which the Histories of all nations are stuffed. For, in matters that concern particular ends, you on every occasion see children bandied against their parents, and kinred in mutiny one against another, who bely their bloud, betray nature, and devour lands, bloudy and smoking for imaginary pretensions in the matter of their inheritance.

2. But it would be very hard to find a spirit more covetous, more factious, (and more tempestuous to encrease his estate) then was that of *Lotharius* the sonne of *Lewis* the Courteous: Hence it was that he shamefully degraded, shaved, and shut the King his Father in a Cloister: Hence, that he contrived so many matches, and ploted so many conspiracies: Hence, that he levied so many armies, and gave so many battells: Hence, that he ransack'd so many Churches, put the Clergy to ransome, threw down Justice, and exhausted the nobility. Hence it was, that he had alwayes an eye towards the field, and an armed hand to ruine the inheritance of his brothers: Lastly, hence proceeded that bloudy battel of Fontenay, where a hundred thousand men of account died in the place; so many rivers and seas of bloud must an outrageous ambition swim in, which is wedded to particular ends, and covetousnesse.

Prodigious victory which in the end Lotharius gained over himself after a great storm of passions in becoming Religious.

But howsoever it were, he by an unexpected miracle became victour over these two passions, when (after he had embroiled his whole life) he was sensibly touched with a divine inspiration, and forsook the crown of an Empire, to take that of a Cloister, changing his pride into humility, his impiety into devotion, and his ambition into penance. It is an Act which onely appertaineth to a Hand wholly divine, to draw light out of a Chaos, and pull this serpent out of his cavern; but it was likewise a most incomparable happinesse, to see him to die a good Religious man at the years-end, and to receive the Crown in the beginning of the Carreer, although it be not likely, that those grievous sinnes were so soon expiated, but that a good part of them were reserved for purifying flames.

Shallow and Fantastick ambitions.

3. Forasmuch as concerneth the diversity of ambitions; there are some shallow and fantastick which resemble that of a silly Trades-man in Constantinople, who gave all the wealth he had gathered in his whole life, that he might (but so much as one hour) wear the crown on his head, and play a King of the Cards on a stage, where he was used with all manner of scorn: Even so, many Courtiers suffer themselves desperately to runne into certain barren vanities, busying themselves about Genealogies, marriages, extractions, right and left lines; to find, in the Ashes of Troy the great, an ally of their bloud, and to make themselves diadems in picture.

Codinus in Relog.

Others are a little Hypocondriack, and have humours not unlike those of *Peregrinus*, who presented a letter of challenge in a great assembly of Grecians, inviting all the world to come and see him burn alive, wherein he failed not, throwing himself into the fire to gain the glory of a generous man. All our Gladiatours are in this state, who desire to make themselves famous by infamous Duels, and have a greater appetite to live in the fantasie of men (such as themselves) then in their own bodies.

Lucianus in Peregrino.

4. There are other covert desires of honour which sleep in the bosome of men consecrated to God, and enkindle their flames with the fire of the Incensory, which are much more subtile, and which devour, as fire from heaven.

The ambitions of Ecclesiasticks and Religious much more subtil.

5. This was verified under the reign of *Clotharius* in the person of *Crodielde* a religious woman of the Monastery of Saint *Crosse* of Poictiers. She was daughter of *Caribert*, and following the example of the Queen saint *Radegonde*, she had generously despised the world, to take a husband in the house of God: But, as these kind of persons are commonly treated with much honour and fair entertainment; their passions sleep like the

Crodielde daughter of King Caribert a Religious woman raiseth great troubles by her ambition.

the silk-worm folded up in its threads which in the end breaks its prison, becomes a butterfly, and flies aloft in the air.

She had a violent desire to hold the highest place, and to yield to none, as far as her power would extend. She patiently enough endured S. *Radegunde*, because she had been a Queen: but so soon as death had closed up her eyes, and that she saw, without any regard had of Royall bloud, *Leuboece* was chosen and confirmed for Abbesse of the Monastery; she brake her bands of silk which so tenderly tied her to the Crosse, awakened all her sleeping passions, took the wings of such an exorbitant ambition, that having opened the locks, and broken open the doors, she went out accompanied with *Basines* her Cousin, and fourty others, Religious Libertines, to provide for her self at Court, and to procure to be chosen Abbesse.

The good S. *Gregory* of Tours relateth, that she coming unto his City throughly wet, and much tired with her journey, besought him to take her and her virgins into his protection, against the violences of the Abbesse of Poictiers, who had treated her with all manner of indignity. She added that for this purpose she was going to the Court, and prayed him, that expecting her return, he would be pleased according to usuall charity to provide for the entertainment of all her religious women. The good Bishop, who was very busie about his studies, and the function of his charge, would not undertake the trouble of maintaining so many virgins, which he feared as much as a vast army; but entertained her very canonically, saying he could not approve her going forth, and that if she were offended with her Abbesse, she ought not therefore to forsake her Monastery without leave; but peaceably to inform *Morovens* the Bishop, who, by the obligation of his place, was to order all their differences. She, who would not hear speech of this man, answered; He marred all, and that order cannot be expected from the authour of disorder, so that, seeing S. *Gregory* nothing disposed to feed so many mouths; she provided elswhere, and went directly to her uncle King *Gontran*, leaving all her religious under the charge of *Basines*. *Gontran* received her very courteously, as his niece, and gave her many gifts; but, having well considered her businesse, he would not meddle with it, saying, It was an Ecclesiasticall affair; and that he would recommend it to the Bishops of the Province; which he most exactly did, without prescribing them any thing to the prejudice of right, or the dishonour of their dignity. *Crodielde* thereupon returning to Tours found her sisters much impaired, and knew by experience that religious women dissolve in secular life, as salt in water, although thence it took its originall. They were so chargeable to all, but especially to saint *Gregory*, that he prayed and made vows for their departure, which caused them to hasten their retreat to Poictiers, where instead of entering into the Abbey, they withdrew into the Church of saint *Hilary*.

In the end, *Godegesillus* Archbishop of Bourdeaux arrived with his Suffragans, to decide the matter: but these Mistresses (who had good noses, smelling that this assembly was not to favour their faction) levied a regiment of souldiers to defend them, of which they make *Childeric* to be the Captain; a wicked and a most resolute fellow, who failed not to be well followed, such store there was of Frizlers and effeminate youngsters who put themselves into this army of women. The Bishops failed not to march directly towards them, accompanied with the Clergy, and a great multitude of people, to summon them to reenter into the Monastery; but this Amazon instantly commanded her souldiers to strike, which they did with so much violence, that the Crosiers and banners seeing themselves so unexpectedly charged, began to totter; the Bishops, the Priests and Deacons fled: There was a generall dissipation of the people, and many were wounded in the place, the Church it self being stained with humane bloud. *Crodielde* running on to the highest degree of insolency, as if she had been puffed up with her victory, entreth into the Monastery with her Hacksters, and takes her Abbesse, who is dragged by the hair, used with all hideous extremities, and confined to a prison. She caused all the religious women to come who had opposed her, she torments them with sundry tortures, layes hold of the charters, seizeth on all the papers, maketh her self Abbesse; and bearing a barbarous soul in the heart of a woman, exerciseth rigours and cruelties which struck horrour into all the world. The Bishops had no other defence, but the Thunders of Excommunication, of which these creatures, abandoned by God, made very little account. *Macon* Governour of Poictiers was entreated to use a strong hand, but he excused himself, saying, he would not contend with the daughter of a King, without commission. But it was not fit, matters should so continue; and honest men unable any longer to see the Church groan under an unheard of Tyranny, implore by most humble supplications the aid of three Kings, *Clotharius*, *Gontran*, and *Childebert*, who being sensibly touched with these disorders gave large Commissions, power, and commandment to Governours to assist the Bishops of Tours, Colen, and Poictiers, who were appointed to determine this difference. Order is at this time well observed, Justice is there supported by force: the gallants, who had adhered to the faction of the nunnes, scatter under the terrour of arms and Royall authority. This Empresse of Rebels is taken, and carried to the Councell to give an account of her deportments. She comes thither in an audacious manner, retaining still something of her arrogancy and insupportable haughtinesse, even in her depression; and after she had employed arms, she skirmisheth, what she could, with her tongue; which was by falling on the life and manners of her Abbesse, whom she accused of many trifling things, reproching her (among other points) to have made a garment for her niece of a Cope taken out of the Treasury of the Church, which was false; to have caused secular persons to eat at her Table; to have a bath in the Monastery, and to play at Chesse. For this required to have her deposed, that she might be put into her place: wherein it plainly appeareth, that ambition is not onely furious, but blind in its fury. She who swallowed Camells, maketh an anatomy of a fly: she who was defiled with the crimes of Tyrants, reprehendeth slight recreations which had been permitted under the government of S. *Radegonde*. The Abbesse replied very modestly to all her objections, and made her innocency appear as bright as the rayes of the sunne, whereupon she was reestablished with honour and applause in her dignity; and the other condemned to ask her pardon, and to submit to her commands: To which she stoutly answered, she would never do it, and that they should rather advise upon the means of putting the Abbesse to death, then to use her in such sort. But she persisting in this obdurateness is again deprived of the communion of the Church, separated from all her complices who are placed in diverse Monasteries there to do penance: yet she still finding her self to be supported by some, by reason of her noble extraction; on a time stole her self from the just punishment of evil carriage, and fled with her Cousin to *Childeberts* Court, where being not able any longer to raise storms, she was constrained to be quiet, rather for want of force, then through

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the defect of courage. One may by this proceeding ſee the Tempeſts which ariſe from ill rectified deſires, when they are underpropped by ſome manner of power, and that there is nothing ſo ſovereign, as in their root to mortifie them.

Ambitions which bud in hearts of baſe extraction are moſt inſolent.

5. But they never are ſo inſolent, as when they bud in the hearts of people of baſe extraction, who behold themſelves unexpectedly raiſed to ſome extraordinary favour.

The example of a Chirurgion of S. Lewis, wiſely repreſſed and chaſtiſed by the prudence and juſtice of Philip the 3. King of France.

S. *Lewis* had taken into his friendſhip his Chirurgion named *Peter La-Broſſe*, becauſe, beſides the experience he had in his profeſſion, he had made himſelf praiſe-worthy for the goodneſſe of his wit and great loyalty. This favour mounted much higher under *Philip* the Third, ſucceſſour of S. *Lewis*: for, he not content to honour this man with a particular affection; beſtowed benefits upon him with ſuch an ineſtimable profuſion, that he raiſed him to the dignity of Chamberlain, and conferred honours and largeſſes upon all his kindred. This fellow ſeeing the young King had not the moderation of the father, to proportion his affections to his reputation and the good of his ſtate; uſurped upon his ſpirit, entred into all his ſecrets, and needs would intermeddle in State-affairs, from which his birth and the much limited capacity of his wit ought to have deterred him.

The King had in a ſecond wedlock married a moſt virtuous Princeſſe, *Mary* of *Brabant*, who held in his heart that place which the Law of God and the Sacrament of Marriage gave her. It is a wonder, how this child of the Earth entreth hereby into jealouſies, and thought the tender affections of the King towards his deareſt ſpouſe might leſſen the good favours of his Maſter, whom he was deſirous to poſſeſſe in the title of a Sovereign.

He ſought to caſt the apple of diſcord into ſo happy a marriage: and, ſeeing this knot could not be broken but with much labour, having a ſoul ſold to Iniquity; it is thought he found means to poyſon *Lewis* eldeſt ſon of *Philip*, and of *Iſabel* his firſt wife. This young Prince is by a ſudden death taken away to the infinite grief of all the Court: Phyſicians being conſulted with upon it, judge his life was ſhortned by poyſon, not knowing the authour of ſo deteſtable a crime. The wicked man in the mean time gives cloſe counter-blows, and under-hand fixeth this ſuſpicion upon the innocent Queen. And, albeit, her behaviour (which did print innocency on the mild aſpect of her face) ſufficiently freed her before all good men; yet the intereſt which commonly ſtep-mothers have in the death of their husbands children, and the ſubtil ſlights of this devil (who coloured the matter with zeal of publick good) began to blemiſh a life which was as free from ſtains, as the brighteſt ſtars. The King is already half wavering, but loth to precipitate any thing in an affair of ſuch importance, he reſolved to conſult with the Oracles of that time, and to have recourſe to the lights of heaven, ſince they on earth were eclipſed. There was in thoſe dayes a religious woman in *Flanders*, who was thought to be endowed with the ſpirit of Propheſie, and to tell the moſt hidden things; to whom he reſolved to ſend the Abbot of S. *Denis* to ſatisfie him in the truth of the fact. *La Broſſe*, who expected a more ſpeedying diſpatch upon his informations, began to be troubled, and fearing this Propheteſſe might marre all; ſo wrought, that the Biſhop of *Bayeux* his kinſman agreed with the Abbot to undertake the journey of *Flanders* with him. He being very ſubtil, ſought to prevent the Virgin, and to accommodate her to his likings, wherein he could not prevail according to his wicked purpoſe; and it is likewiſe thought, ſhe let him ſee preſumptions pregnant enough againſt *La Broſſe* his kinſman. But he, ſurprizing her by way of conſcience, enjoyned her ſilence, ſaying, It was not fit for her to ſpeak, ſince her ſpeech might peradventure be the cauſe of the death of a man whom ſhe could not expoſe to this danger without mortall ſin. The Abbot, being come to acquit himſelf of his Commiſſion, found her wholly reſerved, and could get nothing out of her, which made him to ſuſpect ſome deceit. Both of them returned to the Court, where the Biſhop, being queſtioned by the King concerning his proceedings, ſaith, the religious woman had told him things under the ſecret of Confeſſion, which was not fit for him to reveal. To which *Philip* readily replied, that he ſent him not to hear her Confeſſion, but to know the revelations ſhe had from God in the diſcharge of Innocents. The Abbot ſaid aloud, he well perceived there was jugling in the Biſhops proceeding, and that he went not ſincerely to work, which was the cauſe that a ſecond Embaſſage was appointed to this religious creature, whereof *Theobald* Biſhop of *Dol*, and *Arnulph* a Knight of the Templers, had the Commiſſion; and they ſo well underſtood how to handle the matter, that ſhe ſpake in theſe terms. *Tell the King, If any one hath ſpoken to him in an ill ſenſe of the Queen his wife; let him not believe it: for ſhe is truly, and ſincerely good, and cordially faithfull towards him and his, her virtue cannot be obſcured by the darkneſſe of Calumny.* This anſwer cured *Philips* mind in the matter of ſuſpicion againſt *Mary*, and turned it upon his bad ſervants, although the want of proof permitted him not, to hazard the puniſhment was due to them.

But God, who draweth brightneſſe out of the boſome of darkneſſe, diſcovered the miſchief of *La Broſſe* by a notable accident. One of his truſty friends paſſing by the Abbey of S. *Peter* at *Melun* is ſurprized by a ſharp ſickneſſe; which made him think upon his laſt paſſage by the aſſiſtance of good Religious men of that Monaſtery; and finding himſelf touched to the quick with remorſe of conſcience, he declared his crime, and gave a little Casket to a Religious man who heard his Confeſſion, charging him to give it to the King with his own hands, and to no other; which he very faithfully did; and when they had opened this box of *Pandora*, there were diſcovered all the miſchiefs and practices of *La Broſſe*, and his hopes to be diſſolved. For he was preſently put in priſon and brought to his triall, which was followed by a Sentence that condemned him to be hanged and ſtrangled on a gallows of Felons. Here it was where the ambitious deſires of this diſloyall ſoul were to determine, who found that worldly fortunes in which God is not, are groſſe ſmokes that produce nought but tempeſts.

The French revengers of ambition.

6. To conclude; we find (in the laſt order) bloudy and furious ambitions which cauſe revolutions of Empire, and ſhake the pillars of the earth: *Nicetas* obſerveth one very terrible, wherein the French were witneſſes, arbitratours, and revengers.

During the expedition they made in the Land under *Philip Gods-guift*, there appeared a ſtrange accident, and a horrible confuſion in the ſtate of the Eaſtern Empire. *Iſaac Comnenus*, who held the reins of the Empire, is menaced much miſery by his neareſt allies, and thoſe whom he had advanced to the greateſt dignities. He thereupon conſulteth with a South-ſayer, who, among popular ſpirits, was in great reputation, but who, according to the opinion of *Nicetas*, was a cheating Impoſter that ſought to paſſe for a Prophet, although his words conſiſted of a thouſand falſhoods. The Emperour with much courteſie having ſaluted him; he diſpoſed himſelf to leap, and to expreſſe poſtures

postures which favoured more of a man possessed and frantick, then of a prophet: notwithstanding, without saying any thing else, he threw his staffe at the Emperours Image, and (for an ill presage) put out the eyes of it. *Isaac Comnenus*, making no account here of contemneth the Southsayer, and in few dayes is deprived of the Empire and of his eyes (by a horrible conspiracy of *Alexius* his nearest kinsman) and in this condition confined to a loathsome prison all the rest of his life. The tyrant (who had put out his eyes) takes his bloudy spoil, and finding no resistance, possesseth himself of the throne of *Constantinople*.

The furious ambition of Alexius (the Tyrant of Greece) punished by the valour and Justice of the French.

Alexis, son of the Emperour made blind, escaped out of the chains and hand of the parricide his uncle, and goes to the French Camp, where he made a lamentable narration of his disasters. He prayes, he beseecheth, he conjureth these brave Conquerours by all things the most sacred, to take pity upon a miserable Emperour, and to succour his father against the most execrable treachery that ever was practised in the world, saying, It onely belonged to them to trample dragons, and monsters, under-foot. Besides the glory of this action; he promiseth them wonders, arms, ships, munition, to advance the design they had for the conquest of the holy Land. The French were divided in opinion upon this businesse: some desiring to pursue their journey, others judging, this occasion well deserved to stay them, there being not any actions in the world more glorious, then to do Justice to the afflicted, dispossesse bloudy usurpers of Empires, and to restore true Kings into that rank which nature and the consent of people had given them. This Faction carried it, and ours, using the advantage which their first fervours afforded them, put themselves presently in a readinesse to take *Constantinople*. One who should well weigh the exploits of arms they did in six dayes, would think their army had consisted of Giants, who bare Mountains and piled them one upon another, to over-look the strongest Citadels in the world. What they did exceedeth ordinary prodigies, and will scarcely find credit with posterity. Two thousand foot, separated from the rest of the army, aided onely by five hundred horse, entred into a city, wherein there were threescore thousand horse, and four hundred thousand souls able to bear arms. This so filled minds with terrour, that the tyrant, as timorous in warre as he had been violent in peace, leaves his place without resistance, and putting his richest treasures into covert, he goes to sea, in an instant to change a great Empire into Banishment.

He went out at one gate, and young *Alexis* entred in by the other, causing his troups to march in good order, and was with applause received by the chief Citizens who had used much compassion in the afflictions of his Father. There was then seen a strange alteration, when they went to take this poor blind Emperour out of prison, to carry him in triumph to his throne; he thought himself asleep, and in a dream, and imagined it so sweet, that he in his blindnesse feared the day-light. He learned from his son all the successe of this negotiation, and the valor us atchievements of the French. He knew not what he should believe, what he might hope, nor what to admire. A world of wonders overwhelm his mind; and more then ever he bewaileth the losse of his eyes, to behold himself bereft of the sight of these incomparable men who seemed to be sent from heaven.

Finally, he saith, he is satiated with Empire and worldly greatnesse, and that he putteth all his state into the hands of his son. His son embraceth him with all inexpressible tendernesse, calling him his Lord and Father, and protesting he will not intermeddle with any thing of the Empire, but the cares, whilst he liveth, leaving the dignity to his discretion who had given him birth.

The Father, on the other side, answered, that the piety of his son was more to him then all Empires, and that he hereafter should repute himself the happiest man in the world, being enlightned by the raies of such virtue in the deprivation of temporall light. This was an admirable strife, which made it appear that if there be impetuous desires in the Courts of great men, there are likewise sometimes to be found moderations, which surpasse all mens imagination. I am not ignorant *Nicetas* saith, that this affection afterward turned into jealousie; but we must note this Authour is passionate against *Alexis* and his father, by reason of the amity he contracted with strangers. The French judged it fit that the son should reign by the authority of the father, and in respect of his infirmities, take the whole government of the State into his hand, which he did, and all seemed to prosper in his beginnings; when, after the retreat of ours, who had made havock enough in the city, out of the liberty of arms; rebels stirred, who put the whole city into combustion, exciting it against the young Emperour, and saying, that under pretext of Publick good, he had called in strangers to the saccage of his Countrey, which made him unworthy both of Empire and life. The conspiring was so violent, that *Alexis*, having no leasure to look about him, was betrayed by one of his intimate friends named *Mursuflus*, who, pretending to put him into a place of safety, threw him into an ugly dungeon, where, twice having tried to put him to death by poison, and seeing his plot succeeded not; he out of a horrid baseneſſe caused him to be strangled. Deceitfull Felicities of the world! True turrets of Fayeries, which are onely in imagination! Where shall your allurements prevail from henceforth?

The poor father, hearing the death of his son, and the sudden alteration of affairs, saith,

Good God! to what calamity do you reserve my wretched old age? I have consummated evils, and evils have not yet ended me. I am now but a rotten trunk deprived of vigour, and the functions of life; and if I have any feeling, it is onely of my miseries. Take this soul which is on my lips and which is over-toiled with worldly Empires, and put it in a place where it may no longer fear either hostilities or treasons. Ah! Poor son, thou art passed away like froth on the water, and Fortune did not raise thee within the imaginary Circuit of her Empire, but to cast thee down headlong. I bewail not my blindnesse, it is the happiest of my evils, since it bereaves me the aspect of the horrible accidents which by heap passe through my ears. Dear Sonne! thou hast out-stripped me; but, I follow thee with a confident pace into the shades of death, which shall for me hereafter be the best of lives.

He gave up the ghost in these anguishes, whilst the city of *Constantinople* was divided by a thousand Factions, and turmoiled with fatall convulsions which minister matter of presage of the change of Empire.

The people, weary of the government of the Angels (whose names were *Isaac* and *Alexis*) had already chosen one called *Canabus*, a man before unknown, who was quickly put down by the power and violence of *Mursuflus*. He was a Prince arrogant, incontinent, and more cunning then prudent; who kept not long that Scepter which he by such wickednesse had usurped. For, scarcely two moneths and a half were past, but that the French returned, and besieged *Constantinople* which the new tyrant had already very well fortified. But the Grecians then were so cowardous and

and affrighted that they made very little resistance, and flew before the French, and other Westrin and Northern people, as before so many Giants. *Mursustus*, as faint-harted in peril as he had been adventurous to commit a treason, puts himself upon the sea to flie into *Morea*; but is taken, and slain by the divine Vengeance which perpetually hath an armed hand over furious and bloody ambitions. The City and Empire of *Constantinople* yield, in the end, to the Western power: and *Baldwin* Earl of *Flanders* is chosen Emperour by the consent of all the army. *Nicetas* a Greek Authour, who lived at that time, deploreth this change with the Lamentations of *Jeremy*. But it was Gods judgement, who would purifie the Eastern Throne defiled by so many wicked actions, making a Prince so chast to sit thereon, that *Nicetas* himself is enforced to praise and admire his singular continency, as I have observed in my first Treatise.

Throughout all these Discourses we now see how the desires of the ambitious are chastised, and how their hopes being vain, their joyes are likewise short and unhappy.

7. Historians give most of our Kings this praise, that they never had turbulent and troublesome spirits; but loved Peace, and mainteined Justice. Moderation of the Kings of France.

The History of the Fathers of the West assures us, that in the generall combustion of Wars between the French and the English, there was a good Hermite named *John of Gaunt*, who ceased not to beseech heaven to quench the fire of these fatall Divisions, & that he was sent by God to meditate Peace between the two Kings.

He first went to our *Charles* the Seventh, whom he found infinitly disposed to all the conditions of a good Peace, and this gave him occasion to promise him infinite many benedictions from heaven, that he should have a Son (successour of his Estates) to crown his Felicities: which happened to him (as being a voyce from God, and an Oracle of Truth.) But when the Religious man came to the King of *England*, he would in no sort hearken to him, but caused him to be used in a manner unworthy his person; which drew the anger of God upon the Kingdome, and occasioned him great calamities.

This subject is so plentifull, that I am willing to abbreviate it: ambitious desires being so frequent that they have more need to be corrected, then sought into.

Observations upon ANGER and REVENGE.

BEhold here the Passion from whence sparkles, flames, and coals proceed, which make horrible havock, unless Grace and Reason cause some temper.

There is not any devil more familiar in Court, more injurious to civil conversation, more pernicious to States, then Choler and Revenge. Pride, which is born with the most eminent conditions, nourisheth it, flatterers enkindle it, insolent tongues sharpen it, fire and sword end it.

In some it is haughty and cruel; as it appeared in *Dagobert*, a young Prince, son of *Clotharius* the Second, who in his tendrest years, had (I know not what) of salvage in him, which savoured of the manners of Paganisme, or the humours of his Grandmother *Fredegond*; albeit, he afterward gained victories over himself. The King his Father had appointed him two Governours; *Arnold*, to rectifie his manners; *Sadragesillus*, to breed him up to Armes and Court-like behaviour. The first governed him like the Sun; the second, as the Northern-wind.

Aymonius l. 4. P. Æmilius. Annals of France.

The one insinuated himself with much sweetnesse; the other undertook him with too proud and arrogant an apgroach, which in him rather caused Aversion, then Instruction. From whence it came to passe, that he being one day invited to the Princes Table, where he did eat apart, as the Kings son: he placed himself right ouer against him, took *Dagoberts* glasse and drank to him: wherewith he was so desperately offended, that instantly he fell upon him, and taking a knife on the table, cut off his beard, and most contemptuously disfigured him.

Choler of Dagobert some what rough.

Sadragesillus, in this plight, presented himselfe to King *Clotharius*, who was likewise enraged, and caused his son to be pursued, commanding his Guard to apprehend him: but he saved himself in the Sanctuary of *Montmartre* under the protection of S. *Denis*, untill his fathers anger was pacified, who spared not to give him a sharp reprehension and to raise *Sadragesillus* to great dignities, to take away the acerbities of the affront he had received.

Another time, S. *Arnold* asking leave of the same *Dagobert* to retire from Court, out of the desire he had to passe the rest of his dayes in sweet solitude; the King many times denied him: and he growing a little earnest in a good cause; he furiously draws forth his sword, threatning to kill him if he persisted in this request. A Lord there present stayed the blow, and the Queen, shewing her husband the unworthinesse of his Choler, so gained him, that he came to himself, gave his Master full satisfaction, and permitted him to go whither he thought good, most affectionately recommending his person and state to him.

Seneca hath well said, that Choler was not a sign of a courageous, but a swoln spirit: as it by experience appeared in *Dagobert* who was little war-like. For, being but in one piece of service against the *Saxons*, where he received a very slight hurt; he made so many ceremonies about it, that he sent a lock of his bloudy hair to his father to implore his aid. It is true that this Prince, being in his youth a little unruly, hearkned afterward to the good reasons of his Councel, and became very temperate.

2. There are Martiall angers which are generous and bold, when a heart upon a good occasion is enflamed to the avengement of some Injustice; as it happened to *Clotharius* the Second, who coming to succour his son *Dagobert* presently appeared marching along the Rhine, and made himself remarkable by a notable head of hair: whereupon, *Bertrand*, Captain of the *Saxons*, darting some insolent words at him; the King suddenly passed the river with great danger of his person, observeth his enemy, pursues him, strikes him down from his horse, and cuts off his head, which he fixed on the top of a launce, to fill the Saxon Army with terrour. Thus should the anger of a great Prince be bent against proud and unjust adversaries, not against his own Subjects. This spurre hath sometimes added valour to the sweetest natures; witnesse *Charles* the Simple, who seeing that *Robert* had gathered together a huge army of Rebels against him, passed the river of *Aisne* to charge him; and the other putting himself into a readinesse to resist him, animating his own side, and braving in the head of his army; *Charles* looked him in the face, as the Butt against which he should unburden all his gall, spurs forward directly towards him,

Generous anger of K. Clotharius.

Valour of Charles the Simple.

him, and so successfully hits him with a thrust of his lance in the mouth, that he tore out his tongue and killed him.

3. Yet Choler is extremely dangerous in matter of Arms, especially in things where some resolution is to be taken with counsel and maturity. For it troubleth the art (said an Antient) and many times causeth errours irreparable.

The passion of anger is very prejudiciall to Military arts in a General.

This is but too much verified in the fatall day of *Crescy-field*, where *Philip* of *Valois*, one of the most valiant Monarchs which ever handled Sceptre, gave battel to *Edward* King of *England*. The English Army bravely encamped, heard Masse, leasurely took its repast, and coolely expected the enemy, to fight with firm footing: at which time, our *Philip* animated with anger, and above all, fearing lest the English might escape him hastned his army what he could, causing it to march, and tyring it out on the day of battel. The Monk *Baselius*, a man wel experienced in feats of arms, shewed him, it were much better to expect till morning: on which he seemed to be resolved; but this Choler had already put fire into his souldiers: and although some cryed out, *Stay, Ensign-bearers*; yet those who marched before were so afraid to be out-gone by them who followed, that they had not the patience. When they came to joyn battel, the *Genoway* Archers who were in the French army, protested aloud, they were not able to do their duty, and instantly disbanded; whereupon the King grew into a fresh anger, and commanded to cut them in pieces, which with all possible violence was executed; ours being cruelly bent to devour their members, whilst the arrows of the enemy fell upon them like hail, and the horse gauled with shot, horribly neighing ran away with their riders, and all the place was covered with dead bodies. This trouble of mind cost the losse of a battel, wherein (*Froissard* saith) were eight French against one English-man, and thirty thousand men (where among others, the King of *Bohemia*, and *Charles* Count of *Alençon* the Kings brother) were slaine in the place. Behold the disasters of an ill-governed Passion, which never is well knowne but by the experience of its misery.

Philip of Valois, a great and a generous King loseth a battel, out of a peevish humour of anger.

4. There are other nice and haughty Cholers, which are brought forth in the Curiosities of an imperious life, as it happened to many Emperours who took a glory in being angry, and to make their brutishnesse famous by bloudy effects. *Bajazet* shewing one day the pleasure of hawking to the Count of *Nevers*, caused almost two thousand Falconers to be killed, for a hawk which had not flown well. He well deserved to be shut up in a cage (as he was afterward) for sporting with such prodigality with humane blood. It is much more intolerable, when Christian Princes flie out as did *Lewis* the young, who (being offended by *Theobald* Count of *Champagne*) entred into his territory, and made strange spoil, even to the setting of the great Church of *Vitry* a fire, and therein burning fifteen hundred men, who fled into it as into a Sanctuary. But this enraged passion knew no distinction between sacred and profane, and the confusion of this fancy confounded heaven and earth. Good French men abhorred an act so barbarous, and S. *Bernard* (who then flourished) made the thunders of Gods judgements to roar in the Kings ear, wherewith he was so terrified, that re-entring into himselfe, he fell into a deep melancholy, which caused his mind to make a divorce from all worldly joyes, wherewith he became so dejected, that he was like to die, had not S. *Bernard* sought to cure the wound he gave, shewing that the true penitent ought to be sad without discomfort; humble, without sottishnesse; timorous, without despair: and that the grief of his fall should not exclude the hope of his rising again.

Barbarous Anger of Bajazet.

Lewis the Young admonished by S. Bernard, chastiseth himself (for his anger) by sadnesse and penance.

But they are more tolerable who punish themselves with their own choler, as *Henry* King of *England*, that bit his lips gnashed his teeth, pulled off his hair, threw his bed and clothes on the ground, eat straw and hay to expresse his impetuous passion.

5. They who are arrogant, and given to contemne and flout others, draw fire and poison on their heads when they assail impatient natures, which have not learnt to feed themselves with affronts and injuries.

Danger of scoffing. Polydor. Virg. l. 9.

A word flying like a spark of fire raiseth flames which are not quenched but with great effusion of bloud. *Philip* the first, hearing that *William the Conquerour*, who was very grosse, would not suffer any man to see him, by reason of a corporall infirmity; It is no wonder (saith he) if this big man be in the end brought a bed. This being told to the other, who was of a capricious spirit, he protested he would rise from his child-bed, but with so many torches and lights, that he would carry fire into the bosome of *France*. And verily he failed not therein, and in this fury so heated himselfe, that he died in proper flames. A man hath little to do to enkindle a War at the charge of so many lives, for a jest, a cold countenance, a letter not written obsequiously enough, for a word inconsiderate.

William the Conquerour of England, very suspicious.

6. The *Flemings* were to blame, when revolted against *Philip* of *Valois*; they out of derision called him *The found King*, and advanced a great Cock on their principall standard, the device whereof was, that when he should crow, the found King should enter into their city. This so exasperated his great Courage, that he waged them a battel, and with such fury defeated them, that *Froissard* assureth, that of a huge army of Rebels, there was not one left who became not a victime of his vengeance. *Lewis Outre-mer* was detained prisoner at Roan, for having in his anger spoken injuriously against *Richard*, the young Duke of *Normandy*. And *Francis* the First ruined all his affairs, for having handled *Charles* Duke of *Bourbon* with some manner of indignity, therein complying with the humour of the Queen his Mother.

History of Froissard.

The scoffs of certain rebellious Flemings severely punished by the generosity of Philip of Valois.

7. The Anger of potent women is (above all) dreadfull, when they are not with-held by considerations of conscience, because they have a certain appetite of revenge, which exceedeth all may be imagined. Queen *Eleonor*, wife of *Lewis* the Young, who had as violent a spirit as ever animated the body of a woman, seeing her self repudiated by her husband, albeit, upon most just reason, conceived such rage & fury against *France*, that being afterward remarried to *Henry* of *England*, she incessantly stirred up all the powers of that Kingdome to our ruine, and sowed the first seeds of Warre, which, the continuance of three hundred years, which, an infinite number of fights and battels; which, the reverence due to Religion; the knot of mutuall Alliances, and Oath interposed in sixscore Treaties; could not wholly extinguish.

Anger of women.

Queen Eleonor an enemy of France.

Du pleix.

8. There are other angers free and simple, which proceed from an indiscreet goodnesse, but which fail not to occasion much evil to themselves when they assail eminent and vindicative people. It was the misery of poore *Enguerrand* of *Marigny*, who having governed the *Finances* under *Philip the Fair* (and afterward seeing himself persecuted by *Charles* of *Valois* unkle of *Lewis Hutin* Heir of a Crown) was transported with so much heat, that it cost him his life.

Annals of France.

Anger out of simplicity many times cause hurt for a word to offend, witnesse that of Enguerrand.

For this Prince sharply asking an account of him of the treasures of the deceased King; he freely answered, *It is to you (Sir) I have given a good part of them, and the rest hath been employed in the Kings affaires.* Whereupon *Charles* giving him the lie; the

other

other transported with passion, had the boldnesse to say unto him, By God, It is you your self, Sir. This reply being of it self very insolent, and spoken at a time when all conspired to his ruine, sent him to the Gallows of Montfaucon, which he had caused to be built in his greatest authority. Men cold, and well acquainted with affairs, who commonly think much, never speak all of them that can hurt them.

9. All these extravagancies which we have produced, have proceeded from fervour; but there are others cold, and malign, as are Avertions and Hatred, which are no other then inveterate and hardened angers, so much the more dangerous as they proceed from a spirit more deep, and are plotted with more time and preparation.

So did *Lewis* the Eleventh who had many Labyrinths in his heart wherein he kep his revenges, and oftentimes took delight to send them abroad with ceremony and pomp, to take the more pleasure in them. So soon as he was King, he set himself to revenge his injuries, as if power given from heaven ought to be an instrument of passion. He persecuted a good subject (which was the Count of *Dunmartin*) for no other crime, but for having obeyed and executed the order of *Charls* the Seventh who had sent him into Daulphine, to stop *Lewis* who then turmoiled and perplexed the King his father. He prevented this plot, and fled into Flanders; yet ceased he not afterward to hate this good servant: and albeit he prostrated himself at his feet, praying him to forget what was past; yet he caused his processe to be made in Parliament, upon accusations, which did more manifest the Passion of the King, then any crime in the life of the Count. Notwithstanding, the close practise was so great that he was condemned to death: and although *Lewis*, terrified by his own Conscience and the generall opinion, would not have it to proceed any further; yet he confined him to the Bastile, where he had spent the rest of his dayes if he had not found means to save himself. But whom would he spare who put away and deprived of Office his best servants, for having hindered him during his sickneſſe to come near unto a Window, out of the care they had of his health? This passion was a Devil in the heart of this Prince, which made him odious to many, and filled his whole life with disturbance and acerbity.

Aymonius l. 5. c. 39.

Wicked revenge of an Abbot, and of John Prochytas against the French.

10. A revengefull spirit spares nothing to please it self, and oft-times openeth precipices to fill them with death and ruine. It is a strange thing, that one sole Abbot of Saint *German de Prez* named *Gaulin* had almost ruined the whole Kingdome of France, for having been bereaved of an Abbacy. He many years revolved his revenge, and after the death of *Lewis le Begue* (under whom he had received the injury which he proposed to himself) he went to *Lewis* the German, whom he enflamed with so much cunning to the conquest of the Kingdome of France, that he set a huge army on foot to surprize the heir of the Crown in the Confusion of his Affairs: and the trouble was so great, that needs must *Lorraigne* be cut off from the Kingdome of France, to give it to this Conquerour.

So did *John Prochytas* the Sicilian, who (having been deprived of his estate by *Charles* of Anjou) conceived a mortall enmity against the French, which made him contrive that bloudy Tragedy of Sicilian Vespres. This unfortunate man, disguising himself in the habit of a Franciscan, went to *Peter* of Arragon, to shew him the means how to invade Sicily: and seeing that he, and his wife Queen *Constance*, bent all their endeavour thereto, he ceased not to stir up the Countrey, where he had much credit, and used so many engines, that in the end he caused one of the most horrible massacres which was ever projected. On an Easter-day, in the time of Vespres, the French had all their throats cut throughout the Island of Sicily. No age, sex, condition, nobility, nor religious were spared. The black spirit of the Abysse drew men from the Altar to runne to the sword, which they indifferently thrust into the bosome of their guests: nor were so many cryes and lamentations nor such images of death flying before their eyes able to wound their hearts with one sole touch of compassion which useth to move the most unnaturall. Rage (blown by the breath of the most cruell furies of Hell) made them to open the bellies of women, and to dig into their entrails to tear thence little Infants conceived of French bloud. It caused the most secret sanctuaries of nature to be violated, to put those to death, who had not (as yet) the first taste of life. Shall we not then say, that the passion of revenge, which hath taken root in a soul half damned, is the most fatall instrument that Hell can invent to overthrow the Empire of Christianity?

11. All these accidents well considered are sufficient to moderate the passions which make so much noyse among mankind. But let us consider before we go off this stage, that Anger and Revenge are not creatures invincible to Courtiers who yet retein som Character of Christianity.

Glaber.

Great moderation in Saint (King) Robert.

Robert, one of the greatest Kings that ever ware the Crown of France, saw his two sonnes bandied against him, when (provoked by the practises of the Queen their mother, who ceased not to insult over them) they ran to the field with some tumultuary troops, and began to exercise acts of hostility which made them very guilty. The father (incensed by their rebellion, and forcibly urged by the sting of the mothers revenge) speedily prepares an army, and entreth into Burgundy to surprise and chastise them. Thereupon *William* Abbot of S. *Benigne* of *Dion* goeth to him, and shews that these disorders were an effect of the divine Providence which we should rather appease by penance, then irritate by anger: that, if his Majesty would call to mind, he should find that his youth was not exempt from errours committed by the inconsideration of age, and the practise of evil counsels: that he ought not to revenge with sword and fire that which he had suffered in his own person; and that as he would not any should enterprise upon his hereditary possession; so it was fit, not to meddle with that which was Gods, who had reserved vengeance to himself. This speech had such power that the good King was instantly appeased, caused his children to come, embraced them with paternall affection, and received them into favour, tying their reconciliation with an indissoluble knot. What can one answer to the mildnesse of a King accompanied with so much power and wisdome, but confesse that pardon is not a thing impossible? since this great Prince upon the words of a religious man layes down armes, and dissipateth all his anger, as waves break at the foot of rocks.

Helgaudus in vita Roberti Regis.

12. We must confesse, that Regality was never seen allyed to a spirit more mild and peaceable, and that his actions should rather be matter of admiration then example. He pardoned twelve murtherers (who had a purpose to attempt upon his life) after he had caused them to confesse and communicate; saying, it was not reasonable to condemn those whom the Church had absolved, and to afflict death upon such as had received the bread of life. But, what would not he have done, who, surprising a rogue which had cut away half of his cloke furred with Ermins, said mildely to him, *Serve thy self, and leave the rest for another who may have need of it!*

13. This mildneſſe is very like to that of *Henry* the Firſt, afterward King of England, who ſeeing his Fathers body to be ſtayed in open ſtreet (upon the inſtant of his obſequies) and this by a mean Citizen who complained the ſoil of the land where the dead (which was *William* the Conquerour) was to be interred was his Anceſtours inheritance; he was nothing at all moved, but preſently commanded his Treaſurer to ſatisfie the Creditour, and to proſecute the pomp of his Funerals.

Generous act of Lewis the Eleventh.

14. *Lewis* the Eleventh did a King-like act, towards the aſhes of the fair *Agnes*, who had poſſeſſed the heart of his father *Charls* the Seventh, and had perſecuted him (the ſon) in her life-time. At her death ſhe gave threeſcore thouſand crowns for a foundation to the Cannons of Loches, to pray, and to build a Tomb for her in the midſt of the Church. Theſe men (prudent according to the world) accommodating themſelves to the time, and honouring this riſing Sun (mounted to the throne of the Kingdome, after the death of his father) preſented themſelves before him, asking, they might be permitted to demoliſh the tomb of this woman who had ſo ill uſed him: but he with incredible generoſity anſwered, he made not war againſt the dead, and that ſo far was he from ruining the monuments of *Agnes*, that he would command his Treaſurer to give them ſix thouſand florins to preſerve them.

Humility and wiſedome of Queen Anne to overcome the paſſion of anger.

15. Sage and devout women, albeit the ſex is too apt for revenge, fail not to re-enter into themſelves, and blame their proceedings, when paſſion hath tranſported them out of the liſts of reaſon. *Anne* of Brittain ſeeing King *Lewis* the Twelfth very ſick and in danger of his life (upon the conſideration that he left her no male-child) cauſed a Ship to be rigged out, laden with great riches which ſhe ſent into her dear countrey, of purpoſe to retire thither ſo ſoon as the King were dead.

But, the Marſhall de Gié, who commanded in a City of paſſage, judging that his charge obliged him to let nothing paſſe out of the Kingdome during the Kings ſickneſſe, did without any other order upon this reſolution arreſt all the goods of the poor Queen. She was a Bee which lived in the ſweetneſſe of devotion; but yet had her ſting: ſo that being much provoked by this act, ſhe purſued the Marſhall, and made him come to a triall at the Parliament of Tholoſe, where he was condemned to be baniſhed out of France: But the good Queen calling back reaſon (after the ſtirring of her choler with-held the blow) granted liberty to the delinquent; proteſted he was a worthy Lord, and had proceeded in all he had done according to the rules of ſtate. Whence it appeareth, that thoſe cruell ſouls are moſt unreaſonable which perſiſt in hating, becauſe they have once begun; and never lay down a wicked hatred, for which they have no other reaſon but their own wickedneſſe.

Great and magnanimous goodneſſe of Lewis the Twelfth.

16. *Lewis* the Twelfth her husband might have taught her this leſſon, who having received ill meaſure under *Charls* the Eighth his Predeceſſour when he was Duke of Orleans, ſome flatterers counſelling him to ennoble his entry to the Crown by the beating down his adverſaries, anſwered in this memorable manner.

That it was not fit for a King of France to revenge the quarrels of the Duke of Orleans; and for this purpoſe he marked with a croſſe all the names of his enemies written down on paper: Whereat many wondred, thinking this note promiſed them nothing but a pair of gallows; which made them preſently fly, ſo much they were urged by their own conſcience. But he aſſembled them all together, and let them underſtand he had ſigned their names with a Croſſe, that they therein might behold the leſſon which the authour of life dictated unto us on the Croſſe, which was to forgive thoſe who perſecute us. *Francis* the First, his ſucceſſour following theſe ſteps, pardoned the rebellious Rochellers, moved by the pitifull clamours of a great number of little children who cryed for mercy at his entrance into the City. Our moſt Chriſtian King hath renewed the examples of the like clemency. I ſpeak nothing of the Chriſtian generoſity of *Henry* the Third, who ſeeing himſelf taken away from Throne and Life by a moſt deteſtable Parracide, left the revenge thereof to God in the ſharpneſſe of his wound. *Henry* the Fourth had a ſoul infinitely mild, and if we find in his life ſome humane defects, yet therein there are a thouſand divine virtues which ſhadow them by their great lights.

Incomparable mildneſſe of Lewis the ſon of Charlemaigne.

17. But, if we compare goodneſſe with offence; ſcarcely ſhall we find (throughout all the hiſtories of the Chriſtian world) a Prince who in this point hath equalled the virtue of *Lewis* the milde, ſon of *Charlemaigne*. This name coſt him an invincible patience, which made it well appear that a nature too eaſie is expoſed to infinite difficulties. His own children (*Lotharius*, *Pepin*, and *Lewis*) rebelled againſt him, and (out of a horrible daring) took Queen *Judith* from his ſides, whom he in a ſecond wedlock had married, cauſed her by force to take the veil, and holding a dagger at her throat, made her promiſe to perſwade her husband to forſake the world, out of their Ambition to uſurp his Sceptre, and to pull the Diademe from his head with hands of Harpies.

The poor Prince ſaw himſelf in one night abandoned by his army which ſlipt away before his eyes, and went to yield themſelves to his unnaturall ſons: but, ſome honeſt men ſtaying about him; he beſought and conjured them to ſave themſelves and to leave him alone in perill, ſince he was the victime of Expiation, and that his ſins had reduced him to this Calamity: and verily he went like a victime to the Altar accompanied with the Queen his wife and his grand-child *Charles*, to render himſelf up a priſoner into their hands, to whom he had given both livelyhood, and life. This heart truely-mild ſaid by the way to thoſe who lead him, Let my ſonnes do what they will with me, and all that God ſhall permit: I onely pray you (ſince I have never offended them) not to expoſe me to the fury of the multitude which commonly are very unjuſt to thoſe who are depreſſed, as you now behold me: and above all, I will ask this favour of them, that they abſtain from maiming any member of the Queen my wifes body, whom I know to be moſt innocent; or pulling out the eyes of *Charles* my grand-child, for that would to me be more bitter then death. In this manner he came to his ſonnes Camp, who hypocritically received him with all reverence, promiſing an uſage worthy his condition: and in the mean time aſſembled a venemous Counſell of maligne ſpirits to degrade him. The ſentence was given contrary to all form of Juſtice, by ſubjects againſt their Sovereign Prince; by children againſt their father; by guilty againſt the innocent, without hearing him, without ſeeing him; and on a ſuddain it was publickly executed at the aſſembly of Compiegne. Duplex.

This King, the beſt in the world, on his knees in the Church, in the preſence of his vaſſals, among an infinite number of people, held a ſcroule in his hand, which conteined the imaginary cauſes of his condemnation; they enforced him to read it himſelf; to open his mouth againſt his own innocency; to ask forgiveneſſe of the Aſſembly which did him an irreparable wrong. Then, to conclude this cruell ſcene; he is conſtrained to take off his belt, and to lay it on the Altar; to deſpoil himſelf of his Royall Robes, and to take from the hands of certain infamous Prelates a habit of pe-

penance, with which he was put into the hands of the Guard, and a few dayes after, led along in *Lotharius* his train.

All Hiſtories mourn in the horrour of this narration, and there is not any who in his thoughts condemns not the Authours of this attempt. But this good King (being re eſtabliſhed by the endeavour of his beſt Subjects) did never purſue his injuries; witneſſing in all occaſions an extream facility to be reconciled to his children: and when, afterward he was upon the point of death, he rallyed together all he had of life, ſpirits, and ſtrength, to forgive them & asked of God that he would not take vengeance upon their crimes. This was to fulfil the whole law, and to do at the Court all that which the moſt perfectly religious can perform in a Cloiſter.

18. I will yet tell you for a concluſion, that there are certain induſtries, which they who are near great ones may uſe to appeaſe their Anger, and to divert the pernicious effects, by ſome delay, which is the beſt Counſellour this furious paſſion can have.

Argentre.

Addreſſe of Bavalon to appeaſe that anger of the Duke of Brittaign

This is to be ſeen in the courſe that *Bavalon* took with the Duke of Brittaigne. The Prince being offended with the Count of Cliſſon Conſtable of France, reſolved to take him in a ſnare, and undo him. To compaſſe this enterpriſe, he made a great feaſt, whereto he invited all the principall Lords of Brittaigne; courting Cliſſon with incomparable courteſie.

After all, he let him ſee his Caſtle of Lermine, where leading him from ſtory to ſtory, and from chamber to chamber; he brought him to the chief Turret, praying him to conſider the fortifications, to reform the defects, whilſt he ſpake a word to Seigneur *Laval*, brother in law to Cliſſon. He no ſooner entred in, but he ſaw himſelf arreſted by the Guard, and put into irons, with commandment given to Mounſieur *Bavalon* Captain of the Caſtle, to throw him (the next night) in a ſack into the water. *Bavalon*, who perceived his Maſter was very quick, and thought that night might give him better counſel, reſolved to do nothing. In the mean time ſolitude and darkneſſe having recollected the Dukes ſpirits together which had all day been ſcattered by the tempeſt of paſſion; he found his heart infinitely ballanced between the ſatisfaction of revenge, and the apprehenſion of inevitable dangers which would wait on it, imagining the ſhadow of the Conſtable, already drowned (as he thought) would draw fire, bloud, and havock upon his deſolated Countrey. The hideous viſions which already pitched battell in his diſtempered brain, the diſplayed Enſignes, and Armies heaped together from all parts, drew deep ſighs from him which were obſerved by the gentlemen of his chamber. *Bavalon* about break of day comes into his chamber, and being asked concerning the ſecret execution of his command, he anſwered, It is done, loth to open any more, untill he could clearly look into his maſters mind. The Duke upon this word beginneth his ſobbs again, with beating his hands, which teſtified great deſpair in him. But he inſiſting, and many times demanding whether *Cliſſon* were drowned; The Captain replyed, He was, and that he about mid-night had buried the body, fearing it might be diſcovered. Then began the Prince afreſh to curſe, and to abhorre his own anger which had tranſported him to this out-rage; and ſaid, Would to God, *Bavalon*, I had believed thee when thou didſt counſel me to do nothing, or that thou hadſt not believed me, when I ſo paſſionately commanded thee. His truſty ſervant ſeeing he ſpake in good earneſt, and that it was time to declare himſelf, aſſured him *Cliſſon* was alive; and that he had deferred his commandment, out of this conſideration, that, if he perſiſted in the ſame mind, he ſhould alwayes have means enough to execute him. The Duke (rapt with this prudence) embraced him, and gave him a thouſand florins, for finding out ſo excellent a remedy for his Paſſion.

Obſervations upon ENVY

Which draweth along with it Iealouſie, Hatred, and Sadneſſe.

WE enter into black and Saturnian Paſſions, which are Envie, Jealouſie, Fear, Sadneſſe, and Deſpair, wherein we ſhall obſerve a venemous malignity which repleniſheth the heart with plagues, the life with furies, and the world with Tragedies. I will begin this order with two Court-Monks who in their time made a great noyſe: one of which being born for cruelty, and bred in maſſacres; his life was a continuall crime, and his memory a perpetually execration.

Lamentable envy and enmity of Ebroin againſt S. Leger.

But the other (profiting by the experience of his evils) opened himſelf a way unto glory, and drew upon him the bleſſings of poſterity. Under the reign of *Clotharius* the third, *Ebroin* governed the State in the quality of the Major of the Palace, who was of a ſpirit ambitious, cruell, and ſubtle; valuing nothing above his own ends, and placing conſcience under all things in the world. He entred into this charge like a Fox, and ſwayed therein like a Lion; doing nought elſe but roar againſt ſome, and devour others; there being no power able enough to bend his pride, as if there were not riches enough in all the world to ſatisfie his avarice. God (who often-times ſuffereth not things violent to be long-laſting) gave an end to his tyranny by the death of his Maſter, whoſe reign was ſhort, and life moſt obſcure. He left two ſons, the eldeſt of which bare the name of *Childeric*, and the youngeſt was called *Thierry*. *Ebroin* ſeeing himſelf, like creeping Ivie, (which ſeeks a pillar for ſupport) not to ſtand fair in *Childerics* mind, whether this Prince were too clear ſighted, to diſcover his jugglings; or whether under the reign of his Father, he had otherwiſe uſed him then his condition deſerved; it made him arrogantly to adhere to *Thierries* faction, thinking he had power and credit enough to make an alteration both in nature, and State-affairs. He then raiſeth a controverſie in a matter which was ſufficiently decided by birth, and aſſembleth the Eſtates to deliberate upon it; where there were ſo many creatures, whom he accounted to be obliged to follow his liking, that the palm of ſo doubtfull a battell ſeemed to him already abſolutely gained.

There was then in France one *Leger*, a man of great birth, of an excellent ſpirit, of an eminent virtue, accompanied with grace of body, and other parts which made him fit for the Court.

His Uncle, who was a great Prelate, had very nobly bred him, giving him admittance into the Palace and his affairs; but, the ſweetneſſe of his nature, not born for much trouble, made him addict himſelf to the Church, and become a religious man, but was afterward taken out of his Monaſtery to be Biſhop of Autun.

His degree and merit then obliged him to be present at this Assembly, where it was treated of making a new King: and seeing *Ebroin* insolently supported the younger to the prejudice of Nature, and the laws of the Kingdome; he undertook to dissolve his busie practise, and to reduce misled minds, unto reason. Notwithstanding this violent Mayor of the palace ceased not openly to declare his design in full Assembly, in favour of *Thierry*; using many pretexts and colours which put a quite other face upon a businesse so unreasonable. Good men, who more feared his bloudy countenance and his irreconcileable enmities, then approved his reasons; looked one upon another, expecting that some generous soul should stand for truth: and all of them imagined, that having declared themselves with much weakenesse, and small effect; they might not serve so much for a support to *Childeric*'s cause, as for an object of *Ebroins* revenge. Cruelties and Jealousies often ruine many good affairs; and they took the way to overthrow this, if *Leger* had not risen up, who spake with so much reason, grace, authority and courage, that he alone gave a countrepoise to *Ebroins* malice, and drew all the soundest in the Assembly to his side: where *Ebroins* adherents (seeing Truth carried as in Triumph by hands so courageous) did disband, studying more their own preservation, then to serve his ambition.

Childeric mounts up to the Throne which nature had prepared for him; *Ebroin*, who knew the main and manifest contradictions he had framed against his right, hath a soul full of affrightments, and already accounts himself for a dead mad; he searcheth for some sanctuary to hide himself, but findeth none more safe then Religion. Necessity makes a Monk, where piety could never make a Christian. He comes and throweth himself at *Childeric*'s feet, offers him his head and life with most humble submission, by which he begged of the young King, that (if his goodnesse permitted him not to moisten the entrance into his Throne with the bloud of the guilty) his Majesty would please to confine him to a Monastery, to bewail his sinnes, and daily to die as many times, as he should call to mind his own Ingratiude. *Childeric* (who was not born to bloud, and who at that time had his heart busied enough with the joy of his victory (which is a time when Mildnesse costs him least) permitted him to retire into the Monastery of Luxeuil in Burgundy. Mean time, *Leger* (who had given such testimonies of his capacity, Courage, and fidelity) is put into *Ebroins* place, and undertaketh the absolute government of all the affairs of the Kingdome.

His virtue should have dispensed with him at this time, not to give others occasion to think that he had beaten down *Ebroins* tyranny, of purpose to raise himself upon his ruines. But there are certain chains of Adamant in charges, and Court-dignities, which oftentimes captive the most austere. His Rivall bursts with anger to see him lifted up to this dignity, when his calamity enforced him to be tyed to a Coul, which is a piece he never had thought was for his purpose. He was a strange Hermit, like to *Nicephorus* (*Gregoras* his fox) who, being blacked over with ink, counterfeited the Monk, and told the poultrey, he much repented him to have used them so ill, but that hereafter they might confidently converse with him, since his habit and condition permitted him not to live otherwise then innocently. This miserable man had no other repentance, but that he had not prospered in his ambition; no other poverty, then the impotency of taking away others mens goods; no other obedience, then the hypocrisie of his submission; no other singing, then the sorrows of his fortune; and no other Religion, but his habite. All his prayers tended to nothing else but to demand some change of State, that he might change his fortune; whereas *Leger* (taking wayes quite contrary in his government) made Religion, Justice, and Peace to flourish.

His zeal opposed impiety; his equity, injustice; his sweetnesse, violence; and his authority carried all that was reasonable. But, there is a certain unhappinesse in the mannage of state-affairs which makes a man hate his own quiet; and virtue too regular, is often troublesome even to those it intends to oblige.

Leger is offensive to some, because he makes them more honest then they would be: to others, because his lights manifest their darknesse; whilst others think that, in the newnesse and change of a Minister of State, they shall better make up their own reckoning. *Childeric* himself takes a distaste against the faithfullest of his servant; and whether that *Ebroins* faction breathed this passion into him, or whether it proceeded from his licentious youth, or whether his humour felt too much constraint in the innocent severity of the manners of his Mayor of the Palace; he shewed him not so pleasing a look as he had accustomed. He, desirous more efficatiously to sound the Kings opinion, most humbly besought him to give him leave to passe the Feast of Easter in the city whereof he was Bishop, which *Childeric* easily assented to. But perverse souls (who enkindled the fire of division, under colour of friendship) told the good Prelate, that the easinesse his Prince had witnessed in this late occasion, was but a bait to undo him, and that he had resolved to cause his person be seized on, of purpose to murder him. One fears all from a power that taketh the liberty to do all; which was the cause that *Leger* entred into great affrightments upon this news, and resolved to leave the Court, to free himself from Envy and the dangers which threatned him. He communicateth his intention with his greatest confidents, who are nothing of his opinion, and they shewed him he must not yield to a little stormy gust, but rather die in the midst of the waves (holding the helm in his hand) then to forsake the vessel: that his flight would give matter of suspicion to the King; of advantage to his enemies; and of confusion to his own friends: and that (hitherto) there was not any sign of disgrace which might make him to begin, where the onely extremity of evils might constrain him to end. Notwithstanding, whether fear had taken too much hold upon this good Prelates mind, or whether his conscience reduced into his imagination the repose of those innocent dayes he had spent in the Monastery; he takes a sudden resolution, not to forsake the world by halves; but by laying down the government of the affairs of the Kingdome, to rid himself also of his Bishoprick. The conclusion of this businesse is followed by a speedy dispatch; which made the King wonder, who sent trusty persons to invite him to return, and to give him assurance of his good affection towards him; but his zeal had its ear in heaven, not to hearken to the perswasions of the earth. He goes to the Monastery of Luxeuil, where he sees *Ebroin*, who was there held as a fettered beast, and not in a condition to bite. The Abbot, who knew the differences that were in Court, fearing, lest hatred might hatch its egg by the help of a religious habit, caused them to be reconciled, and to talk together, although he had separated their abode, fearing that too frequent conversation might in them awaken their former aversions. Time slideth away very quietly with them, untill the arrivall of a very unexpected accident. *Childeric* (after the departure of S. *Leger*)

useth

uſeth the greatneſſe of his power licentiouſly, and ſoileth both his Name and Dignity with inconſiderate actions; which quickly made this great Miniſter of State to be deplored, and all the Envy to be caſt upon the King, for having ſo eaſily diſmiſſed him. The contempt of his perſon began ſo to creep into the minds of his ſubjects, that defamatory Libels went abroad upon his Paſſions and Government, which ſeemed to have no other aim, but the weakning of his Authority. He thought to quench a coal with flames, and entreth into outrageous anger againſt thoſe whom he ſuſpected to raiſe any queſtion upon his actions.

He cauſeth a gentleman named *Bodil* to be taken, and having cauſed him to be tyed to a poſt, he commandeth him to be ignominiouſly whipped, contrary to the manner of ordinary puniſhments; which occaſioned ſo much acerbity in the Nobility, that all in an inſtant rebelled againſt him. *Bodil*, tranſported by the fury of his Paſſion, and encouraged by the number of his Complices, out of a horrible attempt, kills *Childeric* whilſt he was a hunting: and paſſing on to the Palace, extendeth his revenge (like a devil fleſhed in maſſacres) to the perſon of the Queen (great with child) whom he murdered. The Court is drenched in deep deſolation; the pillars of the State totter; there is need of able men to free them from this danger. The friends of *Ebroin* and S. *Leger* (who ſought their own ends in the employment of theſe two) invited them with urgent reaſons (covered with the good of the State) to return to the world; aſſuring them that all France went to ruine, if they ſupported it not. *Ebroin* (to whom South-ſayers promiſed wonders, and who, under hope he had to forſake the Monks Coul, had already ſuffered his hair to grow, to be the better diſpoſed for all occaſions) ſhewed himſelf nothing hard to be perſwaded.

S. *Leger* therein uſed more reſiſtance; but in the end ſuffered himſelf to be overcome, leaving the ſweetneſſe of Solitude to enter again into the troubles of the world; which never paſſeth unpuniſhed, but in ſuch as do it by the Laws of pure Obedience. He is received into his Biſhoprick as an Angel, and his friends do all they can to bring him to the Court, and to gain him a good eſteem in the Kings mind, who ſeemed to ſtand in need of ſuch a ſervant, to purchaſe the more authority among the people who with much ſatisfaction had taſted the ſweetneſſe of his Government. *Ebroin* (on the other ſide) ſeeing *Thierry* (*Childeric*'s brother) had taken poſſeſſion of the Kingdome, was very confident of his return; having formerly been of the faction of the young King: But he being neglected; *Leudegeſillus*, an antient favourite of *Thierry*'s, had undertaken the government of affairs. The furious Monk ſtorms like a madman for the dignity of Maſter of the Palace which he had poſſeſſed; and being unable to creep into it by mildneſſe, he entreth thereinto by open violence. He rallieth together all his antient friends; in this new change of State, he gathereth a tumultuary army, and flyeth into the field with ſo much ſpeed, that he almoſt ſurprized the King with his Favourite, to uſe them at his diſcretion. Neceſſity enforceth to offer candles and incenſe to this devil; he is ſought unto for peace; great recompences are propoſed to his crimes: his ambition takes no ſatisfaction but in the object of his deſign. He draweth *Leudegeſillus* to a Conference under ſhew of accommodation; and (being a man without Faith or Soul) he killeth him, emptying his place by a murder, to repleniſh it by a Treachery. Notwithſtanding, he lets *Thierry* know, his arms were not taken but for his ſervice, and that he had no other purpoſe, but to reduce all powers under his Sceptre. The other was in a condition of inability to defend himſelf; which made him reſolve rather to take him for a ſervant, then to have him for a maſter. In the end; this horrible fury (hidden under the habit of a Monk) never ceaſed until it carried him to the neareſt place of a Royall Throne. So ſoon as he was poſſeſſed of his former dignity, he bent all his powers to vengeance, and thought upon nothing but of ridding his hands of ſuch as had croſſed his fortune. S. *Leger* was the very firſt he aimed at in his wicked plots; he diſpatcheth troops to make havock about the city of Autun, and gives commands to murderers, (executioners of his revenge) to lay hold of his perſon.

The good Prelate (who heard the lamentable cryes of the people) afflicted by the deteſtation of theſe hoſtilities, went forth, and preſents himſelf before theſe barbarians, as a victime of expiation, to deliver himſelf over to death, and to ſtay the ſtream of the miſeries which overflowed his dioceſſe. He was prepated to make an Oration, but (they as Tygres, which had no commerce with muſick) preſently fell upon him; and having taken him, they pulled out his eyes, to lead him in triumph to *Ebroin*. He had already poiſoned the ear of the young King, having ſet forth this ſage Biſhop, as the moſt execrable man on earth, and the moſt capitall enemy he had in the world. There remained nothing (but to produce him in this ſtate) fully to accompliſh the contentment his bruitiſhneſſe did aim at.

He at the ſame time cauſed *Guerin* (S. *Legers* brother) to be taken; doubly to torment him in that he moſt loved: and having preſented them both before the King; he beginneth to charge them with injuries and ſcorns; the Saints eclipſed eyes, and faces covered all over with bloud nothing mollifyed the heart of this *Polyphemus*. Captivity tyed not the tongues of the two brothers, nor exceſſe of miſeries dejected their courages. They ſpake with all liberty what might be expected from their conſtancy; rendering thanks to God, that he in this world had chaſtiſed them with temporall puniſhments, as true children; and menacing *Ebroin* with an eternity of torments, which, the anger of God reſerved for the exorbitancy of his wickedneſſe. This cruel creature, who expected ſome more pliantneſſe in ſo great a miſery, was immeaſurably offended, and inſtantly commanded them to be ſeparated, and *Guerin* to be ſpeedily put to death.

He received the ſentence of death with great fortitude, embracing his blind brother with all unexpreſſible tenderneſſe, and encouraging him to the laſt conflict, with words full of the ſpirit of God. After this, he is bound to a pillar, and knocked down with ſtones. *Ebroin*, who would reliſh his revenge by long draughts, found out in his heart inventions of a hangman, to torment Saint *Leger*, cauſing him to walk on ſtones as ſharp as razours, and appointing his face to be disfigured, by cutting out his tongue, his noſe, and lips, to ſend him from thence a priſoner to the Monaſtery of Fecan. All this was executed, yet the patience of this incomparable man (by ſo hideous torments) no whit ſhaken, bleſſing God for all theſe things, and inceſſantly praying, and forming ſome ſtuttering inarticulate ſounds, to inſtruct and exhort thoſe who viſited him.

A while after, he is called again before this Tyrant, who made a ſport of his pains, and ſought to make him end his life by deſpair, to kill the ſoul with the body. But when he perceived his heart was of ſo ſtrong a temper, and that the dreadfull horrour of a

poor body (carried up and down among ſo many tortures) made nothing for his reputation, he gave order to *Chrodobert* to put him to death; and inſtantly he was delivered to four executioners who led him forth into a forreſt, which retaineth the name of S. *Leger*. The bleſſed blind man perceiving his hour approached, ſaid to them, I ſee what you go about to do; Trouble not your ſelves, I am more ready to die, then you to execute me. Thereupon, three of the murderers relenting, proſtrated themſelves at his feet, and craved pardon, which he very freely granted, and putting himſelf upon his knees prayed for his perſecutours, recommending his ſoul to the Father of ſouls; at which time one of theſe four executioners perſiſting in his obdurateneſſe cut off his head. The wife of *Chrodobert* took the body, and interred it in a little Chappel, where it did great miracles which have deſerved the veneration of people. Some time after, the deteſtable *Ebroin* (continuing the wickedneſſe of his bloudy life) was ſlain in his bed like another *Holophernes*, and ſuddenly taken out of the world, not ſhewing any ſign of repentance; to be reſerved for an eternall torment.

Behold all which Envy, Jealouſie, and the Rage of a man abandoned by God can do; which letteth us manifeſtly ſee, that there are not any men in the world worſe then thoſe, who, degenerating from a religious profeſſion, return to the vices of the world. And on the other ſide, we may behold in the perſon of S. *Leger*, that there is not any Paſſion which may not be overcome; nor honour which may not be trodden underfoot; nor torments which a man is not able to ſet at naught, when he with ſtrong confidence throws himſelf between the arms of the Croſſe, there to find thoſe of *Jeſus Chriſt*.

LAUS DEO.

FINIS.

THE HOLY COURT.

VVritten in French by N. CAUSSIN, S. J.

The Fifth Tome,

Containing the Lives and Elogies of Persons of the COURT most Illustrious, both of the Old and New Testament, &c. divided into five ORDERS:

Monarchs and Princes. Queens and Ladies.
Souldiers. States-men.
Religious men.

Printed M. D C. L.

To the Reader.

Having employed my first Volumn in pious and profitable discourses, I have purposed to set forth in this fifth Tome a sufficient large Court to serve for example. Which I have done by uniting to the Histories which I have already published these which I have here added a new, which are almost all taken out of the holy Scriptures, and handled in a style more solid and contract, then specious and enlarged.

If this Work hath somewhat delayed its coming forth into the light, it hath been businesses other wayes coming upon me, that hath staid it. We have had adversaries to deal with, very well known, that have by their Requests and by their Libels exceedingly troubled themselves to molest us. I have answered them in two Books after a long silence, for that the necessity did seem so to require, and Authority therein did expresly command my obedience. I have done it with the greatest modesty and sincerity that I was able; and I may with confidence say, that it hath been to the satisfaction of people of quality and desert.

Since, as I understand, they have continued their Replies, where they largely witnesse their sharpnesse, against me. But what offence have I committed, if in a Cause so good, and by order from my Superiours I have undertaken the Defence in generall of a Society, in which I have lived near these fourty years, and have never learned any thing therein but Wisdome and Virtue? They have so little matter, that they are compelled to use old News-books against me, which have spoken nothing, but what hath been interpreted to my honour. I have served God, the King, the Queen, and all France, without ever offending any person, they might be ashamed to reproach me with that which hath been so much for my credit, and to imitate those people that threw their Gods at the heads of their enemies for want of arrows.

God keep me from losing so much time as to reade their Writings, or any desire to answer them. I should seem to have lost my understanding, if I should busie my self in fighting against Shadows and Lies put into Rhetorick, so fully refuted by our Justifications, and so manifestly condemned by the judgement of the Queen Regent, and the rest of the Powers that have acknowledged and maintained the Innocency of this Society against all Accusations.

These Books of evil Language are intolerable to all honest people, and even odious to those that are rationall of their own party, in so much, that I pity their Authours, to whom the pains of so great a Volumn with so little successe hath already served for a large punishment.

Instead of Replies to all those slanders, I do sincerely offer up Prayers to God for our Persecutours, that he may please to kindle in their hearts his holy Love, which may purge out this gall of bitternesse, this carnall wisdome, and cause them to bring forth the fruits of Truth, Justice, and Charity.

The which I have endeavoured to do in this Work wherein I conceive that I have acquitted my self of the promises that I made to the Publick by treating on the true Histories of great Personages, and especially those whom the holy Scripture hath honoured by its style, for the edification of all the world.

It is in these illustrious Representations that the mind contents it self; it is here that it contemplates the Virtues of famous Persons, like the beams of the first Magnitude; it is here that it quickens it self to the imitation of their glorious deeds, and that it fore-stalls the delights of its own immortality. It is here that it learns to endure adversities without departing from the duties of its Calling, and firmly to keep its Constancy like the shadow in the Quadrant, that remains immoveable under the blasts of the most furious winds, not forsaking the measures of the Sunne.

Receive therefore (courteous Reader) the fruits of this my labour sprung up in the midst of a tempest, that it may find calmnesse in thy favourable acceptance.

THE MONARCHS.

THE wiſeſt of Monarchs ſpeaking in the holy Scripture unto the Princes of his age, and proceeding at large to give a full warning to all thoſe that ſhould bear part in their honour, and imitate their lives, delivereth theſe words by way of Oracle. *Hearken O Kings, not onely with an ear of fleſh, but attend with that of the underſtanding and heart, to give entrance thereby to the Spirit of God.* If you eſteem it a moſt glorious honour to govern innumerable people, and to behold from the throne of your Magnificence, Nations bending under your Sceptres; Know ye, that this Power which lifts you ſo high above the reſt of mortals, is borrowed from Heaven, and is a gift which hath its originall from God, who is the Sovereign of all Monarchs of the World. It is He that will examine all your works, and ſearch into the ſecreteſt of your thoughts. You forget, that notwithſtanding all the ſervices that men render to you, you are but the Servants and Attendants of this powerfull King: You have not judged ſincerely; you have not kept the laws which your ſelves have preſcribed, nor rendred juſtice to your Subjects, nor walked according to the commands of Him whoſe perſon you repreſent. This is the reaſon, why He will appear to you ſuddainly and terribly, ſeparating your ſoul from your bodies. You ſhall ſee Him on His Throne of Juſtice, compaſſed with terrours, and you ſhall know that He exerciſes moſt ſevere judgment over thoſe that bear Rule over men. All thoſe poor people, which tremble under your power, ſhall be lovingly and mercifully dealt with by God; but the mighty ſhall be mightily tormented, if they behave not themſelves as they ought; and ſhall know that the greatneſſe of their Sovereign Authority ſhall avail them nothing, but to ſerve to augment their juſt puniſhments.

The words of the wiſeman directed to the Kings of his time. Sap. 6.

There are no plagues more fatall to the deſtruction of Princes, then thoſe, who (under colour of raiſing their authority,) would make themſelves great by power to commit (and that without puniſhment) all kind of enormities. Royalty is an Invention of God, appointed not for the benefit of the Kings, but of the Common-wealth. It was not inſtituted for the vain-glory of men, but for the ſafety of the World; and Princes are more for the peoples ſake, then the people for theirs.

The end of Royalty.

All the great things were made to ſerve the leſſer. The Sun (the Prince of Lights, and the heart of Nature,) ſerves as well for the eyes of a little fly, as for thoſe of a Monarch. The Ocean within that its monſtrous extent of Seas and wonders, tenders its ſervice to the little Fiſh encloſed in a ſmall ſhell, which cannot ſubſiſt without its attendance: The one poſſeſſes not the leaſt beam, nor the other the leaſt drop of water, which it employes not for the Commune.

Great things were made for the leſſer.

The Eternall Father would not that the great things ſhould be great in vain; but that they pay for their greatneſſe, by the favours and cares they are to take for the little ones. Thus God commanded *Moſes* to carry all that great people that he had brought out of Egypt, to ſerve them all as a mother: and (if we will believe Saint *Baſil* of Seleucia) Kings are made to bear the World.

Orat. 2. in Adam.

In antient time they were lifted up upon Bucklers on the day of their Conſecration, to cauſe them to underſtand, that they ought to ſerve for a Buckler for their whole Realm. Nature hath made neither King nor Subject amongſt Men. Kings are not born Kings, but by the conſent of thoſe people which have made themſelves a Law to obey him whom God ſhould declare to them by his birth, or whom themſelves ſhould make by Election. Royalty is a power of all the particulars united together in one man, to be applyed and exerciſed according to the Law.

The practice of Romulus to be noted. Navar. l. 1. c. 9.

When *Romulus* founded the Monarchy of Rome, compoſed of divers people that offered themſelves to him, he expreſly ordained that every one ſhould bring to him ſome of the earth and fruits of his countrey, whereof he compoſed a maſſe, and cauſed it to be buried in a great pit which he called the Word: intending to ſhew by this ceremony, that Royalty is a heap of Wills, of Powers, of Riches united in one onely Power. This is a borrowing which Kings make without obligation to reſtore again, but with obligement to render it better. They ought to do as the Bees, which take of the flowers, to make Honey thereof. They ought to temper and bring to perfection the Virtues and Qualities of the whole Communalty in their own perſon, to compoſe thereof the publick happineſſe.

Targum & Navarinus. l. 4.

Wherefore do you think that the antient Hebrews planted trees at the birth of the children of their Kings, which they held as ſacred, and dreſſed them with careſull diligence, to make thereof one day thrones for thoſe little Monarchs, when they were come to the Crown; but onely to teach them, that they ought to cover the people with their protection, and to enrich them with goods; as the tree defends men from the tempeſt with its leaves, and nouriſheth them with its fruit? They are not properly Maſters in a ſtrict ſenſe, for that the Maſter may do whatſoever he will with his goods without giving account thereof: But a King cannot uſe his ſubjects, but according to the law: he muſt

entreat them, as the Goods of God, for that he is accomptable therefore to the Sovereign Judge of Heaven and Earth, whose Stewart he is for a certain time, and not proprietary for ever. If he abuse this truft, although the people cannot recall the authority, which they have given to him, and which hath been eſtabliſhed of it ſelf by a long preſcription; nevertheleſſe he is anſwerable to the Divine Majeſty for all that he doth.

Navarrus in Manual. The Divines hold that a King which ſhould reign onely for his own honour and pleaſure, would ſin grievouſly, and put himſelf upon hazard of looſing his ſalvation.

Royalty a glorious ſervitude. To ſpeak then the very truth, Royaltie is a very great obligement, and a glorious ſervitude, and he that ſhall well conſider all its burthens, would not ſo much as ſtoop to take up a Diadem lying on the ground,

Doctor *Navarrus* and other Divines, that treat of the duty of Princes, ſay, That to be a King, is to be the peoples man, who is charged before God upon the perill of his ſoul; to take care of their affairs, and to maintein them in peace, as far as ſhall be lawfull and poſſible: to defend them from their enemies, to render juſtice to them by himſelf or his officers. That is, to chooſe men of ability and virtuous, to undertake thoſe charges; to watch over their actions and their behaviour, to chaſtiſe the evil ones that trouble the publick quiet, and to recompence the good ones: That is, to keep the Laws, to root out abuſes, to cauſe piety and good manners to flouriſh, to ſtop all injuſtice, corruptions and exactions. As alſo to facilitate tradeing, to order the conducts for Souldiers, to take care for the reparations of publick Buildings, for Ammunition and proviſion, for the health and conveniency of his Subjects, and to exact nothing of them above their ability: and that which is exacted, to husband it for their benefit, to employ the cuſtomes with the greateſt fidelity, as the bloud of men redeemed by the blood of Jeſus Chriſt: This is, to take order for the Education of Youth, to honour the Church, and perſons of deſert, to Authorize good Magiſtrates, to have a particular care of acknowledging the good ſervices of men at Arms, which do ſacrifice themſelves in a thouſand occaſions for the Common-weal. It is to have great compaſſion on the poor, eſpecially Widows and Orphans, to hear willingly the Petitions of thoſe that are afflicted and oppreſſed, to take thought for all, watch for all; to do that in his Realm, that the ſoul infuſed doth in the Body.

Royalty a mervellous profeſſion. It is too much power to ſay that which *Nero* ſaid by the tongue of *Seneca*, Among ſo many mortals, I am the onely one choſen in heaven to performe the office of God upon earth: I am the Arbitratour both of life and death, I am the diſtributer of fortunes, the favours that come from above are not beſtowed but by my mouth: I cauſe the rejoycings of cities and countreys, nothing flouriſheth but by my favour. If I ſpeak but a word I make a million of ſwords to come forth of the ſcabberd, and if I command, I cauſe them to be put up again. It is I that give, and take away liberty, which make and unmake Kings, which remove nations, which lay waſte rebellious towns, which hold the happineſſe or unhappineſſe of men in mine hands.

What other thing is this that he vaunts, and ſo proudly boaſts himſelf of? but onely to confeſſe himſelf reſponſible to God for ſo great an account: whereof this miſerable Emperour acquitted himſelf ſo ill, that having lived like a beaſt, he dyed like a mad-man. There is no man worthy to reign, but he that can tremble at the very ſhadow of Royalty.

Great Princes the workmanſhip of God. Great Princes are not made by the ſuffrages of men alone, but by the finger of God: they are born in Heaven by the Divine Decrees, before they appear upon earth by humane birth. To ſpeak the truth, there are wonderfull qualities required to make a well-accompliſhed King; and this is a thing more hard to find then the Phenix neſt. When the children of Iſrael had this conceit that *Moſes* was loſt, they repair to his brother *Aaron*, and intreat him to make them a God, to ſit in the place of their Conductour, as if they meant to ſay; after *Moſes*, no leſſe will ſerve them then a Deity. Nevertheleſſe, God hath never ſuffered that there ſhould be a perfect Monarch in the World, in whom nothing hath been wanting; for there would have been a hazard, leſt he ſhould have been taken for a God, and thereby have cauſed a perpetuall Idolatry. Very rare.

The Heathens have made Gods of ſome Emperours vicious enough; what would they not have made of perfect ones, ſeeing that men naturally do bear a certain reverence towards virtue? Look a little narrowly into the life of the greateſt Monarchs of the World, as of *David*, *Cyrus*, *Alexander*, *Julius Ceſar*, *Auguſtus*, *Conſtantine*, *Charlemagne*; and you ſhall find that all thoſe beauties, which have ſo dazled the eyes of the World, have had their ſpots, and the moſt part of the reſt have inherited a Renown but little commendable; that is, *To be none of the worſt amongſt many bad ones.*

Whatſoever excellency the moſt famous of them had, proceeded from the eſpeciall gift of God: and whatſoever meanneſſe was in them, proceeded from themſelves; who alwayes mingled ſomewhat of Man with the work of the great Work-maſter. Nevertheleſſe, good Inſtructions are very uſefull for Princes, to rouſe up and make active the endowments they have from above: yet it is not in thoſe Panegyricks ſo well compoſed that they learn their duty; for, there they may ſooner learn to forget it (when being puft up by thoſe flatteries) they think themſelves to be in deed, that, which they are there, but in flouriſh.

It is not my intent here to diſcourſe at large how Princes ought to govern themſelves, but to contract in a few words that which is neceſſary for their direction, and I am perſwaded that the Scripture, Saint *Lewis* in his Teſtament, and *Lewis* the eleventh in that Treatiſe which he compoſed himſelf for the inſtruction of the King his ſonne, have ſaid hereto ſufficient, and that the rules of reigning well cannot be drawn better from any then thoſe that have been of the ſame profeſſion.

The perfection of a Prince may be comprehended within theſe five Qualities, Piety, Wiſdome, Juſtice, Goodneſſe, and Valour. Piety fits him for God: Wiſdome, for himſelf: Juſtice, for the Law: Valour, for Arms: and Goodneſſe, for the whole World.

Piety, or (to ſpeak more properly with Saint *Thomas*) Religion is a virtue, that appropriates Man to God, and makes him to render that honour that is due to him as firſt Originall, and chief Lord of the whole frame of Nature. *Syneſius* in that excellent Treatiſe that he made for the Emperour *Arcadius* concerning government, ſayes, That this is the foundation on the which all firmneſſe ſubſiſts. This is that ſpirit of life, which Kings do breathe from heaven which fills their underſtanding with enlightning, their heart with Divine love and confidence, their Palace with holineſſe, and their Kingdome with a Bleſſing.

It belongs to a King above all, to be Pious and Devout towards God, even by the Title of Royalty it ſelf. Who ſhould honour that higheſt Majeſty, more then his Vicegerent here on Earth? Who ſhould repreſent his virtues, more then his image here below? Who ſhould render greateſt thanks for his favours, more then he that receives them in the moſt abundance? beſides the

the obligement that binds the Prince unto this virtue; he finds the chiefeſt intereſt there. Proſperity for the moſt part is found on their ſide, which honour the Deity, ſaith *Titus Livius* in his Hiſtory. And *Ariſtotle* who proceeds by way of Policy onely, counſels a Monarch to be exceedingly religious, for that thereby he will be more beloved and reverenced by his ſubjects, which expect leſſe evil, and more good from a Prince which is joyned to God by Religion. This alſo procures him an aſſurance in his affairs; and makes his proſperity the ſweeter, and adverſities the leſſe afflicting.

God who is the Maſter and Teacher of Princes, doth ſo ſtrictly recommend this virtue to thoſe Kings, that were made more eſpecially by his own election, that he commands them to receive from the Prieſts a copy of the Law of God, or elſe to tranſcribe it with their own hand, to carry it alwayes with them, and to reade it all the dayes of their life, to learn thereby to fear the higheſt King, and to keep his inſtructions.

Now the Piety of a Prince ought not to be ordinary, but it ought to excell in three things chiefly, in an inward ſence of the Deity, in his worſhip, and zealous affection. An Antient ſaid, That he which believes the Gods, makes them, and that they have no need of our Sacrifices, but that they would have our Heart. The King ought to acknowledge God with a very deep ſenſe of Piety, as the chiefeſt eſſence, the chiefeſt light, a Trinity within an Unity infinite, an Eternall Spirit, whoſe Power is Almightineſſe, whoſe Will is the higheſt Reaſon, and whoſe Nature is nothing but Holineſſe: That he is a Myſterious Silence, a Lovely Terribleneſſe, an Immenſneſſe of Glory, which Sees all, and Knows all, from whom all Beings have their riſing, which gives and takes away Empires, before whom the World, and all its Kingdomes, and all its Monarchs, are but as it were ſmall atoms moving within that immovable Beam. This ſenſe will cauſe the Prince to tender his Crown and Perſon at the feet of God with a perfect humility, and whole dependance on him in all things: he will learn the myſteries of our faith, and all the great maximes of Religion, not for diſputation, but to believe and adore them.

The ſervice of God. In proſecution of this deep ſenſe, it behooves him to profeſſe the outward worſhip and ſervice for the performance of his duty, and the example of his people: as by his aſſiſting at divine Service with great reverence; honouring the holy Sacrament, ſhewing himſelf exceeding devout towards the moſt holy mother of God, towards the Angels and Saints; frequenting confeſſion and the Euchariſt, hearkening willingly to the word of God, and regulating his prayers and daily devotions, by the advice of thoſe that direct his conſcience, and above all accounting it the chiefeſt devotion to be carefull of his people, juſt in his Government, and full of compaſſion towards the afflicted.

It is alſo expedient to take heed that the Prince in this do neither too much, nor too little; it is not fitting that he take upon him the devotion of a Prieſt or Religious man, which might a little diminiſh the credit of his profeſſion, nor that he ſhould likewiſe become too careleſſe and negligent in Divine matters, for fear leſt he fall into Libertiniſm which is the gulf of all misfortunes.

Zeal. True Piety in a Monarch ſhineth forth moſt of all in zeal, which is a moſt ardent love of the honour of God; and to attein to this, he ought above all to keep the Law of God, avoiding all grievous and ſcandalous ſins, and he ought continually to take care, that God be ſerved in his own houſe, and throughout his whole Realm.

That Blaſphemies, Sacriledges, Hereſies, Simonie, and all impieties be ſcattered and vaniſh by the beams of his power: That the Pope, which is the Father, and chief Shepheard of all Chriſtendome, be reſpected with a holy Reverence. That the Biſhops be honoured and mainteined. That the Church be provided of good Paſtours: That the Clergy live under Rule and comelineſſe, and that it be mainteined in its rights. That Hoſpitals, Monaſteries, and Religious-houſes be protected and preſerved in their eſtates. He ought not to ſuffer in any manner whatſoever, according to the order of *Lewis*, that ſacred placed be violated in the Warrs which may happen between Chriſtian Princes. He ought to have an earneſt zeal and indefatigable for the advancement of the Faith and Religion, and according as the times and occaſions ſhall permit, to employ his arms and perſon to ſubdue the pride of Infidels and ſet up the Standard of the Croſſe. This is the portion which God reſerves for Chriſtian Princes, which ſhould never partake of true honour, but that which is encloſed within the glory of *Jeſus Chriſt* (ſaith *Julius Firmicus* to the children of *Conſtantine*) Nevertheleſſe in deſigns of war againſt the Infidels, nothing ſhould be too fervently haſted, under pretence of zeal, to the prejudice of the Realm; but to attend the coming in of God, which knowes the times and opportunities, and that ſometimes gives in without much labour, which men at other times undertake without good advice, and with little ſucceſſe.

Wiſedome doth very excellently agree with Piety, as being a ſcience of Divine and Humane things, not idle, but with an active reliſh and skill for the directing of our life. If a Prince do not ſtudy to get this wiſedome, he is ignorant of his profeſſion, and makes himſelf contemptible to his ſubjects. He is given by God to his Kingdome, as the Soul to the Body, and how can he then ſubſiſt without underſtanding? He is given as the Eye, what can he do without Light? He ought himſelf to be the Light, and would it not be a ſhame for him to be covered with perpetuall darkneſſe? *The King ſhall reign and ſhall be wiſe*, ſaith the holy Scripture: this is the onely thing that *Solomon* deſired of God at the beginning of his reign: and he gave him this requeſt in ſuch a manner, that he repleniſht him with a wonderfull ability. Jer. 23. 5.

The greatneſſe of Wiſdome. Wiſedome maketh a man more worth then a thouſand, it multiplies it ſelf into many heads, and gathers together the riches of the Univerſe into one onely heart. The Wiſeman draws an harmleſſe Tribute from the Learning of all ages, he learns the lives of all, for to husband well his own; he enters into thoſe great labyrinths of time paſt, as into his own houſe, he makes uſe of ſo many rare inventions of the beſt wits of the World, as of his own Patrimony. You may ſay that the Soul of a learned Prince hath run through many Ages in divers Bodies. Wiſedome maketh him to paſſe through long wayes with ſmall charges, and to diſcover the whole World without going out of his Cloſet: He learns, he diſcourſeth, he judgeth, he approveth, he condemneth; that which is paſt, makes him profit by that which is to come: Good Counſels do enlighten him, and even the follyes of others erect him a Theatre for Wiſdome.

What the wiſdome of a Prince ſhould be. Yet he muſt take heed, leſt of a Prince becoming a Philoſopher, he ceaſe not to be a King: he ought not to ſtudy onely to know and diſpute, but to have the knowledge and practiſe of Excellent things: To think to become wiſe by the reading of Books onely, is like thinking to be hot by the remembrance of fire. He muſt of neceſſity traffick with his own underſtanding, with his own experience: and that he may profit by Teachers, he muſt be a

teacher to himself. I would not that all Princes should be such Philosophers as *Marcus Aurelius* the Emperour, nor so Eloquent as *Julian* the Apostate, nor so curious in every Art as *Hadrian*. It is a Science which comes very near to ignorance, to studie for that which will profit nothing, and to take the pains to learn that which would be better unlearned.

Hielel. Autor. Hebræus excercetse in Coronat. 1. Lege.

Seeing that the Scripture is the Book of books, and that the Antients called the Bible *the Crown*; a King ought not to be ignorant thereof; yet not to make himself a *Divine*, but thereby to learn his duty. Naturall Phylosophy (which sets before us the great spectacle of the Creatures, thereby to ascend to the Creatour) is not unprofitable for a good understanding: that which teaches to reason and discourse is good for every occasion: but the Morall, Politicall, and History make up the best part of a Kings Library; and if hee make a little digression, into Musick and Painting; it cannot but be commendable.

Promote that knowledge that puffs not up vain spirits; but that rather, which humbles the solid ones: for, by learning that which we know not, we understand our Ignorance; and know by experience, that one might make a great Library of that which is beyond the knowledge of the most learned in the World. There are none but those that know little, and which know ill, who take upon them to have a sufficiency of knowledge: they crackle like little Rivulets, whereas the greater Rivers run quietly. That Prince, which by reason that he hath studied will carry all his counsell in his own head, shews that he hath little profited by his study: for in this mortall life, a man is so far wise, as he seeks still to become so: but, after that he thinks that he hath atteined it, and hath no more need of others help; then he begins to be out of the way. The use of wisedome is to become wise, as that of the eye, is to see.

The wisedome of a King may be seen by a reasonable tincture of Learning, by the knowledge that he hath of himself, and the frail flourishing of all humane things, by the discreetnesse of his words, by his modesty in prosperity, by his constancy in adversity. It will shew it self by a Greatnesse, without Affectation; a Majesty, without Pride; an Humimity, without Contempt; a Comelinesse, without Striving: where every thing declares a King, without any shew of making him seem so: it will shew it self by its Temperance, by the moderating of his passions, and by Prudence in the government of his life and estate.

This is to have deeply studied; to be able to overcome his Anger, to disarm Revenge, to moderate a Victory, to overcome Concupiscence, to regulate his Affection, to keep under Ambition, to restrain his Tongue, to over-rule his Delights, to asswage his Discontents, to live like a Saint, and speak like an Oracle. This is exceedingly to have profited in wisedome: to be able to proceed in all affairs according to the laws of true prudence, But, the false maketh that its principall which is but the accessary: it takes Greatnesse and Pleasures for the chief ayme of a Kings life, it consults little, it judgeth ill, it decreeth nothing. But the true Prudence can look unto the end, can take a right mark in all businesses, it doth all things with advice, it brings Judgement without Passion in all occurrences, and gives an effectuall order for the performance of all that which hath been wisely concluded: the remembrance of that past, the understanding of the present, and foreseeing of that to come, makes up its whole perfection: a quick apprehension prepares, an accuteneſſe works it, good advice orders, foreseeing confirms, and performance crowns it. It is by these steps that a Prince ascends to the Throne of wisdome, which is an unestimable Gift, and the true favour of the Deity.

Saint *Lewis*, whose life might have been the school of the ablest Philosophers, although he bore in his mind the best maximes of Empires, yet ceased not to reade good Books, and as he had seen in the time of his imprisonment in the East, that a Sarazen Prince had a Library of the Books of his Law, he caused the like to be made at his return in his Palace, where he spent many hours, and would converse freely with men of learning and desert. *Demetrius Phalereus* advised Kings to instruct themselves often by reading, for that there one may learn of the dead, which they cannot know by the living.

The next to Wisedome followeth Justice, which performs in a manner the chief duty that is required of a Prince: and Royalty, seems to be nothing else but an excellent science of Justice; as Justice is taken for that habit of virtue, by which we render to every one the right that belongs to him. *Tertullian* said, That Goodnesse had created the World, but that Justice had made the Concords thereof. This wise mother of Harmonies ceaseth not to open an ear to the dissents that are made in the World, to correct the disagreeing Voices by its own love, and to bring all to its own end: Ambition inventeth extravagant sounds, Covetousnesse sends forth enraged cries, tyranny makes an infernall Musick: but Justice corrects all these excesses, and if it meet with valiant and incorrupt souls to serve it as an instrument, it sends forth incomparable Melodies which delight the ears of God, and rejoyce the whole fabrick of Nature.

There are two great Virtues which make all the equalities of mans life, Truth equals the understanding to all the objects; and Justice, the hearts to that which is right.

Lying and Injustice make every where great inequalities which fill Kingdomes with Disorder: Consciences with Crimes, and the World with Confusion. But Truth and Justice render light to dark things, strength to feeble, certainty to doubtfull, and order to the confused.

We naturally take a delight to behold the fair bow in heaven, which compasseth the air with a crown of glory: but *Alcuin* the School-master of *Charlemagne* writes, That that which makes it the more admired is, for that amongst its other beauties, it carrieth the ensigns of Justice. It shews the fire and the water, in its red and blew colours, to instruct us that Justice holds the fire in its power to consume the wicked, and the water to bring refreshment to those scorching heats of calamities that trouble the miserable.

Justice is Gods profession, and an Antient said, that his continuall exercise was to weigh the hearts and the works of men, and to distribute rewards, and ordain chastisements according to the good and ill deserving of every one in particular. The Scripture saith, that he is glorious and magnificent, but that these magnificences are chiefly seen upon the mountains of wounds and robberies, when he beats down with an invincible arm the great ones of the earth, loaden with the spoils of iniquitie. The Hebrews said, that God took such delight in Justice, that he had bestowed even the Saphires of his own Throne to engrave the Law thereon.

The Saviour of the world is named the Just by the holy Ghost in the writings of his Apostles, not in dissimulation, but by his Essence. All the great Imitatours

of

of God have honoured this quality, and have held it in the number of their deareſt delights. *Job* maketh it his crown and his garment: *David*, his virtue: *Solomon*, his wiſdome: *Joſias* his love: *Auguſtus*, his exerciſe: and *Trajan*, his honour. The memory of ſo many Conflicts, Sieges, Battels, Conqueſts, Triumphs, whereby the life of this great Emperour was ſo famous, are found but in the record of a few lines: but that which remaineth engraven in the memory of all Ages, is an Act of Juſtice which he performed even then when marching forth of Rome in great ſtate to go to the warres (as I have related in the firſt Volumn) he hearkned to a poor widow-woman which deſired Juſtice of him; he alighted from his horſe to underſtand her buſineſſe at large, and reſtored her to her right before he departed thence. Which thing did ſo wonderfully aſtoniſh S. *Gregory*, that he prayed, as they ſay, for the Soul of *Trajan*, and ſaved it: the which the Doctour *Alphonſus Ciaconius* juſtifies in a learned Treatiſe, although the Cardinall *Baronius* be of another opinion.

By all this, it is apparent and manifeſt, that a Prince ought to have eſpeciall care above all things, not onely to be juſt, but to make it appear both by his words and deeds that which he bears in his heart. He is the greateſt King, according to the Philoſopher *Diogenes*, which is the juſteſt; and if he be without Juſtice, he is nothing but an empty Name, and a ſhadow of Royalty. The moſt excellent thing that a King can do in that his Dignity (ſaid the ſame Wiſe-man) is to worſhip the Deitie; to ordain Laws; to conduct Armies; and all this is to be done Legally, according to the rule of Juſtice. The people feel it not if he be devout, if he be ſober, if he be diſcreet, if he be chaſte; but if he be unjuſt this is a publick miſchief: this all preſently feel, as if the Sunne ſhould go out of his bounds, or if ſome malign Conſtellation ſhould cauſe burning or flouds to happen upon the earth. King *Nebuchadonozor* is repreſented in the Prophet *Daniel*, by a Tree, under the which the fowls made their neſts; and under the which, the other living creatures remained under covert; to give us to underſtand, that Princes ought to ſtretch forth their Power, even like branches, to protect their Subjects by rendring them Juſtice.

A true Prince (to ſpeak as *Caſiodore* doth) ought to ſerve for a Temple to Innocency: for a Sanctuary to Temperance: for an Altar to Juſtice. You therefore (O Monarchs!) that take delight in the glittering of your Crown, know ye, that it is given you from above, to be Gods Vicegerent, rendring to every one that which belongs to him. You ought to watch like an Angel over your whole Eſtate, and not to ſuffer at any time that the ſmalleſt things ſhould be deſtitute of your tendereſt cares. Hearken to that which God ſpeaks to you by his Apoſtle: *Maſters, render that which is juſt and right to your ſervants; ſeeing that you cannot be ignorant, that you have a great Maſter in heaven to whom you muſt give an account of your actions.* Hearken to that which he commands you by his Prophet: *Do Judgement and Juſtice, deliver thoſe that are oppreſſed from the hand of the perſecutours: Take good heed you afflict not the ſtranger, the orphan, nor the widow.* The Juſtice of private perſons is manifeſt in their particular commerce, but that of a King hath other kind of beams to make it appear and be beheld in its glory.

Jer. 21.

Acts of Juſtice in puniſhment and reward.

If you be a true King, as Nature hath not given you an hundred mouthes to ſpeak, nor a hundred hands to do all that is neceſſary with your Government; it is fitting that you make a good choice of thoſe to whom you commit the managing of your Arms, of your Revenues, and of your Laws. Never ſuffer you, that your Name which is ſacred, and your Authority which is inviolable, ſhould ſerve for a pretence to wicked ones to oppreſſe your Subjects. The huntings of men are for the wild Boar, the Wolves, and the Foxes; thoſe of Princes ought to be after the Outrageous, the Robbers, and Tyrants.

All offences are but the overflowings of Injuſtice: there can be nothing chaſte (ſaith S. *Auguſtine*) where adulterers are; nothing ſafe, where robbers; nothing out of danger, where murderers. If the ſword of the Prince, the revenger of iniquities, do not ſtop the audacious, cities become forreſts, and forreſts everlaſting terrours; if there be not Laws for men and puniſhment for offences. Corrupt nature would never make an end of offending, if Gooemment reſtrained not its enterprizes. The chiefeſt care of him that is ſet over people, is to take away the evil and the evil-doers, that honeſt people may live in ſafety: for this cauſe are Kingdomes, Magiſtrates, Arms, Laws; the world would be nothing but robbery, and the life of man confuſion, if Juſtice did not ſuppreſſe the violence of diſordered affections. But to ſpeak the truth, the Prince that ſhould be ſevere in puniſhments, and ſhould have an heart lockt up at rewards, would be as it were lame of one arm: he ought equally to be ready to chaſtiſe offences, and to recompence well-doing. When the Government of Kings is ſo looſe, that vices come in requeſt and thoſe that commit them, it is almoſt a kind of ſin, then to do well: and when virtues are ſo unhappy as to be deprived of the honour which is due to them, it is a ſcandal of that age, and the ſhame of Crowns.

It is not ſufficient to appoint Judges to hear and determine of ſuits, he muſt be well informed of their proceedings and their actions, he muſt ſometimes imitate S. *Lewis*, which gave judgement under an Elm about the differences of his Subjects, and conſecrated the Woods and the Fields by the ſincerity of the Oracles that went forth of his mouth.

The Emperours of Conſtantinople heard likewiſe the controverſies of their people; and as *Codin* ſaith, when one party pleaded, they held one ear uncovered, and covered the other; to ſignifie, that they kept it for the adverſe party.

It is a weakneſſe of judgement to go about to decide a buſineſſe, having heard but one party; one ought to have an ear ſomewhat hard at ſuch diverſity of reports, which are made by parties diverſly intereſſed in a buſineſſe, otherwiſe it is to be feared, that a long repentance will quickly follow a ſhort determination.

Civil Juſtice is exerciſed within Bars, and on Judgement-ſeats; but the Military hath been oft very much neglected by ſome former Princes in its time, when having loſt the opportunity of making a good Peace, they have afterwaids made an unhappy Warre.

Thoſe Judges that buy Juſtice, it is a very great chance if they do not ſell it; and thoſe Souldiers which are not paid by the Taxes levied for that end, are as it were authoriſed to pay themſelves by the permiſſion of ſpoils and plunderings. Our Laws and our Age may bluſh, when the Roman hiſtories tell us, that one *Scaurus*, conducting an Army, oftentimes lodged in the fields, where there were trees loaden with fruit, and yet the ſouldiers durſt not lift up the hand to gather one onely: the paſſing by of a great army left every thing in the ſame order in which it had found them. And amongſt Chriſtians, one Regiment onely of Souldiers hath often made a deſolation in the Countrey, and affrightment in the towns, and as many ſackings, as quarterings. Thoſe which ſit at the Stern of Empires and Common-wealths, are greatly accountable to God for

that which hath paſt in this buſineſſe. Kings ought not onely to maintain Juſtice by their Arms, but to teach it by their behaviour, and to conſecrate it by their examples. The Doctour *Navarrus* hath ſet down divers ſins againſt Juſtice, by the which Princes, Common-wealths, and Lords may offend againſt God mortally; as, to take unlawfully the goods that belong not to them, and to keep them without reſtitution. To govern looſely and negligently their Kingdomes and Principalities. To ſuffer their Countreys to be unprovided of victualls and defence neceſſary, which may bring their Subjects in danger of being ſpoiled. To waſt and conſume in charges, either evil or unneceſſary, the goods which are for the defence of their eſtates. To burden exceſſively their ſubjects with Impoſts and Subſidies, without propounding any good intent therefore, and without having any neceſſity (not pretended, but) true and reall. To ſuffer the poor to die with famine, and not to ſuſtain them with their Revenues in that extremity. Not to hearken to reaſonable conditions for a juſt Peace, and to give occaſion to the enemies of the Chriſtian name, to invade their Lands and root out our Religion. To diſpenſe either with the Law of God or Nature. To give judgement in the ſuits of their Subjects according to their own affection. To deceive their creditours, to ſuppreſſe the Liberty and Rights of the people, to compell them by threatnings or importunate intreaties to give their goods, or to make marriages againſt their wills, or to their diſadvantage. To make unjuſt Wars; to hinder the ſervice of the Church; to ſell offices and places of Charge ſo dear, that they give occaſion to thoſe that buy them to make ill uſe thereof. To preſent to Benefices with Cure of Souls, perſons unworthy and ſcandalous. To give Commiſſions and Offices to corrupt and unfit officers. To tolerate and permit vices, filthineſſe, and robberies by their ſervants, and to condemne to death, and cauſe to be ſlain unjuſtly without due order of Law, and to violate the marriage-beds of their Subjects.

All theſe things and others which this Doctour hath noted, cauſe great ſins of Injuſtice in the perſons of great ones, unto which they ought eſpecially to take heed: and to prevent the ſame, it is moſt neceſſary that they be inſtructed in the duties of their charge, and in the eſtate of their affairs, bending themſelves thereto as the moſt important point of their ſafety: and ſeeing that the paſſion of Hatred or Love, which one may bear to ſome perſon, will trouble the judgement and pervert Juſtice; S. *Lewis* counſelled the King his ſon ſtrongly to keep his heart in quiet, and in the uncertainty of any differences, alwayes to reſtrain his owa affection, and to keep under all movings of the ſpirit, as the moſt capitall enemy to Reaſon.

Many Princes have often loſt both their life and Sceptre for giving themſelves to ſome unjuſt action; and there is no cauſe more ordinary, for which God tranſlates Kingdomes from one hand to another, then Injuſtice; as on the contrary, thoſe Princes which have been great Juſticiaries do ſhine as the ſtars of the firſt magnitude within Gods Eternity, and even their aſhes do ſeem as yet to exhale from their Tombs a certain ſavour, which rejoyceth people, and keeps their memory for ever bleſſed.

Goodneſſe, its Excellency.

But one cannot believe the rare mixture that Juſtice and Goodneſſe make joyned together: Goodneſſe is an eſſence profitable and helpfull, which ſerves as a Nurſe to Love; it hath its originall in the Deity, and from thence diſperſeth it ſelf by little veins into all created Beings, and mixeth it ſelf with every object, as the light with every Colour. It drives away, and ſtops up evil on every ſide, and there is no place, even to the loweſt hell, where it cauſeth not ſome beam of its brightneſſe to ſhine. Beauty which amazeth all mortall eyes, is but the flower of its eſſence; but Goodneſſe is the fruit thereof, and its ſavour is the ſavour of God which all creatures do taſte and reliſh. God, which as *Caſſiodore* ſaith, is the cauſe of all Beings, the life of the ſenſes, the wiſdome of underſtandings, the love and glory of Angels, having from all eternity his happineſſe complete in his own boſome, hath created man, that he might have to whom to do good, as *Gregory Nyſſen* writes: and S. *Cyprian* ſaith, that this eternall Spirit did move upon the waters from the beginning of the world, to unite and appropriate the Creature to its ſelf, and to diſpoſe it for the loving inſpirations of its Goodneſſe.

The Prince, which according to the obligement of his Charge, would make himſelf an imitatour of God, ought to be exceedingly good, with four ſorts of Goodneſſe; of Behaviour, of Affability, of Bounty, and of Clemency. I ſay, firſt of Behaviour, for that there is ſmall hope of any great one, which is not good towards God; which keeps not his Law, and rules not his life thereby: if he have any virtues, they are all ſophiſticate, and if he do any good, it is by ebbing and flowing, by fits, and for ſome ends. No perſon can be truly good towards others, which doth not begin with himſelf; he muſt needs have Chriſtian Love, without which, no man ſhall ever ſee God: if he poſſeſſe this virtue, he will firſt have a love of honour to thoſe which have begot him, a conjugall love for his wife, a cordiall love to thoſe of his bloud, and all his kindred: from thence it will ſpread it ſelf over his whole houſe, and through all his eſtate, and will cauſe him to love his Subjects with a certain tenderneſſe, as his own goods, and as the good ſhepherd cheriſheth his flocks. He will imitate our Lord, which looked from the top of the mountain upon the poor people of Judea that followed him, and his heart melted for them; with ſingular compaſſion. Herein doth truly conſiſt the virtue of Piety which gives ſo great a luſtre to the life of Princes.

Now, according to the Goodneſſe that is in his heart, he muſt needs pour it forth upon all his, by theſe three conduit-pipes that I have ſaid, of Affability, of Liberality, and of Clemency: Affability, which is a well ordered ſweetneſſe both in words and converſe, ought to increaſe together with a Prince from his tender age. This is a virtue which coſteth nothing, and yet brings forth great fruit; it procures treaſuries of hearts and wills, which do aſſiſt great ones, when need requires.

A good word that cometh forth of the mouth of a King, is like the Manna that came from heaven, and fell upon the deſert. It nouriſheth and delighteth his Subjects: it hath hands to frame and faſhion their hearts as it pleaſeth him: it carrieth with it chains of gold ſweetly to captivate their wills. The command that cometh with ſweetneſs, is performed with ſtrength invincible, and every one naturally delights more to obey him, that ſeemeth to entreat in commanding, then a power that cometh with an armed hand, and threatens to root out that which refuſeth it.

It is fitting, nevertheleſſe, that the Prince diſpenſe his favours, according to the deſerts of his Subjects, for it would be a great inequality to be alike to all the world. Affectation oftentimes ſpoils the profeſſion of courteſie, and when one gives too many words at too cheap a price, and almoſt indifferently to every one, it maketh one think, that they are none of the ſincereſt: falſe gold is too high in colour, and a diſſembling courteſie is too glorious in appearance: this deceiveth ſome which are not accuſtomed to it, and have no great

skill

skill in discerning, carrying it self like the Ivy as fairly over crackt pillars as sound ones; but those which are better advised are quickly wary of empty courtesies, when they with good reason expect better effects. Kings, although they are great, are not able to enrich the whole world, there are very many which must be contented with good words, but to think alwayes to escape paying with this coin, is to deceive himself and the whole world.

There are so many hungry ones, which cannot feed upon flowers, which expect gifts and rewards, after they have been at great charges, and run through great hazards for the glory of the Prince and the good of the State, that it is necessary, really, to acknowledge their services.

The Prince which thinks himself bound to give nothing or very little, betraies his birth, shews himself to be lowly minded, and of as low a fortune, having little reason to expect a great harvest from that field where he sowed nothing; he declares his too much greedinesse after temporall goods, and if he knoweth little what the love of his Subjects is worth, he heaps up the Indian Clay, and neglects that patrimony of hearts, wherewith God, as rich as he is, contents himself: it happens oft that he finds himself afterwards in the midst of thorny affairs, where his silver without friends serves for nothing but to lose.

But although it behoveth him to give, one can hardly say how difficult this profession is to do it rightly, there can be no greater losse then to give away all, and to give unadvisedly to those which deserve least. He that gives too much and above his ability, destroyes his liberality intending to confirm it, for that by giving too much, he taketh the way to be able no more to give any thing. *John Michel* in his Anatomy of a Body Politick saith, that the Doctour *Bricot* in an Oration which he made to King *Francis* the Just, shewed him that he was like to S. *Francis*, whose name he bore; that his hands were pierced, and could hold nothing, as it were, which he gave not away; and if that he took not heed, this would consume all his Revenues, and that thereby he would make more poor in his Kingdome then Saint *Francis* had drawn to his Religion.

Those Sovereigns that starve their people to nourish the unsatiable greedinesse of some particular, are like those mountains that bear fruit, not for the use of men, but for the birds of prey; they give to a few, that which they take from the whole, and oftentimes fatten full monsters and abominable ones with the bloud of the Publick, that they make the ground to tremble under their feet, and the heaven to thunder upon their heads. Others give that which they can hold no longer; as, *Manuel Comnenus*, which offered his silver to his souldiers then, when he was in the hand of the Sarazens. Others give after an evil manner, more for that they are not able any longer to deny, then with intent to gratifie. Others give slowly and little, in such a fashion, as after they have long time fed mens hopes with wind, they pay them at length almost with smoke. Others repent themselves presently for having given that which they could hold no longer, and have no other content by their liberality, then to repent of their hastinesse. He that would be truly liberall and magnificent, will avoid all these rocks, he will give with good advice according to his ability, and with a comely grace, to the poor Gentry, to the Souldiery maimed by his service, to Churches, to Religious Persons, to people of Virtue, Knowledge, and Desert, which do shew themselves profitable for the Publick.

But to say truth, it is a great gift to pardon that by Clemency, which one might justly punish by Justice: this is that admirable quality that Kings have, and neareſt approaching to God; they cannot create, they cannot raise men from the dead, and yet to give safety and life to a man, is to give him, as it were, a second Creation, it is to give him a being without a not being, and to bestow on him a Resurrection without causing him to taste of death.

What would a man do which should suddenly be made an half-God, and which should be transported amongst the stars? what would he dream of? in what businesse would he take most pleasure, unlesse it were to do good; and amongst all good, to give and preserve the foundation of all the rest, which is life? There is nothing more glorious then to be able and not willing to revenge an injury; the power makes the greatnesse of Majesty, but the good will giveth its perfection.

The Hebrews said, that the chiefest work of God was Mercy, that he dwelt in his Tabernacle from the beginning of the world unto the day of judgement, and that giving all the rest of the time to Clemency, he reserved but one day for Justice.

Away with those Kings of the Macedonians, that would appear in their statelieſt walks with the head of of a lion; this was not to shew their greatnesse, but to testifie their brutishnesse. *The heart of the King* (saith the Scripture) *is in the hand of the Lord*: within that hand that doth nothing but open it self to fill every creature with a blessing from heaven to earth; how can it take then there any thought into it self of rage, of killing, or of sacking? It ought to be mercifull even in punishing, taking great heed to do nothing by way of revenge, but doing all by Goodnesse.

Clemency doth not exclude Justice, but moderate it, and if it suffer the life to be taken away from one that is faulty, it is to preserve a thousand Innocents. It is a cruelty to pardon nothing, but it is a double cruelty to pardon all, seeing that one cannot equall the evill to the good, in so great an inequality of lives and manners, unlesse one overthrow a whole State. It behoves him wisely and with good advice to discern, that which is worthy of pardon, and that which is worthy of punishment; there are pestilent crimes, scandalous, and which draw great consequences with them, which the Prince cannot leave unpunished without condemning himself. There are other faults committed by errour, by frailnesse, by surprize, by strong inducements, mighty temptations, and those that have yielded once thereto, have done a thousand other worthy actions, to blot out the memory of one ill. If Clemency hath no place in such occasions, it will have nothing to do about a Prince, and if it find no employment with him, it is to be feared that the vengeance of God will find work there to busie it self.

The wisest of Kings is of opinion, that this virtue is the foundation of thrones; whence it follows, that that Prince which is unprovided thereof, puts his own person in danger, and his estate into shaking.

It is to deceive ones self to think, that a Prince may be secure there, where there is nothing secure against the violence of the Prince. Despair of Mercy hath often caused horrible cruelties to ensue, and it is needfull alwayes to take heed of the force of a last necessity. There are some things which ought to be pardoned, by the contempt of punishing them; others by the profit, and others by the glory, and it is alwayes to be remembred, that we have a Judge over our heads, which suffers us to live by his onely goodnesse, being able every moment to punish us by his Justice.

At last, to conclude this little Treatise, Valour procures an high reputation to a Monarch, making him terrible to his Enemies, and amiable to his Subjects. Greatnesse maintains it self by the same means which

gave

gave it its beginning; and it renews new vigour by those qualities which have been the Authours of its originall. Our first Kings attained to this dignity by their valour; and by that stoutnesse which they had to expose their courageous persons to very many hazards for the safety of the publick: this made them admired, and lifted them up at last upon the Target to be shewed throughout the whole Army, and chosen by generall consent to command over others by the title of their deserts.

The fame of Valour doth so easily run through, and with such approbation, the minds of people and valiant men, that it sufficing not it to make Kings upon earth; it hath made amongst the Heathens Gods in Heaven. They have deified an *Hercules*, and a *Theseus*, for having cut off the head of *Hydra*'s, and overcome *Minotaures*; and not contenting themselves to have consecrated their persons, they have put wild beasts and monsters amongst the Constellations, for having served as objects of their victories, chusing rather to eternize beasts amongst the Stars, then to diminish any thing of the eternall glory of those valiant men.

Alexander being crowned King by his father *Philip*, before he took possession of the Kingdome that fell to him by the decease of his Predecessour, assembled together all the great ones of his Kingdome, and said to them, that he would counsel them to chuse such a one as should be most obedient to God, which should have the best thoughts for the Publick Good, which should be most compassionate towards the Poor, which should best defend the right of the weak ones against the strong; but above all, that should be the most Valiant, and should adventure himself most boldly for the safety of his Countrey. And when they had all confirmed to him that which his birth had given him, he took an Oath, that he would keep all he had propounded, as he did, testifying in all his actions his Goodnesse and Valour above all the Kings that had gone before him.

A Monarch shall give some proof of himself, by diligently studying the art of Warre; in often frequenting the exercises thereof, in being able to judge of places and Armies, of Captains, of Souldiers, of Defences, of On-sets, of Policies and Stratagems, of Fortifications, of Arms, of Provision, of Munition, and giving exact order for every thing that belongs to Military affairs. He must often shew himself in the Army, by exhorting, encouraging, consulting, resolving, giving orders, and causing them to be executed, by shewing readinesse of courage in dangers, and an invincible heart in the midst of bad successe. But he ought not at any time to mix himself therein without great necessity, seeing that the hand of one man can do very little, and the losse of a King brings a dammage unrecoverable.

The young King *Ladislaus* thrust himself into danger at the Battel of Varna, against *Bajazet* the Turk when he had there lost himself, and that they had taken away his head, and put it upon the end of a spear, as a sad spectacle to the Christians: This caused their whole Army to be routed, which before was half victorious, and gave the victory to the Infidell.

Warre is a long and difficult profession, and one of the most dangerous, which never ought to be undertaken but upon necessity. I cannot, neither ought I here to teach it by words, reserving that to the skill of the more understanding, and to the experience of perfect ones.

I am onely obliged to advertise, that great heed is to be taken, lest any one take rashnesse, or salvage rage instead of true valiantnesse. Those are no Bravado's nor terrible looks that give the most valiant blows in Armies. It pleaseth not God, that a Virtue that doth such wonders upon earth, and places the Hero's in the heaven, should be accomplished by such feeble means. This is no effect of boasting, nor of ignorance, nor of fury: this is a branch of generousnesse, which teacheth the contempt of dangers, and of death it self, for the glory of God, for the defence of ones Countrey, for the subduing of the impious Infidels and wicked ones, for the exaltation of the true Faith, of Religion, and the glory of ones Nation.

Oh the excellency of this divine Virtue, which protects so many people with the shadow of its branches and laurels; which causes a calm to be found in a tempest; safety in the midst of dangers; comfort in disastres; an upholding in the midst of weaknesse! Happy are the wounds of the valiant, whence flows more honour then bloud. Happy their immortall Souls which flie hence into heaven, carried upon the purple of so generous bloud, and which flying hence, leave to posterity an eternall memory of their prowesse.

Time hath no sythe for them; Death is unprovided with darts; Calumny loseth its teeth there, and Glory spreads (throughout) the Enfigns of their Immortality.

DAVID.

THE MONARCHS.

DAVID. SOLOMON.

David is a great mixture of divers adventures, of Good, of Evils, of Joyes, of Griefs, of Contempts, of Glories, of Vices, of Virtues, of Actions, of Passions, of un-thought-of Successes, of strange Accidents and Marvels. It is not my purpose to set forth his Life here, which is exactly contained in the holy Scripture, but to make some reflexions on the principall things therein that concern the Court. We will consider him in a two-fold estate, of a Servant, and of a Master, and will observe with what wisdome he preserved himself in the one, and with what Majesty he behaved himself in the other.

The whole beginning of his History is a continuall combate against an horrid monster, which is the jealousie of *Saul*, which torments him a thousand wayes, for to adorn him with as many Crowns. An Antient said very well, That the greatest secret of ones life was to undergo destiny, and endure patiently the ordinance of God concerning our lives and estates; for by learning Patience, we learn to forget our misery; but by bearing the Divine appointment with Impatience, we row all our life against a torrent which swallows us up.

A great secret of life.

Anthолog. φέρε τὸ φέρον ἢ φέρε.

David was at the heart of God, but he was not at the heart of *Saul*: God had made him for to command, and *Saul* would not allow any wayes that he should be obeyed: He sought his life, when as God had appointed his Crown for him: He desired his death, and procured for him immortality.

God and man did strive, who should exalt or depresse this man; but the counsels of the one were immoveable, and the endeavours of the other were violent in their on-sets, and feeble in their effects.

The qualities of David.

Assoon as *David* was seen, one might see some Divine thing; a little body well made, enlivened with a great spirit; a comelinesse which could not be learned at school, but which was a gift from above; a mildnesse without weakenesse; a behaviour without affectation; a valiantnesse without ostentation; a gallantnesse without vanity; a virtue that was made to be admired by all, and imitated but by few.

Men of God.

All flowers have their being from the earth by their roots, but they have influences from heaven much different. Men also are all of *Adams* clay, but the gifts of God do manifest themselves in some so visibly, that it is wisdome to give them place, and but headinesse to fight against them. This little boy neglected, which fed the sheep, and whom the father would not so much as reckon amongst the number of his sonnes, this is He, whom *Samuel* chose for King by Gods direction, who commands not to measure Kings any more by their stature, but by their endowments from heaven.

Davids entrance into the Court.

He comes first to the Court under the quality of a player on instruments, there he makes himself known for a good Souldier; admired, as Commander of an Army; and crowned, as a Conquerour. *Saul* was tormented with an evil spirit, which was maintained by his melancholick Humour, and nourished by his passion. They seek out for him a fair young man, which withall was skilfull in playing on the Harp for to make him merry. One of his servants said, that *David* the sonne of *Jesse* would be very fit for that employment; he is sent for in the Kings Name, he comes,

Envy never sleepeth.

he pleaseth while he played on the instruments, but he displeases while he handled his weapons, when as Envy begins to cause his valour to be reputed for a faule. Such kind of enraged asps never sleep at the sound of Musick, his Devil is offended at this complaisance, is incensed by those gallant actions, and even vomits its poison against those which cast flowers at it. *Saul* knew not that God prepared him this little Musician for to be his heir, if hee had known that which heaven intended to do with this child, that would have sufficed to have troubled all the Musick.

He was at that time happy in his blindnesse, and his first mischance was to have eyes which could not endure the lustre of anothers virtues. This young shepherd, which in his apprenticeship had learned to fight with Lions and Bears, would go to the warres as well as his brethren, who do blame that his curiosity, and despise his person.

There must alwayes be some famous exploit for to put a man at first in great credit at the Court, all that which is humane goes on very slowly; and an ability is not gotten but by long experience. But when God will put to his hand, he gives to a man in one happy moment, that which thirty years pains could not obtain. The combate with *Goliah* was that that raised *David*; Heaven had prepared this giant for to serve for a triall of his valour, and for an ornament of his prowesse. One man alone, which had affrighted a whole army, nine foot high, and armed with five hundred pound weight of iron, continues for the space of fourty dayes his stately bravado's, challenging the stoutest of the Israelites to combate.

Goliah.

All their hearts are frozen at the sound of his terrible voyce; there is not his like in the world which dares come forth against him. The King propounds great riches, and his daughter in mariage to him, which would take away this blemish from the people of God printed on the face of the whole army by this Philistim.

David hereupon presents himself, and goes forth to fight with him, not with the guilded Arms of *Saul*, but with a Sling.

The Giant scoffs at him, and finding him sufficiently armed to defend himself from dogs, but not for to set upon men, he looks now upon this little body as a fit prey for some bird of rapine. But this Champion of the Lord of Hosts, reads a lesson first to him of Religion, before he shews him his skill in fencing. Thou comest to me (saith he) with a spear, a sword, and a buckler, but I come to thee in the name of the God of armies; of the God of the hosts of Israel, at which thou this day hast scoffed with so great insolence.

It is written in heaven, that this great God will deliver thee into mine hands, and that I shall take away thy head from off thy shoulders, and that I shall make a great feast for all beasts of prey with the flesh of this monstrous body, and this shall be the means for thee to learn that there is a God in Israel. He saith it, he doth it, he strikes his adversary with a blow of the sling in the midst of his fore-head, and makes this mighty tower of flesh to fall in a moment, this terrible giant, cutting off his head with his own sword; which put the whole army of the Philistims to confusion, and lifted up the glory of the chosen people to an incomparable heighth.

Behold the fountain of all great evils that *David* sufficed afterwards; all the laurels that he gathered in the field of the battel, carried an evil tincture of *Sauls* envy. The great ones admire him, the people applaud him, he is the subject of the Songs of the daughters of Jerusalem, which set him above *Saul*.

It is this musick that enraged his evil spirit, and would not give him any rest: *Goliah* overcome in the opinion of all the world, is still upon his legs to torment him: here is the cause of his rage, as it was before of his fear. *David* must be destroyed, because he hath saved the Nation, he must be put to death because he hath restored the people to life, he must be dishonoured for having upheld the honour of the King, he is sufficiently faulty; because he is too virtuous.

The horrible Envy of Saul.

They say, that Love and Tears are learned without any master, and I may say, that there is no great need of studying at the Court, to learn Envy and Revenge. It is a strange thing that *Saul* of a simple countrey-fellow, should become so malicious and subtil a Courtier, as to practise the most refined dissimulations of the Court. He had resolved to destroy *David*, and yet conceived that this duel with *Goliah* had set him in too high an esteem in the opinion of the people, and that if he should openly attempt against his life, he should bring his own into danger. He thought best to bestow on him a chief place in the Army, under pretence of honour, which might be most subject to the violence of the Philistims, believing that his courage would carry him into dangers, and that the Philistims being incensed by the death of their countrey-man, would no wayes spare him, and that by this means his death would be imputed to his Destiny, and not to the Envy of *Saul*.

Envy is easily learned at the Court.

But after that he saw that he returned from the manifest dangers, with a crowned head, with the applause of the people, and that he behaved himself within the Kingdom with very great wisdome, he began to suspect him more then before: he took heed of bestowing great riches on him, and married his eldest daughter which he had promised to him, to another, using him by this means injuriously.

Nevertheless, for that his honour was engaged therein, and that one might justly complain of his faithlessnesse, he took advice to marry him to his younger, which was *Michol*, with very harsh and dangerous conditions, making him to buy a thing that was due to him, by the death of 200. Philistims, conceiving that by so great a number of men and so many fights re-iterated, he might be entangled in some mischance; or if he should escape that, the best that could hap was onely to gain a woman of a costly humour which would be to him but for a reproach, and much discontent.

Humane wisdome overthrown by the power of heaven

Behold how mans reasoning doth propound: but God which catches the subtil in their devices, and overthrows the designs of the malicious to establish his own counsels upon their ruines, caused the victories and the marriage of *David* to succeed to his good content, together with the good will and admiration of all the Court. *Jonathan* the eldest son of *Saul* was so astonished with his valiant exploits, his rare virtues, and his incomparable brave carriage, that he loved him as his own heart, and bereft himself of the most precious things that he had, to adorn him withall. *David* likewise swears unto him reciprocally an immortal friendship.

The love of David and Jonathan.

These two souls, to speak according to the phrase of the Scripture, were united together with an indissoluble affection. Their hearts were two fornaces which continually breathed forth flames of sacred love, and might sooner be found without any thoughts, then to be without thinking one of the other. Their separations were as so many dyings, and their meetings again did prevent their paradise. The longest dayes were but as a small moment while they lovingly conversed together, then they never perceived that the time ran away, and they were departed from each other, but with promise to visit again as soon as may be. Each of them in their absence seemed

to

to it ſelf a wandring ſoul without habitation, and without a body; their ſpirits made wonderful tranſpirations for to joyn themſelves together, and talk to each other as in an Idea, when *Saul* hindred their viſits.

The good offices of Jonathan.

Poor *Jonathan*, which was of an incomparable mildneſſe, declared to his father, as much as he could, the Innocency of *David*, and the great ſervices that he had done for the Crown; and when he ſaw his ſpirit moved againſt him, he was almoſt ready to die therefore, he ceaſed not to repreſent to him with horrour of mind the monſtrous impiety that it would be to ſacrifice ſuch a perſonage as he, which had ſo often devoted himſelf for the ſafety of his Countrey, the out-cry of the people, and the vengeance of God. At other times he dealt with him with ſweet and perſvvaſive language, cauſing him (as it were) to touch with his fingers the brave carriage and excellencies of *David*, and aſſuring him, that there was not a man in his whole Kingdome which was of a more harmleſſe and pleaſing a converſation, and that it was the joy of his heart, and his onely ſafety to have him alwayes at his ſide.

Saul cleared for a while, again returns to his evil ſpirit.

Saul ſuffered himſelf to be overcome with theſe his diſcourſes, whether it were indeed that he was perſwaded, or whether he feigned himſelf to be appeaſed, and ſuffered *David*, whom he had driven farre of, to return again near his perſon. But this mad-man, upon a day when he played on the Harp in his preſence, took his launce, and endeavoured to ſtrike him through therewith, which he dad done, if *David* by his nimbleneſſe had not avoided that evil blovv; and leſt that any ſhould charge him vvith this perfidiouſneſſe, he excuſed it by the diſtemper of his ſpirit. *Jonathan* endeavoured yet another time this reconciliation, but having been repelled by *Saul* by pricking words, and vvith threatnings to kill him, if he did not give over this his frienſhip with *David*; he ſaw clearly that there was no more ſafety for his friend, and gave him the counſel which was for himſelf the ſharpeſt of all, cauſing him to retire.

David goes from the Court, and makes a ſad departure from his friend, for to avoid the unmercifull fury of his father.

Theſe two dear ſouls on the day of this ſad departure were pierced with a thouſand darts of grief, and were a thouſand times upon their eyes and lips for to fly from thence, and to mingle themſelves one with the other. The time paſt cauſed them to remember that which they had loſt; the preſent, that which they were to loſe; and that to come, was unto them a bottomleſſe pit of terrour and affrightment. They apprehended the one for the other, as many dangers as there are upon the earth and ſea, and they could not promiſe themſelves any thing but dayes without comforts, and nights full of terrible dreams and torments. They poured out ſo many tears, and fetched ſo many ſighs, having no other eloquence but that of their hearts mutually wounded in their lodging, that it was a thing vvorthy of compaſſion, even of *Saul* himſelf.

David is purſued, and eſcapes.

This mad-man ſeeing that he vvas eſcaped out of his bloudy hands, vvould have cauſed him to be taken, and ſent forth ſouldiers for to bring him back. But his vvife *Michol* having deſcryed the evil intent of her father, advertiſed her husband of it, and made him depart ſuddenly in the deep ſilence of the night, putting in his place an image in his bed. The houſe failed not to be ſet upon the next morning, and the Guard of *Saul* entring by force, paſſed on unto the bed and found there the counterfeit. *Michol* vvas accuſed hereof and chidden by *Saul*, but ſhe excuſed her ſelf, ſaying, That her husband had compelled her to do this, threatning to kill her, if ſhe would not obey, and that the preſence of ſo manifeſt a danger had forced her to procure this invention. He ceaſed not to encreaſe his anger, and to invent every day new means to deſtroy him, whom he ought to have preſerved above all men.

The life of David in baniſhment.

In the mean time *David* knew not whither to retire himſelf, and ſaw himſelf every day, amongſt the nets, hunted like a poor beaſt, which cauſed him to paſſe a life ſo worthy to be eſteemed by the whole world in very many bitterneſſes. He would have taken the boldneſſe to have gone to *Samuel*, who was yet alive, but this his interview would have been prejudicial both to the one and the other, in the the mind of *Saul*, which turned all its ſuſpicions into fury.

His arrivall at Nob cauſeth great diſaſtre to the high Prieſt.

He removed himſelf from thence unto the town of Nob, to the high Prieſt *Ahimelech*; who ſeeing him in very ſmall equipage, was ſomewhat amazed at his arrivall: but *David* for to confirm him, told him, that he went about a certain urgent buſineſſe, which the King had given him in charge, and that it was neceſſary that it ſhould be done without noiſe: the which had compelled him to take but few people with him, which were come forth very ſuddenly, without having leaſure to take order for neceſſary things for their journey; whereby, he ſhould do him a great pleaſure to give him ſome bread, and to help him to ſome weapons, which the haſte of the buſineſſe would not ſuffer him to take.

The Prieſt anſwered, that he had no other loaves then thoſe of the ſhew-bread which were conſecrated, but that they might make uſe of them, if they were purified, and eſpecially if they abſtained from all converſe with women: of which *David* having aſſured him, he gave them thoſe, and having no other ſword then that of *Goliah*, which was kept in the Tabernacle for a Monument, he preſented it to him, wherewith he was very well contented, judging it the beſt of all, and ſo went forward in his way.

Saul having heard a report that *David* had appeared, entred into great forreſts, and going through a wood with a lance in his hand, being compaſſed by his Captains and Officers, ſharply complained of the unfaithfulneſſe of his ſervants, asking them with reproach, What it was that *David* had promiſed them, and whether he would give them every one Lordſhips, or make them Captains, or Camp-maſters, that they had thus forſaken their Prince? That it was a pitifull thing to behold him betrayed of his own children for to uphold a rebel, which ſought nothing but an occaſion to get his Crown from him.

Doeg accuſeth the high Prieſt being innocent.

Hereupon, *Doeg*, maſter of the ſhepherds of *Saul*, an Idumean by nation, and of barbarous behaviour, having been at Nob when *David* paſſed by there, and deſirous to get favour with his Maſter, accuſed *Ahimelech* the Prieſt, with all his company, for having helped *David* with weapons and Proviſion, and having teſtified a good affection to his party: which cauſed *Saul* to ſend for him preſently, and handle him with great anger, reproaching him with villany, and ſuſpecting him of treaſon. The other anſwered very wiſely, That he being retired from the knowledge of buſineſs at the Court, and of the Bed-chamber, he could not know the intents of *David*, but knowing very aſſuredly the good-will that the King had teſtified towards him, the great charges and commiſſions wherewith he had honoured him, the favour that he had ſhewed to him by ſo neerly allying him to his houſe, he could not, nor he ought not to drive him away from his lodging, having received no command from the King, and not being able to underſtand by any the offence that *David* had incurred.

Bloudy effects of the jealouſie of Saul.

This excuſe was very juſt and lawful. But the violent are never contented with reaſons, intending to be maſters of the Laws, although they are ſlaves to their brutiſh paſſions. *Saul* commanded without any other

form of proceedings to kill him with those of his company, which the souldiers did very much abhorre, and there was not found one that durst lift up his hand against those sacred persons. But *Doeg* that villanous butcher, wch had a long time been bred up in slaying beasts, having gathered together the small rable of his servants, set upon the high Priest and the Priests which accompanied him, to the number of 85. which were all murdered in one day, and this cursed servant stretching further yet the command of his master, drave on his murderers to the sacking of the town of Nob, which they filled with fire and bloud.

What will not the jealousie of State do? what will not tyranny, rage, and fury, when they are seconded by evil servants which blow the coal able to devour both men and towns? *Saul*, the plain countrey-fellow, the cordiall man, the child of one year, after he had suckt the breath of this serpent, kills the high Priest and the Priests, buries the smoking towns in the bloud of the miserable citizens. A thousand poor bloudy sacrifices stretched out upon the cart, pleaded sufficiently before God with the voyce of their bloud, for to pull down this inhumane Tyrant, for whom all the furies prepared their pincers and torches.

Poor *David* having understood by *Abiathar* the son of the high Priest all that was past, was pierced with a most bitter grief, accusing himself as the cause of the death of those unhappy ones, and took along with him, him that brought him this sad news, using him as his own brother. He perceived well, that the spirit of *Saul* was wholly envenomed, and in despair of remedy, he saved himself in the cave of Adulla, where he thought he had been hid from the eyes of the whole world. But his father and his brethren flying the persecution, ceased not till they had found him therein, and did wonderfully pierce his tender heart, lamenting for the change of his fortune, because they perceive not any more in him a *David* triumphant the object of all the thoughts and discourses of all tongues. But he comforted them, promising not to forsake them, and recommended all that was deareſt unto him, which was the person of his father with that of his mother, to the King of Moab, until that he knew what it would please God to do with him.

David saves himself in the caves of the desert, whither father and mother go to seek him.

His piety towards them.

At the same time, all the banished, all that fled for safety, & all the miserable betook themselves unto him, unto the number of 400. men, which entrenched themselves in a fortresse, going forth every day for to rob, to maintain themselves thereby. In the midst of all these misfortunes, the good Prince kept alwayes in his heart a true love of his countrey, and knowing that the Philistims had laid siege before Keilah, he failed not to go to help it, and to deliver it, although this ungratefull city was intened to deliver him to *Saul*, if he had enclosed himself therein; the which he would not do, having consulted with the Oracle of God, but retired himself to the desert of Ziph, whither *Jonathan* that burned with a great desire to see him, came to find him secretly, and they were for some time together with unspeakable expansions of heart. This good friend comforted him, and assured him, that he should be King after his father, and for himself he would be content to be his second; which sufficiently witnessed the wonderfull modesty of this Prince, and the incomparable love that he bore to *David*.

Banished men repaired to him.

The visit of Jonathan, secret and and very profitable to David.

But the Ziphims, men for the time that would provide for their own safety, sent their deputies to *Saul*, to advertise him, that *David* was retired into their quarters, and if it pleased him to follow him, they would deliver him into his hands. At the which *Saul* was exceeding joyful, and entred the chase to entrap him, compassing him on every side, and hunting him like a poor deer chased by men and dogs with great outcries. The danger was very manifest, and *David* in great hazard to be taken, had it not been for a happy message, it may be, procured by *Jonathan*, that advertised *Saul*, that the Philistims had taken the field, and made great waste upon his lands, at which he returned to bring remedy thereto, deferring his former design till another occasion.

In the mean while, *David* ran from desert to desert, with his troops, and was hardly able to live, which made him have recourse to *Nabal* a rich man, and that had great means, entreating him for some courtesie for to maintain his people, which had used him with very great respect, defending his house, his flocks, and all his family against the spoilings of robbers. This *Nabal*, that was clownish and covetous, answered the deputies of *David*, that he knew not the son of *Jesse*, but that he was not ignorant, that there were evil servants enough, which were fled from their masters, and that he was not in case to take the bread from his hired servants for to give it to high-way men. This word being told to *David*, incensed him so much, that he was going to set upon his house for to rob and sack it. But *Abagail* the wife of *Nabal*, better behaved, and wiser, without busying her self to discourse with her husband, that was a fool and drunk, caused presently mules to be loaden with provision necessary for the men of war, and went to meet *David*, to whom she spake with so great wisdome, comelinesse, and humility, that she turned away the tempest, and stayed the swords already drawn out of the scabbards for to make a great slaughter in her house. *David* admiring the wisdom and goodnesse of this spirit of the woman, married her after the death of her husband. It is so true, that a good deed bestowed on a high person in time of his affliction, and when he hath most leasure to consider it, is a seed-sowing which in its time brings forth and bears fruits of blessednesse.

The rudenesse of Nabal towards David.

The wisdome of Abigail his wife.

A good deed done to a great one afflicted is of much value.

After that *Saul* had driven back the Philistims, he returns to the pursuit of *David*, accompanied with three thousand men, with a purpose to take him, although he should hide himself under ground, or should fly through the air. And indeed he crept up rocks unaccessible, which were not frequented by any but by wild goats; and as he passed that way, he entred into a cave for some naturall necessity, where *David* was hid, with a small number of his faithfullest servants, which failed not to tell him, that this was the hand of God, which had this day delivered his deadly enemy into his hands, and that he should not now lose time, but to cut him off quickly, whilst that he gave him so fair play, and this would be the means to end all those bitternesses, wherewith his life was filled by the rage of this barbarous Persecutour.

David furiously pursued by Saul

This was a strong temptation to a man so violently persecuted, and whose life was sought by so many outrages. Nevertheless, *David* stopping all those motions of revenge, resolved in his heart, by a strong inspiration of God, never to lay his hands upon him which was consecrated King, and contenting himself with cutting off the skirts of his coat, he went out of the cave after *Saul*, and crying with a loud voice, he worshipped him prostrate on the earth, holding in his hand the piece of his casock, and saying to him, Behold my Lord, my Father, and my King, the innocence of my hands, and do not believe them any more which filled you with suspicions of poor *David*: you cannot be ignorant at this time, that God hath put you into my power, and that I could have handled you ill, & by taking away your life have saved mine own. But God hath kept me by his holy grace from this thought, and hath preserved you from all evil. I never yet had any intent to hurt your Majesty, having alwayes reverenced and served it, as your most humble servant and subject; whiles that you cease not to persecute

His generousnesse in pardoning his enemy, very admirable.

me,

me, and to torment my poor life with a thousand afflictions: Alas, my Lord, what is it that you desire? Against whom are you come forth with so great furniture of Arms and Horses? against a poor dead Dog, a miserable little beast? I beseech the living God to judge between us two, and to make you to know the goodnesse of my cause.

The greatnesse and benefit of clemency.

One may avouch, that great and glorious actions of Clemency do never hurt Princes, but that often they do place or keep the Crown upon their heads, God and Men concurring to favour that goodnesse that approches so near to the highest. *Saul* was so amazed with this action, that he ran to him, and embraced him weeping, and said to him, This is a sure sign, O *David*, which I acknowledge at the present, and whereby I know for certain that you must reign after me, so great a goodnesse not being able to be rewarded but by an Empire. I do pray and conjure you onely to have pity on my poor children after my death, and not to revenge your injuries upon them: hereupon he swore to him, to deal with him afterwards peaceably.

David goes out of the kingdome, and retires himself among strangers.

But as this spirit was unequall, and did oftentimes easily depart from reason for long seasons; *David* resolved to go out of the Kingdome, and to betake himself to *Achish* King of the Philistims: Some may seek occasion to blame his behaviour in this matter, and may think it strange, that he should retire himself to the Philistims, the sworn enemies of the people of Israel, especially after this reconciliation and oath passed between him and *Saul*. But it must be considered, that his life was no wayes assured within the Kingdome, and that *Saul* at another time having given so solemn a promise to *Jonathan* for the safety of his friend, yet would have kill'd him with his own hand: and further that he was every day in danger to be set upon by arms from the other party, with effusion of bloud both of the one and other, and that it seemed better to him to avoid the occasion, then to see himself perpetually obliged by so miserable a necessity to defend himself.

Further he considered, that he brought his chiefest friends into danger, not being able to retire himself amongst them, without making them guilty of treason, and exposing them to slaughter: lastly he found not so much security amongst other Kings, which having no war with *Saul*, would have made some difficulty in entertaining him, or might have delivered him up, after they had received him, for their own commodity.

This made him resolve to take his refuge amongst a Nation, that bore an irreconcileable hatred against *Saul*. But forasmuch as some have thought, that he bore arms for *Achish* against the people of God, this is manifestly convinced of falshood, by the Text of the Scripture, where it is expresly said, that *David* did invade the Amalekites, and other people Infidels, although that *Achish* perswaded himself, that he would do the like to the Israelites, after he had been so evilly used by his own Nation. But he used dissimulation herein, for to maintein himself in good favour with the King, as the Doctour *Tostatus* hath very well noted: And this was the cause that the great ones of the Kingdome, which perceived this dissembling of *David*, would never suffer him to be in the Army-Royall, in the day that the battell joyned against the people of Israel, saying openly to the King, that he would betray the party, and would reconcile himself with his own men by the price of the lives of the Philistims, unto the great disadvantage of the whole Realm; which was the cause that *Achish* gave him leave to depart fairly, excusing it upon the suspicions which the Noble-men had taken of him.

1 King. 27.

At the last, the fatall day of *Saul* drew near, and he saw the Philistims which came thick and threefold upon him with the chiefest forces of their Empire, he felt the remorse of conscience, and the blood of so many Innocents undeservedly shed, ceased not to leap up against his faulty head. In these confusions of a troubled spirit, by the representation of his crimes, he sought unto the Divine Oracles, to learn what he should do in so pressing a necessity. But this unhappy Prince, that had used *Samuel* so unworthily in his life, and driven away as farre as he could all honest men from his councels, for to let loose the raines of his fury, sought after the dead in vain, having trod under feet the admonitions of the living.

Saul being in great perplexitie consults with the soul of Samuel.

I have declared in the Maxime concerning the Immortality of the soul, the whole discourse about his consulting with the Witch at Endor, and it is not my purpose here to trouble again my Reader with the rehearsall of those things. We may onely note, that the soul of *Samuel*, having appeared before that the Sorceresse could employ the charms of her profession, rebuked *Saul* for having disquieted it, and foretold him the routing of his Army, his Death, with that of his Children, at which he was so affrighted, that he fell down in a swound, having eaten nothing all that day. Whereat the Sorceresse having pity, and having prepared somewhat to eat, was urgent with him to take some little refreshment, which he did, and condescended to her intreaties, and those of his servants.

He marches against the Philistims in battell and is overthrown.

After he went from her table, he marched all night, that he might come to the Army, whether it were that he did not firmly believe that his last mishap, or whether he would willingly sacrifice himself, without any contrarying Gods appointment. The next morning he perceived the Army of the Philistims wonderfully increased, and with full resolution to fight, and on the contrary the Israelites exceedingly weakned and which seemed already to carry the picture of their disastre printed in their faces. The enemies gave the onset with very great violence, and overthrew the van-gard, in which *Jonathan* was with his two brethren, all which sealed the last proofs of their valour with their blood and death. The miserable father saw carryed away before he dyed, all that might have obliged him to live; and presently perceived that the whole body of the Army of the Philistims was falln upon him, and yet for all that he had no desire to retire, not willing to overlive those his misfortunes. He was ill handled by those of the forlorn hope, which ceased not to let fly their arrows very thick upon the Troops where he was, and which fell with such violence and multitude, that they seemed to imitate the hail in a great tempest, which furiously beats down the hopes of a poor husbandman. He saw his bravest Captains dy before his eyes, which sacrificed themselves with despair of better fortune, and although he were wounded with many wounds, and that he had lost almost all his blood, yet he stoutly upheld himself, desiring nothing so much as to dye in the bed of honour. But as forces failed him, and the violence of his adversaries redoubled, fearing lest they had a purpose to take him alive, he commanded his Target-bearer to make an end of him, and to give him his deaths-blow, before he should fall into the hands of the Philistims. The other excused himself wisely, saying, That he would never undertake that against his Majesty, and upon so sacred a person, and that one ought to expect the destiny and not to prevent it. Then *Saul* seeing that he could not dye so soon as he desired, neither by the hands of his friends nor of his enemies, suffered himself to fall upon his sword, and made it enter into him, vomiting forth both his soul and blood, with ragings and griefs unspeakable. The Philistims having found his body amongst the dead corps, took off his ar-

The end of Saul.

mour, and cut off his head, which they carried through the towns of Paleſtina, for a pittifull ſpectacle, making many thankſgivings in the Temple of their Idol for this victory. And not content herewith, they took the body of the King, with thoſe of his three children, and hung them upon the walls of Bethſhan, where they were ſeen, untill the time, that certain valiant men of his party took them away by night, and gave them buriall. Such was the end of this unhappy Prince, whom impiety, diſobedience, love of himſelf, and the jealouſie of State accompanied with his ordinary ragings, threw head-long into a gulf of calamities.

David receives the news thereof.

At the ſame time that this unhappy battell was fought, *David* was purſuing the Amalekites, which in his abſence had ſacked the town of Ziklag, which was the place of his retireing that *Achiſh* the King of the Philiſtims had beſtowed upon him. He was ſo happy that he overtook thoſe robbers loaden with their prey, and took out of their hands his two wives *Ahinoam* and *Abigail*, whom they had taken away. As he came from this battell, a young Amalekite preſents himſelf, and brings him the news of the death of *Saul*, of *Jonathan*, and of his other ſons, affirming that he himſelf had ſtood by at the death of the King, and had helped him to dye, by order which he had received from him, cutting off the thread of his life, and delivering him from thoſe deadly pains that cauſed him to languiſh: and for a proof hereof he ſhewed him his Crown and his bracelet, which he preſented to *David*, hoping for a great reward from him.

But this virtuous and wiſe Prince, aſwell for conſcience ſake, as his reputation, took great heed of receiving or manifeſting any joy at this accident, but on the contrary, being moved with extream grief, he tore his garments, and put all his court in mourning, he wept, he faſted, he made funerall Orations for the honour of *Saul* and *Jonathan*, and ſet forth lamentations which cauſed as great eſteem of his virtue, as they moved pity to his countrey. Not content herewith, he cauſed the Amalekite that brought him the news of the death of *Saul*, to dye by Juſtice, which he himſelf had helped to confirm (according as he had avouched) by obedience and by compaſſion, not enduring that he ſhould lay hands upon a King, for to take away his life from him, by any pretence whatſoever that he could alledge.

It ſeemed that after the death of this unhappy Prince, *David* ſhould forthwith have taken poſſeſſion of all his eſtates, but wiſdome hindred him from proceeding herein ſo haſtily: They knew that he had not aſſiſted at the the battell for to help his people, that he had retired himſelf into the hands of the capitall enemies of Iſrael, and many might very juſtly think, that he had born arms for *Achiſh*, which might diminiſh much the great opinion that they had of his virtue. Further alſo, although that *Saul* was not ſo much loved in his life-time, yet his death might very well have defaced that blemiſh of hatred that many had conceived againſt him. They conſidered that he had ſacrificed himſelf with his three ſons for the publick ſafety, and had ſpared nothing for his countrey. They had pity on the evil uſage that the Philiſtims had done unto his body; his former good actions in time paſt, the dignity of a King, his laborious life, and tragicall death, did quell all the envie that any could have at his fortunes.

Hence it was that *Abner* his chief Captain, who was a man ſufficiently upright, would not loſe any time, but ſeeing there remained yet a ſon of *Saul* named *Iſhboſheth*, aged fourty years, although he was but of little courage, and as little underſtanding, he made him preſently to come into the Camp, and cauſed him to be declared the true and lawfull ſucceſſour of the eſtates of *Saul*, not ſo much for the eſteem that he had of his ſufficiency, or for the love that he bore him, as intending to reign by him, and over him. All the people gave unto him the oath of Allegiance, except the kindred of Juda, from which *David* was ſprung, which gathered together in favour of him, and crowned him King in Hebron, where he reigned about ſeven years, before he poſſeſſed the whole power of the Empire.

The kingdome divided by the ambition of the favourites.

The Kingdome of Judah was then one body with two heads, the houſe of *Saul* and *David* claſhing againſt each other, not ſo much by the inclination of the Maſters, as by the ambition of the Favourites and Servants which would reign at their coſts.

Joab and Abner do ſeek for the government

Abner was high and courageous; *Joab* alſo the chief Captain of *David*, ſtern and violent, which would gain the favour of his Maſter by devouring him, in the which he did not ſucceed well, for that the ſpirit of *David* was not ſo feeble as to comply with ſuch behaviour; and it was nothing but neceſſity which cauſed him to paſſe by many things.

Their combat.

Theſe two chief Captains full of jealouſie the one over the other, meeting together at the Fiſh-pond of Gibeon with the chief of the Nobility, *Abner* began firſt and demanded a combat under pretence of play; unto whom *Joab* which had no need of a ſpur, eaſily conſented. Preſently one might ſee the young men of each ſide nimbly to beſtir themſelves, whoſe fingers did itch to be at it, and did not fail quickly to ſurpriſe one another. The ſport growing hot by little and little came to a full combat, and at laſt to a battell where many remained upon the place.

Joabs party was the ſtronger, and that for twenty which he loſt, he killed three hundred and ſixty of *Abners* men who was conſtrained to retire himſelf.

The death of Azael by his raſhneſſe.

But *Azael* the brother of *Joab* a nimble runner followed him lively with his ſword at every turn ready to wound him, the other which had no deſire to ſlay him, being not ignorant that if it ſhould come to that, it would prove the ſeed of an irreconcileable enmity between him and *Joab* his brother, prayed him twice to depart from him, and to content himſelf with the ſpoil of ſome other, without being ambitious of his. *Azael* would not hearken unto him, but deſired to make himſelf famous by getting the better of the Captain of the Army. At laſt he ſeeing him inſolent unto that extremity, turned back and ſtruck him through with his Launce. *Joab* and *Abiſhai* his two brethren incenſed with that his ſlaughter, followed *Abner* with all their force, who ſaved himſelf upon a hill, where a great ſquadron of the family of *Banjamin* encompaſſed him, and cryed with a loud voice unto *Joab*, ſaying, ſhall the ſword devour for ever? and would he make of a ſport ſo deadly a tragedy, as if he were ignorant that it was dangerous to drive them to deſpair? *Joab* cauſed a retrait to be ſounded, making a ſhew to do that for courteſie, which he agreed to for neceſſity.

The diſagreeing of Abner and Iſhboſheth.

Abner laying aſide his warlike humour, fell in love with a Concubine of *Saul* named *Rizpah*, which was a woman well bred and of good courage. *Iſhboſheth* was offended thereat, for that he had done this without telling him of it. But *Abner* for one poore word ſpoken to in a very mild manner, entred into a rage againſt his King, and ſaid that it was to uſe him like a dog, to quarrel with him for a woman, after ſo great ſervices as he had done for the Crown, reproching his Maſter, for that he held both his life and his Kingdome of him. But ſeeing that he uſed him in this manner, he would take a courſe with him, and would tranſlate the government from the houſe of *Saul* to that of *David*.

The inſolence of Abner.

Maſters ſhould not give too much authority to their ſubjects.

The poor Prince held his peace, and durſt not anſwer one word onely to this bold fellow, which was a pitifull thing to ſee him thus devoured by his own ſervant

vant. The houſes of Great ones are very often filled with ſuch ſervants, who having been honoured with an eſpeciall confidence of their Maſter in the adminiſtration of their affairs, whether they be their Receivers or Stewards of their families, take upon them authority, and not contenting themſelves to govern the goods, enter upon the right of their Lords, leaving them nothing, but a name and ſhadow of the Power, which is due unto them.

He treateth with David

Abner grew ſo hot with anger, that he diſpatched his Meſſengers to *David* to deſire his friendſhip, and promiſeth him to bring the whole Kingdome of *Iſhboſheth* into his hands. *David* anſwered, that he was content to make peace with him, ſo that he would cauſe his wife *Michol* to be reſtored him, whom they had married to another after his departure, which was readily agreed to for him, for they took her away from the hands of her husband that followed her weeping; this woman with her lofty ſpirit had ſome pleaſing behaviour, wherewith *Davids* affection was taken.

In the mean while *Abner* powerfully ſollicits the people of Iſrael to betake themſelves on *Davids* ſide, ſhewing them that God had committed their ſafety and reſt into his hands, and that it was he which ſhould unite together all the families under his obedience, for to compoſe a Monarchy, which ſhould become happy to his people, helpfull to his friends, and terrible to his enemies. This diſcourſe did very much ſhake the principall ones of the Nation, which were not ignorant of the ſmall hopes that were in the perſon of *Iſhboſheth*, which was diſparaged both by nature and fortune. This ſtout Captain following the buſineſſe, came to meet with *David* in Hebron, who made him a feaſt, hearkened unto his propoſitions, and conducted him back with honour.

Joabs jealouſie over Abner.

Joab who was at that time abſent, at his return quickly underſtood of the coming of *Abner*, whereat he entred into a furious jealouſie, fearing leſt *David* ſhould be of the humour of thoſe, which delight more in making of friends, then keeping of thoſe that are made, and that the friendſhip of a man which ſeemed to draw a whole Kingdome after him, might much prejudice his fortunes. He enters roughly into his Kings chamber, telling him that this was but a deceiver, which came but to ſpy out his ſecrets, and to do him ſome ill turn, that he ſhould lay hold of him, ſeeing he was come under his power. And for that *David* anſwered him nothing, ſeeing him in a hot anger, he went out furiouſly, and without authority ſent a meſſage to the chief Captain *Abner*, to intreat him to return to Hebron, under colour of treating more fully with *David*.

The death of Abner.

He lightly believed it, and came back the ſame way, when as *Joab* that lay in wait for him, took him treaſonably and killed him at the gate of the city.

David tolerates Joab in his fault upon neceſſitie.

David was indeed very much perplexed hereat, and uttered grievous curſes againſt *Joab*, and his whole race: nevertheleſſe, as the wiſeſt did judge, that there was a great intereſt in this death, and that his chief Captain had become the executour thereof, this made ſome to think, that there was ſome deſign, and though that ſuſpicion was falſe, *David* did all that he could to deface the blemiſh thereof, aſſiſting at the funeralls of *Abner*, very near to the corps, proteſting againſt the cruelty of thoſe that had taken his life from him, and highly ſetting forth the praiſes of the dead: yet he cauſed not proceſſe to be made againſt *Joab*, conceiving that he was not able to deſtroy him, in ſuch a time, when it was dangerous to provoke him. Nevertheleſſe, he kept the reſolution to puniſh him even to his death, but *Joab* contemned all upon the confidence that he had that none could go beyond him, and meaſured his own greatneſſe by the impunity of his great offences.

It is hard to excuſe *David* upon this treaty that he projected with *Abner*, traytour to his Maſter, if one have not recourſe to the ſecret and over-ruling will of God, or to the right that he pretended to have to the Crown, in conſideration of his firſt anointment made by *Samuel*. He knew that the Edicts of his royall dignity were written in heaven, and for this cauſe, without endeavouring by any criminall way, he expected the work of Providence, and applyed himſelf to the events, for without any thought of his, *Iſhboſheth* King of Iſrael was ſlain by two murtherers *Rechab* and *Baana*, which killd him as he ſlept upon his bed at noonday, and brought his head to him, at which this great King was ſo highly incenſed, abhorring this barbarous act, that he condemned them preſently to death, and after he had cauſed their heads and feet to be cut off, he made them to be hanged at the fiſh-pond of Hebron.

David cannot be excuſed upon the treaty made with Abner, if one have not recourſe to the ſecret and over-ruling will of God.

David abſolute by the death of Iſhboſheth ſon of Saul.

The death of *Iſhboſheth* the ſon of *Saul*, ended the difference which was between the two Royall houſes, and the other families yielded themſelves to *David*, by an univerſall conſentment. It was then that he began to reign abſolutely, and to make to appear, as in a glorious light, the admirable qualities, and Royall virtues, wherewith he was adorned. And it is certain, that of all the Kings of Juda, there was none hath equalled him in all kind of perfections. He was one that feared God without ſuperſtition, religious without hypocriſie, valiant without any ſternneſſe, liberall without reproching it to any one, a good husband without covetouſneſſe, ſtout without inſolency, vigilant without unquietneſſe, wiſe without ſubtilty, courteous without looſneſſe, humble without cowardlineſſe, chearfull without too much familiarity, grave without fierceneſſe, and kind without any complements.

The Royal qualities of David.

His zeal to religion.

He united all thoſe things together which ordinarily make Princes great, and proved in each of them to advantageous, as if he had been endowed with that onely quality. Above all, he ſhewed himſelf all his life very zealous for religion, and wonderfully affected towards divine things. He removeth the Ark of the Covenant with great and ſtately Ceremonies, he prepared infinite treaſure to build the Houſe of God, he compoſeth Hymns for his people, which have aſtoniſhed all ages, and which ſerve for perpetuall ſprings of devotion in the Church. He ordained the Quyres of Muſick and ſingers, which have preſcribed the law of prayſes in conſort for all Nations. He perfectly honoured the Prophets and Prieſts, mainteining a very great intelligence with and amongſt them.

His valour and his wars

All theſe exerciſes no wayes diminiſhed in him actions of valour, he overthrew the Philiſtims in two great battels: he made war on every ſide; in the Eaſt againſt the Moabites and Ammonites; in the Weſt againſt the Phœnicians; on the South againſt the Amalekites, the Arabians, and Idumeans; in the North againſt the Syrians, the Sabeans and Meſopotamians, and was happy in all his enterpriſes. Beſides this he made leagues with the Kings his neighbours for the benefit of commerce, gaining them all either by friendſhip or ſubduing them by force.

His juſtice and good husbandry.

He rendred Juſtice exactly to his Subjects, he favoured Arts, he enriched and fortified the Towns, he made himſelf ſtately Palaces, and drew the Kingdome of Juda out of ſervility, which had not yet known what magnificence was, he was honoured by the great ones, beloved by the Prieſts, admired by the wiſeſt, and as it were adored by all his people.

His vices. The love of Bathſheba.

But as all light in moſtall things hath its ſhadow; God ſuffred him to fall into a great offence, which ſerved to humble him, and cauſed very much trouble in his houſe. His mind being looſed from the cares of war, and buſineſſes, had too much inclination to the fleſh,

more

The love of Bathsheba.

more then it used. He was sleeping upon his bed, and being awaked in the afternoon, he walked on the top of his house upon the covering made in platform, and delighted in the fair prospects that he had from his Palace, from whence he descried a woman that bathed her self in her garden, he enquired of her name, her kindred, and her qualities, and became in love thereby, sends for her to his house, and had company with her.

How dear did this unhappy cast of his eye cost him! and, how many damned are there, that shall one day bewail with eyes of fire the concupiscence of their fleshly eyes! This Fountain where *Bathsheba* washt her self ran with flames and poyson, which entring by the senses of a Prophet empoysoned his heart, blinded his reason, infected his thoughts, and overthrew his whole soul. This Creature was neither Bear, nor Lyon, nor *Goliah*, nor Philistim, and yet she overthrew in a moment, him that made but a sport of Bears, which conquered Lyons, subdued Goliahs, and marched over the heads of Philistims. All conspired unto the mishap of poore *David*, the season, the hour, the sleep, the solitarinesse, the prospect, the object, a woman very fair, and smoothly composed: for it seemed that this unlucky one did lye in ambush, and made it her glory to triumph over a Saint, and one of the valianteſt men that was at that time upon the earth. Perhaps she would onely have given an occasion of love, but not have taken; had she been like the Sun, that scorches all here below, and yet remains untoucht in the midst of his flames. When one doth more then he ought in this blind passion, he goes further then he thought.

Paulus Orosius. l. 3. Concubitus regnum ab Alexandro redemit.

It is a great temptation to a woman to be beloved of a King. *Cleophis* by this means gained a Kingdome in a night. *Bathsheba* looked more upon the greatnesse, then the pleasure. When love and ambition blow at the same time in the head of a woman, she hath two great Devils to fight with. She might honestly have refused this visit, she might have deferred it, have gained time, and turned aside the occasion. There is no need sometimes but of a spiders web, to beat back the darts of love, that at other times the Ramparts of *Semyramis* are not strong enough against it. But she was ready to sell, and to yield, that had already laid aside her honour, with her attire. She failed not speedily to send news to *David* that she had conceived, and that her husband having not seen her, might very easily conceive that that was none of his doing.

The death of Uriah.

The honour of this lost creature must now have a cover: the King sends for her husband, under some other pretence, he comes from the Army, he is very kindly entertained, they are earnest with him to go take his ease at his house, and to go to see his wife: But the good man refuseth it, saying that it was not fitting for him to lye in a bed, when the Ark of God, and his Captain *Joab* were under Tents. He lyes upon the ground before the door of *Davids* chamber, and so passeth the night, having no other desire then to return speedily to the army.

The blindnesse of David.

Alas poor *Uriah*! a harmlesse sacrifice, thou wast but too faithful to faithlesnesse, and therefore thou must water with thy blood the loves of thy master! *David* takes the pen, and love dictates to him a bloody letter, by which he sends to *Joab*, that he should place *Uriah* amongst the forlorn-hope, that they might so fairly be rid of him, for such was his pleasure. *Uriah* carrieth this deadly packet, *Joab* without enquiring any further, obeys, the innocent is massacred, and the false liberty of these two lovers thinks it is now in surety enough. *David* remains nine moneths covered with this filth, and this blood, without coming to the knowledge of himself, untill that *Nathan* takes away the veil that thus blinded him.

The carriage of truth costs dear at the court

Truth is one of the excellenteſt commodities that is in all nature, but the carryage thereof costs dear, which makes that many will not take it up to bear, especially when there is any question about carrying it into a Kings Palace: one saith that it is not yet time; another, that it will not be usefull; others, that it is of no great force obliging. One will daub over businesses, another seems to make a conscience, one studies for reasons, where little is to be found, for to please the humours of great ones, but there is danger, that those that would preserve themselves by fair-speaking, do not ruine themselves by flattery.

The Prophet *Nathan* sheweth himself courageous in this point, for although he was not ignorant, that it was a thing dangerous enough to speak freely to a King, and to a lover, of that which he least did love to hear: yet he resolved to shew *David* his sin, and took a very right course therein, preventing him with a Parable of a rich man having great store of sheep, that had violently taken one onely Ewe from a poore man, which *David* finding very strange, judged him worthy to dye.

The other hits him home, and tells him that it was himself, that had caused poor *Uriah* to be slain, after he had taken his *Bathsheba* from him. He brought to his memory the good things that he had received from the Divine Bountie, even from his infancy, and how by this action he had ill rewarded them, with so great ingratitude. Whereupon he declared to him the mischances that should happen to him, to his house and posterity. *David* awaking, as it were, out of a dead sleep, acknowledged his sin, with a true humility, and submitted himself to all the chastisements which it would please that great Judge to draw forth for his unfaithfullnesse.

Davids repentance.

He entred at that very present into great grief for the fault committed, not so much for the punishment that he should receive therefore, as for the love of his so good master, accounting it the greatest punishment of sinnes, to have offended. He was presently changed into another man, he was no more that amorous *David*, but a Penitent exceedingly humbled, a heart bleeding, eyes weeping, a sad and disfigured face, a body made thin, sighings redoubled one upon another, joynts pined away with fastings and austereneſſe, a continuall avoiding of all Society, of the light and day which reproched him with his offence, and a fixed love of solitarinesse and tears: His Harp hanging up knew no more what songs of Triumphs meant, and was wholly employed in expressing his griefs. This heart dying to all mortall things of the earth, was upon the coasts of the sea of Repentance, which he made to eccho with his groanings, and swell continually with his weepings: whereby he fell into a great sickneſſe, and God beginning the punishments of a sinne pardoned, caused the child conceived in adultery to dye, and suffered him not to bring up any young one of *Bathsheba*, before he had espoused her by lawfull marriage.

Punishment upon the house of David.

A year after, those pittifull Tragedies of his house began, which covered it with horrour, and filled his heart with terrours. *Amnon* the eldest son of *David* fell in love with his sister *Thamar*, a very fair Princesse, and which was of the mothers side as well as of the fathers, of the blood Royall. The more hindrances that he saw in that his love, both by his quality, and virginity, and kindred, and the inclination of the maid, the more was his concupiscence enflamed. This kind of passion ordinarily covets that which it should least of all desire, and that which it can least bring to passe. This was a subtle poyson breathed forth by the contagion of the fathers example, which had possessed the brains of this miserable one. His burning lust was

His

that which tormented him moſt. The King his Father goes to ſee him, to take order for his health. There is but one medicine, ſaith he, that could heal him, which is, that his ſiſter *Thamar*, who hath the skill of making excellent broth, may prepare ſome with her own hand, for to cauſe him to have an appetite. This is very readyly granted to him. The poor maid which ſuſpected nothing is ready to give him content, for the better recovery of his perſon, he cauſes all others to avoid the place, and prayes her to ſtay in the chamber for to give him to eat, but without any other counterfeits he takes away the Mask, and declares to her his deteſtable paſſion, at which *Thamar*, who was a Maid of Honour conceived as great horrour as could be, alledging unto him, that this was a deed unheard of amongſt the people of God.

But this barbarous one proceeded on to force her, and deflowred her body, without getting the conſent of her minde. The paſſion was no ſooner evaporated, but that he entred into as furious a repentance, not enduring to behold her with his eyes, which cauſed him to remember his heinous crime. He drives her out of his houſe with reproch, where ſhe would have left her life with her honour: her mourning attire, and head covered with aſhes, teſtified the funerall of her virginity.

At laſt ſhe caſt her ſelf under the protection of her brother *Abſolon*, who was born of the ſame mother, and rehearſed to him the diſaſtre that had happened unto her. Her brother comforts her, and injoyns her ſilence, having in the mean while no vein in his body that did not ſwell to revenge this diſhonour. The report thereof came to the knowledge of the father, who remembring his own offence, durſt not cenſure that of his ſonne, beſides that he loved him with too tender an indulgency, and feared to grieve him, the which made him ſeem to wink at all that had paſſed, wherein he cannot be excuſed from having committed a great fault, which proceeded from a vicious mildneſſe.

Abſolon ſeeing that *David* ſaid nothing, continued in great diſſimulation, never complaining of *Amnon*, but reſolved to do himſelf juſtice with his own hands. And having kept two years his deſign faſt lock'd up in his breaſt, to avoid all ſuſpition thereof, he prepares a Royall Feaſt, to which he invites the King his Father, and all his brethren: *David* excuſes himſelf, and the other earneſtly entreats that his eldeſt brother *Amnon*, might ſupply his place, unto which the father conſents.

The brethren enter joyfully into the Hall where the Banquet was, where the Furies had prepared a bloody ſpectacle, and horrible ſacrifice. *Abſolon* gives the word to his ſervants to take the time, wherein his brother *Amnon* had already drank plentifully, and to kill him in the middle of the Feaſt, without any fail, ſaying that it was ſufficient, that it was he which had ſo appointed it, and that he would provide for their ſafety. The Wine, the good Chear, and heat, did let looſe their tongues to merryment, when as Swords drawn out of the Scabberds glittered before the eyes of the Gueſts: fear came upon all, but the danger was onely to *Amnon*, who was ſuddenly maſſacred, his blood leaping on his brothers table for a juſt revenge of his ſhamefull luſt.

The brethren affrighted get up upon their Mules, and get to the Town, the report mixing falſe with true, brings ſad news to *David*, and gives him to underſtand that *Abſolon* had ſlain all his brethren. The poor King caſts himſelf on his face upon the ground weeping, and all the Court tear their clothes, and put on mourning. *Jonadab* in the mean while certifies, that there was none but *Amnon* that remained upon the place, in revenge of the offence committed againſt *Thamar*. *David* returns a little to himſelf, and his other children preſent themſelves before him, affrighted and weeping for that which had paſſed. *Abſolon* ſaves himſelf in the houſe of his Grand-father by the mother the King of Geſher, where he remains three years, without daring to ſee the King his father, who would no wayes pardon that his enterprize.

Abſolon out of favour.

Joab labours very adviſedly to reconcile the ſon to the father, by the mediation of a very diſcreet woman of Tecoah, which came with a counterfeit pretence, and complained to the King, that ſhe being mother of two ſons, the one in a hot quarrell had ſlain his brother, and that they would conſtrain her to deliver up the other to juſtice, that proceſſe might be maid againſt him, to the end to extinguiſh all her race. And therefore ſhe entreated his Majeſty to be gracious to ſave her ſon that remained, and not wholly to deprive her of all comfort in the would. The which *David* having agreed to, ſhe declared to him, that he ought to practice the ſame towards his own ſon, which he would have done for one of his ſubjects: that we were all mortall and that we paſſe away here below as the current of a ſtream, that we ſhould imitate the goodneſſe of God, which loves our ſouls, and would not that they ſhould periſh.

His reconciliation by the means of Joab.

As this woman ſpoke with ſo much diſcretion, *David* was in doubt that *Joab* had inſtructed her, and made her under-hand to act this fine play, the which ſhe affirmed, and ſo much gained the heart of *David*, that he gave full permiſſion to *Joab*, to fetch back the baniſhed to his houſe, although it was for the ſpace of two years without ſeeing him. *Abſolon* grew ſo melancholick, by his being ſo far from the court, without ſeeing the king his father, that having oftentimes ſent to *Joab* to put an end to his buſineſſe, ſeeing that he would not come to him for friendſhip, he cauſed his corn to be ſet on fire, to make him come for anger, for the which he excuſed himſelf, and entreated him to ask of *David* in his behalf, either that he might dye, or that he might have leave to ſee him.

This good father could no longer diſſemble the movings of nature, but having ſent for him, he embraced him, and gave the kiſſe of peace, and re-eſtabliſhes him in the court. The ſpirit of this Prince was lofty, tempeſtuous, movable, which could not contain it ſelf any longer within the bounds of obedience. For the ſpace of the five years of his removall from the court he had leiſure enough to bite the bridle, and as it is credible, he had projected already the deſign of reigning, his ambition ſeemed to him ſufficiently well founded: *Amnon* his eldeſt brother was dead, *Celeab* the ſon of *Abigail* the ſecond of his brethren made no great noiſe, he ſaw himſelf underpropt on his mothers ſide, by the King of Geſher his grand-father: This was a Prince well made, upright, pleaſing, courteous, liberall, ſecret, courageous, and capable of great undertakeings. He ſaw his father upon the declining of his age who had loſt very much of that vigour teſtified ſo many times in his battels. *Adonija* was too much a fondling, and *Solomon* yet a childe and not able to oppoſe him. He conceived that the Empire could not ſlipp out of his hands: And indeed there was great hopes for him, if he had had ſo much patience to ſtay for it, as deſire to command.

Abſolons revolt.

His deſigns.

He made too ſoon to appear what was in his mind, cauſing himſelf to be encompaſſed when he marched forth with ſouldiers, and a guard, which was a ſign of Royalty. Further alſo he ceaſed not to gain the hearts, and ſecretly to get the good will of all his fa-

His ambition.

fathers subjects. He was up betimes in the morning, and set himself at the entrance of the Palace to take notice of all those that had any businesse to propound to the King. One never saw Prince more prodigall in courtesies, he call'd them to him, he embraced them, he kissed them, he enquired of their countrey, of their condition, of their suit, and of that their negotiation. He did justice to all the world, and said that there was no other mishap, but that the King was old and tyred with businesses, and had not a man to hear the complaints of his subjects, and to render them justice, and that if one day he had the charge which his birth deserved, he would give full satisfaction to every one.

By this meanes he made himself conquerour of hearts, and traced out great intelligence throughout the Provinces, guiding himself by the counsels of *Achitophel*, who was the most refined spirit, the best dissembler, and most pernicious that was in the whole Kingdome: *David* did not sufficiently watch over the actions of his sonne, and the secret workings of this evil Counsellour, the evil increased, and their party was already framed, *Absolon* asketh leave of the King his father to go to Hebron under pretence of performing a vow, but with an intent to proclaim himself King. That which he desired was granted to him, he marches under this coverture with a train and splendour, carrying many people with him, and Sacrifices to offer. He gives order in the mean while to all his confederates, that at the first sound of the Trumpet, they should march forth into the field to go to meet him, and to bring him all the Troops that they could gather together.

Absolon caused himself to be proclaimed King.

All this was readily performed, and without further dissimulation he declared himself, and caused himself to be crowned in Hebron: the news came quickly to *David*, which brought him word that his son *Absolon* was revolted against him, and had got possession of Hebron, and that all the forces of the Kingdome run to him.

A great example of the weaknesse of mans spirit when it is left by God.

Here one may see a great example of the judgement of God, of the weaknesse of a man left to himself, as also, the beams of an high and profound humility. To speak according to man, all that *David* did in this encounter of affairs, was low and feeble. He might have taken the field with the Regiments which he had, which amounted at least to six or seven thousand men, and have unwoven this web of conspiracy, at its springing forth. And if he had not perceived himself strong enough, he had sufficient means to maintein himself in Jerusalem, to entrench and fortifie himself there, and to tyre out those spirits of his Rebels. He might have entertained him with good hopes, promises, and treaties, and have cooled this first heat, by rallying by little and little the affections of his subjects to his own party. And if he had conceived his affairs to be in ill plight, he should have been the last that had taken notice of it, after the manner of those great Captains which carry hope in their faces, even then when they have despair in their heart, to keep together their Troopes in their duty.

But this poor Prince at the newes of this rebellion, talked of nothing but flying, and leaving his chief City, and saving himself in the by-paths of the wildernesses: he is the first that goes forth without a horse to ride on, on his bare feet, his head uncovered, with teares in his eyes, affrighting all the world, and left ten Concubines to keep his palace, which was very ill advice according to the world, for what could these women do being forsaken by men, and strength, but onely to prostitute themselves to the souldiers, and yield up all the honour they had left, as a prey to them?

Whence this small courage came, when David proceeded.

Further also he sent back the Ark of the Covenant which *Zadock* and *Abiathar* had brought into his camp, which might have put very much courage into his army, and obliged it to defend a thing so honourable and so precious to this nation. Whence do we think then that this ordering himself, in a king, to whom neither valour was wanting, nor wisdome, nor experience, but onely that he saw clearly that this calamity was an ordinance of God, which had been foretold by the Prophet *Nathan*? and in pursuit whereof, this virtuous Prince had no other thought then to suffer the work of providence, and to submit his whole heart, in the full extention thereof, to the chastisement of his judge, and to kisse the rods which beat him. He marched like a Penitent and not like a Captain, he adored the judgments of God upon him, he enlarged his pains going a foot, and that bare-foot, to exalt the justice of his Soveraign Master: He esteemed himself unworthy to look upon the Ark of the Covenant, and used himself with all kind of rigour, to honour the design of Heaven for his abasement. This is the cause that he endured all, and complains of nothing, bearing with a deep patience the enraged tongue of *Shemei*, who seeing him in this estate, in which the most barbarous would have pitied him, persecuted him with bloody injuries, and went about to have stoned him: *Abishai* offred himself to have cut him in pieces at the present, but *David* sharply reproved him for it, and would that they should suffer him to exercise his rage at his pleasure, not being ignorant that all which happened to him was design'd from above. He contented himself with saying, If God will be mercifull to me, he will call me back, and make me to see again his Ark and his Tabernacle; But if he cause me to know that I am not fitting any more to please him, nor to serve in the estate of a King, I am ready to obey all his pleasure, seeing it belongs to him to do whatsoever he will with me. These words alone were more worth then all crowns, and brought him again into the favour of God, by bearing that his affliction with so great humility.

The patience of David towards Shemei.

His great humility and humble words.

The pernicious counsel of Achitophel.

In the mean while *Absolon* entered into Jerusalem without resistance, with his pestilent Councell of State, *Achitophel*, which, the surer to engage him in the war, and an irreconcileable hatred against his father, gave him most detestable counsell, and which could not have been inspired but from the blackest of the bottomlesse pits; he perswades him to abuse all the concubines that his father had left in the palace, the which this disloyall son would execute, most erroneously, causing a pavillion to be set up in the sight of all the people, and going publickly thereinto to accomplish all his incests. Behold the politick wisdome of this mischievous servant, whom they esteemed as a god in counsels; who is there that saw not that this action, besides that it drew upon *Absolon* the wrath and vengeance of God, made him odious and abominable to all his people, and to all those which had any feeling of Religion or publick honesty?

The wisdome of Chushi the servant of David in the counsel of Absolon.

After he had begun so villanously, he assembled his counsell, for to give order for the affairs of the warre. *Achitophel* counselled him to take twelve thousand men of the best exercised, to pursue his father the same night, and to take him in that disorder and wearinesse, and to make him away, assuring him, that if that one man alone were down, all the kingdome would be for him. In this private councell there was by good chance one wise man named *Chushi* a secret friend of *David*, and his confident, which was come to joyn himself in appearance to *Absolon*'s party, closely to counterpoise the counsells and authority of *Achitophel*. He saw well that if God had permitted the execution of this first advice, that *David* had been lost without any recovery: this was the reason, that after he had insinuated himself

ſelf into the heart and friendſhip of *Abſolon*, teſtifying that from henceforth he would ſerve him with the ſame fidelity that he had done to his predeceſſour; he declared unto him, *That they ſhould do nothing haſtily, for, that his father was an old Captain which knew all pollicy in warre, and that he had ſtill in his Army men full of counſell and valour, that he ſhould not rouſe up the Bear in her wood after he had robbed her of her young ones, and that deſpair is a valiant piece in warre, that it ſtood not with his honour to give battell, unleſſe he were aſſured of the victory, for that, If at his firſt encountre he ſhould have the worſt, yet diſadvantage would be of dangerous conſequence, able to abate the courages, and put the whole Army to a rout. But if he would ſtay awhile, the people would gather together about him in a great number, as the ſand on the Sea-ſhore, and that he being in the midſt of ſo mighty an Army might overthrow the Cedars, and pull up Towns by the roots, without any body being able to reſiſt him.*

This Counſell was relliſhed and preferred before the firſt, whereat *Achitophel* entred into ſuch a rage, that he ſuddenly went forth of the chamber, and retired himſelf to his houſe, where, after he had diſpoſed of the eſtate of his family-affairs, he took unto himſelf an unlucky cord and ſtrangled himſelf, by the moſt manifeſt juſtice of God.

After which, *Abſolon* ſeeing himſelf ſufficiently well accompanied, paſſes over Jordan, takes *Amaſa* for his chief Captain, and intends to give battel to his father. *David* which had had a little leaſure to recollect and fortifie himſelf, takes courage again, divides his Army into three parts, names Lieutenants and Captains, and appoints three for Chief, *Joab*, *Abiſhai*, and *Ittai*. He would alſo have been himſelf in the encountre, but his Counſell beſeeched him to retire, which he did after he had encouraged his people to do their duty well: but above all, that in caſe they ſhould gain the Victory, that they ſhould guard his ſon *Abſolon* without doing him any hurt.

Abſolon gives battel to his father, where he is overthrown and killed.

This being done; the Trumpets ſound, and the Armies approch, *Davids* people enter into the field of the Battel, as Lyons, their Maſters good cauſe gave them ſuch confidence. It ſeemed that the victory that day had taken a pledge to follow their Colours, and that it was enough if they did but ſhew themſelves to conquer. The Rebels tormented with the affrightments of their conſcience, and which had not ſuch entertainment as they were promiſed, firſt were put into diſorder, after to flight, and then to a rout. It ſeemed that on the one part, there were men that came to kill, and on the other, ſheep that came to be ſlain. As ſoon as they were mingled the one amongſt the other; the ſword on the one ſide made great Maſſacres, on the other, the falls and tumblings headlong carried them away, in ſuch manner, that there remained twenty thouſand upon the place.

The death of Abſolon.

Abſolon taken with a great aſtoniſhment, is left by all the world, and betaking himſelf to flight, gets up upon a Mule. It hapned that paſſing through a Forreſt, his head was catched, and wreathed within the branches of a Tree, inſomuch that his carryer having left him, he remained hanging between heaven and earth, where he made a very fitting amends both to the juſtice of God, and the goodneſſe of his Father: *Joab* had notice thereof, who nevertheleſſe although *David* had forbidden it, ſtroke him through with three Darts, and when as yet he ſeemed to have life, ten young ſouldiers of the Troups of *Joab* ran to make an end of him; he feared ſo much that if he ſhould return into favour and authority, leſt he ſhould take vengeance upon him, becauſe he would not follow his party. The body was interred in a pit under a great heap of ſtones, for to convince the vanity of him which had cauſed a ſtately monument to be built for himſelf, which he called *Abſolons* hand. Behold an horrible end of an evil ſonne and a rebellious ſubject, which is ſufficient to make poſterity afraid throughout the revolution of all ages.

While all this was doing, *David* incloſed in a little Town, expected the event of the battell, and when as the Poſts brought him the news of the Victory, he ſhewed not ſo much rejoycing as fear: asking every moment, in what eſtate his ſonne *Abſolon* was, which cauſed that divers durſt not bring him the news of his death, ſeeing the trouble of his mind. At laſt *Cuſhi* uttered the word, and ſaid, That they ſhould deſire *Abſolon's* end to all the Kings enemies. He underſtood well what he would ſay, and was pierced with ſo violent a grief, that he could not be comforted, loſing all courage, and crying every moment, *Abſolon my ſonne, my ſonne Abſolon, Oh that this favour had been done for me, that I might have dyed for thee!* Every one caſt down his eyes for pitty, and the whole victory was turned into ſorrow, the Palms and Laurels were changed into Cypreſſe.

Joabs inſoleney.

Joab alwayes bold and inſolent towards his Maſter, inſtead of receiving reproches for his fault, caſts them upon *David*, and thinks that the means to juſtifie himſelf, was to ſpeak the more ſtoutly. He enters into the Chamber of his King, and reproves him ſharply, ſaying to him *That he would put to confuſion all his good ſervants that had that day ſaved his life, his houſe, and all his eſtate: That he was of a ſtrange nature, and ſeemed to have been made for nothing but to hate thoſe that loved him, and to love thoſe that hated him: That it was very clear, that he bore no good affection to his Captains, and good Souldiers, and if they all had periſhed to ſave the life of one rebellious ſonne, he would have been very well ſatisfied. Further, he ſwore to him by the living God, that if he did not riſe and go forth to ſee and entertein thoſe that returned from the battell, that there ſhould not remain one man onely with him before the morning, which would prove a greater diſpleaſure to him, then ever he received in all his life.* He preſſed him ſo vehemently, that the King without daring to anſwer him one word, roſe up, and did all that he would have him.

This great grief diminiſhed by little and little, and the rejoycings of thoſe that came on every ſide to carry him back to Jeruſalem in Triumph gave him no leaſure to think upon his loſſe. He endeavoured to draw to him again all thoſe that had ſeparated themſelves, pardoning all the world with an unſpeakable meekneſſe, being ready even to give *Joabs* place to *Amaſa* that was chief Captain for *Abſolon*.

Davids mildeneſſe very great.

But *Joab* quickly hindred this, and kild with his own hand him that they had purpoſed for his ſucceſſour. After that he began to purſue one *Sheba* a Captain of the Rebels, who was retyred into Abela, with ſome remainder of the mutinous, and as he was about to beſiege it, and deſtroy the City for to take him, a woman, of diſcretion and great in credit amongſt her people, which had made compoſition with *Joab*, cauſed him to be ſlain, and threw his head over the walls, to put an end to this whole bloodie warre.

The last acts of Davids life.

After this re-eſtabliſhment of his Eſtate, *David* reigned about eleven years in full peace in continuall exerciſes of Piety, of Devotion, of Juſtice, and cauſed a generall Aſſembly of the States of his Realme, where he made his ſonne *Solomon* which he had choſen to be confirmed, and encouraged him to build that great Temple, which ſhould be the marvell of the World, whereof he ſhewed him the plat-form, the beautifying and the orders, in the Idea.

Two things do a little aſtoniſh thoſe which do ſeek an exact ſanctity in this Prince: the firſt, that he dyed having unto the laſt hour a maid of rare beauty by him; and the other, that he recommended to his ſon *Solomon* puniſhments and deaths by his Teſtament.

But there are that anſwer to thoſe that may be offended with theſe actions: That God hath permitted this to make us the better to reliſh and admire the perfections of his Evangelicall law, whereof the Word Incarnate was made the Law-giver, and bringer, above all the excellencies of the preſents and virtues of the Moſaicall law. And that one ought not to expect from *David* the chaſtity of a Saint *Lewis*, nor of a *Caſimire*, but that one ought to meaſure things according to the manner of the time, according to the law and cuſtome. Nevertheleſſe I ſhould rather ſay, that the plurality of women was not an offence, ſeeing that it was approved of God, ſo that it cauſed not a weakning of the vigour of the ſpirits, and mortifying their divine functions by too much commerce with the fleſh. *David* ſinned not in cauſing the Shunamite to lye beſides him, ſeeing that ſhe was in the place of a ſpouſe, and approched unto him not for the pleaſure which his great age had totally extinguiſhed, but for the entertainment of his Royall perſon. Laſtly, there are other actions that do ſet forth his virtue, beſides this which is more worthy of excuſe then blame.

And foraſmuch as he ordained by his teſtament, the death of *Joab* and of *Shimei*, this doth ſomething trouble thoſe ſpirits which have an inclination to mildneſſe; they ſay that *Joab* was his kinſman, his faithfull ſervant, the beſt of his Captains, the chief Commander that had followed him from his youth, accompanied him through infinite dangers, and upheld the Crown a thouſand times ſhaking upon his head. He never medled in the factions that were raiſed againſt the King, he was alwayes the firſt that diſſipated them by the vigour of his ſpirit, reſolution, counſell, of his Arms, and of his Sword. If he ſlew *Abner*, it was in revenge of his Brother which the other had ſlain. If he ſtabbed *Amaſa*, it was the chief Captain of the Rebell *Abſolon*, whom they would have put in his place; for to lay then great faults of the State upon him. If he ſpoke freely to *David*, it was alwayes for his good, and for his glory; in the mean time at his Death he recommended him to be puniſhed, after that in effect he had pardoned him all his life.

But to all this I ſay, that the laſt actions of ſo great a King, are more worthy of honour then cenſure. The puniſhment of *Joab* proceeded, not from a Paſſion, but from a Juſtice inſpired by God, which would ſatisfie the voyce of blood, the which cryed ſtill againſt the murders committed by this Captain. Further alſo there was a ſecret of State, as ſaith *Theodoret*, which is, that this *Joab* ſhewed himſelf againſt the re-election of *Solomon*, and was ready to trouble the peace of the Realm.

And as concerning *Shimei* to whom he had ſworn that he would not cauſe him to dye, he kept his promiſe to him faithfully, abſtaining from doing him any evil while he lived, although he was in abſolute power for to hurt him, but as his oath was perſonall, he would not extend it upon his ſonne, and tye his hands, contenting himſelf to recommend unto him that he ſhould do juſtice, according as his wiſedome and diſcretion ſhould direct him. It is very fitting that we ſhould think highly of this Prophet, and that we ſhould rather ſearch out the reaſon of many of his actions, from the ſecret inſpiration of God, then from the weakneſſe of humane judgement.

He lived near upon three-ſcore and twelve years, reigned fourty, and dyed a thouſand and thirty two years before the birth of our Saviour, leaving infinite treaſures for the building of the Temple, and eternall monuments of his devotion and underſtanding. It was a ſpeciall favour to him, that the Saviour would be born of his blood, and that his birth was revealed to him ſo many dayes before it was known to the world; He hath often ſet it down upon the title of his Pſalmes, and was in an extaſie, in this contemplation, by the fore-taſte of that his happineſſe. Men are accuſtomed to take their nobility, and their names from their Anceſtours that go before them. But *David* drew it from a Son which is the Father of Glory, and Authour of Eternity. The induſtrious hands of men have taken pains in vain, to carve him out a Tomb, Death hath no power over him, ſeeing that he is the Primogenitour of life. All things are great in his perſon; but the heighth of all his greatneſſe is, that he hath given us a *Jeſus*.

SOLOMON

SOLOMON.

Solomons entry into the Realm full of troubles.

Solomon was he that ordered the holineſſe of the Temple, and yet he can hardly find place in the Holy Court. The love which gave him the Crown by the means of his mother *Bathſheba*, hath taken from him his innocency. The Gentiles might have made him one of their Gods, if Women had not made him leſſe then a man. His entrance into the Throne of his father was bloudy, his Reign peaceable, his Life variable, and his End uncertain. One may obſerve great weakneſſes at the Court at his coming to the Crown, confuſed deſigns, deſperate hopes, a Prophet upright at the Court, a woman full of invention, an old Courtier overthrown, and little brotherhood where there is diſpute of Royalty.

David was upon the fading of his Age, and his Throne looked at by his Children, which expected the diſſolution of their father. He had taken the authority upon him to decide this queſtion by his commands, not willing to be ruled therein by nature, nor to preferre him whom ſhe had firſt brought into the world, but him which ſhould be appointed by God, and beſt fitted thereto by his favours. *Bathſheba* a ſubtil woman that had carried him away by violence of a great affection, kept her ſelf in her poſſeſſion, and had more power over the mind of the King, then all his other aſſociates. Amidſt the kindneſſes of an affectionate husband, which is not willing to deny any thing to her whom he loves; ſhe drew this promiſe from *David*, that he would take her ſonne *Solomon* to be ſucceſſour in his Eſtates.

Bathſheba ſtily inſinuates her ſelf and procures the Crown for her ſon Solomon.]

Solomons infancy pleaſing.

This was a little miracle of Nature in his Infancy, and it ſeemed that all the Graces had ſtrove together to make a work ſo curiouſly poliſht. His mother loved him with infinite tenderneſſe, and his father could not look upon him without amazedneſſe. He was married at the age of nineteen years; and *David* before he departed from the world, ſaw himſelf multiplied by his ſon in a ſecond, which was *Roboam*.

Ariſtotle hath obſerved well, that children which are married ſo young do ſeldome bring forth great men; and this obſervation was verified in *Roboam*, who cauſed as many confuſions in his life, as he had made rejoycings at his birth. This ſtrengthened *Solomon* at the beginning in his own and his mothers pretences.

But *Adonijah* his brother, which immediately followed *Abſolon*, was before him in the right of Elderſhip, and promiſed himſelf to have a good part of the Empire.

Adonijah competitor of the Crown and his faction.

The example of that unfortunate brother, which had expired his life in the deſpair of his fortune, was not ſtrong enough for to ſtay him, which treading (as it were) in the ſame ſteps, went on infallibly unto his laſt miſchance. *David* endured too long for him, and it ſeems to him that the greateſt kindneſſes that a rich father could do for his ſonne, when he is come to die, is to ſuffer himſelf to die.

He had ſufficiently well knitted his party together, binding himſelf cloſely to the chief Prieſt *Abiathar*, and to *Joab*; It ſeemed to him, that having on his ſide the Altars and Arms he was invincible.

The fault of Adonijah in his Counſel of State.

But in that burning deſire that he had to reign, he committed very great faults which put an end to his life by an event very tragicall. He did not ſufficiently conſider the power of his father, who governed himſelf by the orders of them in the diſpoſition of their Royalty, and ſaw not, that to undertake to ſucceed him without his good will, was to deſire to climb to the top of the houſe without going up by the ſtairs. His experience might have made him weigh, what the jealouſie of an old man may do; who deſires the more honour and life, the nearer he ſees them to their ſetting. His reaſon might have taught him to judge, what the artifices were of a woman beloved, how imperious over a husband. He thought of nothing but climbing, without endeavouring to take away the hinderances which he had about his feet.

Other wayes alſo he contented himſelf to have the favour of ſome without ſeeking that of others, which, it may be, had no great deſire to ſet him forward, but were of a reall power to hinder him. There are ſome which hold themſelves offended, becauſe they are not intreated, and which endeavour to hinder a buſineſſe without having any other reaſon, but that they were not employed in it. *Adonijah* contented himſelf to have *Abiathar* and *Joab* for him, but he conſidered not that *Nathan* the Prophet, and *Zadok* the Prieſt, and *Benaiah* the Captain, whom he contemned, were mighty, and able to trouble his pretenſions.

Further, for fear leſt he ſhould fail in the buſineſſe, he made too much haſte of it, taking into his company ſouldiers, and a guard, in imitation of *Abſolon*. And when as he ſhould have kept himſelf, retired, and recollected within himſelf, he opened himſelf too much, and publiſhed his deſigns, which were like to thoſe pearls, that inſtead of a good ſubſtance, had nothing but an outward rind.

He made a great feaſt, to which he invited all his brethren without ſpeaking of *Solomon*; he called *Abiathar* and *Joab*, without making mention of *Nathan* and *Zadok*. The one made great cheer, and created a King amongſt their pots and glaſſes, whilſt that *Nathan* and *Zadok* vented all their ſecrets, and countremined all their deſigns.

Nathan and Bathſheba's advice.

Amongſt theſe exceſſive joyes of *Adonijah*, *Nathan* plotted together with *Bathſheba*, declared to her the news of the pretenſions of the imaginary King; exhorted her ſtrongly to oppoſe him, and ſhewed her the means thereto. They take their counſels together, with a reſolution to make the proceedings of *Adonijah* to ſound aloud in the ears of *David*. It is agreed that *Bathſheba* ſhould enter into the chamber of the King firſt, and that *Nathan*, without underſtanding any thing of their conference, ſhould wind in, as it were, upon a ſudden, and as it were to ſtrike up the buſineſſe, when as ſhe already had well proceeded in the diſcourſe.

All this was artificially executed, *Bathſheba*, with many honied words cauſeth *David* to remember his promiſe, repreſented to him the enterpriſe of his ſonne *Adonijah*, and ſets forth before him the pitifull handling that ſhe with her dear ſon muſt expect, in caſe that the deſign of the Rebel ſhould take effect.

Nathan, an eloquent ſpeaker comes in, as if he were amazed, and without ſhewing that he bore any affection to any party, he laid chief hold on the authority and pleaſure of the King, which he comes to underſtand, as the true oracle of the Realm, to conform himſelf thereto, and without falling into paſſion againſt *Adonijah*, he cauſed him to ſend his ſecret intelligences and carriages, avouching, that if he had undertaken that, without communicating it to him, he makes his proceedings very ſtrange.

This was to intereſt *David* in the buſineſſe in ſuch a manner, as he failed not preſently to command *Nathan*

than and *Zadok*, to set *Solomon* upon his mule, to cause his guard and his old Regiments to accompany him unto Gibeon, and there without any delay to consecrate him King, and to give the people to understand, that he had chosen him for his lawfull successour.

Solomon is declared King.

All this was executed with vigorousnesse incredible, when as a woman so ardent had taken it in hand. And while *Adonijah* was yet drinking with his confidents, the trumpet sounded through the town, with great outcryes of joy, and unspeakable clapping of hands. He had thought that all this had been done for him, but *Jonathan* the son of the high Priest *Abiathar* put them all beside this belief, and told them with lamentation, together, for their overthrow, what that was which was done, and that *Solomon* was coming presently to be consecrated.

All their hearts failed upon the news of this chance, and they separated themselves as much as they could from each other, to take away the suspicion of a conspiracy, which was but too manifest. *Solomon* is brought back to the Palace with strong acclamations, and all the officers and servants entring into the chamber of *David*, gave him a thousand benedictions for the choice that he had made, wishing to the new King all the greatnesse and all the prosperity of his father.

Adonijah saw well that he was gone too farre, and fearing left *Solomon* might make the first triall of his power at the cost of his life, he fled unto the ordinary refuge, taking hold of the horns of the Altar, and entreating *Solomon* for his life, who gave it him upon such condition, that he should keep himself within his duty, and would not spot a day so glorious for him by shedding the bloud of his miserable brother. *Joab* and *Abiathar* dissembling their intelligence with *Adonijah*, ran to worship as well as others, him, whom willingly they would have devoured, seeing that their safety consisted at that time in hiding their intention.

The death of David, and the bloudy entrance of Solomon.

But after that *David* had his eyes closed up, and that *Solomon* saw himself confirmed by the generall consentment of all orders; those waves of the Court, which as yet had made but little frizlings, began to raise a great tempest.

Adonijah desired the Shunamite which completed his misfortune.

Adonijah after he had lost a Kingdome, endeavoured to get a woman, and goes directly to *Bathsheba* the Queen-mother, to uphold his request. She was not unwilling to see him, fearing that he had still retained some bitternesse in his heart, upon the things that had passed: behold wherefore, she presently asked him whether he came as a friend; to which he answered, that all was quiet, but that he had one request to make to her, knowing well the credit in which she was with the King her son. The Queen having shewed him a good countenance, and a free willingnesse to serve him, he opens the matter to her, and saith, That she was not ignorant that the Kingdome did appertain to him by the right of Eldership, but seeing that God had otherwise disposed of it, that he did willingly acquiesce, and desired nothing of the King, but that it would please his Majesty, to give him *Abishag* in marriage, that maid which served *David* his father in his old age.

It is clear that this Prince was good, and of an easie nature, that could content himself with so small a thing, and his request was not uncivil, seeing that she was but a servant, and never the wife of his father, which had no other commerce with her, then to receive the service and assistance necessary for his health.

Bathsheba was very glad that his ambition did here bound it self, and promised to speak to the King thereof very willingly, which she did, going expressly to visit him. *Solomon* went forth to meet her, made her very great reverence, received her with most courteous entertainment, and having ascended his Throne, he caused another to be set at his right hand for his mother, which said to him, That she came to make a very little request unto him, upon which it would be a displeasure to her to receive any deniall.

The son assured her, and said, That she might boldly demand, and that he was no wayes intended to give her any discontent. As soon as she had opened the businesse, and named *Abishag*'s name, *Solomon* entred into great anger, and said, she might have added thereto the Kingdome, seeing that he was his eldest brother, and that he had *Joab* and *Abiathar* on his side; and without giving any other answer, he swore, that he would make *Adonijah* die before it was night: whereupon, presently he gave order to *Benaiah*, who supplied the office of Captain of the Guard, which failed not to slay this young Prince.

Solomons rigour.

He cannot well be justified for the murder of his brother.

Those that think that *Solomon* might do this in conscience, and that one may conjecture that God had revealed it unto him, take very small reasons to excuse great crimes, and see not that whosoever would have recourse to imaginary Revelations, might justifie all the most wicked actions of Princes. There is not one word alone in the Scripture, that witnesses, that after the establishment of *Solomon*, this poor Prince did make the least trouble in the State, he acknowledged *Solomon* for King, he lived peaceable, he was contented with the order that God permitted: for the comfort of the losse of a Kingdome, which according to the Law of Nations did belong to him, he desired but a maid servant in marriage, and he is put to death for it.

The just punishment of God upon Solomon

Who could excuse this? I am of opinion of the Dr *Cajetan*, who saith, that this command was not onely severe, but unjust; and I believe that hence came the misfortune of *Solomon*, for that having shewed himself so little courteous towards his mother, and so cruel towards his brother, for the love of a woman; God to punish him, hath suffered, that he should be lost by all that which he loved most. After this murder, he sent for *Abiathar* the chief Priest, and gave him to understand, that he was worthy to die, but forasmuch as he had carried the Ark of the living God, and had done infinite services for the King his father, even from his youth, he gave him his life, upon such condition, that he should be deprived of the dignity of the high Priest, and should retire himself to his house. The Scripture saith, that this was to fulfill the word of the Lord, which had been pronounced against the house of *Eli*; but yet it follows not for all that, that this depriving was very just on *Solomon*'s side, being done without mature consideration. And although God ordains sometimes temporall afflictions upon children for the punishment of the fathers, yet one cannot nevertheless inferre from this, that those which torment and persecute them, without any other reason then their own satisfaction, should not any wayes be faulty; for otherwise one might avouch, that the death of our Lord having come to passe by the ordinance of God, *Pilate* and *Caiaphas* that did co-operate unto this order without any knowledge thereof, should be without offence. As for those that think that the Levites were accusers in those proceedings, it is a conjecture of their own invention; and if indeed it were so, one might yet further reason, by what Law could the Levites bring accusation against their chief Priest? This jealousie of Government is a marvellous beast, and those that would excuse it, find, for the most part, that there is no stronger reasons, then swords, and prisons, and banishments.

Abiathar the high Priest deprived of his dignity by a very violent action.

In the mean time the news comes to *Joab*, that he

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was in great danger for having followed the party of *Adonijah*, and as he saw himself on the sudden forsaken, and faln from the great credit that he had in the *Militia*, he had recourse to the Tabernacle, which was the common refuge, and taking hold of the Altar, he asked mercy and his life. *Benaiah* the executour of the murder, goes to him, by *Solomons* order, and commands him to come forth, for which he excuses himself, protesting that he would rather die then forsake his refuge, which was related to King *Solomon*, who without regard to the holy place, caused him to be massacred at the foot of the Altar, to mingle his bloud with that of the sacrifices. Behold what he got from the Court after fourty years services, and one may affirm, that if it had been sometimes a good mother to him, now it acted a cruel step-mother at the last period of his life.

The death of Joab.

There remained no more but *Shimei* to make up the last Act of the Tragedy, and although *David* had given commandment for his death, *Solomon* seemed yet to make some scruple upon the promise of impunity that was made to him: and this was the cause that he appointed him the city of Jerusalem for a prison, with threatning, that if he should go forth thence, and onely go over the brook of Cedron, he would put him to death. The other that expected nothing but a bloudy death, willingly received the condition, and kept it three years, until the time that on a day having received news of his servants that were fled to the Philistims, it came into his mind to follow them, without taking heed to that which was commanded him, which caused, that at his return, he was murdered by the commandment of *Solomon*, by the hand of *Benaiah*.

Behold the beginning of a reign tempestuous, and one must not think to find Saints so easily at the Court, especially in those which have liberty to do what they please; many things slip from them, which may better be justified by repentance, then by any other apology. That which follows in this history of *Solomon* is all peaceable and pleasing, even unto his fall, which may give cause of affrightment.

A wonderfull Dream of Solomon.

The third year of his reign, he had an admirable Dream, after the manner of those that are called Oracles: It seemed to him that God appeared to him, and spoke to him: at the which he was in an extasie, and seeing himself so near to him that could do all, he desired of him with incredible ardency, the gift of Wisdome to govern his people; the which pleased so much the Sovereign Majesty, that not onely he gave him a very great understanding above all the men of the world, but further also added thereto, Riches and Glory in so high an eminence, that none should equall him.

His Knowledge.

There are those that dispute here, though beyond their sight, concerning the Learning of *Solomon*, and would prove that he composed Comedies and Satyrs; but although we cannot deny that he was filled with abundance of Learning, yet we must affirm, that his Politicall Science had the chiefest place, and that all his knowledge of Naturall things tended but to that intent, seeing that he specified it in his Prayer, that the desire of Wisdome that he professed was onely for the Government of his Kingdome.

Whether learning be profitable for Princes.

And hence we may gather, that Learning is an Instrument very necessary for the accomplishment of great Princes, although that the ignorant may conceive otherwise. They say, that this makes them too lofty, curious, and self-conceited, and that hence they take the boldnesse to rest upon their own belief, and deifie all their opinions; a great Authority being sufficiently able to raise up a little sufficiency. They bring the examples of *Nero*, and *Julian* the Apostate, both which, having so well studied, they governed ill, and came to an unhappy end.

But I shall avouch to them, that knowledge and judgement without piety is an unprofitable commodity, and sometimes pernicious to Kings. Hence it is that they take occasion to move extravagant questions, to undertake dangerous businesses, to authorize their faults by apparent reasons, and to be pricked forward with a conceit which causes them to despise all counsels. Nevertheless, it is an insupportable abuse to blame good things in those, which either have but the counterfeit thereof, or which make an evil use of them. I esteem not *Nero* nor *Julian* to have been very learned men, because they had skill in Poetry and Rhetorick, without ever well attaining the kowledge of their principall profession: and if they having learned good precepts among humane Writers, have abused them, shall one say for that, that they are naught and dangerous for a Prince?

The learning of a Prince defended.

By the same reason we might condemne the Sunne, because that *Phaeton* burnt himself in those heats: And take away the Water from amongst the Elements, because that *Aristotle*, as they say, was drowned therein.

Lastly, we might bring an accusation against Nature in generall, and so find nothing to be good of all that God made, because it may be corrupted by the wickednesse of men. But for two or three Princes somwhat learned, which have used their skill evilly, how many ignorant ones shall we find which have done farre more cruel and barbarous things then these: as, *Diocletian*, *Licinius*, *Maximian*, *Bajazet*, and *Selim*?

Nature hath placed all the Senses, which are the principles of our Knowledge, in the Head, to give us to understand, that all the lights ought to be in a Prince, which is the Head of his Realm. The Soul is not more necessary for the Body, then Understanding for a King. He is (as *Philo* reports) to his people, that which God is to the creature.

And what doth God, but onely shed forth his clearnesse throughout the whole world, visible and invisible? and what ought a Monarch to do, but to make himself the fountain of good counsels that should maintain his estate?

What can a Prince do which sees not but with others eyes; which speaks not, but by the mouth of another; which hears not, but with borrowed ears; but onely lose his estimation in the minds of his Subjects, and yield up his Authority as a prey unto those, that knowing his insufficiency take the boldnesse to enterprise any thing without punishment?

I confesse there are those, which having not studied, have a very good understanding, which they have polished by the experience of things in the world, and by conversing with great personages; but how can we say that those are ignorant which know as much as the books, and might serve for examples to Philosophers? their modesty doth yet make them affirm and acknowledge, that if they had received a deeper tincture of good learning, they should have drawn therefrom the more grace and advantage.

Knowledge ought to be moderate.

I would in no wise that a Prince should be like to the Emperour *Michael Paripanatius*, which had alwayes Table-books in his hand, and a pen, composing of Verses, or making Periods to run smooth.

I do not so much esteem such petty shews of superfluous knowledge, and ill ordered in a great one; but to see a man at the government of people, which hath laid a deep foundation of true piety, knows the secrets of Philosophy, the best purified, is no wayes ignorant of Divine and Humane Laws, is skilfull in the Histories of all Nations, with very diligent Observations and particular applications to his own government. A man

that

that can judge, ſpeak, and act, that can expreſſe himſelf with clearneſſe and majeſty of words, fitting to his eſtate; this is it which makes him appear as a God amongſt men; which gives him authority amongſt his people; which makes him eſteemed by his equalls; feared by his inferiours; terrible to his enemies; and honoured by all the world. It is by theſe means that *Auguſtus Ceſar, Trajan, Veſpatian, Marcus Aurelius, Antoninus*, and ſo man others, whereof *Tiraquel* reckons up eight and thirty very famous in his Book of Nobility, have attained to that heighth of reverence which hath made them honoured throughout all ages.

The judgement of Solomon on the contention of the two women

For a proof of this, we ſee the great reputation that *Solomon* got in judging of the two women, which diſputed whoſe the little infant ſhould be. Both of them ſaid equally, that ſhe was the true mother; the one acted it cunningly, the other proceeded therein with truth. It was needfull to know which ſpoke from the heart, and which from the tongue onely. There are counterfeits ſo well ſtuft out and neatly coloured, that many able men cannot know, nor are able to diſtinguiſh the true from the falſe. *Parmeno* counterfeited ſo perfectly the cry of a young chicken, that one would have thought that nature could not have ſet out out any thing better in compariſon of him. So many skilfull men, ſo many gray heads were at that time in the Court of *Solomon*, which loſt themſelves in this counterfeit, without being able to diſcover it; and when he commanded a ſword to be brought, and to divide the little infant, all the world was amazed: ſome thought his judgement was groſſe, that it was cruel and bloudy; but *Solomon* had ſtudied in the boſome of nature the affections of a true mother. When he underſtood that the one approved of this command, and was urgent that the infant ſhould be divided in two, he drove her away as an impudent one; but when he ſaw that the other was moved and wounded deeply at her heart, and that ſhe cryed with a pitifull voyce, that they ſhould rather give the infant all whole to that wicked one, then to make two pieces of it. When he conſidered the affrightment on her face, and all the veins of her body ſwelling at this deſign, he pronounced with the voyce of an Oracle, that ſhe was the true mother, which was avouched and acknowledged publickly. All the aſſiſtants were ſo taken with this expedient that their King had invented, that they extoll'd him to heaven, and promiſed themſelves all, ſuch a diſcerning, and equity, ſemblable in their differences. Who doth not ſee then that Underſtanding is the Eye of a Prince, and the light of his people? This reputation of underſtanding, and lofty knowledge of *Solomon*, was ſpread abroad amongſt ſtrange Nations, and drew the Queen of Sheba unto Jeruſalem. This is a ſtory which hath afforded recreation to divers, that have exerciſed their pens thereupon, and curioſity, throughout the whole world. Every one would baptize her and give her a name; one calls her name *Nicaula*, another *Nitocriſſe*, another *Maſſeda*, and others will have her name to be *Candaeſſe*. There is nothing more certain in all this then uncertainty, and it is very hard to give her a name without making a lie thereby.

The Queen of Sheba.

And yet can one leſſe know that of her husband, nor whether ſhe were a maid or a widow, or a married woman. There is ſome appearance that if ſhe were within the bonds of marriage, ſhe was like unto thoſe Dames that bear rule over their Husbands, and do all that pleaſe them in their own houſe. Her husband was very patient, if it be true which *Pineda* ſaith, that ſhe ſtayed a whole year at Jeruſalem in Paſtimes, and to propound Riddles. But *Claudian* that aſſures us, that the Sabeans are governed by women, will make us rather believe that ſhe was free, and without ſubjection. She came from the countrey of the Sabeans, which make a part of Arabia, and are very rich in gold and perfumes. This is the reaſon that ſhe entred into Jeruſalem with a great train, and ſpared not the riches of her countrey for *Solomon*. She propounded many queſtions, whereof the Scripture doth not touch one, which hath given occaſion to many to invent at their pleaſure; and divers have ſet down ſo ridiculous ones, that if the Queen of Sheba ſhould have come ſo farre to have learned ſo little, there might be an appearance, that coming loaden with ſo great riches, ſhe had forgot to put in a little Judgement amongſt them.

Her qualities.

Claudian, in Eutrop.

Levibúſque Sabæis imperat hic ſexus. Women amongſt the Sabeans command over men.

The queſtions of the Queen of Sheba.

That which *Baronius* ſaith is ſomewhat more credible; that ſhe was of a countrey where ſhe might learn the prophecie of *Balaam* touching the birth of the Meſſias, and that underſtanding afterwards the greatneſſe of *Solomon*, ſhe had a deſire to know if this were not he, whom that prediction looked at. And it is very true that ſhe found the ſhadow of him in *Solomon*, but not the body; yet ſhe was ſo much amazed beholding onely his figure, and viewing the Temple of God which was now built after five and twenty years; in conſidering the Palace, the Officers, and the order of the whole houſe of *Solomon*, that ſhe thought to leave her whole ſpirit behind her in Jeruſalem, having nothing elſewhere able to content her.

Thoſe which do judge of the inclinations of *Solomon*, do conceive, that all theſe great diſcourſes with a woman, could not paſſe without ſtrains of love, and produced him a child by the Queen of Sheba named *David*, from whom *Preſtor John* is deſcended; but they ſhould have conſidered that *Solomon* was not yet ſo inclined to women, and it was not likely that he ſhould begin with her, cauſing her to return as one forlorn, which came thither with honeſt behaviour, and of whom the Goſpel ſpeaks honourably.

There are many things in which the Scripture would not content our curioſity, thoſe which would learn more from thence then it hath taught them, are like to thoſe Painters, which account themſelves very brave men, when they have the skill to go beyond nature.

His zeal to the building of the Temple.

And ſo much for that concerns the Wiſdome of *Solomon*, which cauſed a great part of his miracles. But one cannot ſufficiently commend the Zeal which he bore, from the firſt year of his reign, to the building of the houſe of God. Herein it is that he hath teſtified a ſingular Piety, and a great Wiſdome of a Statesman; for to ſay the truth, and to ſpeak according unto the mind of *Ariſtotle*, it doth much import that a Prince be religious, for that he is thereby the more loved and feared by his people, which do not ſo eaſily offend him, whom they think to be under Gods protection.

Further alſo, he was to content a Nation more religious then any other, and greatly ceremonious, which he could not better do, then in cauſing them to behold ſo beautifull a Temple, which ſhould be the marvel of the whole univerſe.

All men are naturally ſtirred up with a reſentment of a Divinity, and they think that the means to teſtifie their affection and ſervice thereto, is to erect Temples and offer Sacrifice unto it.

Emulation doth often mingle it ſelf with Religion, and great ones do find their glory, in lifting up that of the Divinity. *Pliny* makes mention of the Temple of *Diana* at Epheſus, whoſe length was 425. foot, and the bredth 220. with 137. Pillars made by as many Kings; and ſaith, that all Aſia joyned together to build it, and ſpent thereupon the ſpace of two hundred

Plin. l. 36. c. 14. The Temple of Epheſus.

hundred and twenty years before it was fully finiſhed. Whatſoeve he ſaith of this Temple, we are obliged to believe thatt was not of value with this of *Solomons*, which is recommended to us by him to whom it was dedicated, *the Living God*; which had not then upon earth any buſe but this where he was acknowledged. Further alſ it is to be priſed, by reaſon of its founders, whicl were two great Princes: for, its greatneſſe (which is ompared in the Scripture to a city, the number of offtes was ſo great; Allies, Porches, Houſes, and Diviſons) was very great there; and above all, the numbr of the attendants, which did amount ſometime: between ſeven and eight hundred miniſters. Adde hereunto the heighth, which was upon the top of two high mountains; the beauty, and the riches which was found there, you will avouch, that it was greater then it is reported. It is a prodigious thing which *David* ſaith of himſelf, in the firſt of the Chronicles, that he offer'd for this deſign out of his poverty, a hundred thouſand talents of gold, and a thouſand thouſand talents of ſilver, which make in all, according to the ſupputation of our *Villalpand*, two thouſand one hundred twenty and three millions of gold, without comprehending therein that which the people offered freely of their own, which amounted to ſeventy one millions of gold, eight hundred and fourſcore thouſand crowns; and the two ſums taken together, make one thouſand one hundred ninety four millions of gold, eight hundred fourſcore thouſand crowns, and all this but to ſerve for that which ſhould be wrought in gold and ſilver for the uſe of the Temple.

Villalp. in Ezekiel. 3. apparat. Paral. 1. 22. Tyrinus bis mille quingentos & 50 aureorum ex eodem Vallalpando.

Joſephus alſo in the eighth Book of his Antiquities ſaith, That there was numbred there fourſcore thouſand cups, and as many plates of gold, twenty thouſand cencers of the ſame materiall, two hundred thouſand trumpets of ſilver, and fourty thouſand inſtruments of muſick, faſhioned of gold and ſilver; garments of linnen and ſurplaſſes, to the number of ten thouſand. Laſtly, the whole Temple, from the top to the bottome, and the pavement it ſelf, was covered with plates of gold, faſtned together with nails of gold which weighed every one five and twenty ounces.

Joſep. 18. cap. 3.

To ſay the truth, ſome Interpreters of the Scripture have taken that very high, making the value of their moneys according as they will, in this great obſcurity of thoſe that have written of the diverſity of their values, according to the diverſity of their Ages and Nations: but one may not doubt of the truth of the Scripture, which raiſes this Temple to a heighth of magnificence, which exceeds all other works.

After that the Houſe of God was eſtabliſhed, *Solomon* made a ſolemne Dedication thereof, for the which he ſacrificed 2200. oxen, and 20000. ſheep. He prayed to God aloud before all the people with a wiſdome and zeal unparallel'd. He bleſſed all his Subjects with an uncredible joy, ſo that the face of Jeruſalem that day ſeemed an anticipated Paradiſe. He buſied himſelf after in building for himſelf; he made himſelf a palace, wherein he ſpared nothing for glorioufneſſe, with the moſt ſumptuous Kings of the earth. When as the Scripture relates this with a plainneſſe of its ſtyle, it ceaſeth not to fill our ſpirits with amazement: and if we had not recourſe to the ſovereign power of God, which doth all which pleaſeth him; we ſhould ſcarce be able to believe, that the Kingdome of Judea having begun but in *Saul*, by ſo miſerable beginnings that there was hardly found any iron to make ſwords of, and that at ſometimes there was but two to be found in a whole Army, that it ſhould on a ſudden riſe to ſo great an increaſe, that ſilver was there as common as ſtones.

This gives a large entry to all ſorts of delights and pleaſures of ſtately Princes of the earth, which *Solomon* ſoon cauſed to enter into his palace; and which ruined him by a farre greater diſaſtre, then ever the armies of the Philiſtims, Ammonites and Moabites could have done. And as *Juvenal* ſaid, That luxury had taken room, and had reſerved unto it ſelf the vengeance for all the evil uſage wherewith the Romans had handled ſo many Kings and People of the habitable world: So we may ſay, That the Licencioufneſſe of *Solomon* did revenge all the injuries of the Nations ſtirred up againſt the people of the Jews.

The fall of Solomon.

He which ſhould ſee a ſtarre fall from heaven into the dirt, for to be trodden upon by the feet of men and beaſts, after it had ſhined amongſt the celeſtial globes; would he be more affrighted and amazed, then in conſidering *Solomon* thrown down from the beautiful firmament of glory where the hand of God had placed him, into thoſe opprobrious paſſions, labirynths of errours, and unexplicable confuſions?

Solomon that was as high lifted up above other Kings, as Kings are above common men, this man of wonders and miracles, the well-beloved of God, which had wiſdome for his ſpouſe, virtue for his delight, happineſſe for his companion, and glory for the aſſiſtant of his throne; to diſgrace, by a deteſtable old age, all the comelineſſe of his life, to deface all the rare inventions of his mind, to eclipſe all the weak lights of his underſtanding.

O women, alwayes fatal to the ruine of great men! who will hereafter think it ſtrange that you have changed the Gods of the heathens into beaſts, ſeeing that you have tranſported *Solomon* into a monſter? It is not almoſt imaginable into what a gulf of deſtruction Love plunged this miſerable Prince: and that Philoſopher *Antiſthenes* ſaid true, that if there were ſuch a *Venus* as the Poets have made, he would be her hang-man: If there were ſuch a *Cupid* as they have painted out, he would pull off his wings, and throw him down from the Heaven of heavens, where they had placed him, into the deepeſt of the bottomleſſe pits, for that this is the frenzy of the underſtanding, the poiſon of the heart, the corruption of the manners, and the deſolation of our life. O true God! how ought all good underſtandings, and all perſons that make profeſſion of knowledge, of honour and virtue, look upon *Solomon*, as a maſt broken on the top of a mountain, which God hath placed there above to make them take heed of the ſhipwracks of Love!

The beginning of his debauchednesse.

One doth ſeldome begin wickedneſſes at the top: vices have their degrees as well as virtues; *Solomon* at firſt began to grow cool in the worſhip of the true God, his converſations with him were not ſo often nor ſo pleaſing, the pleaſures of the world invited him, the delights of the Court charmed him; actions that are too free, ſoon become evill, and evil ones turn themſelves into cuſtome, and cuſtome into an habit. This child of God ſaw the daughters of men, theſe ſtrange beauties which pricked him by their novelty; he became man, and made of them his Goddeſſes. The daughters of the Amorites, and of the Moabites, thoſe of Egypt, of Sidon, of Idumea, and ſo many others, whereof God had forbidden him any alliance, were the Idols of his heart, after they had been the plague and poiſon of his underſtanding.

He which had pronounced ſo many excellent parables againſt love, which had ſo many times advertiſed youth, that the lips of an unchaſte woman diſtilled honey at the beginning, but at the end they gave a potion of wormwood; was taken by the eyes, enchained with infinite affections. His love was pompous; his luxury, ſumptuous; he loved as much for glory as for concupiſcence;

cupiſcence; he would act the King in his unchaſteneſſe, as ſtately as in the furniture of his Temple. He had about ſeven hundred women which were as his Queens; and with that three hundred Concubines, which is according to the account of the Scripture a thouſand wives, which he had ſhut up in a Seraglio, for the pleaſures of his eyes and of his fleſh; and of ſo many loves there is but one ſonne to be found, *Reboboam*, void of wiſdome and underſtanding.

What could a Prince do amongſt ſo many delights, ſo many allurements, ſo many charms, and ſo many bewitchings! A man is oft-times much hindered by the troubleſome brain of one woman onely; what ſerious buſineſſe then could he ſet himſelf to, that had them multiplied by hundreds! Theſe ſtrangers came each of them with all the inventions of their Nation, for to ſurprize him; there was one that would gain him to her; another that would keep him; another that would draw him from one ſin to another, even unto the bottome of hell. It is farre more eaſie to become a fool with a woman, then to make her wiſe; he had endeavoured perhaps to convert them to his Religion, but they perverted him, and drew him to theirs. He took their loves, and afterward their behaviour, and at laſt their Superſtition.

Their artifice.

He is perverted in Religion.

Every one of theſe women would bring her God into eſteem, and thought not her ſelf to have any credit in her love, if ſhe did not make her falſe Deity to partake thereof: they made ſuch Gods, as had no honeſter Title then the ſinnes of debauched women. As ſoon as he had made an Idol for one, he muſt do the like for another; all there went by the Emulation of their brains, weak in reaſon, and ardent in their paſſions. They reckon about ſix Temples built round about Jeruſalem to the Gods of ſix principall Nations. But it was not ſufficient to make theſe Gods, they muſt be adored, and preſented with Sacrifices and Incenſe, to content his Loves. And he did not all this in ſhews onely, nor diſſimulation, but his heart (as the Scripture ſaith) was wholly turned aſide from the true God; and fell (as S. *Auſtin* ſaith) into the depth of the gulf of Idolatry. What might the admirers of his great Temple have ſaid; or rather the true worſhippers of the great God? What diſcourſe might ſo many Kings and Queens have held, that had had in ſo high eſteem the wiſdome of *Solomon*? The report of his Loves and his Superſtitions ran throughout all Kingdomes as a ſtory unheard of, which cauſed laughter enough to wicked ones, as tears to good people, and aſtoniſhment to the whole world.

The diſſipation of his eſtate.

How art thou faln from heaven, O fair ſtarre of the morning! Thou faithfull fore-runner of the King of Lamps, which wert adorned with the pureſt and moſt innocent flames of the firmament; who hath made thee to become a coal? and who could bury thy lights in a dung-hill?

This lamentable King loſt that great wiſdome that made him eſteemed over the whole world, and became ſtupid, leaving the care of all the affairs of his Kingdome. All thoſe great riches were exhauſted, and caſt, as it were, into the gulf of Luxury. He began to over-charge his people to maintain his infamous pleaſures, which made all their minds revolt againſt him. The Prophets and Prieſts could not reliſh with him, by reaſon of his changing Religion. All the underſtanding Nobility did abhorre him, ſeeing him ſo plunged in his filth. The Commons deſired nothing but to ſhake off the yoke that they could no longer bear. God raiſed him up Rebellions on every ſide, which prepared themſelves to overthrow his Empire. But no man took it ſo much to heart, as *Jeroboam*, an able and ſubtil man whom he had advanced, and employed in gathering his Tributes for him. It was he to whom the Prophet *Ahaziah* gave ten pieces of his garmet, fore-telling him, that he ſhould reign over ten Tribes of Iſrael; and that was the cauſe that the King would have put him to death, but he fled into Egypt, and returned under weak *Reboboam* the ſucceſſour of *Solomon*; who, deſpiſing the counſels of the Antients, that exhorted him to give his people content, truſted to that of the young ons without brains, which perſwaded him to hold his own, and that the people would not be brought under but by rigour. Which made him to be forſaken by ten Tribes at once, which caſt themſelves into the arms of *Jeroboam*, who made a change of Religion and State in Samaria, without ever being able, either himſelf or his ſucceſſours to bring them unto obedience again. See here how Kingdomes change their Maſters for the ſins of laſciviouſneſſe, impiety, and oppreſſions of the people, which are then greatly to be feared when deſpair hath brought them to fear nothing.

One may aſk, for a concluſion, what became of this wife *Solomon*? Whether he died in his ſinne? or whether he repented? Whether he were ſaved, or damned? This is a Common place that hath exerciſed many excellent pens which have handled this ſubject curiouſly and eloquently. I love not to do things done already: I ſhall ſay onely, that we may alwayes take the moſt favourable opinions, which can with any likelihood defend themſelves in favour of the ſafety of great perſons. There are ſome number of the holy Fathers which ſpeak very openly thereof, and perſwade themſelves that he repented. S. *Jerome* upon the Prophet *Ezekiel* ſaith, That although the founder of this great Temple ſinned, yet he was converted to God by a true repentance, and for proof hereof, he alledges the Book of the *Proverbs*, in the four and twentieth Chapter, that ſaith, *Noviſſimè ego egi pœnitentiam & reſpexi, ut eligerem diſciplinam*: that is, *At the laſt I repented and looked back, that I might chuſe inſtruction.* Although theſe words are not found in our Bible; as he alſo draws them from the Septuagint, and to uphold his opinion, he will have *Solomon* to have written the Book of the *Proverbs* after his fall, which is very hard to verifie.

The eſtate of Solomon in the other world.

And elſewhere alſo, the ſame Authour upon the firſt Chapter of *Eccleſiaſtes* ſaith, That this Book is the repentance of *Solomon*, according to the Hebrews. S. *Ambroſe* in the ſecond book of the Apology of *David*, Chap. 3. puts *Samſon*, *David*, and *Solomon* in the number of ſinners converted: *Erraverunt tamen ut homines, ſed peccata ſua, tanquam juſti agnoverunt.* Behold here that which is moſt formall, without collecting many ambiguous paſſages. S. *Gregory* the Great, in the ſecond book of his Morals, Chap. 2. S. *Proſper*, S. *Eucherius*, and amongſt the Modern, *Toſtat.* *Bellarmine*, and *Muldonat* condemne him. *Tertullian*, *Auguſtine*, *Cyril* of Alexandria, *Gregory Nyſſen*, *Iſidore*, *Bernard*, *Chryſoſtome*, and *Rupert*, leave this queſtion doubtfull and undecided. And to ſay truly, this is all which can be ſaid modeſtly and humanely, and alſo the trueſt in a matter where there is nothing more certain then incertainty.

Proſp. lib. 2. de prædict. cap. 27. Solomon elatus in ſenio, fornicatus animo & corpore Domino ipſum deſerente malè obiit.

For to ſay that he hath compoſed the Book of *Eccleſiaſtes* after that he was deprived of his Kingdome,

dome, and of all the Vanities, is a ſtory of the Rabbins which are little to be believed; further alſo, this Book is properly a Dialogue of divers men that diſpute one againſt the other, and bring forth good and bad ſentences, although the Authour of the Book doth take the good part. To ſay that which *Bonaventure* ſaith, That not one of the ſacred Authours was damned; if it be true, the reaſon is, becauſe they lived well, and not becauſe they have written well. *For the kingdome of God* (ſaith Saint *Paul*) *doth not conſiſt in words.* To build upon the
1 Par. 2. 9. Promiſes which were made to *Dauid* concerning *Solomon*, if there be ſome favourable, there are alſo others that ſay, That if he leave God, he ſhall be caſt away by God for ever. To alledge that he was buried in the Sepulchre of his father, how many of the damned have had a quiet death, and a ſtately buriall? To bring forth all the kindneſſes and favours of God towards him, are but ſo many reproaches of his unthankfulneſſe.

The argument which is drawn from the negative which they eſteem ordinarily very weak, is here too ſtrong for his condemnation. For whence comes it that *Nathan* his Maſter, and *Partizan*, who wrote the Books of the *Kings*, or cauſed them to be continued by *Aziah* and *Haddo* his diſciples; whence comes it, I ſay, that Authours ſo affectionate to *Solomon*, ſo zealous for the honour of their Nation, having undertaken to give us his ſtory, and having forgotten nothing of the leaſt things, even to the numbering of *Solomons* horſes, after they have ſo expreſly ſpoken of his ſinne, have not added his repentance? This thing was too much important for the glory of God, for the reputation of their Maſter, for the edification of their people, for the example of other Kings, to paſſe it over in ſilence. Surely we might well accuſe them either of great malice, or of groſſe ſtupidity, a thing which cannot happen to Prophets which write by the inſpiration of God.

Further, who knows not, that repentance ought to be followed by outward actions, and conformable to the movings of the heart? Who will not avouch that it ought to be teſtified by a renouncing of ſins, and all things that have drawn us to offend? Where is it then ſpoken that *Solomon* had diſmiſſed one onely of his thouſand women, which were thoſe nets of his deſtruction? Where is it written that he deſtroyed the Temples, and beat down the Images which he had erected at the ſolicitations of his Miſtreſſes? We know all the contrary, that theſe Abominations remained ſtanding untill King *Joſiah* who cauſed them to be overthrown. That which cauſes the more fear, is, that by how much the more a man comes near the great underſtanding which they attribute to the Devils, by ſo much alſo he takes the greater part in their puniſhment, when he falls into any grievous ſinne. The great lights of theſe rare Spirits, turned themſelves into the flames of their puniſhments, and their knowledge ſerves for nothing but to nouriſh the more the worm of Conſcience.

Now as *Solomon* was advantaged by underſtanding and wiſdome aboue other men, and that he fell into the ſinne of Apoſtacie, and turning from God, there is great danger leſt God turned from him his Mercy, which is uſed more ordinarily towards thoſe that ſinne by ignorance, although culpable.

Adde unto all this, that thoſe which in their old age continue in the ſins of unthankfulneſſe which they have contracted by long habits, are very hard to cure, becauſe that old men become more hardned in evil, more deſpiſing all admonitions which are made to them, by preſuming on the authority which they think is due to their age. Further alſo, their luxury is not onely a ſinne of the fleſh, which then leſſe feels the violence of great temptations, but a ſpirituall ſinne, which proceeds from a ſpirituall and enraged concupiſcence, which makes them offered profeſſedly rather then by frailty. He that ſhall well weigh this, ſhall find that it is better to leave to the ſecret mercy of God, that which one cannot attain by reaſon, and to fear every thing in this life, even to the gifts of heaven and ones own ſureneſſe thereby. The concluſion touching Solomons ſalvation.

JUSTINIAN. CHARLEMAGNE.

Or, CHARLES the Great.

PRovidence is an excellent work-woman, which renews yet every day in the world that which God did in the terrestriall Paradise. He took clay to make a Man the most excellent piece of all the Creatures, and she takes some men of the earth to make them Soveraigns and Demi-gods in the Universe.

This Emperour that hath filled the world with his brave Deeds, and the Ages with his memory, was of a very base extraction, which served to him as a cloud of glory, and caused a marvellous day to spring out of the deep of his obscurity. The beginning of his Nobility came from his uncle *Justine*, who having been born a Cow-herd, mounted by the stairs of Virtue and of Valour even to the Throne of the Emperours of Constantinople. Nature had furnished him with a good understanding, with a body well made and robustuous, and God had inspired into him from his most tender years a particular grace of Devotion, which rendered him good, officious, and charitable towards all the world. As he was keeping the Cows he saw passing by some men of warre, who were going in an expedition against the Infidels: he perswaded himself that he was very fit for that employment, and stout enough to give good strokes to the enemies of God and his Religion. Upon this thought, he sold a cow that was his own, buyes a sword, and the rest of the small equipage of a Souldier; bids adieu to his kindred, goes and lists himself, and suddenly (of a peasant) becomes a man of war. Yet *Procopius* makes him so poor, that he gives him nothing but a little bread in a scrip when he entred into Constantinople. He passed through all the proofs of a long and laborious warfare, in which, he behaved himself with an exact discipline, a great dexterity, a courage invincible, and above all, with a discretion that made him lovely, and gained the hearts of all the world. He came to the office of an Ensign, of a Lieutenant, of a Captain of the Guard, of a Collonel, of a Generall, and in the end was put amongst the Counts of the Court that were the greatest Lords of the Imperiall house.

Anastasius at that time was Emperour, happening to die, *Amantius* his high Chamberlain, who was a very rich, and a great monied man, had a very earnest desire to make himself Emperour. But he was disfavoured by nature, having not been born a perfect man; he thought therefore that he should never be liked by the Militia, in so high a dignity, and would needs make it fall upon *Theocritus* who was his creature, that he might reign in him, and by him, with a full satisfaction of his whole desires. To this end he opened his treasures, and resolved to make great distributions of money to the souldiers, committing the managery of the horse-men to the Earl *Justin*, who he knew was well affected by all the world, and very capable to favour his canvasing. But the men of warre looking upon the hand that gave the gold, and not upon the coffer from whence it came, nor the design of him that did it, unexpectedly proclaimed *Justin* Emperour; whereto, the Senate and the People shewed a strong inclination, forasmuch as he was most Catholick, and that they feared, lest the Chamberlain and his favourite held yet some of the leven of *Anastasius* that was an Heretick.

The Cow-herd being then set upon the Throne of *Constantine*, *Amantius*, that had merchandized the Empire, seeing himself so shamefully faln from his pretensions, plotted a mischievous conspiracy against the new Emperour, but he succeeded in it so ill, that his design being discovered, he lost his life together with his complices, after he had lost his honour and his money. *Justin*, that was endowed with a great goodnesse, did not grow proud and scornful when he was arrived to the top of honours, but having married a woman very mean in her first condition, he caused her suddenly to be crowned Empresse, changing her salvage name of *Lupicia* into *Euphenica*. He consecrated the beginning of his reign

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by the voices of the Bishops, and of all the honest men which he caus'd to be call'd back from the exile to which the Heretick Emperour had condemn'd them. He caus'd Religion to flourish again on all sides, and expres'd a most ardent zeal to render justice to his people, without sparing himself in the toyles of war, though he was already very aged. He enjoy'd the Empire eight or nine years, and being a man extreamly humble, he lov'd his kindred though of base condition; and seeing he had no children of his own, he chose his sisters son to make him his Successour, and gave him even the Crown, before he quitted the Sceptre and the world, after a reign of nine years.

Behold the originall of our *Justinian*, of whom Histories speak very diversly, seeing that the admirers of his actions give him high commendations, and the envyers of his great fortune (who might perhaps have experimented the effects of his severity) have scatter'd imputations on him in their reviling Histories, that have pass'd even to this age. But the most understanding men having well examin'd every thing, put him in the rank of the most illustrious Monarchs of all Christendome.

And indeed, it is a wonder how a spirit extracted from the life and condition of a Shepherds took, so high a flight in the Temple of glory, that having taken in hand all the great designs that may fall into the spirit of a Monarch, he prospered in all with a mervailous successe. He maintein'd his dignity against the most horrible conspiracies that ever set upon an Empire in the revolution of so many Kingdomes. He made wars in Asia, in Europe, and in Africa, which he ended by most eminent victories. He recovered Africa out of the hands of the Vandals, he powerfully pluck'd the Capitall City of the World out of the tyranny of the Gothes, he publish'd eternall Books, he erected buildings that remain yet, after they have passed more then ten ages. He encountred the greatest Captains, and the most able States-men that have been ever in the world, in the person of *Belisarius* and *Tribonian*. And although that when he took the government of the Empire, he was five and fourty years of age, yet he reigned thirty nine years, God crowning all his good actions with a long continuance, which serves infinitely for the accomplishment of all great designs.

I will tell you in few words his Nature, and his Manners, before I come to his deeds of valour, according to the most true relation that I have been able to extract out of Histories, without passion, and not according to the Idea's of *Procopius*, who hath horribly disfigur'd him, by a manifest hatred in his railing History.

This Prince was a man that feared God, and firm in the faith of Christianity, and although he was at certain times surpriz'd with some errours by the artifices of his wife the Empresse, yet the Learned men of the West, and Pastours of the East, that have so highly praised him, after his death testifie sufficiently that his spirit was purged of all the wicked beliefs that his Doctours had endeavoured to infuse into his soul, and which he had approved by an excesse of a too credulove zeal. Hereticks and Libertines were the object of his hatred and his choler; but good Churchmen caus'd in his soul a certain veneration, and he studied by all wayes to assist and protect the Churches and the Hospitalls: his Liberalities were extended every where in works of piety by great buildings, and magnificent alms.

He was most chast, contenting himself all his life with her that God had given him for a companion: and his most violent enemies have not been able to tell us one onely womans name that hath possessed his heart to the prejudice of his Bed. He could not endure wantonnesse, and especially that, that brings a shame to nature, which he chastised with most rigorous punishments. He detested and punished by his laws, all those that laid snares to the modesty of Virgins and of Women to corrupt them.

His manner of life was extream austere, and *Procopius* himself, the most cruell of his revilers, acknowledges, that he was most sober, and that he would cause the table to be taken away when he had scarce touched the victuals, seeking nothing exquisite therein, but denying oftentimes to nature even her necessities. He hath seen him, he sayes, fast the Lents with such an austerity, that the devouteſt of all his people could not reach it, for he would be eight and fourty hours without eating or drinking, and at the end of that he drank nothing but water, contenting himself with a little bread and a sallade; yet he was endowed with a body so well composed, and so happily temper'd, that after his long abstinencies, he appear'd yet ruddy; from whence it came, that that Calumniatour instead of acknowledging the blessing that God gives in this extraordinarily to some of his servants, said, That he was a Devil and not a Man.

Further yet, he slept very little, and the same man adds, that often an hours repose sufficed him, and that he bewailed the time that he allowed his body. He made long prayers night and day, and employed the rest of his time in his affairs, without admitting any other recreation. Those that have publish'd that he could neither write nor reade, have abus'd the belief of men taking the name of *Justinian* for that of his Uncle *Justine*, for the Historian his persecutour confesses, that he wrote his Breviats, and all his dispatches, without troubling his Secretaries. He was of a most easie accesse to all the world, and was not offended at the importunities, no nor at the incivilities, that those that were ignorant of the fashions of the Court committed in his presence. He heard willingly the differences of his people, and he himself pronounced the sentence to determine them: his patience was extream, he never was mov'd in handling any businesses, and decreed even the most rigourous punishments with a cold visage, and a tone of a moderated voyce.

He was a true observer of order, who manag'd in his closet with incomparable justice, what ere should be produc'd in the whole Univers. When he undertook any businesse of importance, he fasted and prayed extraordinarily, and caused it to be recommended to the devotions of the good servants of God; and when he had a good issue of it, his thanksgivings were seen in all places on all occasions. He neglected nothing, and when men thought him overwhelm'd with the greatest businesses of war, they were astonish'd that amidst them he took his time for some petty Ordinance of Policy.

He lov'd Learning, especially Divinity and Law. This was it that made him conceive a magnificent design to leave monuments of it to posterity, that should last longer then the Temples and the Pyramids of Egypt. And for this purpose, being a man very judicious, he made choyce of the most able men in the whole Empire, to collect all the laws of the Emperours his predecessours, which he augmented and enriched with his own, so that this book was called *Justinians* Code. Afterward he gave a charge to *Tribonian*, who was accomplish'd in that profession, to compile all the Resolves of the antient Lawyers, which he did with a most exact diligence, and at length compos'd those famous Pandects or Digests divided into fifty Books. He caus'd also the Institutions which contein the Principles of Law, and are as it were the elements of that excel-

lent doctrine, to be added to them. And for what concerns Divinity, he publiſhed a certain work of the Incarnation, and abundance of Ordinances for the government of Eccleſiaſticall perſons, wherein *Baronius* finds fault, that he entred ſometimes a little too far into the Sanctuary.

He was not much advanced in the years of his reign, when an horrible conſpiracy was raiſed againſt him, which was on the point to ruine all his affairs; and although I have already touch'd it in my firſt volumn in the Hiſtory of *Eulogius*, yet I will decipher here more particularly the reaſons and the remedies of it.

Many have attributed the totall cauſe of it to the new Subſidies that the Emperour impoſed upon the people to maintein the war that he had already enterpriſed, but there was yet more poyſon and which ſprang from an higher ſource, which was, that the houſe of the Emperour *Anaſtaſius* (which had preceded *Juſtine* the Unkle of our *Juſtinian*, and which cheriſhed alwayes the moſt violent paſſion to continue themſelves in that Empire) was not quite extinct, but had two principall Chieftains *Pompey* and *Hypatius*, who thought they had heads well enough made to wear a Diademe. Theſe men when they ſaw that the affairs of State were diſpoſed to a commotion, and that the Malignant Vapours were gathered together on all ſides to make up clouds, did as the Sorcerers do, who mix the work of the Devil to aſſiſt the effects of nature. They knew that the Emperour began to be ill-belov'd, both for the impoſts, and for the rigid and inflexible ſeverity that he uſed in the government of his Empire; which ſeemed inſupportable to the ſpirits of ſo many Libertines, who would live according to their own diſcretion in the permiſſion of all crimes. They fail'd not to lay hold on this opportunity, and underhand to ſowe in the ſpirits of men the ſeeds of Diviſion. There was then in Conſtantinople two popular factions of men belonging to the Theatre which were called the Green and the Blew, by reaſon of the Liveries by which they were diſtinguiſhed. State-Policy ſuffer'd them, and choſe rather to foment the one againſt the other, then to extinguiſh them. But the conſpiratours for that time united them by artifices and by money to bandy them againſt *Juſtinian*. The Chieftains ceas'd not to ſcatter venemous ſpeeches amongſt the people, and to ſay,

What? are we then made to ſuffer eternally the Empire of theſe Cow-keepers? the Unkle is dead, and the Nephue hath ſucceeded him, which is a Crow hatched of an evil Egg. Was it not enough that he learned in governing beaſts to handle us as a Shepheard, but he muſt become a Butcher, and be pleas'd with nothing, but with the fleaing and the maſſacring of his people? What have we any more to hope for under him, ſince he hath put us in a condition of fearing every thing? Do we expect that the Empreſſe, which is the worſt of Furies, ſhould give him counſels of mildneſſe for us, or that *Belliſarius* which is the fatall inſtrument of his cruelty ſhould deliver us out of his hands? All our ſafety is in our ſelves, all our good is in our reſiſtance. Shall we doubt to obey neceſſity which conſtrains us, and the juſtice of our cauſe which is our guide? We ought to ſet upon this goodly Emperour while his ſtate is yet tottering and ill-ſettled, without ſtaying till he fortifie himſelf to our ruine. We have amongſt us the blood of the true *Ceſars*, *Pompey* and *Hypatius*, the Protectours of the people, and the moſt accompliſh'd of all Princes, it is thoſe that we ought to reverence, and that we ought to carry upon our ſhoulders to the Empire.

Theſe words at length enflamed the ſedition which began by a ſmall handfull of Mutiners, which a Provoſt of the City endeavoured to ſuppreſſe, and apprehended three that were the ringleaders of the Rebellion, but the people ran ſuddenly in an huddle and plucked them out of his hands by violence. The Alarm was given to the Palace, and the Emperour diſpatch'd inſtantly ſome ſouldiers to quell the Mutiners, but they were beaten back, for the number of the ſeditious grew greater every moment as a Ball of ſnow that rouls from the top of a mountain. Behold in a little time the whole City in arms, with a rage ſo violent, and a ſight ſo hideous, that it ſeemed that Hell had opened it ſelf that day to vomit out all its Furies upon the earth. The men ran to fire and ſword, the women with their hair about their ears, and howling like ſo many *Megera's* made themſelves arms of what ere they met with. There was not any, even to the children that did not ſeem to be little devils flying athwart the flames. The Regiments of the Herules, (which the King a little before had converted to Chriſtianity) were at that time quartered in the City of Conſtantinople who failed not, according to the Orders of the Emperour, to oppoſe themſelves againſt the fury of the people. Theſe having been barbarous ſouldiers without all compaſſion made at firſt a great maſſacre. The incenſed Citizens fall upon them on all parts to beat them out; their courts of Guard are burned by the hands of the ſeditious, and their companies much worſted, ſome were run through with Partiſans, others knock'd on the head with Leavers: the affrighted women from the tops of the houſes, make themſelves parties in the quarrell, and ceaſe not to throw down boyling water, and ſtones upon them. Theſe wild-Boars thus chaffed ſeeing the blood of their companions run in rivers through the ſtreets, rally all their forces, and take Torches to fire the Churches and houſes, which they performed with ſo much violence, that one might ſee in an inſtant the whole city in flames. The Temples were burned with the moſt ſumptuous ſtructures, the pictures, the ſtatues, and the moſt beautifull works of the Antient Maſters crackled in the fiery coals which none extinguiſhed but by humane blood. The moſt religious of the Clergy being come forth to appeaſe the tumult, in ſhewing them the books of the Goſpels, the images of the Saints, and the Shrines of their reliques, although they marched at that time in a Proceſſion were trod under foot, and in part murdered by the Herules. This redoubled the fury of the people, who had yet ſome good ſenſe of their Religion, and could not endure the contempt of ſacred things. The Maſſacres began afreſh on both ſides, and the images of death fly up and down on all parts.

The Emperour was for that time ſhut up within his Palace, with his wife the Empreſſe accompanied with *Belliſarius*, who was newly returned from Africa, with *Narſes* and with *Mundus*, and the Regiments of his Guards. His heart bled within him to ſee thoſe horrours, and he was ſo courageous, as to be willing to go forth and preſent himſelf to make an Oration to his people, and to pacifie the ſedition. But the Empreſſe throwing her ſelf at his feet laid hold on him, and conjured him by all that he had moſt dear not to commit himſelf to an evident Butchery, which cauſed him to be contented to ſound the Ford, and to ſend Meſſengers to the people to promiſe them all ſatisfaction if they would aſſemble themſelves peaceably in the Theatre to hear their Prince. The factious began to cry that it was a ſnare to intrap them, and that they had no reaſon to hearken to a Tyrant that had ſold their skins to the Barbarians, that there was no more ſafety now remaining for them but in deſperateneſſe. Thereupon they take *Hypatius*, and having lifted him upon a great Buckler, carry him a croſſe the multitude, place him upon a Throne in the midſt of the great Market-place,

and

and proclaim him Emperour. He was as it were altogether astonish'd between hope and fear, when he spake these words with a feeble voyce.

Friends, I am your work, I come to live and dye with you. I know well what ye have made me be, but I know not what I shall be, if ye bring not as much force to preserve me, as ye have testified affection to elect me: In a word, the life of *Justinian* is incompatible with mine, and your arms must decide this day which of the two you will keep, either the Prince that ye have chosen, or the Tyrant that ye have sworn to destroy. The Assembly answered confusedly with great clamours, Let *Hypatius* live, Let *Justinian* dye; and the stoutest men amongst them take a resolution to assail him in his Palace. But this Prince after he had call'd upon the name of God, the Protectour of Kings, took this perillous businesse into deliberation. *Narses* was of opinion, that it was best to fortifie the Royall Palace, to damme up the entrances, to prepare themselves for assaults within, and not to trust themselves without. That all rebellions were strong and invincible in their first heat, and that time ought to be given to some to think upon their fault, and to others to declare their good affection.

Belizarius lik'd not this opinion, and desired nothing but to march and to fall upon the Rebels. The Empresse *Theodora* who held the upper end in all the counsells of *Justinian* intermeddled very far in this businesse as Historians observe, and spake with a loud voyce.

What? seek security in dishonour? Endure a siege of our subjects, and of the dreggs of the people without taking other arms then those of walls? It is a counsell that will give boldnesse to *Hypatius*, and fear to all those that are yet for us. I assure my self, that the Tyrant wholly trembling in this novelty, and that there is not a more sovereign remedy then to prevent him. Let us rather dye then leave a blot upon our reputation. The name of Emperor and of Empresse sound well in an Epitaph, and ought never to be quitted, but with life.

She animated the whole company by her discourses: The Emperour himself had a mind to go out amongst them but it was concluded that he should suffer *Belizarius* to advance with the most resolute Regiments, which he did very courageously and removed himself into the place where was the hottest of the combate. The Herules, that had puissantly sustained the first furies of the enemies, took new forces and joyned themselves to the Emperours Court of Guard. They began altogether to charge the Rebels with such an Impetuousnesse, that they seemed Lyons and not Men. The Faction was no longer equall, the heart of the Revolted failed them, and they let themselves be killed as Sheep, whilst the fury of the Souldiers fleshed in blood slackened nothing of its vehemence.

Justinian touched with pity, commanded that they should spare the rest, and to perswade them more efficaciously to their good and safety, endeavoured to gain the faction of the Blew-coats, and to divide it from the Green, by force of Courtesie and of Money.

This being done *Hypatius* found himself much astonished, and wished then, that he had rather put his hand on Thorns, then on the Pearls of a Diademe. He fights now no more for honour, but for his life; he seeks out holes to hide himself, but those that knew that their security consisted in nothing, but in producing him, seize upon his person, and deliver him into the hands of the Emperour, who caused suddenly the law to proceed against him, together with *Pompey* and other great Lords that were their Complices, who were all put to death. After which the Emperour endeavoured with all his might to Rally his people, and to declare to them the pernicious effects of sedition, which were but too visible. The City being all wasted by the fire, and fourty thousand men (as *Zonoras* tells us) dead upon the place.

Behold one of the most hidious Histories that I find in all Antiquity, and which ought to teach people to adhere firmly to their Sovereign, and never to lend an ear to wicked counsels that cause so lamentable Tragedies. It admonishes also great men to enterprise no thing against their lawfull Princes, and to place alwayes their Principall Honour in Obedience.

This Monarch seeing himself settled in his Kingdome by so sensible a protection, gave all the thanks of it to God, and bent the vigour of his cares to the advancement of his glory. An hundred years had already passed, since the Vandals, a barbarous people, and Heretick Arrians had possessed themselves of Africa; after they had torn it from the Roman Empire. Three Kings were already dead, and the fourth that then reigned was a Tyrant named *Gilimer*, revolted from the true King *Hilderic* his Lord and Kinsman, whom he left in a close prison after he had put himself into possession of his Sceptre. *Justinian* that was a friend and Protectour of him that had been Deposed, demands an account of that action, and resolved to re-establish the true King in his right, because that, besides that justice would have it so, he was much more favourable to the Catholicks. The other answered that he had dispossessed a Sit-still, and a Traitour to the Religion of the Arrians, and that the Greek ought to look to his own businesse without intermedling with the Kingdoms of another.

This Arrogance netled more the Emperour, who now saw himself perswaded by all reasons to enterprise a Warre against an Heretick for Religion, against a Tyrant for Justice, against an Adversary for his Goods. He ordered all this businesse with a marvellous prudence, for he sowed first division in *Gilimer's* Kingdome, interessing as much as possible every man to his party; the Catholicks for his protection, the Kinsmen of *Hilderic* for Revenge, the Zealous men for Piety, the Understanding for Reason, the Souldiers for the Booty, and all the world for the sweetnesse of the tranquility under his Government.

He chose *Belizarius* Generall, to whom he gave an Army more Valiant then numerous, of Souldiers well tried, and charged him to use the Africans as his own people, and as his children. One cannot believe the effect that this moderation wrought: The People began to look upon the Armies of that brave Captain, not as upon those of an enemie, but father of a Liberatour. Tripolis rendred it self quickly to him, and the Isle of Sardynia revolted against the Tyrant. He dismantled all the strong Holds that might defend him from the Enemie, as if he had been assured to live in perpetuall peace; which caused that *Belizarius* in a short time marched even to the gates of Carthage. The Usurper as fearfull in Warre, as he was bold in wickednesse, was astonished and surprised, having not had so much leisure as to fortifie the place of his abode. He suddenly dispatches his brother *Amaras* to cut off all the Avenues from the Greeks, but he was encountred by *John* the Armenian who led the Van-guard of the Imperialists, and who hotly gave him battell, in which the African lost the Victory and his life.

The Tyrant, whether out of rage or out of fear, caused *Hilderic* his Master, which he kept in prison,

to

to be murther'd, and went out with his beſt Troops to meet *Belizarius*, all dip'd as he yet was in innocent blood, and troubled with the image of his crimes. He met with the Grecian Generall a little ſcattered from the reſt of his Army, and might have defeated him, if art and activeneſſe, or rather happineſſe had accompanied his deſigns. But while he ranges his ill-traind ſouldiers, *Belizarius* ſurpriſes him, kills his beſt troops, and conſtrains him to put himſelf in flight. He ſeeing his army much leſſened, ſends for his brother *Zaron* who led ſome troops near the coaſts of Sardynia to come and joyn with him, which he did readily; but in the mean time, *Belizarius* following the paths that good fortune trod out for him, enters Carthage, which cryes for quarter to him without reſiſtance. The two brothers rallyed together made as though they would retake it, but ſeeing themſelves vigorouſly repulſed by the Imperialiſts, they more thought of a Retreat then an Aſſault. This cauſed all the People to deſpair of their party, ſeeing they themſelves had forſaken the ſeat of Empire. They withdrew themſelves to a place called Tricamerum about eight Leagues from Carthage, whither *Belizarius* after he had taken order for the ſecurity of the conquered countrey ſoon followed them, and commanded *John* the Armenian to paſſe the River, for whoſe advantage they were encamped there, and to charge them: He obeyed and executed very courageouſly his Generals commands; But *Zaron Gilimer's* brother ſuſteins his onſet, and twice beat him back, till ſuch time as *Belizarius* re-enforced his Van-guard with new Troops, who defeated the enemie, and killed the chief Commander in the combat. His head was cut off, and ſhewed the Affricanes, who fell into a great deſpair of their affairs. Ah, my brother, ſayes *Gilimer*, the moſt valiant man on earth, could I not be miſerable without loſing you, and without ſacrificing you to my fortune? It is now that I perceive the diſaſtre of my Nation; It is now that the blood of *Hilderic* rebounds againſt me. In the mean time *Belizarius*, who lead up the battalio, paſſed alſo the River which was fordable, and aſſaults *Gilimer* who made but a ſmall reſiſtance, but taking with him his domeſticks ſaved himſelf by abandoning his Camp, where nothing was heard but the cryes and ſighs of the Captives that lamented their Misfortune. The unhappy King ſaved himſelf in Rocks ſituated upon high mountains; where there was a Fortreſſe almoſt inacceſſible, but unfurniſhed of Victuals and Munition, whither *Pharas* had order to follow him, in the place of *John* the Armenian who was unhappily killed by accident by a Captain that ſhot at a Bird. *Gilimer* that now thought that there was no greater enemy in the world then Hunger, was quickly weary of the place to which he was retired, and ſeeing himſelf ſollicited every day by his friends to render up himſelf, he ſends to *Pharas* to demand three things for the capitulation of the Treaty, which were, ſome Bread, a Sponge, and a Lute; ſome Bread, becauſe he now knew not what it was to Eat; a Sponge, to wipe off the tears that he continually powred out upon the Tombes of his brothers and the Funeralls of his Countrey; a Lute, to give ſome truce to his anguiſh by its Muſick. This diſaſtrous man, which had never well played the King, would now play the Philoſopher at the end of his dayes, and expreſſe a contempt of all things. *Pharas* eaſily granted him what he demanded, and having taken him, conducted him to *Belizarius* who was retired to Carthage.

This Generall contemplated the principall object of his Conqueſt with delight, and had a great curioſitie to entertein him, but he did nothing but laugh with a forced and unpleaſing laughter. All his treaſures fell into the hands of the Conquerour, who ſuddenly carryed him to Conſtantinople.

A Triumph after the manner of the Antients was ordained in honour of *Belizarius*, who entered in great pomp into the City with all his ſouldiery, cauſing the proud ſpoiles of Africa to be born before him, and dragging after him the priſoners, among which was *Gilimer* in chains, who was brought before the Emperour and the Empereſſe ſeated upon their Thrones on an high Theatre with an unparrelel'd magnificence.

Gilimer, as ſoon as he ſaw afarre off this pompous ſplendour, cryed out, Vanity of Vanities, and every thing is vanity: afterward began again his laughings, which he did, in my opinion, that he might paſſe for a Fool, and ſo have his life. He did obeyſance to *Juſtinian* with moſt humble ſubmiſſions, who uſed him with much clemency, giving him a Place in the Lands of the Empire, to finiſh there the reſt of his dayes.

The Booty was divided with much equity, and the rich Veſſels of the Temple of Jeruſalem that the Vandalls had heretofore found, and pillaged in Rome, were ſent back again to the Place from whence they had been tranſported by *Titus Veſpatian*.

This warre was finiſhed in three moneths with an Army of ſix thouſand men, ſo eaſie it is to row when God conducts the veſſell.

But that of the Weſt was very long in its continuance, Obſtinate in its Reſiſtance, Malignant in its Deſignes, and Lamentable in its Effects. *Theodoric* King of the Goths (as I have ſaid in the life of *Boetius*) had made himſelf Maſter of Rome, and of all Italy, where he reigned with great authority. He left for Succeſſour *Athanaric*, ſonne of his daughter *Amalazunta* (at that time but nine years old) under the Protection of his Mother. She was the moſt accompliſh'd Princeſſe of her age, and moſt worthy to govern an Empire. Nevertheleſſe ſince ſhe ſaw her ſelf invironed with thoſe Goth Princes that were of an humour ſufficiently cruell, and that did not eaſily brook her domination; She honoured with her confidence *Theodate* one of the principall of them, becauſe he was of the blood Royall, and appeared the moſt moderate of all the reſt, playing rather the Philoſopher then the Captain. This ungratefull man, after the death of the little *Athanaric* who was not of a long life, was moved with ſo furious a Statejealouſie, that by the baſeſt of Treaſons he cauſed that poor Princeſſe to be ſtrangled in a Bath, fearing leſt ſhe (as being farre more able then he in the managing of affairs, and he holding the Sceptre onely by her favour) might take too great a ſhare in the Government. But this unnaturall man that thought to ſettle his Crown by the death of that innocent Queen totally ruin'd his affairs, and could not avoid the vengeance of God that purſues Traytours even to the gates of hell.

The Emperour *Juſtinian* that had already projected to recover his City of Rome and all Italy out of the hand of the Goths, hearing the rehearſall of that horrible baſeneſſe committed againſt the perſon of *Amalazunta* that had ſought Alliance with him, failed not to take the occaſion, and to declare a warre againſt *Theodate*, thinking that it was then a good time to ſet upon an Empire, when he that governs it begins to be forſaken of God for the enormity of his Crimes.

This cowardly King was ſo much aſtoniſhed at this news, that at firſt he humbled himſelf by very great

great submissions, offering the Sovereignty to the Emperour of the East, and contenting himself to reign under him.

But the other seeing him so wicked and so weak, despised him, and caused *Belizarius* to advance with his Army into his Territories, who suddenly possessed himself of Sicily.

Theodate although an Arrian Heretick, had recourse to the Pope, and invited him, as well by Intreaties as by Menaces, to make a Voyage to Constantinople, to Treat a Peace between the two Crowns. *Agapetus*, who was then seated on Saint *Peters* Chair, was so Poor and Indigent, that he had not wherewith to furnish himself with Provision for the Journey, that he was fain to pawn the Sacred Vessels of Saint *Peters* Church to bear his charges by the way; He failed not to transport himself into the East, and was received by *Justinian* with all the respects due to so high a Dignity; but when he came to touch upon the point of Peace, the Emperour told him, That the businesse was already too farre advanced, That that Warre was an Holy Warre against the Enemies of God and his Church, which ought not to be hindered by the Counsells of a Pope, and that he need fear nothing that *Theodate* could do, who was more able to threated then to hurt.

The Pope suffered himself easily to be perswaded, and quitting the Interests of that King, busied himself about the Government of his Church. It is a wonder, that he had so much Authority, as to depose *Anthimus* Patriarch of Constantinople, who had been brought in by Faction, and to substitute *Menas* in his Place, in spight of the Empresse *Theodora*, who had not at that time all the power that is attributed to her over the spirit of her Husband.

The Good Shepheard, after he had Courageously done the duty of his Charge, dyed in Constantinople, where he left a most sweet odour of his sanctity.

In the mean while, *Belizarius* pursues the Conquest, enters into Pou, and takes Naples by night, using a Stratagem of Warre, that made him put on three hundred men through subterraneous places, where there passed nothing but water. The taking of so flourishing a City gave astonishment and rage to the Goths, who Conspired against their King *Theodate*, and substituted by Election *Vitiges* in his place, who was not of so Noble a Family, but who seemed to them Bold and Generous to repair the Ruines of the State.

As soon as he was chosen, he suddenly caused *Theodate* to be slain, who was surprised in his flight, and washed away by his blood the murther of *Amalazunta*.

This Prince was agitated with two contrary Passions, with the desire of solitude, and with the motion of his ambition; the one counselled him to quit the Empire, the other to retain it; while that he would content them both, he contents no body, and was surprised in his irresolution.

In this conjuncture of affairs, the Grecian Generall advances, and marches straight to Rome, which receives him with open Arms, some through love, and others through impotence.

Vitiges desirous to make his Crown renowned by some illustrious Act, and to confirm by his Valour the judgement of those that had chosen him, assembles from all parts the Goths, spurring them on both with the Glory of their Nation, and the necessity of their affairs, in such a manner that in a small time he lay siege to Rome, with an Army of an hundred and fifty thousand men.

It is in this occasion that the Valour of *Belizarius* was made visible in all its advantages, for with an Army of six thousand men he sustained that prodigious number of Barbarians, amidst sickness, hunger. and a thousand other incommodities, and when the Romans wanted Arms and Ammunitions of Warre, he made Arrowes of the Statues of the Gods and of the *Cesars*, to throw at the head of his enemies.

In the end having sollicited with diligence, and expected with constancy the succours that came to him from the East, he raised the siege, and scattered all that thick Cloud of Armies that environed him.

Vitiges is constrained to retire into Ravenna, where he besieges him, and presses him so strictly, that he forces him to deliver to him his City, and even his own Person.

He was carried away Prisoner, with his Wife, and abundance of Lords to Constantinople, presented to *Justinian*, and served for a Pompous object in the Triumph of *Belizarius*, who was received with the full satisfaction of all the Nobles, with the admiration of the wisest, and with the generall acclamation of all the World: The Emperour alone began to be pricked with jealousie, and to entertein him with coldnesse.

In the mean space, the Goths make Elections of two Kings, one after the other, who lived but a while, and did nothing, but the third named *Totilas* was endowed with so eminent and lovely qualities, that he raised up all their hopes: and his coming to the Crown of the Gothes was as the infusion of a new soul into a dead body.

He puts himself suddenly into the field, with all that he could rally of the wrack of *Vitiges*, and at first he was so happy that he defeated *Bessa* and *Vitalius*, The two Generals of *Justinian* left by *Belizarius* for the Guard of all the Countrey of Italy.

After that, he took Spoletum, dismantled Beneventum, planted a Siege before Naples, and wan it by valour and by patience.

But besides, he shewed so many proofs of his Moderation, and of his Goodnesse toward the Conquered, that with all their hearts they wished for nothing more then his Government. He gave great order for the comfort of the people, that were at that time oppressed with a cruell famine, he provided for the security of the Goods of his Subjects, chastising rigorously the thieveries of the Souldiers, he preserved the modesty of Women and Maids with so much severity, that he caused his Generall to be beheaded for having violated a Gentlewoman.

By these so commendable wayes he rendered himself Master of all Pou, and from thence transported himself to Rome, which he held a long time besieged, and which was at last delivered to him, by the treachery of a Court of Guard of Isaurian and Cilician Souldiers.

He used his Victory with so much clemency, that he caused to be proclaimed that the Churches should serve for a Sanctuary, forbidding expressly to touch those that should retire themselves thither: He used the Pope *Pelagius*, and all the sacred persons with great respect, the Ladies with Honour, the Citizens with Courtesie, contenting himself onely to demolish the Walls of Rome, without hurting any thing within. He rendered himself

ſo abſolute a Maſter of the City, and peoples hearts, that every one confeſſed they had never ſeen the like, and publiſhed him worthy of the Empire of the World.

The Emperour *Juſtinian* fortifies his Courage againſt this ebb of bad ſucceſſes, and with draws *Belizarius* from the warre with the Perſians to ſend him back to Italy, believing that all the happineſſe of his Arms ſubſiſted wholly in his hands.

But it ſeems that Felicity was weary to follow alwayes the Standarts of that valourous Captain; the affairs of Warre quite changed their face; all good Succeſſes now are onely for the Goths, and misfortune ſeemed to be faſtned to all the enterpriſes of the Romans.

Belizarius was as a man forlorn in the hands of an evil deſtiny, that darkened his Prudence, froze his Courage, weakned the ſtrength of his Arms, and made him unprofitable to all things, ſo that hee ſeemed to have paſſed back into Italy for nothing, but to be the ſpectatour of his own diſaſters. At laſt, he was called home again, and *Narſes* the Eunuch was ſent in his place, who mended the buſineſſe, and defeated *Totilas* in a pitched Battell, who dyed ſuddenly of his wounds.

Providence, (if it be permitted here to lift up the veil, and to enter into your ſecrets) whence could this change proceed? We know that *Belizarius* was the moſt accompliſhed of all the Generals of Armies that were at that time under Heaven; He was endowed with a lively and luminous ſpirit, with an inventive underſtanding, with a profound judgement, that had nothing like it, but his Courage. Providence for the future, and Activeneſſe for the preſent, contended in him which ſhould carry away the Palm; his Valour was incomparable, and his Experience compleat in all ſorts of buſineſſe, his Proſperity without Inſolence, and his Adverſity without Diſcouragement. He was Prudent, Sober, Chaſte, even to a wonder, Affable, Gracious, Liberall, Charitable, Juſt, Mercifull, Happy. Not onely the Souldiers reſpected him, but even the Labourers looked upon him as their Protectour, and the Father of their Quiet. From whence then came it, that he made a wrack at the end of his Life, and that he ſaw all the eminent luſtre of his Glory bleaked even in his hands?

Here may Great ones learne a wiſe Inſtruction for the governance of their Actions, and have cauſe to admire the Judgements of God. And for that purpoſe, I ſhall enlarge my ſelf upon the cauſes of the miſeries that happened to the fortunes of the higheſt Lords of the earth, and the more curiouſly ſearch into this Hiſtory in its ſource.

I confeſſe that the Secret one of *Procopius* is too rayling in many places, where it ſpeaks things incredible, but it is not deceived when it tells us, that two women *Theodora* the Empreſſe, and *Antonina* the wife of *Belizarius*, were the two *Helen's* of the Empire, and the Torches that conſumed mankind by their flames.

Behold (ſaith he) from whence began the Miſery of *Belizarius*, that ruined his braveſt Enterpriſes, and plunged him deep into great diſpleaſures.

He had in his houſe a young Gentleman named *Theodoſius*, whom he loved with a ſincere affection, having converted him from Hereſie, and procured him to be Baptized at Conſtantinople, whoſe God-father he himſelf would be. He put him ſo farre in the good eſteems of his wife, that they having no children of their Marriage, reſolved both of them to Adopt him. *Theodoſius* conquered by ſo great a courteſie, rendred himſelfe obedient to *Belizarius*, and above all obſervant to the humours of *Antonina*. She loved him at firſt with a tender affection, but honeſt enough, which gave occaſion to the more curious ſort of people to think, but permitted not the wiſer ſort to ſpeak.

At laſt, as the beſt Wine degenerates into Vineegre, ſo the chaſteſt Love of the ſpirit (if heed be not taken) changes it ſelf to fleſh.

The converſation of the young *Theodoſius* in the African voyage, the graces that ſmiled upon his face, the ſweetneſſe of his ſpeech, the wittineſſe of his diſcourſes, his good offices, his obſervances, his confidence, and the ſecrecy of the place, kindled ſo great a fire in the heart of *Antonina*, that ſhe cheriſhed no more that object as a Mother, but loved him as a frontleſſe woman, that ſells her proſtitution.

Happy are the women that reject the firſt thoughts of ſuch miſerable deſigns, as the ſparkles of the fire of Hell.

She gave at firſt too much command to her paſſion, and too much overture to her unhappineſſe. Her Careſſes ſeemed already too ſoft to the young man that ſtrived to pay them with reſpect, feigning himſelf not to underſtand that language of Love, for fear he ſhould make her faulty in his thoughts. But ſhe ceaſed not to purſue him, and kindled continually her flames by the liberty of her life. Conſcience, Honour, the fear of an Husband, contended for a time in her heart, but in the end quitted the place. She forgot all Divine and Humane Laws, and abandoned her ſelf to her paſſion, and openly ſollicited *Theodoſius* to ſin.

She acted the part of *Potiphars* wife, but ſhe met not with a *Joſeph*. He was not yet wicked, but capable to become ſo; he went not to ſeek ſinne, but ſinne ſought him, and he wanted ſtrength to reſiſt it; the reſpect of a woman took from him that of God; he conſented to evil that he might not offend her, and betrayed his ſoule to content the heart of a woman paſt all regard of her honour and ſalvation.

A man ows not obedience in this caſe to the moſt qualified and the moſt beneficiall perſonages; he ought to fly from them, he ought to break off with them, he muſt not think upon pleaſing them, in a thing that may diſpleaſe God.

Both of them at laſt habituated themſelves in their crime, and at firſt acted it ſecretly enough: but the impudence of *Antonina*, and the great confidence ſhe had of her husbands love, took from her her ſhame, and diſcovered her diſhonour.

Belizarius began to be doubtfull of it, but he feared his own thoughts, and that he might not render his wife criminall, he made himſelf ſtupid. Behold! at length a poore maid-ſervant, a Macedonian by Nation comes to him and tells him, My Maſter, I put my life into your hands, I have great things to tell you, but I am a dead woman if you ever open your mouth of them: Promiſe me upon your oath to keep my counſell, and I wil tell you that which concerns the honour of your houſe. The Maſter ſwears, the ſervant ſpeaks, and accuſes her Miſtreſſe of an infamous converſation with *Theodoſius*.

Belizarius that would not believe his ſhame and miſery, asked her if there were any other witneſſes, ſhe produces two Grooms of the houſe that depoſe the ſame.

It is too much (ſayes he) Ah *Theodoſius*, unfaithfull *Theodoſius*, Have I then made thee my ſonne, to become now my Torturer? Have I put

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Thee into my houſe to defile my Bed? Have I given thee Life to take away my Honour? Deceitfull Man! Where is that Modeſty that was painted upon thy Countenance? Where are thoſe Artificiall words that thou haſt ſo oft employed to ſeduce my Goodneſſe? Thou ſhalt now receive a Reward worthy of thy Wickedneſſe. What do I ſay? Kill my ſonne of Adoption? It is to condemn mine own Judgement, and to tear out my heart. But it is his Crimes that deſtroyes him, and not I; He muſt dye, and there is no pardon for him.

Conſtantine his intimate friend perceived his ſadneſſe, knew the cauſe of it, and counſelled him rather to rid himſelf of his wife, that had ſeduced *Theodoſius*, and which was the Plague and fury of his Houſe; but he loved her paſſionately, and would by no means hearken to it. He called inſtantly a ſouldier of thoſe that were moſt engaged, and having greatly obliged him to ſecreſie, commanded him to kill *Theodoſius*. He knowing how well he was beloved of the Lady, asked counſell of the buſineſſe of a friend of his, that told him that *Belizarius* was mutable in that matter, and that *Antonina* was the Miſtreſſe, that it might happen that ſhe might regain the ſpirit of her husband, and might be a very bad enemy to him that ſhould undertake to kill her Minion. The Souldier was afraid, and inſtead of doing the Act, gave ſecret notice of it to *Theodoſius*, who fled to the City of Epheſus.

Troubles are in the Houſe; The Husband ſad and penſive, believing that the buſineſſe commanded was already executed: The Wife in fears, and paſſions impoſſible to be related: yet her pain was ſomewhat mitigated when ſhe knew that *Theodoſius* was yet alive.

But *Belizarius* that thought him dead, and knew no way to content his wife, endured a torment unſpeakable. Where is then your ſonne? (ſaith ſhe) Where is mine? Whence comes it that he is ſo long without appearing? They are your ſuſpicions that have deſtroyed him. Is it This then that I have merited of you, for having loved you more then my own ſelf! He trembled every joynt, and durſt not come to the point of the command that he had given: To deny it appeared to him impoſſible, and to confeſſe it ſeemed to him worſe then Death. The Lady takes up the diſcourſe again: Tell me, What is become of him? If you have cauſed him to be murthered, let me cauſe his Body to be ſought for, to give it Buriall. The poor Innocent is no longer in the World, you have ſacrificed him to your jealouſie, well knowing, that the ſword that paſſed through his Body, hath brought a mortall wound into my Heart. What advantage have I got by being faithfull to you, if I have not been able to eſcape your ſuſpicions which you have ſprinkled with the blood of your dear Adopted? But I will pardon you all, on condition, that you will tell me thoſe that have brought this unhappineſſe upon you, either by their falſe reports, or by their damnable counſells.

This wicked woman gave the Rack without ceaſing to the ſpirit of her husband who with all *Sampſons* ſtrength could not keep in a ſecret, no more then he. He named the Macedonian wench, and the two Grooms: Whereupon ſhe had ſport enough, by reaſon of the perſons, ſaying, That it was an horrible thing to put her honour to an arbitration upon the report of Slaves, and uſed rectimination ſo cunningly, that ſhe made all their accuſation paſſe for a calumny.

She ſeized inſtantly upon the poore maid and the two men, which ſhe delivered up to her Hangman, and after ſhe had cauſed their tongues to be cut off, ſhe commanded that they ſhould be thrown in a ſack into the water, where they finiſhed their life by the deteſtable hatred of that *Megera*. She found out alſo the Counſel that *Conſtantine* had given, and ſtreightway cauſed him to be aſſaſſinated, ſo great a deſire had ſhe and ſo much power to purſue her vengeance.

Soon thereupon after it was publiſhed every where abroad, that *Theodoſius* was alive, and he was ſuddenly called back to Court, but he ſeemed to be cold in it, making the wicked deſignes that ſome had undertaken to deſtroy him, his excuſe; and feigning himſelf ignorant of the ſecret command that *Belizarius* had given of his death, he layes all upon the head of *Photius*. He was the ſonne of *Antonina*, born of her firſt bed, a brave man and very accompliſh'd, who was in the chiefeſt offices of the Empire, and had conceived an extream diſpleaſure at the debaucheries of his mother, not being able to endure that *Amoretto*, to whom ſhe made a profeſſion of her goods and honour.

This unnaturall woman forgetting both her bloud and duty, ceaſed not to raiſe calumnies and troubles againſt her own ſonne in the favour of her Adulterer, and to make uſe even of the moſt deteſtable inventions, to take him out of the World, in ſuch a manner, as that he not thinking his life ſafe enough againſt the ſword and poyſon, was conſtrained to chooſe a voluntary exile, to give place to *Theodoſius*. *Belizarius* by a moſt infamous obſervance that he rendred to his wife, employed his credit and his Letters to compaſſe his return. He comes now to ſeek his Miſtreſſe in Italy, where ſhe was with her husband, and from thence they all returned to Conſtantinople, where this crafty artificious woman had the leiſure to ſatiate her ſelf with the ſimplicity of the one, and the love of the other.

But it is a ſtrange thing, yet true, that That kind of Love is nouriſhed with Oppoſition, whereas the full enjoyment renders the ſeeds of Iniquity leſſe Active and more Languiſhing.

Theodoſius now began to feel a great remorſe of Conſcience, for his infamous Life. He was fully perſwaded that he could not eſcape the diſaſtre of ſome violent death, if he continued that debauchery, that the patience of an husband ſo many times provoked would break out at length in ſome evill end, and that, happen what would, he could not eſcape the judgements of God neither Alive nor Dead. Upon theſe thoughts, he ſteals away ſecretly from the Court, tranſports himſelf to Epheſus, enters into a Monaſtery, and makes himſelf a Monk, cauſing thoſe handſome locks to be ſhaven off, that were the ſtrings that tyed *Antoninas* affection.

This unhappy woman hearing the news of it, put on mourning as for a publick diſaſtre, deprived her ſelf of all company, perſecuted her own life by a horrour of eating and drinking, and not contenting her ſelf with weeping for her Beloved, ſhe howled and ſent out cryes that affrighted the whole World.

It is a thing ſufficiently remarkable, that Love encamped in that Friars Cowle, darted more ſubtle fires, and ſharpened his Arrows with the Aſhes of Repentance, Imitating the Sorceters that employ the Maſſe and Bible to fortifie their Enchantments.

The Paſſion of *Antonina* was ſo deſperate, that *Belizarius* pitied her, and ſo wrought, that by the Authority of the Empreſſe, *Theodoſius* was fetched back again from the Monaſtery, and brought unto

her house. It is true that he made a great resistance before he would come forth, whether it was feignedly, or really, it is doubtfull, but he yielded to the violent pursutes that were made for him, and quitting the Altar of *Jesus*, made himself again of a Monk an *Adonis* to sacrifice himself to his *Venus*.

One would have thought that the flames of that cursed passion would have been totally extinguished, and that there had been no danger to be feared in such a conversation. But, O God, who knowes not that the presence of Lovers, especially after a long absence makes love arise again out of its own ashes, and extracts sparks of fire even out of ice and snow? *Belizarius* marches in an expedition towards the coasts of Persia, where *Photius* his son in law comes to seek him, who resenting in his heart the bitter displeasures that the persecution of his mother caused him, was resolved to pluck out her Minion from between her armes, or to dye in the attempt. He disposes his Spyes at Constantinople, to observe diligently what should passe in their Conversation. He hath news sent him from all parts that the fire is again kindled, and that *Triclaresses* continue to the scandall of the whole City. He causes a very understanding man and most faithfull to the service of *Belizarius* to go to him, and tell him from point to point that which he least desired to hear.

His displeasure was so greatly kindled that the very same moment, he goes to seek out *Photius*, and sayes to him, My son, it is now that you must succour your miserable father, if you would not have grief send him to the grave; you are not my sonne by nature, but you are by love and by election. I have given you goods and honour, I have not ceased to oblige you all my life-time; yet I desire to passe by whatever I have done hitherto, on condition that you will revenge me upon that disloyall *Theodosius* who hath placed again dishonour in my bed. *Photius*, who desired nothing more then that discourse, comforts him, and promises him quickly to dispatch him of his enemy. They both of them swear upon the Gospels, mutually to keep close the secret. The other to acquit himself of his promise takes his time, learns by his Spyes the day wherein *Theodosius* was to make a Voyage to Ephesus, and transport himself thither with a company of resolute souldiers. The Adulterer doubting that all that commotion was against him, saved himself in Saint *Johns* Church, as in a secure Sanctuary. But he was drawn out from thence by a Trick, and delivered by the Bishop himself of the Place, into the hands of *Photius*, who being of a very sweet Nature would not kill him, but contented himself to send him away into Cilicia, to the utmost bounds of the Empire, and to keep him in close prison, under the guard of men, very much engaged to him, in such a manner as he should be never heard of any more.

He was seasoned a sufficient time in this Prison-hole, which worked an enraged sadnesse in his *Antonina*, who found no better remedy then to implore the assistance of the Empresse, with whom she was so familiar, that shee deposed even her loves, and immodesties in her bosome. She makes an horrible perquition of *Theodosius*'s businesse, and by misfortune it happened that one *Caligonius* (who was the Confident of *Belizarius* his wife, having been taken and ill used by *Photius*, to make him disclose to him all the secrets of his Mistresse) made an escape and came secretly to Constantinople, where he charged the sonne of having attempted something upon the friend of the Mother. *Theodora* suffers him to come to Court privately, and when he dreamed not of it, causes him to be apprehended, confines him into a secret place, and unknown to all the world, where he was put to the Rack without having any regard to his Great Quality or even to the infirmities of his Body. He kept *Belizarius* his counsell in his sharpest torments, but he told them the place where *Theodosius* was deteined, from whence the Empresse caused him secretly to be fetched, and commanded that he should be brought to Constantinople, without noyse, to drown in a sudden and unhoped for joy the spirit of her Confident. She kept him some dayes in her Palace to put him in better liking, and told her dear *Antonina* (who was very curious in her pearls) that she had a rare Jewell to shew her, which made her haste to the Palace with a great desire to see what it was.

The Empresse, after she had a long time suspended her hopes, causes *Theodosius* to come forth out of the chamber of one of her Eunuches, and casts the whole Sun into her eyes. She fell down in a swoune at that sight, and was like to dye, but at length when she had been succoured, and was come to her self again, she had so much slayednesse, as not to cast her selfe hastily upon her friends neck, before she had kissed *Theodoras* feet, to whom she said with transports of an unparalell'd joy; Madame, You have been hitherto my Empresse and my Mistresse, but I shall now in time to come esteem you as the Goddesse of my safety, seeing you have withdrawn my Sonne out of the bottomelesse pit of Hell, whither his enemy had precipitated him. There were nothing then but Caresses, but Dalliances and discourses upon the adventures of *Theodosius*.

But God, whose just anger followes alwayes sinners at the heels, waited till the Offering was fat to sacrifice it.

He permitted them to make so many Banquets, so many Dancings, and so many youthfull debaucheries for the return of that Minion, that he suffering himself to be carryed to excesses above the ability of his body, fell sick of the Bloody-flux, by which he was carried within few dayes into the other World, to render an account to the Soveteign Judge, of his Unfaithfulnesse and Diffolute Life.

Antonina remained near the Corps, as the Ghost of the Body, but a Damned Ghost and deprived eternally of all she loved most. God gave her a life long enough, and prolonged her Hell among the living, to anticipate that of the other life, seeing that we know her crimes, and know nothing of her Repentance.

In the mean while poor *Photius* was three years in a black Dungeon, out of which having twice escaped and saved himself in Churches which served for a Sanctuary, he was taken again, and shut up close, without being ever able to get forth but by a Miracle, which discovered to him in a Vision the Prophet *Zachary*, who drew him out of that deep pit wherein he was, and conducted him to Jerusalem, whither indeed he went and made himself a perfect Votary to accomplish the Vow that he had made, if ever he did obtein his dear liberty.

Behold here the springs of *Belizarius* his misery, which *Procopius* hath observed in his secret History.

It is believed, that it is but a Fable to say, that he had his eyes put out by the command of *Justinian*, and was reduced to beggery, but it is true that the Emperour had a jealousie of him, as if he had aspired to the Empire, and that *Theodora*

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who had a mind to perſecute him to favour his wives wicked humour, who yet cheriſhed in her heart ſome poiſon againſt him for the buſineſſe of *Theodoſius*, made him to be diſgraced, his offices were taken from him, his goods confiſcate; the ſouldiers that he had trained up given to other Captains; his friends interdicted with a prohibition to ſpeak to him. This brave Generall, who before drew the whole world in throngs after him, was forſaken, and walked through the ſtreets of Conſtantinople with two or three poor ſervants, as a man that had outlived his Funerals to ſerve for a ſpectacle of Pity.

One day as he went to do his Courtſhip at the palace, the Empreſſe ſhewed him a bad countenance, whereat he was ſo affrighted, that at his coming forth he expected nothing every hour but murderers to aſſaſſinate him. He returns into his lodging, being diſmayed above all that can be imagined of ſo generous a man. He preſently throws himſelf upon his bed trembling and ſweating with fear. One comes to tell him that a Gentleman is at the gate with a meſſage from *Theodora*; he prepared himſelf already for death, when the man gave him a Billet from the Empreſſe which imported thus: *Belizarius*, thy conſcience tells thee that thou haſt offended me, and that thou deſerveſt to be puniſhed, but I give thee to thy wife to whom I am obliged. It is from her that in time to come thou ſhalt hold thy life, thy goods and thy honour. I ſhall know how thou ſhalt behave thy ſelf towards her, and with what ſubmiſſions thou ſhalt acknowledge and thank her for her benefits. He inſtantly kiſſes the Letter, and in the preſence of him that brought it to him, enters into his wives chamber, throws himſelf down at her feet, kiſſes ſometimes one, ſometimes the other; profeſſes that he ows to her his life, and that he will no longer hold the rank of an Husband but of a Slave. The Lady receives him into favour, and goes and thanks the Empreſſe.

But is it poſſible, that *Belizarius*, that thunder-bolt of warre, that had made the Eaſt, the Weſt, and the South to tremble; that had led two Kings in triumph; that ſhaked not before armies of an hundred and fifty thouſand men, having but a little handfull; *Belizarius*, before whom the mighty Powers of the earth crawled along in duſt, was ſo baſely ſubjugated by women! *Procopius* aſſures us that it was a Charm that cauſed that perturbation of his mind, and ſtole him from himſelf, and needs muſt it be a work of the Devil, that could quite change upſide down, and beſot ſo great a perſonage.

Yet may we affirm, that it was not onely the wicked ſpirit of *Antonina* that made that Tragedy, but that the perſon of the Popes violated by that General, who was too baſely obedient to the Empreſſe, brought on him an infinite number of miſeries, that broke out at laſt upon *Juſtinian*, and upon the whole Empire.

Here is a great Theatre of Providence, where Princes may learn, that it is very dangerous to be obſervant to womens wicked humours, and to ſeize even on ſacred perſons to ſatisfie their Revenge.

Behold then the Prime and moſt capitall fury of the Empire; *Theodora*, who made her husband fall into Hereſie, who made the Popes be plucked out of their Sees to put therein her ſervants, that turned topſie turvie all Divine and Humane Laws to content her Paſſion.

Procopius ſpeaks ſhamefully of the originall of this woman, and ſaith, that ſhe was the daughter of a Bear-keeper, a Comedian by her trade, a Proſtitute by her publick profeſſion, and abandoned even to the little boyes of the Theatre from her infancy. He addes alſo, that ſhe had a very good grace in puffing up her cheeks to receive boxes on them, and to gain money by that paſtime; and that in her little youth, ſhe was debauched by one *Ecebolus* who kept her for a time, and afterward was weary of her, which made her, having now nothing whereon to live, run from place to place through the whole Eaſt in that ſhamefull proſtitution; and afterward returning to Conſtantinople, *Juſtinian* made love to her as to a famous Courtiſan, and finding her to his liking, married her, in the life time of the Emperour his uncle.

It appears clearly that this Authour enraged againſt the memory of *Juſtinian*, invented execrable lies that paſſe in the approbation of thoſe that nouriſh themſelves willingly with poiſon, and that think, that one cannot ſpeak too much ill of great ones, and that thoſe are the beſt Hiſtorians that relate their moſt abominable vices.

But we ought to conſider that this wicked man (who appeared more a Pagan in his Writings then a Chriſtian) after he had highly praiſed his Maſter in publick, when he had not the recompence he expected, and was perhaps puniſhed for his looſeneſſe, and his demerits, ſets himſelf to write a ſecret Hiſtory wherein he ſpeaks fearfull things which never came into the thought of ſo many other Hiſtorians that wrote after him, and in a time when they had a full liberty, who would not have omitted ſo many remarkable things, if they had had any foundation in truth.

That man muſt be of a belief either ſimple or malicious, that can perſwade himſelf that *Juſtinian* who was a cold Prince, conſiderate in all his actions, extremely ambitious of glory, and carefull of his reputation, who never was tainted with the vices of youth, ſhould marry a caytiff-wench, cry'd out upon by the whole world, when he reigned already with his uncle, and governed the whole buſineſſe of the Empire. It was he that before his marriage publiſhed a Law, by which it was forbidden to the Senatours to allie themſelves with mean and diſhoneſt women. Who can believe that he ſhould teach the tranſgreſſion of his ordinances by his own example, without fearing the ſevere honeſty of the Emperour his uncle, the reproaches of the Senate, the advantage that he might give to his competitours by ſo ill an action?

All that can be ſaid moſt truly, is, that *Theodora* was the daughter of the great Huntſman of the Emperours, whoſe office was to cauſe wild beaſts to be taken and kept for the ſpectacles of the Amphitheatre, which was not a mean or diſhonourable employment. It is not read in all other Hiſtorians, that ſhe had any ſtain of immodeſty in her converſation, but quite contrary, that ſhe was ſuch a capitall enemy to women and maids of an ill life, that at one time ſhe cauſed five hundred of them to be ſhut up, to take from them the occaſion of doing ill, and to be trained up in the exerciſes of honeſty: which is a thing that *Procopius* himſelf could not conceal, not conſidering, that if ſhe had been in former time ſtained with the ſame vice, ſhe ſhould have expoſed her ſelf to the laughter of all the world; ſome blaming her cares, and others her rigours, which would have renewed the memory of her infamy, whereas ſhe ſhould have endeavoured to have buried it in ſilence.

She was certainly too ſtately to be a Proſtitute; thoſe that have ſeen her, ſay, That ſhe was a little woman, that had a face full of Majeſty, eyes burning, and caſting out lightning in their anger, a lively and piercing wit, a ſolid judgement, an expediteneſſe in buſineſſe, and the activity of fire. She was ſo diſcreet, that ſeeing that *Juſtinian* could not be gained by the fleſh, ſhe took him by the ſpirit, which ſhe adorned carefully with excellent and ſublime knowledges,

cauſing her ſelf ſecretly to be inſtructed in State affairs, which gave her a facility to ſuggeſt advices to the Emperour her husband, which he reliſhed wonderfully, and did nothing in all the buſineſſe of the Empire without communicating it to her, calling her, even in ſome ordinances, his Venerable Spouſe, the aſſiſtant and companion of all his Counſels.

It is then the poiſon of the Serpent that ſerves for ink to *Procopius*'s pen, when he writes extravagant fables of the birth of *Theodora*, and when he ſayes that *Juſtinian* was the ſonne of an *Incubus*, a true Devil in an humane ſhape; that the ſervants of his chamber have ſeen him often in the figure of a Devil; that ſometimes his head hath been perceived ſeparated from his body with mounting it ſelf up to the cieling of his chamber, and the ſame body walking on another place without an head; and that a certain Frier coming to ſalute him, was altogether aſtoniſhed, for that he ſaw *Lucifer* in his Throne. After this, he makes him the murderer of a great number of millions of men; he attributes to him the Comets, the Conflagrations, the Deluges, the Plagues, and the Sterilities of the earth. He complains that he would have reduced all ſorts of ſpirits to the union of the Catholick Belief; that he tormented Hereticks and Jews; that he cauſed ſumptuous Churches to be built; that he took too much care for the protection of Biſhops, Prieſts, and Monks.

This Authour ſpitting out his gall, even againſt the Light it ſelf, with ſo much impudence, and inſerting in his writings ſuch enormous tales, ſhews ſufficiently, that he was altogether filled with the curſed fury of Revenge: a man without Faith, and without Religion, a bloudy ſcoffer, which was more fit to write a Romance of the Cyclops, then the Life of our *Juſtinian*. He is ſo contrary to himſelf, that having made him the moſt ſubtil, and the craftieſt of all men, he ſayes in another place, that there was nothing ſo eaſie to be deceived, and abundance of other contradictions that deſtroy his credit. We need not then wonder if a famous Hiſtorian of theſe times, who takes many pieces out of *Euagrius*, who hath tranſcribed a part of this Calumniatour, deals ſometimes ſeverely with the memory of this Monarch, without regarding the great virtues that might counterpoiſe his faults.

That which *Procopius* ſpeaks moſt probably of *Juſtinian*'s imperfections, is, that he was an extreme diſſembler, crafty in his actions, cloſe in his hatred, the maſter of his countenance, and even of his tears; inconſtant to his friends, inexorable to his enemies (had not Chriſtian Piety made him flexible) covetous of money, and more inclining to rigour then to clemency; obſtinate in his reſolutions, and not conſtant enough in his promiſes when there intervened reaſons of State. Theſe are ſpots ordinary enough to Great ones, which, it is good to correct by the counterpoiſe of Gods Law. As for *Theodora*, it cannot be denied but that ſhe was ſcornfull, proud, revengefull, an intermedler, ſevere, even to the exceſſe, and flitting in matters of Religion, which cauſed much trouble to the conſcience of them both.

I have ſaid before, that Pope *Agapetus*, after he had depoſed *Anthimus* the Patriarch of Conſtantinople, died in the ſame city. The news of it being carried to Rome, an aſſembly was made to proceed to the election of a new high Prieſt. *Theodate* King of the Gothes, partly by intreaties, and partly by threats, cauſed *Sylverius* to be choſen, that was the ſonne of Pope *Hormiſdas* by a lawfull marriage before his Prieſthood. As ſoon as he was choſen, the Empreſſe *Theodora* commanded him by an expreſſe letter to reeſtabliſh *Anthimus*, and to put *Menas* out of his Chair that had been ſubſtituted in his place. As ſoon as the Pope had opened that letter, he ſaid ſighing that it was the fore-runner of his death, and anſwered, that the depoſition of *Anthimus*, having been made Canonically by his predeceſſour, he could not in conſcience change any thing in that buſineſſe. *Theodora* was furiouſly provoked at his refuſall, and gave charge to *Belizarius*, who was then in Rome with his wife *Antonina*, to ſeize upon the Pope, and to ſend him to the Eaſt. *Belizarius* was very ſcrupulous at firſt, but being encouraged by that wicked woman, he reſolved himſelf, ſaying That it was their duty that commanded, to render an account of their actions to God, and as for him, he pretended to no other thing but to the glory of Obedience.

There was at that time at Rome a Deacon named *Vigilius*, an ambitious and factious man, who knowing that the Popedome of *Sylverius* was tottering, and no way ſettled, offered himſelf to that wicked *Antonina*, deſiring to be introduced into the favour of the Empreſſe, promiſing that he would do nothing in the exerciſe of his charge but by her orders; that he would put *Anthimus* again into his Chair; and beſides all this, would make a preſent to *Theodora* and to *Antinina* of a good ſumme of money. The Lady, paſt all reſpect of Conſcience or Honour, cauſes his offers to be accepted, and urges her husband (as much as ſhe could) to the execution of that attempt. *Vigilius* keeps the buſineſſe warm as much as poſſible, and produces two witneſſes, the one a Lawyer, and the other a Souldier, that accuſe *Sylverius* of having endeavoured to betray the city of Rome, and to deliver a gate to the Gothes. *Belizarius* was very doubtfull that there was ſome calumny in all thoſe Proceedings, nevertheleſſe, fearing that if he ſhould uphold the lawfull Pope, he might be involved in a crime of State, as having been a favourer of the party of the Gothes, he ſends for him to his palace to hear him, with promiſe to ſend him back unto his houſe, which was performed after he had been pleaſed with his Defence.

But he was called for the ſecond time and brought into the chamber of *Antonina*, who was ſeated on her Pallat, and *Belizarius* at her feet. The proud woman uſing this holy man as a groom, ſayes to him with a diſdain, and the guiſe of a Proſtitute, Ha, *Sylverius*, what have we done that we ſhould be ſold to the enemy? It is time that you ſhould be puniſhed for your treaſon. Thereupon ſhe makes him paſſe into another chamber, where ſhe commands that he ſhould be ſtript of his habit, and cloathed with a Monks gown, and ſent to the Eaſt, from whence he was baniſhed to Patura. The Biſhop of the place knowing the innocence of this Pope, went out to meet him, and received him with all the ſubmiſſions due to his dignity: furthermore, being lamed, with a great zeal, he had the boldneſſe to tranſport himſelf to Conſtantinople, and ſtoutly to tell the Emperour of the oppreſſion of the Head of the Church, which would pull down the vengeance of God upon him, if he did not remedy it. *Juſtinian* was much aſtoniſhed at this diſcourſe, and gave command, that the Pope ſhould be carried back again to Italy, and preſerved in his dignity, with this reſervation, that if he ſhould be convicted of having intelligence with the Gothes, he ſhould not live in Rome, but ſhould chuſe ſome other dwelling; which ſufficiently teſtified the moderation of the Emperour in that buſineſſe, when he acted according to the juſtice of his own thought.

But *Theodora*, who would not ſtop there, knowing that the Pope was re-conducted into the Weſt, writes to her confident that he ſhould not do a buſineſſe by halfs. On the other ſide *Vigilius* ardently ſolicites, ſaying

saying, that he could not perform his promise if he did not mount up to S. *Peters* Throne. He presses so violently, that the Pope was delivered into his hands, whom he instantly caused to be carried away into the Isle of Palmes, which was an Augury of his Martyrdome. This sacred high Priest had so much vigour in the extremity of miseries, that having assembled as many Bishops that lived thereabout, as he could get together, he excommunicated *Vigilius* and all his adherents. He having a mind to revenge himself upon him, and to make sure his Chair, made an end of him with hunger, with vexations, and with torments in that desert Island, where he quickly gave up his victorious spirit to God, gaining the Crown of Martyrdome.

Vigilius his persecutour, who had entred into S. *Peters* Chair like a Lion, transformed himself into a Lamb, changing totally his wicked manners, so that he was confirmed by the Romans, and held for lawfull Pope. God, that would not destroy him, gave him for a punishment, the accomplishment of his desires, and caused that all that he had most passionately sought for, was the source of all his torments. *Theodora* the Empresse failed not to challenge him of his promise, for the re-establishment of the false Patriarch *Anthimus*; but he answered, that he had committed a sinne in promising, and that he should commit two if he should perform what he had promised. This furious woman provoked with that answer, declares him an usurper of the Apostolick See, and follows the Law against him, accusing him of the murther of *Sylverius*; whereupon, she causes him to be seized on by the violences of one *Anthimus*, and to be brought in chains to Constantinople, where she presses again very earnestly the restitution of *Anthimus*. *Vigilius* was so generous and constant, that he protested, that he would rather suffer a thousand deaths then do it: and when he was violated with injurious words and armed commands, he spake aloud, *I thought I had been come to* Justinian's *Court, but I well perceive that I am in* Diocletian's.

That speech cost him full dear, for *Theodora*'s Ministers, who held him not for lawfull Pope, beat him so cruelly, that he was almost dead upon the place; yet he scaped out of their hands, and saved himself in S. *Euphemia*'s Church, from whence he was suddenly plucked out, and led through the streets of Constantinople with an halter about his neck as a thief, then put in prison, and entertained with bread and water, forsaken of all his Clergy, some of which were banished, and others constrained to labour in the mines. All this was done by a just judgement of God, to expiate the stain of *Sylverius* his bloud; but yet the Empresse that ordained these violences (in part) to content her passion, should have clearly informed her self upon the point of his character before she should have proceeded to such indignities.

The Romans, that at his departure from their city, when he was carried away prisoner, loaded him with injuries, so farre, as even to throw stones and sticks at him, were touched with repentance, after they had heard of all the usage that he had at Constantinople, with the admirable patience that he expressed in his pains, sought for him again, avowing him for the true Pastour of the Universall Church: which coming to the knowledge of *Justinian*, he suddenly commanded that he should be delivered, and the spirit of *Theodora* her self was appeased and reconciled with him. All the Priests and Deacons that had followed him, were rallied together, and so he was sent back to Italy with honour. But the poor Pope, after he had surmounted a million of torments and inconveniences, dyed of the stone in Sicily, before he arrived at Rome. O phantasmes of Honour, how painfull are ye to those that sue for you! How traitorous are ye to those that possesse you, and dolorous to those that leave you! Unhappy are those that prize you through errour, that court you through vain glory, and obtain you by iniquity. It were better to put ones hand in flames then to lay it upon *Tiara*'s or on Crowns covered with Injustice and with bloud.

Theodora dyed about the same time, carrying into the other world a great account to give to God, for having embroiled the estate of the Church; for having behaved her self imperiously; and for having alway sought with ardency the satisfaction of her Revenge. It is probable that she passed out of this life in the Catholick Belief, and in Repentance. But as concerning the death of *Antonina* her confident, it is buried in a great obsurity, and it is to be feared, that her life extremely dissolute even to her old age, and her damnable practices have cast her headlong into an eternall misery.

Justinian languished a long time after *Theodora*'s death; having seen all his designs of Warre, of Law, and of Buildings perfected, bestowed his whole time afterwards in serving God, and expired the rest of his life in Devotion, to which he ever had a very strong inclination.

It is held, that about the end of his dayes, he fell into two errours; the former whereof was, That he should not die, and indeed it seemed to all the world that death had passed him, since he had already attained to the age of fourscore and four years, which is very rare in an Emperour, and not conformable to the Scripture, which sayes, That the life of Mighty men is ordinarily short enough; nevertheless, it is not probable, that in the solidity of his judgement which endured even to his end, he should suffer himself to be perswaded with such a vanity. The other fault which he committed is more true, which is, That by a zeal not discreet enough, that he had conceived for the humanity of our Lord, he would believe that it was not subject to our miseries, but impassible and incorruptible, even before his Resurrection. He was near of publishing this opinion, and authorising it by his ordinances, but yet he never did it, and repented of it at his last hour; calling back in his Will the Patriarch *Eutichius* that he had driven away for opposing this his errour. So *Nicephorus* writes manifestly; and every equitable judgement will conclude with him for the salvation of this Emperour. We have very considerable proofs of it; first, his name hath never been blotted out of the Ecclesiasticall Tables, out of which it was a custome to deface the memory of Heretick Emperours. Secondly, S. *Gregory* the Great, who speaks alwayes very correctly, calls him Emperour of pious Memory. In the third place, Pope *Agathon*, writing after his death, saith, That he was an Emulatour of the sincere and Apostolick faith. Finally, he was commended in the sixth universall Counsel with an Elogy worthy of a most Catholick Prince. Even some Patriarchs of Constantinople have caused his memoty to be yearly celebrated with acclamations of happinesse, and publick Orations in his praise. His great Austerities, his magnificent Almes, his Churches, his Devotions, his Laws, his indefatigable pains for the Publick, have defaced the spots that so easily slide into the lives of great ones. Let us not rashly condemne that which we may excuse with Justice, and let us not be evil with Ours, if God will be good with His.

I confesse that this end somewhat troubles me, seeing my self constrained to follow an opinion different from that of a great modern Historian which handles this

this Emperour with much ſeverity. It is true that I have alwayes had a venerable eſteem of that Authour, knowing well, that by the rayes of his virtues, and of his learning, he hath ſurpaſſed the luſtre of the moſt glorious purples. Yet the reſpect which I bear to Truth, and the honour which I owe to the memory of great men that have ſo much obliged the Publick, give me permiſſion to ſay here, that *Juſtinian* hath never been ſo black as he hath painted him, being ill informed by the writings of *Procopius* and of *Euagrius* his enemies, or following opinions that by a falſe intention and manifeſt equivocation are inſinuated into the ſpirits of men many Ages ſince. Fables eaſily ſurpriſe us, and when they are authoriſed by a long time, and by the belief of many perſons, they paſſe oftentimes for truths.

That which I ſay is manifeſt in that which *Baronius* himſelf writes touching the opinion which he had of the groſſe ignorance of *Juſtinian*, whom he reproaches often in his Hiſtory, that he could neither write nor read; and yet it is now more then viſible, that it is an errour crept in by an equivocation of Names, and a fault in Printing, which hath cauſed the name of *Juſtinian* in the text of *Suidas*, to be taken for that of *Juſtin* as I have already ſaid. This is ſo clear, that the Commentatour of *Procopius* (an enemy to *Juſtinian* as well as his Authour) hath not been able to diſſemble it, but confeſſes that he hath obſerved in hiſtory, that oftentimes the name of *Juſtinian* hath paſſed for that of *Juſtin*; and that by this means, the ignorance that agreed to his uncle *Juſtin* hath been attributed to this Monarch; and farther yet, the accident of the troubles of mind that befell his nephew *Juſtin*. That which I ſay is proved after an excellent manner by the great *Caſſiodore* (who might have ſeen *Juſtinian* when being young he came into Italy) who calls him aloud *The Learned Prince, and moſt wiſe Emperour*. And that grave Authour *Agapetus*, who dedicated to him the Treatiſe of Reigning well, which *Baronius* highly commends, ſayes openly, that he was created Emperour Philoſophizing, and that in the Empire he ceaſed not from Philoſophy. And *Procopius* his Calumniatour avouches, that he ſpent ordinarily a good part of the night in his cloſet, to ſtudy upon the ſublimeſt Sciences; and that he could diſcourſe of them pertinently with the ableſt Scholars of his age. After this, judge if there be any reaſon to ſet him forth as a Peaſant, without Learning, and without Letters. Now, as this illuſtrious Authour was overtaken in that which he ſpake concerning the wit and the capacity of *Juſtinian*, ſo (as being a man) might he be miſtaken in that which he hath written of his manners, following ſome pieces of the ſlanderous hiſtory of *Procopius*, which he had read in *Euagrius*, and in others like him.

But I intreat my Reader yet once more to ſee and conſider, whether it be reaſonable to believe that obſcure Libel of an Authour enraged againſt the memory of that Prince, to the prejudice of ſo many grave and judicious perſons that have quite contrary opinions of him. It is evident, that this *Procopius* was a Libertine, and a true Atheiſt, who hath ſpoken and written in his firſt book of the Hiſtory of the Gothes, That it is a folly to trouble ones ſelf about the belief of Divine things, and that it ſhould be left to every one, whether Prieſt or Lay, to believe all that ſhall ſeem good to him, rather then diſturb the Common-wealth, being extreme angry that *Juſtinian* tormented the Pagans, the Jews, the Samaritans, and endeavoured to reduce the whole world to the Chriſtian and Catholick Belief. Judge (my Reader) hereupon what faith a man deſerves to have, that making a ſhew to be a Chriſtian, acknowledges not their God. Further yet, being a Philiſtim by Nation, a Sophiſter by Profeſſion, an Impoſtour by Artifice, he hath been able eaſily to make ſome of the pranks of his trade ſlip into his Hiſtory. Adde to this, that being but a mean fellow, he was advanced firſt by *Juſtin*, and afterwards by *Juſtinian* to great offices, yet being a man extremely jealous and ambitious, he thought himſelf not high enough, and bore a mortall hatred to *John* the ſuperintendent of Juſtice; to *Tribonian* the great favorite of *Juſtinian*; and not content with tearing them in his Hiſtory, he falls upon the Emperour that had honoured them with his favours.

Every one that hath the common ſenſe of a reaſonable man, ſees plainly that it is a moſt unworthy thing, that a ſervant, a domeſtick, taken from the duſt of the earth, raiſed even to the great Offices of the Empire, ſhould leave a Railing Hiſtory to poſterity, written in an hole, and by a ſingular treaſon, againſt his Lord and Maſter, of whom he held his life and honour. And beyond all this, that he ſhould ſpeak things in his Book, that muſt needs have been very publick and viſible to all the world, that ſo many other Hiſtorians who were near that time, and might ſpeak with all freedom, do not ſo much as mention.

To this it will be anſwered, that it is not onely a *Procopius* that condemnes *Juſtinian*, but that he himſelf hath black'd himſelf eternally by the ill uſage which he ſhewed the Pope *Vigilius*, and by the hereſie which he fomented and authoriſed about the period of his life. To ſpeak truth, there being nothing to be preferred before the fidelity which we owe to our Religion, the honour which we ought to render to the common Father of all Chriſtendome, and to the Apoſtolick See; if this Emperour were directly convinced of theſe two crimes, and dyed without Repentance, I ſhould be the firſt man that would ſubſcribe to his condemnation: But there is a notable difference between that which eſcapes by errour and by ſurprize, and that which is practiſed by deſign and obſtinacy.

It is true that the Pope *Vigilius* was at firſt hardly uſed at Conſtantinople by the Empreſſe *Theodora*, but his Election being not held at the beginning for Canonicall, he being one whom the Romans had chaſed away with ſtones, and whom he himſelf had depoſed and baniſhed from the uſurpation which he had made upon *Sylverius* his Predeceſſour by a bold attempt, cauſing himſelf afterward to be Canonically choſen; it is no wonder if in this doubt of his dignity, and certainty of his crime committed againſt the perſon of a lawfull Pope, he was not honoured as high Prieſt, but accuſed as guilty. It ſuffices, that as ſoon as *Juſtinian* knew that he had been afterward declared the ſovereign Paſtour of the Church by the ordinary Forms, he rendred to him the reſpects due to his Character, and permitted him to exerciſe his Functions with all liberty in Conſtantinople. It is true that he had alſo ſome difference with him about the condemnation of three Articles, or rather of three perſons, *Theodore*, *Ibas*, and *Theodoret*, but in the end the Emperour yielded, and permitted all to the diſcretion of the Pope.

As for the Hereſie which is objected to him, it hath rather been an errour of ſupriſe then a reſolute opinion with obſtinacy againſt the deciſions of the Church without which it cannot be a formall Hereſie. There aroſe in his time an Opinion that held, That the body of our Saviour was incorruptible even before the Reſurrection, and that he was not ſubject to the naturall and irreprehenſible paſſions of other men. Many Biſhops, many great learned Friars, and abundance of illuſtrious perſons profeſſe that Belief, and *Juſtinian*, deceived by a zeal not well regulated, which he had to

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the perſon of our Lord, fell into it, not that he doubted but the two Natures were in Jeſus Chriſt, and that his body was conſubſtantiall with ours, but he could not endure the word Corruptible, when the fleſh of our Lord was ſpoken of. If he had onely meant an exemption from the corruption and rottenneſſe to which our bodies are reduced, his opinion had been but commendable; but to intend to take away from the Sonne of God the naturall paſſions of hunger, thirſt, wearineſſe, and other like, is to be farre wide from the Catholick Faith. Yet ſince that that Opinion had not been yet by name, and expreſſly decided by the preceding Councels, and that many Biſhops had the ſame thought, and that the Pope very much buſied by the warres of the Gothes, had not yet interpoſed thereon, it is not credible that it was an Hereſie framed in the ſpirit of the Emperour, but rather an errour. And ſince that he abſtained from promulgating it as he had projected, and ordained by Will that the Patriarch *Eutychus* that had been baniſhed for oppoſing this Opinion ſhould be called back by *Juſtin* his Succeſſour; It is evident that he repented at the laſt period of his life, and that *Evagrius* who had a ſtrong tincture of the venom of *Procopius* did him wrong to condemne him to hell: for I leave it to every judicious man to weigh, which we ought rather to believe, a mean Hiſtorian angered, or the voyce of a generall Councel aſſembled after *Juſtinians* death. No man certainly can call it into doubt but that the authority of a Councel infinitely paſſes the opinion of one onely man. Now it is ſo, that beſides the teſtimonies of S. *Gregory* and Pope *Agathon* heretofore alledged; The ſixth Councel ſpeaking of the Emperour *Juſtinian* calls him alwayes *Moſt Chriſtian Prince, Emperour of pious Memory*, And in the end, *Holy Monarch, and who is in the number of the Bleſſed.* The German that hath Commented upon the railing Hiſtory of *Procopius* is conſtrained to confeſſe that he hath read even in the beſt Copies of that Councel, Ἰουστινιανὸς ὁ ἐν ἁγίοις, *Juſtinian that is among the Saints.* But he being an enemy of his memory eludes that Epithite and ſayes that it hath been attributed to moſt wicked Emperours, pretending by this means to diminiſh the luſtre of *Juſtinian.* I acknowledg that the word ἅγιος, *Holy*, or *Sacred*, ſometimes ſignifies that which is Inviolable, and that in this manner it was given to all the Emperours, but I defie him to find one ſole Text that ſaies of a dead Emperour, ὁ ἐν ἁγίοις, *He that is in the company of the Saints* who is not reckoned amongſt the Bleſſed that live in heaven.

This onely is enough to ſtop the mouth of all thoſe that are of a contrary opinion, and to maintain this great Monarch in the poſſeſſion of an high and happy renown, which he hath ſo juſtly purchaſed.

It is he that above all the Emperours hath expreſſed a moſt ardent Zeal towards the perſon of our Lord, to whom he dedicated the ſtatelieſt Church which was at that time in the whole Univerſe. It is he that conſecrated an Altar to him compoſed of all the moſt glittering ſtones, and of all the moſt magnificent rich materials that were then to be found in all the world. It is he that had a moſt tender care of all the Churches of his Empire. He that every where enriched the houſe of God. The Purveyour for the Hoſpitals; the refuge of all neceſſitous perſons, and the Sanctuary of the afflicted. It is he that governed the whole world by moſt holy Laws; who hath revenged, perſecuted, and puniſhed thoſe crimes that tended to the infection of the Publick. It is he that warred all his life time againſt Hereticks, and that upheld the Glory of the Roman Empire, which ſince *Conſtantine* was faln into an horrible decay. It is he that diſplayed his Enſigns in Aſia, Europe, and Africa, under the Name of Jeſus Chriſt with a force incomparable, and ſucceſſes that could not but come from heaven. It is he that baniſhed from Chriſtian ſociety Sorcerers, Immodeſt, and Infamous perſons, and that planted every where good manners. It is he that made Learning flouriſh, that rewarded men of Merit, that eternized Laws, that bore Arms to the heighth of Reputation. It is he, that alwayes ſhewed himſelf a moſt ardent adminiſtratour of the Juſtice of God, giving audience very often in perſon to parties with an indefatigable toil. It is he that pardon'd injuries, and received even into Grace thoſe that had attempted upon his life. He, that God preſerved from a thouſand dangers, and a thouſand ambuſhes. He, whom God crowned with great age, and an infinite number of bleſſings.

CHARLEMAGNE,
OR,
CHARES the GREAT.

IT is not flattery that hath given to our *Charles* the name of *Great*, since that truth it self may attribute to him the title of three-times-thrice Great, for his Piety, for his Arms, and for his Laws. All that Persia respected in *Cyrus*, all that Greece vaunted in *Alexander*, all that Rome honoured in *Augustus* and in *Trajan*, all that Christians have commended in the persons of *Constantine* and *Theodosius*, is found included in our *Charlemagne*.

Ptolomie said that great Personages are never born into the world without a conspiration of the Heavens which collect their best Constellations and most favourable Influences to salute them, as soon as they salute the day. We cannot know the quality of the stars that ruled over this happy birth, but we know that Providence which infinitely out-passes the effects of all the celestiall Globes hath taken the care of forming this incomparable Prince, and of making him a Master-piece of her hands to shew him to all Ages. Nature was employed to build him a Body capable to sustain the Impressions of that divine Spirit that God would lodge therein. She made him a stature so advantageous, limbs so well composed, so handsome, and so strong; she engraved so much Majesty upon his countenance; she sowed so much lightning and attraction in his eyes, that they triumphed over hearts, before his valour had laid hand upon the Empire. It is not alwayes that Felicity is so prodigall of her benefits; she contents her self in some to adorn the house with troubling her self for the inhabitant; and if there be a fair appearance on the out-side, there is little Sense within. But in our *Charles*, every thing was Great, and his Soul never belyed the beautifull spectacle of his Body. His understanding was quick and piercing; his memory most happy; his judgement clean and solid, that discerned exactly good from evill, and truth from falshood. He that saw him in Letters, thought that they were made for none but him; and he that contemplated him in Arms, perceived that he would be one day the chief of Conquerours. He studied Grammar, Rhetorick, Poetry, Philosophy, Law, Astrology, and the rest of the Mathematicks. He learned the Latine, the Greek, the Hebrew, the Syriack. He had some taste even of Divinity it self, and succeeded in all Sciences so advantageously, that he might have held the Empire of Letters, if God had not destined to him that of the World. He respected his Tutours all his life time as the Fathers of his soul; he made his Master of *Peter* the Deacon, when the Law of Arms might have made him his Slave. He drew *Alcuin* out of England, to learn of him the secret of the Arts, honoured him with great benefits, and at last founded by his Counsel the University of Paris. His meals were seasoned with the reading of some good book, or with the conference of the ablest men of his whole kingdome, loving to refresh himself from businesse in their discourses without taking any other directions in his pains then the change of one labour into another.

That which spoils many great ones, is, that they cannot endure any serious thing for a long time, and yet this King made his Recreations even of that whereof others might have made an hard study; and the grace of it was, that he did all this without pain, and that his spirit was no more disquietted with Sciences, then the eye with the most delightfull colours. This occupation that he took in Letters by the orders of the King his father, served extremely to the fashioning of his manners, because he saw in Books, and especially in History, as in a true mirrour, all the staines that flattery dissembles unto Princes that heed not to be in a resolution to wash them off, since they are not in a condition to know them.

It is a marveilous thing to see how nature seemed to sport her self in reproducing *Martel* and *Pepin* in the person of *Charles*; she moderated the fierce valour of the Grandsire by the sweetnesse of the father, and made in him an heavenly temper by the happiest of mixtures. His Devotion was not soft nor feminine, neither was it large or lukewarm, but it gently spread its divine Lights in the soul of this Monarch without deading the fire of his courage.

He had most sublime knowledges of God and apprehensions very Religious; he offered to him his duties both in publick and in private, with a very sincere Piety. He burnt with a great zeal to carry his name into all places whither he could extend his Arms. He was ardently affectionate to the holy See, to which he gave respects and incomparable protections; he honoured the Prelates, and filled the Church with Benefits.

He held that Justice was the Rampart of Kingdomes, the Peace of the people, the policy of manners, the joy of hearts, and that neither the gentle temperature of the air, nor the serenity of the sea, nor the fruitfulnesse of the earth, were any way equall to its sweetnesse. He made a manifest profession of it in the inviolable verity of his words, in the sincerity of his proceedings, in the duties which he gendered to God, to the authours of his birth, to his kindred, to his countrey, and universally to all the world. He gave audience often in person to the differences of his people, and even at his rising out of his bed, he caused the Provost of his house to enter into his chamber with the parties that pleaded, to terminate their Law-suits by his Verdict. His principal care was to commit Justice unto innocent hands; but the horrour of his thoughts was perpetually against the unjust, and against the violent; thinking that his Authority and his Arms could have no better employment then in the destruction of tyrants.

But on the contrary he had goodnesses of heart inexhaustible for honest men, and a wonderful care of the quiet and commodity of his people; his access was easie, his words gracious, his caresses full of attractions, his command sweet, his answers judicious, his orders so just that they seemed all consorted in heaven. He denyed with sweetnesse, and gave with measure, although his hands were seas of Liberality and Magnificence that were never dry. He had all his life time the possession of his soul by a singular moderation that retained his mouth, his tongue, and his anger; but it could not pluck back Love by the wings, which caused some spots to be

seen

ſeen in this Sun, although they were afterward waſhed away again by a ſtrong Repentance.

That which was moſt reſplendent in all the parts of his life, was an high generoſity that never forſook his heart, and that found exerciſe continually in all his actions. He contented not himſelf with middle Virtues, but he carried them all even up to the altitude of their Glory. He had a ſpirit inceſſantly bent to great deſigns, and a ſoul alwayes filled with a ſtrong confidence, which he had ſeated totally in God, of whom he thought himſelf to be beloved. He never was kept back by any obſtacles from generous enterpriſes; he expoſed himſelf to all dangers, even to the moſt terrible, for the glory of his ſovereign Maſter. Proſperity had no charms upon him, and adverſity found not any darts that were able to abate his reſolution.

All theſe virtues marched in him under the conduct of a great Reaſon, and failed not to be followed with an happineſſe that had no equal but his Prudence. God having ennobled him with ſo eminent qualities ceaſed not to furniſh him with Objects to put them in practiſe, as well by the condition of his Birth, as by the divers occurrences of Affairs.

It ſeems that Providence made him be born on purpoſe at Ingeheim upon the river of Rhine, and on the Borders of France and Germany, as the man that ſhould unite thoſe two Eſtates under one Sceptre. He found a Monarchy at his birth, which his Grandfather touched upon, and which his father openly poſſeſſed, that had much need of being ſettled by his power, and husbanded by his cares. He enterpriſed for this purpoſe divers warres, but he never waged any one that he was not led to by ſtrong reaſons of Piety and Juſtice. His firſt Arms were employed againſt the Saxons, who were at that time Infidels and Pagans, and who, beſides, rebelled againſt the lawfull Power that ruled them. One may ſay truly, that that Nation was the *Hydra* of our *Hercules* whoſe heads continually were born again, and whoſe bloud ſo often ſhed was but the ſeed of a new Warre even to infinite. Never did the Arms of the Romans dare to attempt any thing upon this people which they deſired rather not to know then fight with. Their Standards had never reſolution enough to ſee, that which *Charlemagne* had power enough to beat. They were warlike even to a wonder, and obſtinate even to all extremity. The buſineſſe was not onely to conquer the Lands, and to gain the men, but to overcome their Superſtition, and to diſarm the furies of deſpair. This is that which our *Charles* performed in nine Warres, as cruel as poſſible, and in the ſpace of three and thirty years; ſo much Conſtancy had he againſt ſtubbornneſſe, and ſo much Power againſt madneſſe. He defeated them in many battels; he ſubdued their cities, and took their principall fortreſſes; he demoliſhed the Altars of the pernicious *Irminſul*, ſo many times beſprinkled with humane bloud; he plucked all the other Idols alſo out of their demoliſhed Temples, and at laſt, conſtrained the brave *Vitiguinde* their King to yield to the happineſſe of France, which made him find the kingdome of God in Baptiſme, by the loſſe of that of the Barbarians.

But it is true that this magnificent Conquerour found not any where a Theatre of his deeds more famous then that of Italy, whither, the Church groaning under the chains of the Lombards, called for him inceſſantly. Above all, Pope *Adrian* the firſt, whom *Charlemagne* loved afterwards as his brother, conjured him to help him ſpeedily, and to recover the Patrimony of Jeſus out of the hands of ſo many unjuſt uſurpers. He tranſported over into Italy with an Eagles wings and a lions ſtrength, marching upon his fathers ſteps that exhaled yet the odour of his generous piety. He took at firſt the city of *Verona*, then that of Pavia, after a long tedious ſiege, and appeared victorious with an Army of fire in the champains of his enemies. *Didier* King of the Lombards, that was more ready to do an injury to a diſarmed power, then to ward the blows of an adverſary was ſeen, conquered, and taken priſoner, rendering the Church her liberty by his captivity.

It was a ſight fill'd with Magnificence and Piety, to ſee him arrive at Rome, where the heavens ſeemed to be all in Bleſſings over his head, and the earth all in reſpect under his feet. He would have marched with a little noiſe, and prevented the Pope, not deſiring to make his entrance with great pomp. But *Adrian* that watched over his march perceived it, and ſent out very farre to meet him abundance of the Nobility and Officers for a Convoy; and when he was near enough to Rome, the Souldiery, with all the Citizens appeared in Arms; but that which was moſt delightfull was a Proceſſion of little Children, well choſen out, that carried boughs and ſang *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*: Bleſſed be he that comes in the name of God. The Pope deſiring to honour the lively image of the ſaviour by ſome kind of honours that had been heretofore rendred to the originall. When the King ſaw the Croſſes of the Senatours, and that came alſo out to meet him, he alighted off his horſe, and walked afoot as farre as S. *Peters* Church, where the holy Father was at the door to receive him, with his Cardinalls, and all his Chair. *Charlemagne* by a Ceremonious devotion, and great reſpect that he bare to S. *Peter* and his ſucceſſour, would kiſſe every ſtair of the aſcent of the Portall, before he would cloſe with *Adrian* that received and embraced him with extaſies of joyes, and the King kiſſed his hand amongſt a thouſand acclamations of cheerfulneſſe and happineſſe which the people ceaſed not to redouble. They went both of them into the Church to render thanks for the favours that God had done them on that great day, which was an holy Saturday, and which gave not place for that time to the triumphs of the Reſurrection. The Feaſts of the Paſſeover were ſpent amidſt powerfull Devotions, pretty Ceremonies, and infinite merriments. The King not contenting himſelf with having broken the chains of the capitall city of the world, made great preſents to her Church, and after he had been crowned King of Lombardy by the hands of that great Pope, who offered him alſo the dignity of a Senatour, the fore-runner of the Imperiall; He returned to *France*, leaving to all Italy an approbation of his deeds, and a great deſire of his Domination.

On the other ſide, the Chriſtians of Spain that ſuffered an Age ſince inſupportable outrages under the Tyranny of the Sarazens, had alſo recourſe to this invincible Monarch, who, as one alwayes ready to exalt the Standard of the Faith, and to ſuccour the afflicted, paſſes happily over the *Pyrenean* mountains, takes the city of Pampelona, croſſes the river Ebro, ſeizes himſelf of Sarragoſſa, and afterwards of Barcelona, plucks the Mahumetans out of the fortreſſes that they poſſeſſed, and re-eſtabliſhed the Chriſtian Faith in all the places from whence the fury of that Barbarian had baniſhed it. His zeal alwayes burning carried him by the ſame means to the Converſion of the Infidels, of which he cauſed innumerable multitudes to be baptized, ſo true it is, that every thing gave way to the Arms and to the perſwaſions of that incomparable Prince, whom God ſeemed to lead by the hand to the Poſſeſſion of the Roman Empire.

Here is the great work of the Providence of God

upon his well-beloved *Charles*, that he did him this favour to wear the first of all the Diadem of the Cesars in the house of France, and to have transmitted it to a sufficient long posterity.

I pray you Reader, to observe here the sacred traces of that wise governesse of Empires, and to consider how she insensibly collected all dispositions necessary to set this great King upon the Throne of the Emperours. The conquest of Kingdomes resemble often that golden bough of *Virgil*, which one could not pluck off from its tree by main force, but might easily be taken off by an hand that had good fortune on his side. There are many Princes that to take Cities and Provinces by violence, have covered the earth with Arms, and the sea with Vessels, with a noise that astonished the whole world, without ever compassing their designs, whereas others have come to Crowns with as much haste as easinesse, without troubling themselves, and almost without stirring because the hand of God was in the mingling of their affairs.

This is the proceeding which we visibly discover in the advancement of our *Charles*, whilst he dream'd of nothing but on the means of exalting the Glory of God and succouring afflicted Nations. Heaven labours for him in the East, in the West, and raises him occasions, which without his thinking of it, set the Diadem upon his head.

It was already a long time since the Eagle of the Roman Emperours clapt but with one wing; Italy having been so many times pillaged by the Gothes, the Huns, the Vandals, and the Lombards. The courageous wisdome of *Justinian*, that thought he had freed it from oppression, did but change, not break its chains. The East had enough to do to defend it self against the incursions of the Barbarians, and could no more contribute any thing to the West but unprofitable compassions and griefs, to lose that which it could no longer keep. It happened, that to aggravate the evils of the successours of *Constantine*, there sprang up an Heresie of the *Iconoclasts*, or Image-breakers, which was worse then a plague of Egypt, and which being fomented even by those that were upon the Throne, caused innumerable disastres, and shook the Pillars of the State.

The beginning of this unhappinesse came from *Leo* the *Isaurit*, who being of a very base extraction, took in hand the Sceptre of Constantinople, which he soil'd much more by his furious deportments, then by his shamefull originall. He had in his Privy Councel a pernicious Jew that perswaded him to abolish the holy Images, promising him the Empire when he was yet but a private man, as the recompence of that Sacrilledge; and for this reason, he afterward employed himself about it with fury, and cast out the roarings of a Lion which were heard from East to West. The Patriarch *S. Germain* opposed his Edicts, who was for that businesse deprived of his Dignity, and many great personages horribly persecuted for the same cause, sealed with their bloud the Belief of the Church.

Gregory the Second thundred from *S. Peters* Chair against that Lion, although he was under the captivity of the Lombards, and declared him not onely Excommunicated, but had also forfeited his Imperial Dignity, and all the Demesnes he pretended to in Italy. The rage of his Revenge caused a Fleet to be prepared to go down to Italy, and to put this generous Pope in chains; but it was cast away, and death strangled his designs, so that he could never root out of the hearts of men the worshipping of Images.

Constantine, Copronymus his sonne, that defiled in the day of his Baptisme the waters that purifie all the world, continued *Leo*'s furies, and made himself the most abominable of all men; a professed enemy of the most holy Virgin the mother of God, and of all the Saints, till such time as he was consumed by the leprosie. He left an heir of his Sceptre and Impiety, which was called by his Grandfathers name *Leo*; a profane and unhappy Prince, who being much in love with pearls and precious stones, took away from the treasures of the Church a magnificent Crown that the Emperour *Maurice* had dedicated to God: but his crime was followed suddenly with vengeance, for scarce had he set it upon his head but it was covered with impostems and sores, accompanied with a violent fever that took him away in few dayes, after a reign of four years and a half.

He had a sonne named *Constantine* who began his Reign at the age of ten years, under the protection of his mother *Irene* who was declared Regent of the Empire by her condition, and because she was a woman of great discretion and courage, the daughter of a King, skilfull in holy learning, endowed with a perfect beauty, and accomplished in many graces and virtues that rendred her Government pleasing to all world. She gave the direction of her affairs to *Stauratius*, a man of a sublime capacity, and an equall reputation, that seconded all her good intentions, so that she governed ten years with her sonne in great peace, and in the approbation of all honest men. Her Regency was greatly remarkable for the Zeal which she testified to the Catholick Faith, following the good counsels of Pope *Adrian*, and of *Tarasius* Patriarch of Constantinople, who perswaded her to cause a generall Councel to be held at Nice, where the memory of the preceding Emperours that had authorised the Heresie of the *Iconoclasts* was condemned, the Images re-established, and the Devotions of the people enflamed to their veneration. This Councel gave a thousand benedictions to the Empresse, even so farre as to name her The Revengeresse of the Cause of God, The Conquerresse of Impiety; and the Protectresse of the Catholick Faith. All businesses took a very happy course, and the State prospered visibly in the hands of that great Princesse.

But it seems that disorder is fatall to the Courts of great Ones, and that virtue can never reign there without contradiction. The ambition that every one hath to promote his fortune, the impatience of good, the desire of novelty, the envy that alwayes follows the happy, cease not secretly to contrive wicked plots which are hatched at last into pernicious effects. The passages to the spirit of the Emperour could not be so well stopped up, but that he had about his person some young men, the most venomous pestilences of the court, who by giving him suspicions of the Empress his mother, involved his Dignity and his Life in a misery that causes horrour to my thoughts. They cease not to insinuate into his heart by cursed flatteries that gave him the taste of wine, and the love of a faulty liberty, that would no longer measure his Powers but by the impunity of all vices. They call'd him the perpetuall Pupil, the shadow of *Stauratius*, and told him that the age of twenty years might have made him proceed Master of his affairs and of himself; that it was an insufferable shame to him to endure servitude in a birth that gave him the Empire of the World; that his mother loved his Sceptre and not his Person, and that she was so much used to Reign, that she would never quit the Sovereign Authority, if he did not expresse Vigour and Resolution to be that which God was pleased he should be born, without dependence on any one; that the Pedagogie of *Stauratius* was infamous to a Monarch that had thrice seven years over his head, and that he ought no more to play the child

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in a time wherein ſo many other Princes had played the Conquerours.

They talk to him of it ſo much, that he reſolved to take away all Authory from the State-Officer, and to put his Mother out of the Government, and direction of his affairs, which he began to manage after a ſtrange faſhion, favouring the hereſie of the *Iconoclaſts* and all diſorders, following the advice of that pernicious counſell of the youth that had began his ruine. *Irene* had an intention at firſt to marry him to the Princeſſe *Rotrude* daughter of our *Charlemagne*, but ſome Greeks diverted that reſolution, telling her, that that alliance would give too great a prop to his naturall diſpoſition that ſeemed already bad enough, and that if the French began to ſet a foot in the Empire, they would one day carry the Crown upon their head. This cauſed his mother to marry him to *Mary* the Armenian, who wanted not good qualities, but whether it was that the Emperour found her not to his liking, or whether it was to ſpite the Empreſſe his mother that had given her to him, he made a very ſcandalous divorce from that Princeſſe after he had lawfully wedded her, and married with a Chamber-maid of his Mothers, through the irregularneſſe of his ſenſuality.

The Patriarch *Tarafius* had a good mind to oppoſe himſelf againſt it, but ſeeing that this Prince enraged with love and choler threatned to open the Temples of the Idols, if one croſſed the phrenſie of his paſſion, he held his peace, and let a buſineſſe ſhamefull to Chriſtianity paſſe by diſſimulation. But *Plato* and *Theodore* who were then the two greateſt lights of Greece in holineſſe and learning, much blamed his proceedings, and ſeparated themſelves from his communion, which made a great rent in the Eaſtern Church.

Conſtantine ſullying alſo his Loves with humane blood, cauſed the eyes to be put out of his Uhkle *Nicephorus*, and of the Generall *Alexius* greatly renowned by his proweſſe, which drew much hatred upon the perſon and government of this Prince, yet he left not off for all that to continue, even ſo far as to take pleaſure in cutting off the tongues of many that diſapproved of the inſolency of his manners.

Eight years were already paſſed in theſe diſorders, and his mother retired into her private condition, was ſecretly ſollicited by many to take again the Managing of the affairs to ſtop the Riots of her ſon. She hearkened to it and with the aſſiſtance of *Staurarius* plotted an horrible conſpiracy againſt the Emperour, whom ſhe cauſed to be apprehended, impriſoned, and made blind, whereat he conceived ſo much deſpight and ſadneſſe, that in few dayes he quitted the Sceptre with his life. The wicked deportments of *Conſtantine*, and the good reputation in which *Irene* had lived till then, cauſed many even amongſt the Church-men, to find out reaſons not onely to excuſe, but alſo to approve this bold attempt: yet I find it ſo enormous, ſo contrary to the law of nature, ſo injurious to the inviolable Majeſty of Kings, that my pen paſſes over it with horrour and cannot chooſe but condemn it, not onely with the Law of God that deteſts it, but with the heavens themſelves which hid the Sun ſeventeen dayes together, veiled themſelves with darkneſſe, and wept for the inhumanity of that crime. Yet I rather believe that which Cardinall *Baronius* hath written, that his mother never conſented to the making of him blind, although ſhe had given command to ſeize upon him, but that thoſe who feared the danger of that Commiſſion, wiſhed rather the death of him then the impriſonment.

But howſoever it came to paſſe, the Empreſſe took again the Government in hand, and ſeeing that in that great confuſion of affairs ſhe had need of a ſtrong prop, ſhe ſought for, by an expreſſe embaſſage, allyance and a marriage with *Charlemagne*, which was not any way diſreliſhed, ſeeing all that had paſſed failed not to be coloured with fair pretences, and for that purpoſe ſent back Embaſſadours to her to end the buſineſſe; but when they arrived at Conſtantinople, they found that *Nicephorus* one of the Grandees of the Eaſt an hypocrite and a traytor to the miſerable *Irene*, had already ſeized upon the Empire, and baniſhed her into the Iſle of Lesbos, where ſhe dyed ſoon after with the teſtimonies of a ſtrong repentance, and a perfect diſengagement from all worldly things. Yet this new Uſurper knowing that our *Charles* had already been Proclaimed Emperour in the Weſt, treated him with great ſubmiſſions, not for the love of his perſon, but for the fear of his credit, and of his Arms.

Behold how Providence diſpoſed buſineſſes in the Eaſt to make him mount upon the Throne of the *Ceſars*, ſhe permitted alſo in the Weſt ſtrange revolutions, and abominable accidents, out of which by her extream wiſdome and goodneſſe ſhe extracted good for the advancement of this Monarch. After the death of *Adrian* the Pope, *Leo* the Third was ſet in Saint *Peters* chair, but his Predeceſſours Nephews, that ſaw that the Pontificate had taken another viſage ſince the city of Rome had been delivered from the chains of the Lombard, and that it began to be protected, and courted even by Kings themſelves, were very liquorous after it, ſo that bearing an enraged envie to the promotion of *Leo*, they did in the heart of Chriſtianity that which one would have horrour to commit in the ſalvage deſerts of the Scythians and Tartarians. The arms of the City being in their hands, they take an infamous band of murtherous Souldiers, ſet upon the Pope in Rome, in full day, in the middeſt of a Proceſſion, they ſeize themſelves of his perſon, in an aſtoniſhment that put all the world to flight, and after they had laden him with wounds, and covered him with bloud, they put out his eyes, and cut off his tongue, ſhutting him up in cloſe priſon.

But God having heard him by miracle, inſpired alſo a generous reſolution into ſome brave Cavaliers to pluck him out of that Captivity, which they did by an happy and magnanimous attempt, ſo that *Leo* got him to the City of Spoletum, and in time recovered France the ordinary refuge of the afflicted Popes. The King with all his Kingdome bearing as much compaſſion to his miſery, as veneration to his Dignity, cauſed him every where to be received with great honours, and when he was arrived near his perſon, he rendred him all reſpects and favours poſſible ſo far as to enterprife an expedition to Rome to re-eſtabliſh him in his ſeat. The Parricides that had ſo ill uſed him, fail'd not to colour with Reaſon, that which they had done with fury, and accuſed the Pope *Leo* of divers crimes upon which they deſired that one ſhould hear a Councell. But the Biſhops aſſembled ſpake aloud, that the higheſt throne could not be judged by any one, and that this buſineſſe of neceſſity ought to be left to the judgement of God alone.

Whereupon the Pope mounting into an high and eminent Place, to be perceived of the King that was preſent, and of the whole Aſſembly, ſaid, that of his own good will, without any obligation, and without prejudice to his dignity, he was come to juſtifie himſelf, and thereupon called the living God with his holy Angels, and all the Hoſt of Heaven for witneſſes of his innocence which he confirmed by a ſolemn oath, terrible even to the moſt ſhameleſſe of perjured men. Every one ſaw that ſincerity and innocence ſpake by his mouth, and all the ſtanders by threw themſelves down and proſtrated themſelves before him, with cryes of joy and incomparable approbations of his Holineſſe, a-

vouching him for the true and lawfull ſucceſſour of Saint *Peter*. There was nothing now remaining as it ſhould ſeem, but to cut in pieces the Homicides that had ſo outrageouſly dealt with him; but he inſtantly begged their pardon of the King, which was the cauſe that men were contented with their baniſhment that they might not trouble any more the publick quiet.

The Pope inſpired powerfully by God, and being not ignorant of the conſent of the Eaſt and Weſt for the Imperiall Dignity, which had been to our *Charlemagne* many years ſince, cauſed ſecretly a magnificent Diadem to be made, and taking the occaſion of a ſolemn day of Chriſtmas, and of a great Ceremony put it upon the head of the King, who was praying upon his knees, when he dream't not of it, and before a great aſſembly of all the parts of Chriſtendome proclaimed him Emperour. This action was approved with an univerſall conſent, and followed with ſo ſtrong acclamations of the people, that it ſeemed that the letters of that Election had been ſent from Heaven. *Nicephorus* who reigned in the Eaſt, oppoſed not himſelf againſt it, but being contented to poſſeſſe that which he had uſurped, abandoned willingly to *Charles's* pleaſure the Empire of the Weſt. And there was no doubt but that if *Charles* his moderation had not at that time planted limits to his happineſſe, he might with one hand have held the Weſt, and extended the other over the Eaſt, it being moſt eaſie for him to put by an uſurper, fearfull, and ſhaking, and yet troubled with the image of his crime.

In fine, our *Charles* entred into ſo high a point of veneration, that he ſeemed to be amongſt Kings that which Kings are amongſt private men. There was none amongſt the ſovereign Powers on Earth that did not deſire his friendſhip or his Protection. *Aaron* King of Perſia ſent him his Embaſſadours, and rich preſents, offering him the Keyes of the City of Jeruſalem, and of the holy Sepulchre to diſpoſe of them according to his will. *Amyras* King of the Sarrazins of Fez in Africa, and *Idnabala* King of Sarragoſſa in Spain, ſought in like manner the honour of his favour; *Cagan* King of the Avares put himſelf under his protection. *Eardulph* King of the Northumbrians was re-eſtabliſhed by him in his Dominion. *Hemingue* King of Denmark rendred to him his homages. *Achaic* king of Scots ſubmitted himſelf unto him. All Nations repoſed themſelves under the ſhadow of his Sceptre, whileſt this great Monarch was as the compaſſe, which keeps one foot firm in the Centre, and with the other runs the round of the Circumference. He watched perpetually at home over his Empire, and provided abroad that nothing ſhould ariſe to trouble his repoſe.

He was not ſo attentive to the affairs of war as not to give continuall order to that which concerned the Government of the State, and as not to make divers Rules for the good of Eccleſiaſticall and Secular buſineſſes. He cauſed five Councels to be held in the Cities of Mayence, of Reims, of Chalons, of Tours, and of Arles. He cauſed the Hereſie of *Felix* Biſhop of Urgel in Spain to be condemned. He wrote himſelf in the Latine tongue moſt excellent ordinances which he intituled the Capitularies. He cauſed great care and induſtry to be had in the correction of the Holy Writ that had been altered by ignorance or by Hereſie.

He ceaſed not to ſet times apart for pious works, giving great alms in all places, and keeping a ſecond Table for twelve poor people near his own, which he enterteined with the victuals as his own Perſon. He founded many Monaſteries, and built as many Churches as there are letters in the Alphabet.

God that would accompliſh in all points the happineſſe of this Monarch gave him a great age in a ſtrong Body, and a ſound health, Bleſſed him alſo with a numerous poſterity, and let him ſee his children in a maturity that rendred them already capable of the Government of Empires. So he cauſed his ſon *Lewis* to be Crowned after a generall conſent of his Eſtates, and appeared on that day like a Phenix which is ſaid to receive a new life from his own aſhes. He walked to the Church in an high Equipage held up by his ſon, and followed by all the Aſſembly, and having prepared upon the high Altar a Crown, after he had made a long and fervent prayer, proſtrated before God with his dear *Lewis*, he put the Crown upon his head, and ſaid to him,

My dear ſon, It is to day that I dye to the Empires of the World, and that Heaven makes me be born again in your Perſon. If you will reign happily, fear God which is the ſource of Empires, and the Sovereign Father of all Dominions; keep his Commandments, and cauſe them to be obſerved with an inviolable fidelity. Take the care and the Protection of his Church. Love your young brothers and your ſiſters, rendring your ſelf good and officious to your Kindred. Honour the Church-men as your Fathers, cheriſh tenderly your ſubjects, as your children, and be all your life time the comforter and the Protectour of the Poor. Chaſtiſe the vicious, and recompenſe the men of merit. Eſtabliſh not Governments, Judges, and Officers which are not capable and without reproch, and when you have eſtabliſhed them, deprive them not of their charges without a moſt juſt cauſe. Serve firſt of all for an example to all the world, and lead before God and Man a life irreprochable.

After this action he ſtayed about a year longer in the world, purifying continually his ſpirit by repentance, by good works, and by the contemplation of heavenly things. And when he ſaw himſelf infected with an extraordinary ſickneſſe, he cauſed immediately the Sacraments to be adminiſtred to him, and dyed with a moſt pious and moſt exemplary death, at the age of ſeventy two years, the fourty ſeventh of his reign, and the fourteenth of his Empire. His Corps were expoſed in publick, clothed after the manner of a King, with a ſword and the Goſpel which he had ſo glorioufly defended. Then he was interred with a ſtately Magnificence in the Church of Aix the Chappell which he had built.

He was univerſally lamented by all the world, as the Father of the Univerſe, and the ſingular ornament of Chriſtianity. The Pagans themſelves wept for him abundance of tears, ſo true it is, that the goodneſſe and ſweetneſſe of a King towards his ſubjects is a ray of God that renders him lovely in his life, and gives ſplendour even to his aſhes after his death. He was afterward Canonized by *Paſchal* that was not a lawfull Pope, but foraſmuch as the true ſucceſſours of Saint *Peter* never retracted that action; He is held for a Saint, and honoured publickly in the Church with the approbation of all ages.

Saint LEVVIS.

I Do not forget that I have already spoken of Saint *Lewis* in the first Tome, but because that was by accident, and by the way, I will here extend my thoughts somewhat more largely, and give you a more compleat Elogium of him.

It is very true that an Antient saith, That great Goodnesse is seldome joyned with great Power; and that well-accomplished Kings are so few in number, that their names might be comprehended all together within the circumference of a Ring. But I may add, that if God did take delight to carry this Ring in very deed, as the Scripture doth attribute it to him in an Allegory, and if he would engrave there the names of all the good Kings, that of great S. *Lewis* would possesse the first place.

This Monarch was so like unto virtue, that if it should have shewed it self on the one side incarnate to mortall eyes, and Saint *Lewis* on the other, one should hardly have been able to judge, which had been the Copy, and which the Originall.

It is not my intention to write of his life here, upon which so many excellent pens have laboured very fortunately, but to make a reflexion upon some principall points of his Government. Great things do not alwayes cause themselves to be known by a multitude, or great variety of discourse, but oftentimes by draughts abbreviated. And no man in my opinion ought to conceive amisse of this, seeing that we measure every day the greatnesse of the Sun by the shadow of the earth, and his goings in the Dyals by a little thread. I know that heretofore three lines onely represented upon a Table did set forth an Idea of the perfection of the excellentest Painter in the world, in the understanding of the skilfull; and I will draw here three little draughts for to set before your eyes the beauty and bigneſse of the virtues of S. *Lewis*.

In one word, he hath done three mervellous things, whereof the first is, that he found out the means to joyn the wisedome of State with that of the Crosse.

The second, that he hath planted humility upon Sceptres, where it hath ordinarily very slippery footing; and hath likewise placed it amongst the Rubies and Diamonds of the Crown, where its lustre is often darkened by the too stately glittering of the World.

A third is, that he hath joyned the devotion of one consecrated to Religion to the courage of the *Alexanders* and *Cesars*.

The first marvel, the joyning of the wisdom of State with the Gospel. Tert. Apol.

As for that which concerns the first conjunction, it is so rare that *Tertullian*, who flourished two hundred years after the Nativity of our Lord, when as yet there had no speech been of any Emperour that had embraced Christianity, said, That if the *Cesars* should become Christians, they would cease to be *Cesars*; and if the Christians should become *Cesars*, they would cease to be Christians. He conceived, that poornesse of spirit could not agree with so high and stately riches, nor humility with a sovereign Empire, or the tears of Repentance with the delights of the Court; that the hungring and thirsting after righteousnesse could not stand with the desire of Conquests; nor pitifulnesse with Arms, nor pureneſse of heart with the conversing with most pleasing beauties, nor peace would consist with the licentiousnesse of warre, and suffering persecutions with an absolute power to revenge one's self: And nevertheleſse Saint *Lewis* alone hath found means to joyn things together which seem so contrary in the highest degree that ever they were found to be in so Kingly an estate. Amidst the riches of a Kingdome so abundant; he was not rich, but onely towards the poor, and if God had permitted him he would have as willingly covered himself with the habit of Saint *Francis*, as with his Royall Purple. He did never consider himself otherwise amongst all the goods that he possessed, but as the Steward of Jesus Christ: he left unto God willingly the glory of having given them him, to needy persons the benefit of receiving them, and kept nothing to himself but the pains of distributing them. He assaid a thousand times to enter into Religious Orders, and yet still answer was made him, that God would have him to be King: he wore the Crown by

way

way of obedience he used riches onely for necessity, and had no other thing in his desire then spiritual nakednesse, and a perfect unlooſing himself from all worldly things. In the midst of an Absolute power he was so meek that his heart seemed a Sea, where a calme perpetually reigned. The Scarlet of his attire did never colour his face with the heat of anger. Arrogance did never puff up his words; he made it his glory to communicate himself to the miserablest, and although he was higher then all the Cedars, yet he humbled his eyes even unto the smallest worms of the earth. If he appeared in publick with a splendour agreeable to his Dignity; in his retiring, he made his life a continuall Repentance which equalled the strictnesse of the severest Religious ones. The zeal of justice was so perfect in him, that he would not usurp a fingers breadth of land upon his neighbours, to the prejudice of his conscience, and his generousnesse cauſed him also to refuse the Empire which the Pope and all the Princes of Christendome offered him with a generall consent, after the deposing of the Emperour *Frederick*. The exercises of War did never stop up in his heart the pitifull bounties that were there towards the poor, not contenting himself to give them most liberally all that they could expect from his condition, but very often being ready at their hand to provide them with necessities for their life. Amidst the great tumults of war he was alwayes peaceable, never making any war but for necessity, or for zeal of the glory of God, but carrying throughout all places peace with an exceeding meekneſſe. His chastity amidst all the delights of so great a Realm was alwayes impenetrable by the darts of love; and his heart was like the bed of the Phenix, which takes no fire but from the Beams of the Sun. He was persecuted by the tongues of slanderers, by the arms of his kindred, by the chains and prisons of Infidels, by the ingratitude of those upon whom he had heaped good turnes, without having one least motion to revenge; rendring alwayes good for evil: and if justice did require of him reasonable punishment of the wicked, he paid the Tribute that Kings owe to the Sovereign Power, without ever altering the quietnesse of his mind, in such manner, as if you will judge rightly of that which I have said, you will find that S. *Lewis* hath brought the eight Beatitudes to the Court, and hath happily joyned the highest Maximes of the Gospel, to the Policy of a great Kingdome.

Nevertheleſſe, some one may make himself believe, that he was not sufficiently refined in the tenets of a great States-man, but that the exceſſiveneſſe of his devotion must needs mollifie somewhat the vigour of his understanding, and that the tenderneſſe of his conscience was incompatible with the Principles of those Politicians that are compleat in the managing of affairs. I entreat my reader to consider here the great errour of the Politick ones of the world, that will be wise without God, and believe that the Empires and Kingdomes of Christendome being founded in Piety and Justice can maintein themselves happily, and encrease by the subtleties and Maximes that are common amongst the Pagans and Mahometans. Let any one compare the *Fredericks* (Emperours) that flourished in the same age with Saint *Lewis* the King, let one weigh the Principles of the one and of the other, let him examine their proceedings, and look upon the succeſſe, and they shall find, that the honest wisdome of our King hath surpassed all the subtleties of those great brains, and that these lights have as far excelled those their false glances, as the eyes of the Eagles are far above those of the Owls.

The *Fredericks* aim was to look at themselves, to bring all to their own ends, to complain against the Pope, to contest with the Princes, to regard nothing but their own greatneſſe, to have nothing in esteem but their own interest, to measure the true and the false by their own profit, to keep Religion under the State, to think that a good conscience was an hindrance to great designs, and that there was nothing unjust of all that was profitable and glorious in appearance for so high a Monarchy, to employ all the subtilties and all rigour that might obtein their purposes, to beat down all that they might raiſe themselves, and to ruine all to make themselves great. Saint *Lewis* on the contrary cauſed the glory and interest of God to march at the head of his actions, esteemed himself little, prised the benefit of the publick above all things, honoured the Pope with a singular reverence, enterteined as much as he could Peace with the Princes of Christendome, never undertook any thing to the prejudice of his conscience, would not buy a Kingdome with the smallest lye, made every thing serve for Religion, valued nothing great that was not just, nothing glorious that agreed not with equity, and measured all by the law of God, and the benefit of his subjects.

If it be true which our Saviour saith, That we should judge of men by their deeds and by the fruits of their actions; who sees not that those men with their refined politick Maximes did very ill govern themselves, seeing that after so generall a dissipation of bloud, of men and of wealth, they buried their fortunes in the ruines of the publick? And this man with his honesty, which others do take for simplicity, did free himself happily from civill warrs, frustrated the subtleties of the craftiest, brought to the ground the strength of the mightiest, securing his Crown and Sceptre in the hands of a woman against the enterprises of men subtle and interressed. He made forreign warres for the pure glory of God, without oppressing his people. He governed his Kingdome in Peace, in Piety, in Justice, and in the abundance of all things, leaving a large posterity which sits even yet upon the chief thrones of Christendome.

May we not well affirm that this Prince was indued with marvellous wisedome, seeing that he knew God the fountain of all Essences, and judged of all things according to the rules of the eternall Truth? From this fountain there ran down in his soul two Rivulets, which were the great contempt that he had of the world, and the perfect union which he had with God, which poured forth a vigorous influence upon all his undertakings. From hence came that good choise that he took for the ordering of his life, mingling contemplation with action, which were as two sisters mutually helping each other. It happens sometimes to men, that some are carryed away with the world, and others flying from it, carrie it along with them. The one let themselves runne with the torrent of corruptions, the other retiring themselves to solitarineſſe carry with them all their worldly affections which do but sleep, and cast forth still sparkles under the ashes. But Saint *Lewis* being within the world, was nothing lesse then of the world, seeing that amidst the meeting with so many people which encompassed him every day, he built himself a desart in his heart, and in the midst of a great sea of affairs, he lived as the fishes that are silent in the roarings of the waves, and keep themselves fresh amidst the briny waters.

The sweet familiarity that he had with his Redeemer, did not steal from him the care of his employments, and government of his Kingdome, seeing that alwayes like the beams of the Sun, he touched the earth without leaving heaven.

The second marvell of S. *Lewis*, is to have lodged humi-

The second marvel, the union of humility and royall greatneſſe.

humility upon the glittering ſplendour of his Diadem, and to have preſerved this place for it, amongſt all the occaſions which might invite him to make uſe of his greatneſſe. One may avouch that this virtue in what place ſoever it is found, is alwayes great, and S. *Paul* juſtly calls it, the virtue of Jeſus Chriſt by excelleney: but when it mingles it ſelf with the eſtate of great ones, it carries away the admiration of mankind. We are all born with the deſire of honour, and this appetite deviated from its proper excellence is found even in the loweſt perſons. In the age paſt, there was found in India a people called the Verrais, of ſo groſſe an underſtanding, and uncomely in body, which lived ſo baſely that they ate nothing but roaſted Ants and Crocodiles tails, and nevertheleſſe they were ſo proud, that when they ſpake to them of baptizing them, they asked if they ſhould be baptized in the ſame water with other people, and if they would have no reſpect to their quality. If preſumption doth take ſuch hold on ſuch baſe ſouls, I leave it to you to conſider what effect it might have on thoſe that are lifted up in all qualities above the common ſort. There is no doubt that ambition ruleth over all our actions, and that to ſee a Prince humble amidſt the flatteries of the Court, modeſt with an abſolute power, victorious over vanity in the midſt of the great mortifying of truth, which comes into the cabinet of Kings, like money into their coffers with very much diſguiſing and diminution, is a wonder almoſt as rare as if one ſhould ſee the ſtars to walk on the earth.

And nevertheleſſe, S. *Lewis*, as he had very great wiſdome and a perfect knowledge of the life of man, was a ſoul the moſt humble, the moſt meek and moſt amiable that ever converſed amongſt men in the like eſtate. Princes have had at all times a high ambition to carry in their titles great names. There are ſome which have cauſed themſelves to be called the brethren of the Sun, and coſens to the Starrs, others would be the Arms, the Eyes, the Rubies of the World, and ſome the Saviours and the Gods: but our Monarch named himſelf *Lewis* of Poyſey the humble ſervant of Jeſus, accounting it, that the higheſt greatneſſe of a Sceptre was to ſerve God. Hence he deſired nothing ſo ardently, in all his behaviour, as to humble himſelf before God, by a perfect examination, without retaining any thing more of himſelf then this high point of humility. When he entred into Damiata, the firſt town that he conquered in his voyage to Egypt, he cauſed not himſelf to be carried in a charriot drawn with Lyons or Elephants as the Roman Captains uſe to do, but he cauſed the croſſe to march before him, and followed it with a bare head and naked feet. And when at the Councell of Lyons they ſpoke of giving him the name and quality of an Emperour, he avoided that honour like a tempeſt, and choſe rather the extremity of ſufferings amongſt the Sarazens, then to aſcend into the throne of the *Ceſars*. He carried his Royalty as it were a mountain on his back, and there was no greater ſervitude in the world to him, then his greatneſſe. When he could free himſelf of the neceſſary ceremonies in publick for a perſon of his quality, and that he had full liberty to converſe with inferiour ones, he was as a fiſh in his water. This wiſe humility cauſed that he entertained the whole world, every one according to his degree with great conſideration. He honoured the Queen his mother all his life time with a reſpect which approched near to reverence. He was wonderfully-kind to all his kindred, and courteous to all thoſe that came to him, which he did without ceremonies, without conſtraint, but with an unparralleld cordialneſſe, for that his humility was rooted in a deep charity which gave all the motions to his ſoul. He walked oftentimes in publick in a plain garment of chamlet, and if he had ſeen the riot that now reigns in our behaviour, he would have taken our converſation for ſome Maſcorade. He converſed not onely with the plaineſt, but abaſed himſelf continually even to the feet of the poor, and that the moſt ill favoured. He was ſeen to bow himſelf, and to make clean the ulcers of the leprous ſo horrible, that people caſt bread to them afar off, not any one daring to come near them. He was ſeen in the champians of Aſia and Africa, to ſeek out the bodies of his poore Subjects all ſtinking with corruption, to bury them with his royall hands. O what a triumph of humility is here! O what ardency of charity! and where is it that God can place the condemnation of our pride and hardneſſe of our hearts more high, then upon the perſon of this great King?

The third marvel his devotion and courage.

Laſtly, the third miracle that we obſerve in the life of S. *Lewis*, is that he hath joyned the devotion of the moſt perfect religious ones, with the courage of the moſt invincible conquerours. Here it is that I do chalenge all thoſe brave ones in appearance, all thoſe Phantaſmes of valour, for to teſtifie unto them, that S. *Lewis* was one of the moſt valiant and moſt courageous Princes that ever bore Sceptre in Chriſtendome. For where is valiantneſſe placed, according to *Ariſtotle*, if it be not conceived in the underſtanding? and if it tend not to virtuous actions, would you that I ſhould account it an action of courage and ability to hew men in pieces, and to fill the world with maſſacres, for to content the rage, for to nouriſh an ambition, or ſatisfie a revenge? God forbid that we ſhould judge ſo baſely of a virtue that makes them demigods. If the intentions thereof be not right, if the actions thereof be not juſtifiable, if its effects be not commendable, it is a ſpirit that ſeduces us, and not a perfection that rectifies us.

The valour of S. *Lewis* was the effect of a lively faith, of an incomparable wiſedome, of a ſtrong and puiſſant charity; faith filled him with confidence, wiſdome with moderation, and charity with boldneſſe. This valour was enlivened by three loves, which the Divines do obſerve, which are, the love incomparable, the love ardent, and the love indefatigable. The love incomparable, cauſed him to forſake a great and flouriſhing kingdome, (filled with peace, contentments, and delights, where he might have lived under the ſhadow of his Palm-trees in all happineſſe,) to tranſport himſelf into the land of the Sarazens, and there to ſuffer all the inconveniencies of nature. The ſame love cauſed him to carry the Queen his wife young and tender, amongſt ſo many foming rocks, ſo many ſeas, ſo many monſters, and ſo many tempeſts. The ſame love perſwaded him to embark the Princes his children in their tender age in this voyage, conceiving that he ought not to ſpare any thing which the ſervice of God might require. The ardent love cauſed him to expoſe his Royall perſon, not onely to wearineſſe but to the moſt dangerous blows of battels. There is a certain jealous ſtrictneſſe of judgement, in the underſtanding of men, which would not that any one perſon ſhould be excellent in the degree of Sovereignty in two illuſtrious qualities. The reputation of Arms took away the high title of eloquence from *Julius Ceſar*, and we may ſee that S. *Lewis* contented himſelf with his rare devotion, without taking that high part that he deſerved in valour. But this is the truth that he was courageous, heroicall, and valiant above all thoſe brave ones whom the opinion of men do often deifie without very much deſert. Together with all his devotion, he ſeemed to have obliged himſelf to take up Arms againſt his enemies, even from his tendereſt infancy. He made wars both by ſea and land in Europe, Aſia, and Africa. He was ſet upon in his minority by the neighbouring Princes, and by the greateſt Lords of his State, from which he freed himſelf, both by wiſedome

and valour, marching forth into the field, with the assistance of God, and good counsell of his Mother. He disarmed *Philip* his Uncle by courtesie, the English by force, he vanquished the inconstancy of *Theobald* by his stedfastnesse, and the self-conceitednesse of *Peter de Drues* by his patience. After he had pacified his kingdome, he undertook the Holy War, by a pious generousnesse of heart, in the which he shewed marvellous valiantnesse of his person.

Joinville that was present saith that he stoutly ventured himself into the hotteſt conflicts of the battalions, and fought fiercely with his own hand, scattering and overthrowing the Sarazens that opposed his enterprises. They speak much of the valour of *Attila*, that visiting a certain place, was set upon by two souldiers that had a purpose to kill him, and escaped both the one and the other by his valour and mention. But S. *Lewis* on a day having gone aside from the Army, was set upon by six whom he put to flight by a victorious resistance. When they were in some doubt about going a shore in his first voyage to Africa, he was the first that threw himself upon the Coast of the Enemies with his sword in his hand without any amazement, although he was up to the neck in water. When he was seen at the beginning of the battel arrayed in his Royall arms, he appeared like a Sun to the whole Army, but as soon as he began to enter into the fight, he was like a lightning that made a wonderfull flashing upon the Infidels, together with all the misfortune of the time, wherewith he was overborn: he took the great and famous City of *Damiata* in his first voyage, he discomfited the Sarazens in two battels, he fortified four great places in Syria, he compell'd the Emmiers of Egypt to restore him his prisoners, he provided for the safety of all the Christians that were remaining in Palestine. In his second voyage, he vanquished at the first onset the Africans, which had antiently made Italy, Greece, and Spain to tremble, and had so long time disputed for the Empire of the world with the Romans, and if he had not been hindred by sickneſſe, he had forthwith made himself master of Thunis and Carthage.

Behold what this ardent love did by his hands. But the love indefatigable, the true and faithfull character of a great stoutnesse of courage, caused him not to be amazed at any thing, and that he continued with an invincible magnanimity, under the most burthensome accidents that contraried his enterprises. This love caused him to make tryall of another voyage, after the sad accidents of the first: this love caused that the seas filled with terrours, the Lands with Ant-heaps of Sarazens formed into Batalions, the air that seemed from every part to let fly arrows of pestilence, the wayes which were full of toyles, the wars of terrours and massacres, the encounters of evil successe, and the champions of a million of divers kinds of death, never altered the constancy of his invincible heart. The very day of his captivity, after he had lost a great battel which overthrew all his affairs, when as he saw the wayes covered with the dead bodies of his servants, when he saw the river *Nilus* smoaking and bubling up the French blood, when as the arrows of the Sarazens did fly round about his head, like the hail on a winters day, when as he was taken and carried to the Aunt of the Sultan, and that he heard the clamours of those outrageous mouths, that he saw so many infernall faces that might shake a soul of the stoutest temper, he remained still in a great tranquility of mind, and asked his page for his book of prayers, which being ready he began to perform the duty of his Orazons, which he presented every day to God, with as quiet a spirit as if he had been returned from taking a walk in his gardens. The very day that he was seased upon by the pestilence, he beheld death coming upon him with a settled countenance, he disposed of the affairs of his kingdome and of his house, with a great judgment, gave very excellent instructions to the princes children, comforted all his good servants, strengthened himself with the Sacraments, entred into extasies of divine love, which drove out of his heart all the cares of this present life. The poor Prince sooner failed of his life then he could fail of his constancy and faithfulnesse to his high virtue.

It is here, O Providence, that you cover with a canopy of the night and darkneſſe the great events of the affairs of the world, it is here that we acknowledge your government. This Prince so wise, so humble, so holy, which deserved that the world should bend under his laws, and to have constrained good fortune to fly no where but about his colours, in the mean while was handled by you, as it seems to many not like to an indulgent mother, but as by a step-mother severe and rigorous. Alas! the Lands have often undertaken the yoke, and the seas have spread their back with coverlids by a pleasing calmneſſe under the arms and vessels of Pirates. Was there none but this Monarch to whom all creatures ought to have served as a defence, that could deserve to be so evil handled at your hands? In the first of his expeditions he lost his liberty, and in the second, his life. What is the meaning of this, O Providence? draw the courtain a little, uncover your secrets, and unceil our eyes to behold them.

She answereth, that the generall truth hath revealed to us in the Gospel his judgements on this point, when he said to the Jewes which were come to take him, behold your hour, and the power of darkneſſe. It is true, that by a certain order of God, and for causes very reasonable, well known to his Providence, the evil spirits have their reign and their time, which good men are not able to hinder, no more then the winter and the night, and that the sovereign Creatour and Governour of all things hath limited their powers and their endurings by certain celestiall periods, which being not yet come to an end, do make all the endeavours which can be used to destroy them unprofitable. This is the cause why there is not taken in hand with such eagreneſſe as might be, wars in the East and Africa, nor that we should undertake great designs against the powers of darkneſſe, if we cannot see by very evident conjectures, that God directs us as by the hand. Nevertheleſſe, as he reveals not alwayes to his Saints the times and seasons of Empires, it happens, that those that with great zeal, and very rationall prudence, do embark themselves in generous designs to advance the glory of God, should not justly alwayes be commended even in the default of good successe. And I may very well say that the most glorious action of S. *Lewis* was his prison and his death: For, to kill the Sarazens, to make mountains of dead bodies, rivers of bloud, to overthrow Cities all in a smoke; this is that which *Chamgy* and *Tamerlan* have done. But to do that which S. *Lewis* hath done, it is it which hath no compare, it is that which the Angels would do willingly, if they could merit it by a mortall body. God which had drawn him from his Kingdome with the faith of *Abraham*, which had lead him through so many dangers with the guiding of *Moses*, gave him in the end to seal up his great actions the patience of *Job*. And to countreballance that which the world esteems mishap, he would have him to govern a great Kingdome a long time, with an high wisdome, and profound peace, an exact justice for the good and repose of his people, and an incredible sweetneſſe of spirit, which hath made him the most amiable of all Kings on the earth, and a great Saint in Paradise, by the consent of all mortals, and the Universall approbation of the Church.

JUDITH

JUDITH. HESTER.

EXpect nothing Feminine in this Woman, all in her is Male, all in her is Generous, all in her is full of Prodigies. Nature hath put nothing in her but the Sex, she hath left to Virtue to make up the rest, who after she had laboured a long time in this her Master-piece, incorporated her self in her work. Never was beauty better placed then upon this face, which bears a mixture of Terrour and of Love: Lovely in its Graces, Terrible in its Valour. What a Court-Lady is this, that came thither for nothing but to draw the sword? Her hand did much by destroying an 100000 men in one onely head; but her eye did much more then her hand: it was that, that first triumphed over *Holophernes*, and with a little ray of its flames burnt up a whole army. O what a magnificent employment had Love in this act of hers! and to say truth, he consecrated his arrows; never was he so innocent in his Combats, never was he so glorious in his Triumphs.

Represent to your selves a *Nabuchodonozor* in the flower of his age, in the vigour of his Conquests, holding a secret Councel wherein he makes a resolution to subdue the World. After a short conclusion of an affair so great, he calls *Holophernes*, and commands him to march towards the West with an Army of 100000 Foot, and 12000 Horse. All the Captains assemble themselves together, and in all places souldiers swarm. It seems that that brave Generall did nothing but give a stamp with his foot to procreate armed men. Behold him already invironed with Legions all glittering with fire and flames; his Army is on foot with an horrible Artillery of military Engines, and a great preparation of Victuall and Ammunition. It seemed that heaven looked upon this Host with affrightment, and that the earth ecchoed at every step under the clattering of its Arms. The motions of it give terrour to the stoutest sort, and confusion to the weaker; before it marches Noyses, Affrights, and Threats; after it, Weepings, Ruins, and Desolations.

Holophernes is in the middle as a Gyant with an hundred arms, which promises to himself to demolish smoaking Cities, to overthrow Mountains, and to beat all Arms to powder with the lightning of his eyes. Ambassadours of all Nations are seen waiting at his gate, who present unto him Crowns, who offer him Tapers and Incense, desire peace and mercy of him, and beseech him to grant them servitude. But this supercilious Generall would march upon the heads of men, and make himself a river of Bloud to water therewith his Palms.

Fame that publishing with an hundred mouthes the wasts that that Army made on all sides, failed not to fly unto Jerusalem, and to carry that sad newes unto the people of God. Nothing was then heard but the sighs and groans of a scared people, who beholding that furious Tempest coming afar off, had neither heart nor arms to oppose themselves against it. Their courages were dismaied, their hands weak, their tongues mute; they had no other defence but their tears which they powred out in abundance to begin the funeralls of their dear Countrey.

Manasseh reigned at that time in Jerusalem, seven hundred years before the Nativity of our Lord, who seeing no expedient to divert this misery, abandoned himself to silence, and to darknesse. But *Joachim* the High Priest, executing a Captains office together with a Priests, encouraged his poore people, and wiped off their tears to make them see the first ray of hope which they conceived of their dear Liberty.

He dispatches Posts to all parts, and commands the cities that were menaced with the marches of that army to contribute all that they were able of Money, Iron, Men, and Victuals to beat back the common Enemy, and above all to prepossesse themselves of the streights of the mountains, to stop up the passages, where a few men would be able to do much, rather then to expect them in the champain, where so great forces would swallow up all that could be opposed against them.

After this he commands publick prayers to be made, where the Altar of God was covered with sackcloth, and the Priests with hair-cloth, all the people were at their supplications, tears, and fastings, even the children

proſtrated themſelves on the earth, and cryed to implore the mercy of God.

This excellent High-Prieſt not being ignorant that with Piety we ought to move the hand, contented not himſelf onely to weep before the Altar, but viſited in perſon the Cities and the Burghs, conforting the afflicted, ſtirring up the ſlack, ſtrengthening the weak, and doing that which the infuſion of the ſoul doth in the Body, in giving life and vigour to all the members of the State.

The newes comes to *Holophernes*, that the Jews prepared themſelves to make reſiſtance to his Army, whereat he entred into great fits of choler, and called the Princes of the Ammonites and of the Moabites that were in his army with him, to know what forces that people might have that were diſpoſed to make an oppoſition. Then *Achior* Prince of the Ammonites roſe up, and made him a long narration of the originall and qualities of the Jews, telling him by piece-meal how that Nation came from the Chaldeans, and ſeparated themſelves from them by reaſon of Religion, deſpiſing all the Gods of the Gentiles, and believing but one God the Maker of Heaven and Earth. He added how they went into Egypt when there was a great famine, and that they were there ſo exceedingly multiplyed, that they began to give terrour to the Egyptians, who ceaſed not to torment them. But that God revenged their injuries by horrible plagues from Heaven, that made havock of all Egypt, ſo that their Land-lords were conſtrained to let them go whitherſoever it ſeemed good unto them.

But *Pharaoh* the King having made a reſolution to purſue them, and to deſtroy them utterly, was buried with all his Army in the red-Sea, through which that people had paſſed on dry-foot. From thence they journeyed through the barren deſerts of Arabia, where their God miraculouſly nouriſhed them, giving them food from heaven, and commanding the Rocks to open to them ſprings and fountains. Furthermore he adverti-ſed *Holophernes* that when things were well between their Maſter and them, they were invincible, which viſibly appeared by the victories they obteined over the Amorites, the Jebuſites, and the Pereſites, and other Nations, which they had devoured as fire would do the chaff; poſſeſſing themſelves of their Lands, and eſtates. But if it happened that they were defiled with ſome iniquity, there was nothing more weak then they by reaſon that they were then forſaken of heaven, and left to their own ſelves: and therefore he adviſed him not to hazard any thing againſt them, before he knew the condition wherein they were at preſent, becauſe that if they were well united to the Deity which they worſhiped, he ſhould carry away nothing but confuſion.

Holophernes Captains hearing *Achiors* diſcourſe, loaded him with reproches, for that he had ſo much as a thought that ſo ſmall an handfull of people, and ill trained, ſhould be able to reſiſt a Royall Army of *Nabuchadonoſors*. The Generall holds him for a mad man, and commands him to be delivered to the Jews, ſince he was a Jew in heart and affection. And indeed, the ſouldiers having taken him and bound him to a tree, left him to the diſcretion of thoſe of the City of Bethulia, who carryed him away, and having preſented him to the Prieſts that governed, and to all the Aſſembly of the City, enquired of him of all that had paſſed about him. He ſtraightway made them a long diſcourſe, and exalted the Teſtimonies that he had given to the Majeſty of their God, whereat all betook themſelves to weep for joy, and praiſed the Divine Goodneſſe, proſtrating themſelves on the ground, and promiſing all favour to their Priſoner.

In the mean while *Holophernes* cauſes his Troops to advance to ſurprize the little Bethulia; but he ſaw himſelf combated by men inviſible, hidden in the mountains, that much gauled his Army, being coop'd up in very narrow paſſages. His Captains counſelled him not to torment his ſouldiers unprofitably, but to ſeize onely upon the Channels of the fountains that carryed the water to the City, and that would be a means to take it without putting himſelf to much trouble. This was performed, and it proved very effectuall; for the people ſeeing themſelves deprived of the commodities of thoſe fair ſources that gave them drink, begin to murmur aloud againſt the Prieſts, who by their raſhneſſe had reſiſted ſo prodigious a power, againſt the example of ſo many Nations, and cry out that they were better render themſelves to the Aſſyrians, then ſee their wives and children buried in the ſame tomb. *Oziæ* in the abſence of *Joachim* appeaſed them by his tears, and cauſed them to reſolve on a patience of five dayes.

This City of Bethulia had within the circuit of its walls a great Treaſure, whoſe merit it was not yet ſufficiently acquainted with. It was the valorous *Judith*, in whom Heaven had put rare qualities, and God had choſen her to give ſafety to her countrey. She was of an high extraction, of the Tribe of *Reuben*, three years and an half a Widow, beautifull even to perfection, of a chaſtity and reputation inviolable, extream rich, but above all, devout and virtuous. Shee had built on the top of her houſe a little Solitude whither ſhe with her maids retired themſelves to be vacant to things Divine; there was her Oratory, there her intercourſes with God, and from thence mounted to Heaven her prayers that carryed up the groans of her people even to the throne of the moſt High.

The holy Lady had her innocent fleſh loaden with a rough hair-cloth, faſted every day, except the Saturdayes, and the ſolemn feaſts that were amongſt the Jews, her heart was inflamed with an incredible zeal of the glory of God, and touched to the quick with the miſeries of her people.

When ſhe underſtood what had been reſolved on at the Aſſembly, and that the City was to be yielded in five dayes, if it had no other relief; ſhe ſpake to *Oziæ* the Prince of the people, and to the Prieſts that governed, and made them a moſt excellent advertiſement upon what had paſſed at their laſt convention. She told them, That it was to tempt God to preſcribe to him the time of his mercies, and not to expect it of his Providence; that it did not belong to men to diſpoſe of heaven, who are reſerved to the diſpoſall of their Sovereign Maſter; that they ought onely to think upon the performance of an exact repentance for the ſinnes of their life paſt, and imploring the divine clemency with the effuſion of tears, which well knew how to find a remedy to ſo great neceſſities. She made them underſtand that good men are neceſſarily proved by divers Tribulations, and that thoſe that bear them with patience are at laſt glorious before God; But thoſe that diſquiet themſelves and murmure, have no profit by their afflictions, and provoke wrath from on high that redoubles ſcourge upon ſcourge to puniſh their rebellion.

In the end ſhe perſwaded them, that ſeeing they were the Heads of the People, and that ſo many ſouls breathe not but by their breath, they would not fail to exhort them to a further patience. The principall men of the City were raviſhed with a mouth that ſpake ſo divinely, and the words that iſſued from ſo fair a ſource had a grace incomparable to ſubdue the moſt obdurate hearts. They all avowed that ſhe was a woman according to the heart of God, that had ſpoken worthily,

and

and that there was nothing deficient in her discourse. But she submitted her self by a great humility to their judgements, and beseeched them to leave one of the city gates free for her to go out at that very night, accompanied with her servant, for she had some good work in her heart for the safety of her Countrey; and intreated, that it might be recommended to the prayers of the whole Assembly without curiously inquiring what it was that God would do by her means. *Ozias* answered her that she might go in peace, and that he prayed that her action might succeed to the good of the universall people.

Here perhaps may some men be astonished, that a woman should take the boldnesse to go and advise the Magistrates, and the Priests; and the severer sort of censurers will say, that by right *Judith* should have been sent home to her distaffe. They will alledge, that the Jews give every day thanks to God in their Prayers for that he had not made them be born Women. Antiently, they were placed in the Churches on the North side, from whence the Scripture makes all the evil of the world to come. *Chrysologus* hath also said, that woman was the Way of Death, the Title of the Sepulchre, and the Gate of Hell.

But this ought to be understood of those that follow the steps of the first of Women, and not the wayes of the chief of Virgins. Those who abandon themselves to luxury, to vanity, and to dissolute pleasures are no way fit for great affairs, being too delicate for labour, and too ambitious of honour. But many others that have taken pains in the regulating of their passions, have rendred great services to Kingdomes and Common-wealths. Rome had never been Rome without the Sabine women. The people of the North, by the report of *Tacitus*, have been governed in their Warres and in their Polities by women, professing that they perceived in them a certain prophetick and divine spirit. *Plato* in his Common-wealth hath judged them capable of Offices, their souls being of the same species or kind as men's. Wherefore then should we think it strange that God made use of a virtuous woman to counsel men, and to deliver her countrey?

Before she undertook that great work, she was a long time prostrated before God in her Oratory, with sackcloth upon her back, and ashes upon her head, saying, with an amorous heart,

My God, the God of my Fathers, to whom nothing is impossible, look down now upon the camp of the Assyrians with that eye of lightnings and of thunders that thou heretofore didst cast upon the army of Egyptians when they were buried in the bottom of the Sea. Let the same happen to those here that trust in their chariots of warre, in their spears, and in their swords, and know not that thou art the God of heaven that breakest in pieces the mighty Powers of the earth with one sole look of thine eyes: lift up that same arm that hath made it self renown'd from all antiquity by so many wonders, and tread under-foot all their strength by thine for ever dreadfull forces. Suffer them not to violate thy Temple, and to sack the House where thy Name is from all time invoked. Cause this barbarous Collonel, who promises himself our spoils, to be taken by me through the snares of his eyes, that his own Coutel-ax may divide his soul and body. Strike him with the grace that thy blessing shall make to flow upon my lips, and with the eloquence that it shall give to my speeches; animate my heart, and stiffen my arm to make that great blow that shall be thine, and carry away an eternall honour for having pulled down that Colossus by a woman's hand. Thy strength is not in the multitude of souldiers, nor in the valour of Cavaliers. It is not those proud warriours that ought to expect the succour of thy arm, but it is the Prayer of the humble that gains thy heart, and draws thy forces to their protection. God of the heavens, creatour of the waters, and the God of all nature, hear thy poor servant that presumes nothing but from thy mercy. Remember thy Covenant, give counsel to my heart, words to my mouth, and strength to my hands, for the defence of thy House; and that all the Nations of the habitable world may know, that there is not any other God but thee.

Such were the Arms and Engines of this excellent woman; such was the confidence she had in the God of hosts. After this Prayer, she rises from her Oratory, comes down from her chamber, and calls her maid to dresse her. She puts off the sackcloth, she washes her self, she perfumes her self, and quitting the mouming habit which she wore in her widow-hood, she puts on her gayest cloathing. The tresses of her long haits are combed out with a delicate hand, and her head covered with a stately tyre; her handsome body appeared a little taller by the favour of her patins; she hangs on her pendants at her ears; she puts on her bracelets, her chain of pearls, her rings, certain jewels made in form of flower-de-Lis's, and all her richest ornaments. It seemed that God took a pleasure that day to render her fairer then ever she had been, and that all the graces smiled in her countenance, because she had adorned her self through virtue and not through wantonnesse.

She caused her meat and drink to be carried by her maid, fearing to pollute her body with the viands of the Infidels; and instantly she went out of her house, and betook her self to the city gate where she found *Ozias* the Prince, together with the Priests, that were ravished with the lustre of her heavenly beauty. Yet no body curiously enquired whither she was going, but were contented to wish that God would make her designs successfull, that she might be one day the honour of Jerusalem, and that her name might be put in the rank of those great and holy souls that had rendred to God most renowned services. She departs out of the city, calling again upon the name of God, and reciting some prayers with her servant.

As she went down the mountain upon the break of day, the souldiers having perceived her, failed not to run to her, and seeing her so excellently beautifull, were at first dazled in their eyes more by the splendour of her visage then by the first rayes of the day that then was upon its birth. They inform themselves of her countrey, of her journey, and of her intentions, whereto she answered, that she was of Bethulia, and that she had that day forsaken that miserable city, that was obstinate in its misery, and that, for having resisted the triumphant legions of the Assyrians, deserved to be destroyed by the thunder-bolts of heaven and earth. That she would have no share in their crime no more then in their disastres; and that her desire was to present her self to *Holophernes* to reveal to him the secrets of the city, and to teach him the means how to take it without losing any of his men.

These men were ravished at the hearing of these discourses, and assured her that she had taken an excellent course to live in quiet, and in honour, and that she would be very welcome to their master of whom she should receive all possible courtesies.

Some men will marvel at all this proceeding of *Judith*: A woman so handsome and so capable to tempt men, to go into the midst of Souldiers without fearing to expose her modesty that was so dear to her, not considering that she kindled love, and that she was yet in the fair season of her years capable to admit that which she moved in others: Who had told her that

the Assyrians would let her freely passe without attempting any thing upon her honour? What security could there be in a dissolute Militia, that propound to themselves the ravishing of women for a recompence of their toils? And suppose she had promised her self that in case she should be forced, her soul should remain incorruptible in the corruption of her body; yet sure an honest woman would hardly ever expose her body to the least affront, although it were to save a city.

If we consider all this according to man, it cannot be defended: but who should dare so to condemne that which was done by a manifest inspiration of God, and of her good Angel that lead her, as by the hand, and made her walk securely upon the tops of precipices, and kept her alwayes green as the Ivie in the ruines of old decayed walls?

With all this she was skilfull in the art of dissembling, and deceived those souldiers that took a singular pleasure to hear her talk. And who would make a scruple to speak words with two meanings to deceive an enemy in warre, and to save his life, seeing that some Divines and the Lawyers agree that there are deceits that are good and commendable, being done to a good end, and by lawfull means?

She was then conducted to the Generall *Holophernes*, whom she found seated on his Throne under a pavilion of gold and purple, all bestudded with emeralds, proud as a peacock that spreads in the sunne the mirrours of his tail, for which alone he seems to have been created. She suddenly prostrates her self on the earth, and makes him a reverence of civility, and not of adoration. He failed not to be taken with her at first sight, just as she had plotted, and to make of his eyes the snares of his soul.

Those that were about him began to say with admiration, that the Land that bore so handsome women, deserved to have no labour spared in its conquest. *Holophernes* caused her instantly to be raised up again, and because she feign'd that she had some fear, and that she was seiz'd with a profound reverence at the aspect of that great Generall of an Army, knowing well that he was vain, and that it would conduce much to surprise him. He speaks to her with an incomparable sweetnesse, assuring her that he was not so terrible as men would make him, and that since that he had had the Arms of that great Monarchy in his hands, he never did hurt to any one that rendred himself to the obedience of his Master; that he bore no ill will to her Nation, but that if they had reduced themselves to their duty, he would not have permitted so much as that a sword should have been lifted up against them. And therefore he desired to know from whence it came that she had forsaken her City and was come to his Camp.

Then that Lady holily-deceitfull began to speak to him after such a winning manner, that an hundred *Holophernes*'s would have had work enough to defend themselves against such batteries of Love. She beseeched him to hear with attention, and to take her speeches in good part by which God would accomplish a great affair.

That she knew well that *Nebuchadonozor* had been chosen of God to be King of the whole world, and that all the puissance of his Monarchy was included in *Holophernes*, where it lived and triumphed magnificently for the safety of the good, and the chastisement of the wicked. That she was not so ignorant of humane things, as not to have heard of the Prudence and valour of an *Holophernes*, who hath the honour to be the onely man in the Kingdome of *Nebuchadonozor* that is arrived to so high a degree of Power, as that it cannot be equalled by any thing in the world, but by the goodnesse of his disposition: for he desires to be powerfull for nothing but to do good, and all the Provinces well know the good order that he hath put to all the businesses of the Realm. She declared to him, that she had heard of what had passed in *Achiors* person, and told him, that he truly discovered the weak spirit of her Nation, and that he might do good upon it at the present, now God was provoked against it, and had threatned by his Prophets to destroy it. And therefore they were all seized with an unspeakable affright, besides that hunger and thirst conspired together to their ruine, and they had taken a resolution to kill all the cattle to drink their bloud, and not to spare even the things consecrated to the divine Majesty, which is a sign of a manifest reprobation. And this was the reason that she had left that abominable city, and was come as a messenger from God to give him this advice. She added, that the God which she adored was very great, and that she would not fail to pray him to make known his will, and to tell her the time that he hath determined for the utmost misery of that unfortunate City, with intention to inform him of the news, that at last she might lead him even to the gates of Jerusalem, delivering up to him all that people as sheep without a shepherd, and that there should not be so much as a dog that should bark against him; it being very reasonable that men and beasts should submit themselves under a power so formidable, conducted by the hand of the most High, and by the orders of his Providence.

Holophernes that had already been taken by the Eyes, was now chained by the Ears with the sweetnesse and profit of that discourse. His heart was no more his own; he courts her, and promises her that her God shall be his God, and that he will make her great in the house of *Nebuchadonozor*, and renowned through all the earth. At the same instant he causes her to enter into the chamber where his treasures were, to shew her his Magnificence, and ordered what should be given her day by day from his own table for her diet. Whereto she answered, that it was not yet permitted her according to her Law to enter into a community of table with those that are of any other Religion but her own, and that providing for it, she had caused what was necessary for her to be brought with her. But when your provision comes to fail (sayes *Holophernes*) what shall we then do with you? She replyed that she hoped to accomplish the businesse that had brought her thither, before that her ordinary food should be all spent. Thereupon, he commanded that she should be conducted into a fair chamber to repose her self, but before she entred into it she desired a courtesie, which was, that she might go out before day to addresse her Prayers to the God she worshipped, according to her custome, and passe up and down in his Camp with all freedome, which was granted to her.

She went therefore in the silence of the night to wash her self in a secret fountain, that she might purifie her self from the commerce of those Infidels, and prayed God incessantly, that it would please him to prosper her design for the deliverance of her Countrey.

She had now passed four dayes in the Army watching an opportunity to execute that which she had projected, when *Holophernes* would needs entertain himself with mirth, and make a magnificent feast, to which he resolved to invite his guest, thinking good chear and jollity would dispose her to that which he had a mind to have of her. But because the Assyrians hold it a great dishonour for a man to make love to a woman,

woman and not to win her, he would not hazard himſelf ſo much as to make an overture to her of ſuch a diſcourſe himſelf, but gave the Commiſſion of it to *Vagoa* the chief Gentleman of his chamber, who uſed to ſerve him in ſuch a buſineſſe. He failed not to make her know that ſhe was very farre in the favour of his Maſter, and that that very day he made a banquet, and deſired to ſee her in particular, and that ſhe ſhould take heed of making a ſcruple of obeying, for it was one of the greateſt honours that ſhe could receive in her whole life. He added, that ſhe ought a little to be merry, and paſſe away her time without engendring melancholy; ſhe underſtood well what he meant to ſay, and anſwered, that ſhe was wholly diſpoſed to obey his Lords commands, and would have no other will but his, and ſtraight way adorns and dreſſes her ſelf the moſt pleaſingly ſhe could, to wound him in the eyes, and ſo paſſes into her chamber.

As ſoon as he ſaw her alone and near him, his heart was totally overthrown, and it ſeemed that the lightning that iſſued out of the eyes of that beauty had cruſhed it to powder. His paſſion permitted him not to ſpeak much he was ſo much moved; he contented himſelf onely with inviting her to be merry, and aſſuring her that ſhe had gained his heart. The holy woman prayed him that it might ſeem good in his eyes, that ſhe might entertain her ſelf after her own faſhion, and that ſhe might eat of that which her ſervant had prepared for her, which he conſented to, being willing to leave her in a full liberty that he might not ſcare nor trouble her.

Now behold him the happieſt man in the whole world. He drinks with large draughts, makes himſelf exceeding merry and wonderfully pleaſant, whereat *Judith* expreſſed that ſhe had a great content to ſee him in ſo good an humour, and ſaid, that ſhe had cauſe to reckon in time to come that day for the happieſt of all her life. The other to pleaſe her drank ſo much the more, ſo that he made himſelf drunk with a dead drunkenneſſe. It appears plainly that this man was an honeſt hog, and took not the way to bring about his deſign, depriving himſelf of reaſon when he had moſt need of it. *Vagoa* that had the word does his office, brings his Maſter to bed, and gets him gone, ſhutting the door to leave him alone with *Judith*. All the ſervants had ſo well liquored themſelves that they deſired nothing but repoſe. *Judith* alone was well awake, and made a ſign to her ſervant to ſtay for her before the door and not to leave her.

She contemplates this brave Generall who was now in a dead ſleep; ſhe ſtands ſtill for a certain time by his beds ſide, praying God ardently in her ſilence that it would pleaſe him to accompliſh by her hand that great ſtroke that ſhe had deſtined. From thence ſhe goes to the pillar where *Holophernes*'s Cimetre was hanged, and draws it boldly out of the ſcabbard, then layes hold of her man by his long hair, ſaying onely in her heart, *My God, it is now, ſtrengthen my arm*; and inſtantly having turned him for her beſt advantage, ſhe ſtrikes with a maſculine hand, and cuts off his head at two ſtrokes, carries away his pavilion, and tumbled down his body as a log. She gives ſuddenly his head to her waiting-woman, who puts it up in the ſame bag that ſhe had brought her victuals in, and both of them paſſe through the midſt of the Army without being ſtaid by any one by reaſon of the permiſſion that they had from the Generall *Holophernes*.

They come by night to the gate of the city, and cry afarre off to the Centinels, *Open, God is with us that hath done wonders in Iſrael.* They run to adverteſe *Ozias*, and the Prieſts, who come in haſte to receive her. All the city from the higheſt to the loweſt aſſemble themſelves about her, thinking that ſhe had been loſt, and looked upon her as a woman come from the other world. She cauſes inſtantly torches to be lighted, and gets her up into an high place from whence they were wont to make Orations to the people, and after ſhe had made a ſilence ſhe thus ſpake. Sirs,

Praiſe God our Lord, who never forſakes his own, and hath through his grace accompliſhed this day by me his moſt humble ſervant the promiſe which he hath made to his choſen people; for this night he hath ſlain by my hands the common enemy of our Nation. And as ſhe was ſaying this, ſhe drew out of the bag that horrible head of *Holophernes*, pale and bloudy, and ſhewed it to the whole Aſſembly, adding, *Behold the head of Holophernes the Generall of the army of the Aſſyrians*; and then ſhe ſpread abroad the pavilion, ſaying, *Behold the pavilion under which he repoſed himſelf in his drunkenneſſe, and where God ſtruck him by the hand of a woman.* I call that living God to witneſſe, that by the protection of his holy Angel, he hath preſerved me pure, going and coming, and in the abode which I made in the Camp, without permitting any one to attempt any thing upon my honour. And now he hath brought me back glad of his victory, of my own ſafety, and of your deliverance. It is to him that we ought to give all the praiſe, becauſe his goodneſſes and mercies are inexhauſtible.

The people felt tranſports of joyes, and ſeeing that head by the help of torches in the ſilence of the night, thought that it was a dream; but the multitude of thoſe that beheld all one and the ſame thing, preſent and reall, made them plainly ſee that it was a truth. They proſtrate themſelves all on the earth, adoring the living God that was the worker of thoſe great wonders, and then turning themſelves to *Judith*, gave her a thouſand bleſſings with triumphant acclamations, proteſting that ſhe was their Mother and their Deliverer.

Then *Ozias* the Prince of the people of Iſrael in Bethulia ſaid to her, You are this day bleſſed my daughter, and glorious above all women that are in the habitable world. Praiſed be the Creatour of heaven and earth, who hath ſo well guided your victorious hand to the ruine of the capitall of our enemies, and who by the ſame means hath ſo glorified your name, that he hath rendred your praiſe immortall in the mouth of men that ſhall have any ſenſe of the wonderfull works of God. Every one will remember how you have not ſpared your life to draw your people out of the ruines wherein they were almoſt buried.

Thereupon *Achior* was called, and *Judith* ſhewing him the head of *Holophernes*, ſayes to him, You have loſt nothing by the teſtimonies you give to the power of our God; for behold the head of the Collonel of the Unbelievers which God hath cut off this night by this hand of mine. Behold him that threatned to make you die when he had taken Bethulia, but ſure now he will let you live in great quiet. This man was in ſuch an extaſie at this news that he fell down in a ſwoon, and when he was come to himſelf again, he caſt himſelf at the feet of *Judith*, and gave her a reverence that was near to adoration. And by her means was converted to the true Religion, and rendred all glory to the God of Jeruſalem.

Judith purſuing this her conqueſt, counſelled her people to make a ſhew of ſallying out of the city in arms at the break of day as if they would give battel, which would make the Aſſyrians haſten to the Pavilion of *Holophernes* to awake him, and ſo ſeeing what had

had paſſed, would be ſeized with ſo great a fear that they would ſell their lives at a cheap rate. This was executed, and the Captains failed not to repair unto the Generall to receive orders. It was already forward dayes, and he was yet aſleep with the ſleep of death, from whence there is no waking, unleſſe by an extraordinary power. Every one was aſtoniſhed that he appeared not, but no body durſt take the boldneſſe to awake him, ſo greatly was he feared. They preſſe *Vagoa* to enter into the chamber, who refuſes at firſt to trouble the pleaſures of his Maſter: but when the time was drawn out in length, he entred, and made a noiſe, not as by deſign, but accident, and ſeeing that no body ſtirred, he went neer the bed, thinking that he was yet with *Judith*. At laſt, when one told him that the enemy appeared in arms, he drew the curtain very gently, and ſaw the body of his Maſter weltering in his own bloud.

He therefore became ſo furious, that he rent ſuddenly his clothes, and ran to *Judith*'s chamber to make her ſuffer a thouſand deaths; but when he could not find her, he ſent out frightfull cryes, and ſpake aloud, that that ſtranger-woman had filled the houſe of *Nebuchadonozor* with confuſion, and that ſhe had aſſaſſinated their Generall, who was now nothing but a trunk without an head plung'd in his own bloud. All ran to this ſpectacle, and the whole Camp was filled with aſtoniſhment, with fears, with deſpair, with tears, and with howlings. At the ſame time appeared the head of *Holophernes* hanged up upon the walls of Bethulia; and all the army of the Aſſyrians ſurpriz'd with a panick fear, and, as it were ſtruck with a ſcourge from heaven, began to ſcatter themſelves, every one ſeeking his ſafety in his flight.

The Iſraelites purſued them making a great noiſe, as if they had drawn forth numerous troops, and as if their ſquadrons had marched compacted and in good order. It was eaſie for them to vanquiſh run-awayes, who had already delivered up to fear all the hope of their life and fortune. All the neighbouring cities came out to take a ſhare of this glory, and caſt themſelves into the fields on all parts to entrap their routed enemies, of whom they made moſt horrible maſſacre.

All the Camp of *Holophernes* was pillaged, where was found ſo great a quantity of booty that it was a thing prodigious. The noiſe of this victory was ſpread unto Jeruſalem, the high Prieſt came to Bethulia with his other Prieſts to ſee *Judith*, to whom every one gave a thouſand bleſſings. One could hear nothing but ſhouts of joy, and acclamations, that publiſhed her *The Glory of Jeruſalem, the Joy of Iſrael, the Honour of her People, the gallant Woman, the Chaſte and Valiant Princeſſe, the incomparable Lady, whoſe Reputation ſhould live as long as Eternity it ſelf.*

A moneth paſſed wherein there was nothing heard but joyes, but conſorts of muſick, but trophies amongſt the people. They gathered every day ſome new ſpoils, whereof the moſt precious in gold, in ſilver, in purple, in pearls and jewels were preſented to the victorious *Judith*. She compoſed a ſong of Triumph which was ſung ſolemnly with the admiration of the whole world. After all, they went (as it behoved them) to Jeruſalem, to render to God the Vows of the whole people, and to make great Offerings, where three moneths more were ſpent in an incomparable chearfulneſſe. There was not a day that was not Feſtivall, nor a face that did not wear the lineaments of the joyes of Paradiſe.

Judith offered in the Temple the Pavilion of *Holophernes*, that the memory of it might never be defaced by oblivion. At laſt, all returned home to their own houſes, and the holy woman remained in her little city of Bethulia, alwayes in her widow-hood, honoured of all the world as the moſt glorious ſoul on earth. She made her ſervant free, and lived even to the age of 105 years amongſt her people in a profound peace. She appeared abroad the Feſtivall dayes in a magnificent glory, ſpending the other dayes in her ſolitude, and living with great examples of Virtues and Devotion. The day of that happineſſe was marked with white, and reckoned in the number of the greateſt Feaſts of the Jews to all poſterity. God, who is the worker of ſo many wonders hath taken a care alſo of this Hiſtory.

It is an eternall monument of the virtue of his arm, that ſhakes the mountains, that cleaves the rocks, and overthrows in a moment thoſe ſons of the *Titans* who make warre againſt heaven it ſelf, and would walk upon the wings of the winds. A Generall of an Army that vaunted himſelf in the midſt of an hundred thouſand ſouldiers environed all about with ſteel, with fires and lightnings; who ſaid, I will go, I will do, I will level with the ground; who held a fatall councel, where he decreed the firing of Cities, the ſacking of Provinces, where ſo many dragons drank up the tears of Nations without being touched with any ſenſe of pity. A Giant, that heaped mountain upon mountain to aſcend through fire and ſword even to the throne of the moſt High; behold, now conquered, ſlain, maſſacred, tumbled in his bloud by a woman that makes a play-game of his head; and an army that cut their paſſage through the Rocks, that drank up Rivers, that ſhadowed the Sun by the multitude of their flying arrows, overthrown, ſcattered, torn into a thouſand pieces by the enterpriſe of a Jeweſſe. *Judith* gives not her ſelf the praiſe of this work; it was God that acted in her, who was the direction of her hand, the ſtrength of her arm, the ſpirit of her prudence, the ardour of her courage, and the ſoul of her ſoul. O how great is this God of gods! O how terrible is this Lord of hoſts! and who is there that fears not God, but he that hath none at all? What Coloſſus's of pride have faln, and ſhall yet fall under his hands! What giants beaten down and plunged even into hell, for kindling fiery coals of concupiſcence, ſhall ſmoak in flames by an eternall ſacrifice which their pains ſhall render to the Divine Juſtice!

HESTER.

THe holy Scripture ſets before our eyes in this Hiſtory, Greatneſſe falling into an eclipſe, and the lowneſſe of the earth elevated to the Starres; Humility on the Throne, and Ambition on the Gallows, Might overthrown by Beauty; Love ſanctified, and Revenge ſtrangled by its own hands. It teaches Kings to govern, and People to obey, great Ones not to relie on a fortune of ice, Ladies to cheriſh Piety and Honour, the Happy to fear every thing, and the Miſerable to deſpair of nothing.

All that we have to diſcourſe of here, happened in the Kingdome of Perſia, during the Captivity of the Jews in Babylon, about four hundred and ſixty years before the Nativity of our Lord, and under the Reign of *Ahaſuerus*. But it is a great Riddle to divine who this Prince was to whom *Heſter* was married, and which is called here by a name that is not found in the Hiſtory of the Perſian Kings, and which indeed may agree to all thoſe high Monarchs, ſignifying no other thing but *The great Lord*. *Mercator* ſayes, that it was *Aſtyages* grandfather of *Cyrus*; and *Cedrenus*, that it was *Darius* the Mede. *Genebrand* is for *Cambyſes*; *Scaliger* for *Xerxes*; *Serrarius* for *Ochus*; *Joſephus* and *Saillan* for *Artaxerxes* with the long hand. The wiſe *Heſter* that was ſo much in love with Chaſtity is found to have had fourteen husbands by the conteſtation of Authours, every one would give her one of his own making; ſhe is married to all the Kings of Perſia, ſhe is courſed up and down through all the Empire, and her Eſpouſals made to laſt above two hundred years. But as it is eaſie enough to confute the Opinions of all thoſe that ſpeak of her, ſo is it very hard to ſettle the truth of the Chronology amidſt ſo great obſcurities. The Scripture ſayes, that *Mordecai* with *Heſter* was carried away out of Judea into Babylon under the Reign of *Nebuchadonozor*; and if we are of the opinion that marries her to *Artaxerxes*, if we reckon well all the years that were between thoſe two Kings, we ſhall find that this young and raviſhing beauty of *Heſter*, which caught ſo great a Monarch by the eyes, was already an hundred and fifty years old, which is an age too ripe for a maid that one would give for a wife to a King. It is impoſſible to get out of this labyrinth, if we do not ſay that *Mordecai* and *Heſter* were not tranſported in their own, but in the perſons of their anceſtours; and that that paſſage means nothing elſe, but that they iſſued from the race of thoſe that were lead captives with King *Jechonias*, deſtroyed by *Nebuchadonozor*: ſo we will take *Artaxerxes*, and not divide that amiable concord of Authours united in this point.

Repreſent then to your ſelves, that from the time that the Jews were diſperſed into Babylon, into Perſia, into Medea, and through all the States of thoſe great Kings, they ceaſed not to multiply in Captivity; and that ſervitude which is wont to ſtifle great ſpirits, produced ſometimes amongſt them gallant men. Amongſt others appeared upon the Theatre the excellent *Mordecai*, a man of a good underſtanding and of a great courage, who by his dexterity and valour delivered all his Nation from death and total ruine. He then dwelt in Shuſhan, the capitall city of all the Kingdome, and bred up in his houſe a little Niece, the daughter of his brother, an orphan both by father and mother, which was named in her firſt child-hood *Ediſla*, and after called *Heſter*.

Now as thoſe great ſpirits that are particularly governed by God have ſome tincture of Prophecie, he had a wonderfull Dream, and ſaw in his ſleep a great tempeſt, with thunderings and lightnings, and an earthquake which was followed with a combate of two dragons who were fighting one againſt the other, and ſent forth horrible hiſſings, whiles divers Nations aſſembled together, ſtood and looked upon them, expecting the iſſue of the combate; thereupon, he perceived a little fountain which became ſuddenly a great river which was changed into a Light, and of a Light transformed it ſelf into a Sun, that both watered and illuminated the earth.

He knew not what his Dream did mean, but he learned the Interpretation of it in the great combates he had with *Haman*, and in the exaltation of his little Niece that was promoted to ſo high a ſplendour, as to give both evidence and refreſhment to all the people of her Nation.

This *Mordecai* being a man of good behaviour and quality, found means to advance himſelf to Court, and to make his beginnings there in ſome inferiour office, expecting ſome good occaſion to make himſelf be known. He had an eye alwayes open to diſcover all that paſſed without any bragging of it. He conſidered the approaches of divers Nations that lived in that Court; the humours, the capacities, the buſineſſes, the obligations, the intricacies, the credit, the induſtry of every one; omitting nothing of all that might advance the benefit of his Countrey-men.

He quickly diſcovered the ſpirit of *Haman*, who was at that time a mean Cavalier of fortune, but ambitious, cloſe, crafty, revengefull, bloudy, and capable to embroil a State. He had an averſation from him, although he had not yet been offended by him, and began to diſtruſt him, fearing leſt he be one day fatall to his people. Nevertheleſſe, *Haman* with the times took an high aſcendant, and *Mordecai* feared his greatneſſe as one would do the apparition of a Comet.

It happened that two perfidious Subjects, *Thares* and *Bagathan*, uſhers of the door made an abominable conſpiracy againſt King *Artaxerxes*, which *Mordecai*, who was not a drowſie ſpirit, ſoon perceived, and began carefully to watch them, obſerving their goings out and comings in, their words and their countenances, their plottings and their practices. He gave notice of it very opportunely, ſo that being taken, arreſted, and put to the rack, they acknowledged the crime, and were led away to puniſhment. The King gave hearty thanks to *Mordecai*, commanded him to live in his Palace in a certain office which he beſtowed upon him, and cauſed the day to be ſet down in writing, wherein he had been preſerved from the conſpiracy of thoſe unhappy ſervants, to recompence, as opportunity ſhould be offered, the good ſervices of his Deliverer.

It is credible that *Haman* had an hand in that execrable deſign, ſeeing that he gave ſo little thanks to *Mordecai* for having been the diſcoverer of it; but the diſſimulation that he brought to cover his fact, and his mighty power that rendred him ſo terrible, ſuffered him not to be involved in the ruine of thoſe wretched men. Theſe two Courtiers had an eye to one another, and ſought nothing but each others ruine; the power of the one being alwayes ſuſpected by the other, when God, without *Mordecai*'s thinking of it,

ſent him a great ſuccour by the choice which was made of his Niece to be the Kings wife.

The Hiſtory ſayes, that *Ahaſuerus* would ſhew his magnificence, and made great feaſts for the ſpace of an hundred and fourſcore dayes, in which he entertained the Princes, the governors of Provinces, and all the Nobles of the Realm. He would have the people too to have their ſhare, and for that purpoſe, he cauſed to be ſet up at the entrance of his gardens (which he was wont to dreſſe with his own hands) abundance of great Pavilions of Sky-colour, born up with marble pillars, and tyed together with ribands of red ſilk, and rings of ivory. He cauſed alſo certain beds of gold and ſilver to be ſet up upon a pavement of emerald and other precious ſtones, ranged by a proportion made after the Moſaicall faſhion, which had a very fine grace. Thither he invited all the people of that great city of Shuſhan, and cauſed them to be ſerved in veſſels of gold and of ſilver, with moſt exquiſite viands, and delicious wine, and left every one to drink according to his ability, without conſtraining any one.

Vaſthi the Queen, on the other ſide, made a banquet for the women in the Royall palace, wherein ſhe forgot nothing to equall the ſtately Grandeurs of the King her husband. This merry life laſted the ſpace of ſeven dayes, in the laſt of which the King being very jolly and inflamed with wine, commanded the Eunuchs that were about him to cauſe the Queen to come with the Crown upon her head in her moſt gorgeous attire, to make a ſhew of her beauty in the preſence of all the people. The Queen took no pleaſure in this command, and refuſed to go; in which, ſayes *Sulpicius*, the wife was wiſer then the husband, in that ſhe was not willing to make a ſpectacle of the beauty of her body to men full of meats and wine, and deſerved ſo much the more commendation as ſhe was more conſtant to keep the Laws of modeſty and comelineſſe.

But this was not taken that way as that ſacred Hiſtorian preſents it; they imagined that ſhe had ſome of the diſpoſition of beautifull women, that ſhe was a little proud and ſcornfull, which cauſed that ſhe was not ſo well beloved of the Grandees of the Court, who, as it is credible, having long ſince a deſire to do her ſome ill office, laid hold on this occaſion. They cauſed that refuſall to be reported very harſhly by the Eunuchs to the King when it might have been ſweetned and moderated; they made uſe of his wine, as of an inſtrument of their iniquity, and exaſperated him alſo by the diminution of his Authority, whereof Princes are very jealous if they have not much ſtupidity.

Aſſoon as the anſwer of the Queen was publiſhed, the King turned himſelf about to the ſeven principall Councellours of his State who were alwayes by his ſide, and governed the Kingdome, and demanded their advice, what he ſhould do to repreſſe his wives pride. *Memuchan*, which was the laſt and the raſheſt, made of this deniall a crime of State, and ſaid, That it tended to the diſorder of all the other women, becauſe, that other women, every one in her condition, framed themſelves after the example of the Queen, and would draw a licentious advantage over their husbands, founded upon that affront done to his Royall Majeſty, and that every where they would domineer, which would overthrow the order of Nature, and cauſe great troubles in all houſes; and therefore he was of the opinion that the Queen ſhould be divorced by the King her husband, and that an Edict ſhould be made to be ſent through all his Kingdomes touching the obedience that women owe to thoſe that are their heads.

The man perhaps was ill dealt with in his lodging by his wife, and under ſhadow of Policy would revenge his wrongs. It is very true that the Law of God ſtrictly recommends the ſubmiſſion of the wife towards the husband: but it ought to be underſtood in things good and reaſonable; for if a wife were bound to render a blind obedience to all the extravagances of a husband that hath but little wit and much paſſion, ſhe ſhould be the moſt miſerable of all ſlaves. There were many reaſons that might make *Vaſthi*'s action be excuſed; but becauſe they ſaw that *Memuchan* had pleaſed the King by his diſcourſe, all the reſt of the Councellours of State ran to ſervitude, and condemned her to a long torment by a ſhort ſentence.

She was degraded and divorced, which was a thing ordinary enough to thoſe Kings who made no great account of loſing a wife, ſeing that they had ſo great a number of them in ther Seraglio. The Edict was alſo made in the tearms that the other had required it, and the name of that poor Queen went up and down the whole Kingdome as a ſad ſtory, and a true portraiture of an abated greatneſſe.

God permitted all this to make way for *Heſter*, whom he had deſtined to *Ahaſuerus* his bed, not for her ſelf, but for the ſafety of her people. After the divorce and the diſaſtre of poor *Vaſthi*, a new Queen muſt be ſought out, and the King comforted about his loſſe. A great culling is made through all the Provinces of the Kingdome of the handſomeſt Virgins to be brought to Court. This little *Heſter* is found very delightfull, being endowed with a perfect beauty and a naturall grace that ſurpaſſed all things. She is carried amongſt abundance of others, and as ſoon as the King caſt his eyes upon her, he liked her, and commanded *Hegai* the Eunuch that had the ſuperintendency of his Seraglio to have a great care of that young damſel, to ſpare nothing on her, and to give her ſeven waiting-maids with all neceſſary equipage. Thoſe Virgins that were thus choſen for the Prince's bed made a novitiate of twelve moneths, in which time they had all leaſure to fit themſelves, and to learn the civilities of the Court. After this, they were preſented to the King, who took thoſe that pleaſed him moſt, and when any one had paſſed a night in his chamber, ſhe was ſent in the morning into a new Seraglio unto the charge of another Eunuch, and returned no more to the King if ſhe was not asked for, and that by name.

Heſter ſpent but ten moneths in her prepartion and was incontinently conducted to the King, who liked her above all the maids that he had ever ſeen, and declared her Queen in *Vaſhti*'s place, putting the Crown upon her head. *Mordecai* was raviſhed at this choice, and walked every day from the firſt beginning that ſhe was brought to Court, before the Seraglio to hear news of her, having recommended her to a certain Eunuch his confident, that had of her a very particular care. He ſent her very opportunely neceſſary advice, to teach her how to behave her ſelf; and above all, he was ſo wiſe, as to recommend to her not to declare the Nation whereof ſhe was, and to make no diſcovery that ſhe had any relation to him, which he judged to be to the purpoſe, for fear leſt *Haman*, who was in ſo great favour, and who hated naturally the Jews, ſhould ruine her before ſhe had taken rooting in the Kings heart.

Behold a wonderfull ſport of Providence, which tooke a little ſtone with an intention to beat down a great Coloſſus, and makes in one inſtant of an earthen pot a veſſel of gold. Men ſtand now amazed

amazed to think what wind drove this poor Jeweſſe to the crown of the chief Monarchy that was at that time in the whole world. They think that ſure it was a great chance, but God knew that it was a great counſel digeſted from all eternity in his thoughts. For if command is due (according to *Ariſtotle*) to perſons that are moſt accompliſhed, there was ſome foundation in the excellent qualities of *Heſter* on which to ſet a Crown: for beſide the beauty of her body, and the ingeniouſneſſe of her mind, ſhe had great gifts of virtues that rendred her lovely to all the world, and might ſerve for models to all Ladies.

She was not a lump of fleſh, or a body without a ſoul, nor a worldly woman that had no other Idol but her Beauty, nor other Deities but Pleaſure and Ambition, as it happens ordinarily to moſt women, who ſeeing themſelves elevated to the top of the grandeurs of the age, ſtrangely corrupt their manners and diſhonour their condition. *Heſters* chief and principall virtue that made a moſt pure ſource of pleaſures flow into the reſt of her life, was, That ſhe was devout, and that being young of age, frail of ſex, high of condition, in a Court of an Infidel King, amongſt ſo many other Pagan women, ſhe never forgat God, but obſerved punctually, as farre as it was lawfull and poſſible for her, the exerciſe of her Religion, making her prayers with an incredible ardour, and retaining a faith inviolable in the midſt of the Empire of impiety. She brought the King her husband to the worſhip of God, and to the love of her people, as farre as ſhe could perceive any diſpoſition in him. She erected a Temple in her heart, having not yet the power to build one in her Kingdome, and directed all her Devotions to the ſacrificing of her ſelf.

She was alſo greatly to be commended for the little care ſhe had of her Body againſt the nature of that ſex, which often preferres their fleſh before God and all Paradiſe. This appeared evidently at that ſeaſon when ſhe was to preſent her ſelf to the King the ſecond time, ſince that in an occaſion ſo important wherein all other women would have had an infinite care of their habit and attire, ſhe contented her ſelf with ſo ſmall a thing: and yet in her naturall grace, juſt as a roſe adorned with its own leaves, ſhe obſcured all other beauties, even the moſt tricked and pranked. Her art was to have no art at all; to take what nature had given her, and to render all to God.

Furthermore, ſhe brought to Court a great Humility and a perfect ſubmiſſion, which ſhe never quitted, being as obedient to her uncle when ſhe had the Crown upon her head as in her loweſt age; ſhe hearkned to his advice, ſhe put it in execution, ſhe deſpiſed no body but her own ſelf. The habit of a Queen was to her a burden almoſt inſupportable, and ſhe never found more joy then in her ſolitude. There are few women that are born without ſelf-wilfulneſſe, and without opinions that augment themſelves with age, and increaſe exceſſively in high conditions, which makes us admire this woman in contemplating nearer her deportments, and ſeeing how little ſhe relied upon her own ſelf, but although ſhe was endowed with a rare wit, yet ſhe hearkned to reaſon, and without much ado yielded to good counſel, which rendred her demeanour very happy, and all her negotiations moſt advantageous.

Beſides all this, as God had choſen her for great things, ſo he gave her the prudence of the Saints accompanied with a good judgement, with docility, with providence, with diſcretion, with circumſpection, and with expeditneſſe in the execution of affairs.

To this prudence was joyned a courage, and an incomparable generoſity, even to enterpriſe by a motive of virtue, actions ſo dangerous, that ſhe could expect nothing from them that was leſſe then death. And for to crown all theſe virtues, ſhe poſſeſſed (farther) an illuſtrious patience, taking every thing from the hand of God, and ſuiting her ſelf to his will in all the ſucceſſes and events of the buſineſſes of the world.

Behold the principall qualities that adorned this Princeſſe, and that may be ſeen in thoſe women that God hath gratified with his favours. In the ſequel of this ſtory he makes us ſee the brave employment that he gave her in that Court of *Ahaſuerus*, to bruiſe the head of a great Serpent, and to deliver her Nation from a gulf of great and horrible calamities.

Princes and great men would be happy, if without dying by procuration, they might live in perſon. They are born often enough with moſt excellent qualities; they are calm ſeas, and killed with riches that might do good to all the world, if the winds would but let them runne according to their own nature. But as the Beauties of women are courted by many Lovers, ſo high conditions have their flatterers, that under a ſhadow of themſelves Adorers, make themſelves Maſters; and under colour of Service, exerciſe an Empire even over thoſe that think they command the whole Univerſe. Their name by this means ſerves for a Paſſeport to all miſcheifs; their Authority for a ſanctuary to crimes; their Taxes for tinder to concupiſcenſe; their Power for an inſtrument to revenge, and for a ſcourge to mankind.

This may be manifeſtly ſeen in the ſequele of this Hiſtory, where it is ſaid, That *Ahaſuerus* exalted *Haman* above all the Princes and Nobles of his Kingdome, and took the wickedſt man of the earth to make of him the moſt puiſſant, that Crimes might have as much aſſiſtance, as this Monarch had power and riches. His goodneſſe was ſeduced in this point, and his too eaſie ſpirit was gained by great appearances that ſtole him from himſelf, and left him nothing but a meer apparition of Dignity.

This *Haman* which he thought at firſt to be a Perſian, an honeſt man, an able, and affectionate to his ſervice, was partly an Amalekite, and partly alſo a Macedonian, a ſonne of the earth, that had neither God nor conſcience, a ſpirit full of labyrinths, captious, ſuſpicious, great in appearance and little in reality; a lion in proſperity, and an ape in adverſity, whoſe life was a perpetuall crime, whoſe avarice was a gulf, ambition an abyſſe, and fortune a ſcandall, and an injury to Providence.

Yet for all this he entred ſo farre into the friendſhip of the King, that he ſaw not, but by his eyes; heard not, but by his ears; walked not, but by his ſteps; and governed not, but by his counſels. He called him his father, and believed him the moſt excellent, and the wiſeſt man in his whole Kingdome, commanding every one to acknowledge him for the ſecond perſon of the Empire, and to give him the greateſt reverence. This Court, that was full of ſlaves, carried many candles to this Idol; ſome through fear, as to a miſchievous Devil, and others through hope and expectation to be preferred.

The poor *Mordecai* felt a moſt bitter grief to

ſee over the heads of men, him, that would bring the whole world under his feet, and in that ſlavery ſo generall to all men, he choſe rather the loſſe of his life then of his liberty. He would never bow the knee before that *Baal*, and although his enemy perſecuted him in that buſineſſe by fury, and his friends by importunities, he remained unmoveable, reſolved to ſuffer much rather then to do any thing that was baſe. *Haman* that was at the beginning giddy-headed by the fumigations of the incenſe that was preſented to him on all ſides, and that regarded men, but as the little gnats, took no heed to it at firſt; but when he was advertiſed by his flatterers that there was but one onely man at Court that refuſed to be an adorer of his fortune, he was inflamed with choler, and eſteeming it but a ſmall game for him to cauſe one man to die, he made a reſolution horrible and bloudy to root out a whole Nation.

He goes and tells the King that the Jews diſperſed through all the Provinces of his Kingdome, were divided by Religion and by Laws from the reſt of all the world, and by affection, from his Perſon and his State. That they were a people moſt pernicious to an Empire, that alwayes ſate abrood upon ſome poiſon, and that if they ſeemed moderate, it was not but through impotence, being diſpoſed at the firſt occaſion to caſt themſelves into Rebellion and Inſolence. He added alſo, that the great care which he had of the good of the State, put theſe words into his mouth, that would cauſe the univerſall quiet of all his Monarchy, and that after conſideration had of the great perils wherewith his Crowns and Life were menaced by that faction, he hath found nothing better then to prevent them, and to cut them off in time, before they had fortified themſelves to the prejudice of the publick. That if the Treaſurers of the Exchequer feared by this a diminution of the Tributes, he would give with all his heart ten thouſand talents of his proper goods to recompenſe the Levies, ſo much he took to heart that buſineſſe that concerned the ſafety of his King and the benefit of his people.

This Serpent plaid his game with ſo much artifice, that he perſwaded whatſoever he had a mind to in ſuch a manner, as that poor *Ahaſuerus*, who was of a mean and credulous ſpirit, without examining any thing, plucks his ring from off his finger, puts it into *Hamans* hands, with a full power to do as he in his diſcretion ſhould think fit. Behold the great confuſion of the State, of the Spirit, and of the Conſcience of Kings when they ſuffer themſelves ſo eaſily to be lead away by evil counſels, and will not ſo much as know what paſſes in the government of their people.

It is an horrible thing that in the turn of an hand this miſerable Prince ſhould abandon to the vengeance of a pernicious man ſo many millions of lives, without making one ſole reflexion upon what he ſayes, or what he grants. He had no imagination whither that did tend, and his ordinary idleneſſe ſuffered him not to take any further cognizance of it; which rendred him doubly culpable, to permit ſo many murders, and to be ignorant of it. *Seneca* ſayes, that when *Claudius* was in the other world, ſome men reproached him with abundance of murders done under his name, and yet he knew not what they meant; then *Auguſtus* roſe up and ſaid, Thou miſcreant, we talk not here of the ſlaughters thou haſt committed, but of thoſe thou haſt not known, for it is a more ſhamefull thing to a King to be ignorant of the evil that paſſeth in his Kingdome then to act it.

Turpius ignoraſti quàm occidiſti. Sen. in Ludo de morte Claudii.

The ſiſter of one of the *Ptolomy's*, King of Egypt, ſeeing that her brother as he was playing at dice, cauſed ſome crimmall Proceſſes to be read to him to decide them in the laſt Appeal, ſnatched the papers out of the Clerk of the Aſſiſe's hand, and ſaid to her brother, that a dye fell otherwiſe then the head of a man. One cannot bring too much conſideration when there is a queſtion of ſhedding a mans bloud, be it in peace or warre.

Yet *Ahaſuerus* truſts this proud *Haman*, as one that would truſt the wolf with the lives of his ſheep. He triumphs with joy for having obtained the Kings ring; he reliſhes and digeſts his vengeance with ceremony. He cauſes a great veſſel to be brought him, into which he throws twelve little billets which bore the name of every moneth, and cauſes the moneth to be drawn out by lot in which he ſhould execute his pernicious deſign. The lot fell upon the laſt, although it was caſt in the firſt, and he would not change it, whether through an old ſuperſtition of his Countrey, or through the great confidence he had, that what time ſoever he took to make the projected Maſſacre, the Jews could not poſſibly eſcape him, ſo impotent they were; and he thought to keep them as beaſts ſhut up which one chaſes when one will.

It was a pleaſure to him to ſhew them the glittering ſteel a year before they ſhould die, and to make them periſh a thouſand times by fear, before their life ſhould be once taken away by the ſword. He aſſembles all the Kings ſecretaries, and dictates to them a bloudy letter, whereof he cauſes a great many copies to be drawn to ſend into all the Provinces, and the tenour of them was, That the thirteenth day of the laſt moneth, which was that of *February*, the Jews ſhould be maſſacred in all the Cities and Provinces that were within the utmoſt limits of the Empire; and that from the leaſt even to the greateſt, without ſparing either man, woman, or child, all ſhould be put to the ſword without remiſſion, and that their goods ſhould be confiſcated and expoſed to pillage. The Letters marked with the Seal and Arms of the King, flew as ill-boding Birds through all the extents of the ſeven and twenty Provinces of that great Kingdome. It was an Edict of Death, not of the death and of the ruine of one man, or of one City, or of one Province, but of a whole Nation. The evil was univerſall, and carried on all parts Menaces, Bloud, Slaughters, Fears, and Affrights, from Euphrates even to Nile. The terrour began at the capital city Shuſhan, where the Edict was ſeen and read by all the world, hanged upon the pillars and on the walls of Publick places bearing theſe words;

Artaxerxes the Sovereign Lord and King of all the Nations, that are from India as farre as Ethiopia, to the Princes and Governours of the ſeven and twenty Provinces of our Empire, Greeting:

Since the time that I ſubdued the univerſe under my Laws, it was never my will to abaſe the greatneſſe of my Power, but I have deſired to govern my good Subjects with all clemency and ſweetneſſe, making them enjoy a peace and tranquility to be wiſhed for by all mortalls; and for this purpoſe, inquiring of the means that I might uſe for the effecting of this deſign, Our moſt dear *Haman*, the ſecond perſon of our Kingdome, which exceeds all the men of the world in capacity and fidelity, hath repreſented to me, that the Jewiſh people diſperſed through all the Provinces of my Empire, being ſeparated both by Religion and Laws from all the other Nations, deſpiſe our Edicts, and ceaſe not to render themſelves troublers of the publick Quiet. Which having been well and duly conſidered, we have ordained and do ordain, That they be puniſhed according to the orders of our moſt dear *Haman*, who is the Superintendent of all our Provinces, and whom we honour as our true father. Furthermore we will

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and intend that this Edict shall be put in execution, the thirteenth day of the Moneth Adar, the last of the year, to the end that all the wicked descending into Hell in one and the same day, may render peace, and quietnesse to our good Subjects, which they have troubled by their Factions. Such is our good pleasure.

Given at Shushan the first of the Moneth Nisan.

Behold how *Haman* and his Complices, workers of Iniquity, cut their Furies Quills, and dipped them in Bloud, to make the King of the Persians say what ever pleased them, having his Seal and Authority in their hands. Poore *Mordecai* seeing the great Tempest that was ready to fall upon the heads of all his people, having read that Edict, and knowing that *Haman* was at the Table with the King, who was not seen by any, endeavoured to move the whole World to pity, clothing himself with Sack-cloth, and covering himself with Ashes, together with all his people that wept and howl'd about him.

This sad Squadron marched even to the Walls of the Palace, without entring in, for it was not permitted not so much as to *Mordecai*, to be seen at Court in so deplorable a Condition, which would have offended the eyes of the delicater sort. Bad news hath Wings to fly, and abundance of Voyces to make it self be heard. The frighted Maids and Eunuches fail not to tell Queen *Hester* of what ever had passed, whereat shee was much amazed, and hearing that her Uncle was at the Gate, covered over with Ashes, with Sack-cloth upon his back, she sent him secretly a Sute of Clothes, which he refused, judging it not sutable to his fortune, which made her dispatch another Messenger, which was *Athac* the Eunuch that waited on her, who went out of the Castle, and inquired of *Mordecai* of all the state of so sad a businesse. The other made him a short Narration of it, and gave him a Copy of the Edict to present unto the Queen, praying him to tell her, that she must necessarily go and see the King, and act powerfully with his Majesty for the deliverance of his people.

Athac returns readily to his Mistresse, and faithfully relates to her what he had heard of *Mordecai*. The poore Princesse was in an equall ballance greatly tacked in minde; Shee durst not go to the King without being sent for, and to reject the intreaty of her Uncle in an accident so pressing, it was another Death to her. She sends *Athac* back again to represent again to the good *Mordecai* the danger of that Negotiation, and to tell him that there is a Law established by the Prince, that ordains, That whosoever shall present himself before his eyes, without being called for, shall be punished with Death, unlesse that by his mercy he holds out his Sceptre to him in sign of safety, and that thereupon she had not seen his Majesty these thirty Dayes, not knowing in what posture she is at present in his heart, that if she should finde him in some ill Humour, there were an end of that Life, which she seeks not to preserve but for the safety of her People.

Notwithstanding all these Remonstrances, her Uncle sends to her to go; tells her, that if she neglected to negotiate in so important an occasion, God would find other means to save his people. But she should had need to take great heed, lest her Fathers House, and her self also should perish, by too great a care of their Preservation, and that she ought to think that perhaps the Divine Providence had placed her where she was, it may be for that onely reason.

Here one knows not what one ought to admire most, whether the Authority that *Mordecai* took over the Queen, or the Obedience that the Queen rendered to him. She had no sooner heard that Reply of his, but she said, It is concluded, I will go, and sacrifice my self to Death with all my heart, to obey my Uncle, and save, if I can, my Nation. Go to him, *Athac*, and bid him assemble all the Jews that are in Shushan, let them keep a Fast of three dayes for the successe of this Attempt, with continuall Prayers. I will do the same on my side with my servants here, and afterward we will adventure upon the businesse.

Behold how we ought to proceed in great Negotiations, making God always to march in the head of them, who is the source of all good Successes. There was then an admirable Consort of Devotions, both within and without the Palace; *Mordecai* was in the midst of his People, lifting up his hands to Heaven, and saying;

Great God, whose Empire hath no limits, and whose absolute will suffers no contradiction; Your hands have formed both Heaven and Earth, with all the beauties that are included in their bosome, and there is nothing that can resist the puissance of your Arm. My God you know every thing, and are not ignorant that the refusall that I have made to reverence the proud *Haman*, proceeds of Pride or Vanity that is in me, for from this present time I would kisse the ground whereon he treads for the safety of my people. But I have been afraid to transferre the honour of the Creatour to the Creature, and to give a companion to your Majesty; and therefore I beg you, O the God of our Fathers, to cause one ray of your mercyes to shine upon those poor afflicted ones. You see the rage of our Enemies, who have all sworn our Ruine. Despise not your Inheritance, that you have Redeemed from Egypt. Shew your self propicious to your People, that is, as it were, the Lot of your Empire; Change our Mourning into Joy, and shut not the Mouthes of those that sing your Praises. This Prayer was followed unanimously by all the people.

But the Divine *Hester* on the other side, shut up in her secret Closet, layes aside her precious habits, and all the attires of the glory that invironed her, taking a mourning sute, and covering her self with Ashes. She was in Prayer day and night, and mortified her body with Fastings and Austerities. Care made those Roses of her beautifull face to wither, and the places that had been the complices of her joyes, were for that time watered with her tears. She said to God with an amorous heart;

My God, you know the necessity that oppresses me, and you are not ignorant that I detest with all mine heart, that proud Diadem that glitters upon my head, when by constraint I must appear at Court. I have never worn it in the Holy-dayes of my silence, and of my dear solitude which I prize above all the Empires of the Earth. You are not Ignorant, O my Lord, that since that I was transported to this Palace, my heart hath never joyed in any thing, but the consideration of your Blessings. I am here alone, and forsaken of all friends and kindred, expecting no other Succour but that of your Arm. Lo, I hold my Life and my Soul now in my hands, to lose it for you, or to save it for you. Those that have resolved to pull down your Altars, and to destroy the glory of your Temple, are the men that have sworn our Death. But give not, O Lord, your Sceptre and your Power to those that have no name amongst your faithfull People; Make their own Ar-

rows return upon their own faces, and keep us alwayes under the Protection of your Divine Hands. Seeing that I must be the Prolocutresse for the good of all your Nation, and of mine, Inspire me with the discourses that I ought to make in the presence of that Lyon. Soften for us his heart, and make him turn his gall on the side of our enemies, that we may render to you our Thanksgivings, and offer to you Immortall praises.

The third Day being expired, she puts off her Mourning, and adorns her self with her richest dresses, to sharpen the Arrows of her Beauty which she had so worthily consecrated to the great Businesse of the preservation of her Nation. And although she had an heart filled with cares about the event of an Embassage of so great importance, yet she appeared with a Countenance as flourishing, as the fair dawning of the Day, Calming the Tempest of her Heart by the force of an invincible Spirit. After she had once more invoked the Authour and Finisher of Wonders, she went accompanied with two maids, one of which held her up, managing exactly the delicacy of her body, and the other carried the Train of her Gown largely spread abroad. She passes from Door to Door, from Chamber to Chamber, and at last arrived at the Kings, who was seated on a Throne in a Sute all laid with Diamonds, and a pomp unparalell'd. He was ruddy of Face, and had eyes very sparkling, and it seemed that he took a kind of pleasure in rowling them up and down, to dazle those that looked upon him, by the lightnings of his Majesty. At first, his look appeared a little terrible to this new Wife, whether he did it by an Amorous Caresse, or whether he was moved with some Choler to see her enter without calling for. The wise *Hester* knew also well enough how to play her game, and to surprise where he was weak, in which he thought himself most strong. She used a mute Eloquence, and a fear wherein there was much quaintnesse and gentlenesse of the Sex. The Carnation of her cheeks instantly took a precious paleness, that came so opportunely as if one had called for it; and as if she had been Thunder-strook with the eyes of that mighty Monarch, she let her self fall down in a swoun into the bosome of the Maid that held her up.

This wonderfull King that desired so much to terrifie, took for himself what he would give to others, and felt his own heart assaulted, by the fear he had left his Countenance had wounded the heart of his dearest Spouse. He quits the dreadfulnesse of a King, and takes the servitude of a Lover; he comes down from his Throne faster then a pase, runs as well as others to ease her of her swoun, and cryes aloud, *Hester*, my sister, what ails you? The Law that I have made, is not for you, but for the rest onely of my Kingdome: And when she yet gave no answer to that Speech, he takes his golden Sceptre, gives it her to touch and handle, and kisses her with a great affection, conjuring her to take courage, and to come again to her self.

Then as if she had returned from the Countrey of the Dead, she spake with a languishing voyce, and interrupted words, saying to the King, that he need not be astonished at that fear of hers, for she had seen his face as the face of an Angel, that he was truly Terrible, but withall Lovely above all the Princes of the World, so many Graces he had and beauties upon his Visage. This was to take him where he was easiest to be Conquered, and to better colour yet that speech, she let her self fall again upon the bosome of her servant. All the Court had work enough about her, and the King above all did what he could to settle her. At last she came fully to her self, and *Ahasuerus* told her, That if she came to make any Request unto him, she should aske boldly, yea though it were even the Moitie of his Kingdome, for he was now on tearms to deny her nothing.

It was a large promise, and one would think that now was the time for her to discover her self. Yet she had so much reservednesse, and so great a power over her self, that she advanced not yet her Businesse, but waited for the hour of his Repast, wherein she knew that the King *Ahasuerus* was ordinarily more free and merry. She told him onely that she came to make a small Request unto his Majesty, and most humbly to beseech him to be pleased to honour her with his Presence, together with *Haman*, at a little Banquet which she had prepared for them. The King was very joyfull of it, and caused *Haman* to be called, whom he commanded to do whatsoever *Hester* should desire, which was most pleasing to him, being one that loved nothing so much as that which flattered his vain-glory.

They failed not to be both of them at dinner with the Queen, who entertained them very handsomely, and with great Magnificence, and this entertainment pleased so much her Husband, that he summoned her again to ask what ever seemed good unto her, for there was no request but should be granted, that proceeded from her mouth. The Queen that would give her self leisure to consult with her Uncle first, that she might effectually disclose that great affair, put off the offer till the morrow after, and said to the King, That since his Majesty had expressed so great a satisfaction for her little Dinner, and that the cheerfulnesse of his heart redounded to the benefit of his Health, she would present to him again with all humility the very same Petition, and convince him by his friendship, which she prised above all things in the World, to eat again the following day of the Viands that she should make ready for him, and with the same Company.

This was fully granted her, and after she had prepared the spirit of the King by these dispositions, she resolved to open her whole mind, with the Counsell and art of *Mordecai*. *Haman* went out of the Palace gloriously triumphing and accompanied with a great Train; But when he perceived *Mordecai* at the Gate, who made as though he did not see him, when all others killed themselves to make him Reverences, he felt himself moved with fury, and went suddenly to his house, to conclude upon the Death of that innocent man.

Good (say the Philosophers) is never Good, if it be not intire and Perfect, which is the cause that there are few felicities in the World, where all Light hath its Shadow, all fruit its Worm, and every Beauty fails not to have its embasement and Allay. And this is it, that Proud *Haman* experiments in the highest glory of his Fortune. He makes a consultation with his Wife and Friends, and tells them, That he is this day, according to the Worlds esteem, one of the happiest men upon the Earth. If he looks upon his Riches, they are well-nigh infinite; If he casts his eyes upon his House, he sees it underpropped with a good company of Children; If he considers the favour of the Prince, Never man was in a like degree. His Counsels are the Felicities of the State, his Words are Oracles, and his Altitudes are Ravishments that dazle the whole Earth from Euphrates even as farre as Nilus. Yet he confesses to them ingeniously, that in this high heape of Honours

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and of Bleſſings that inviron him, he hath no content at all, as long as he ſees himſelf outbraved by that beggarly Raſcall *Mordecai*, who vouchſafes not ſo much as to do him any Reverence. All the Joyes that he hath in his Houſe, and all the Applauſes that he receives every day in publick, gives him not ſo much Pleaſure, as that ſole Affront powres bitterneſſe into his heart, which he cannot digeſt. And therefore he prayes them to adviſe him on ſome means that he ſhould uſe, to rid himſelf of that Villain, and ſacrifice him to his vengeance. He added, that he had Dined with the King and Queen, and that he was to go thither again the morrow after, which was a favour that none could hope for after him; yet he loſt all the ſenſe of it when it entred into his imagination, that he muſt ſee a *Mordecai* at the Palace gate, to reproch to him his impotence; and that there was no more life for him, as long as that curſed fellow, that was to him as an ill-boding Bird, remained at Court.

The Wife that was of the ſame humour with her Husband, pronounced a ſhott ſentence, and ſaid that if there were not Gallowſes enough at Shuſhan to hang a Raſcall, he ſhall cauſe one to be ſet up of fifty Cubits high, and ſhould deſire the King, that *Mordecai* ſhould be ſuddenly faſtened to it, and that this being done, he might go with a purified ſpirit to the Banquet of the Queen. This Counſell pleaſed him very much, and he reſolved to forward it, but Providence Prepared for him farre other buſineſſe to diſpatch, to make him know, that no body thinks upon the Ruine of another, without haſtening of his own.

The Angel of God that Governs Kings, gives them thoughts not foreſeene, and raiſes to them occaſions of Virtues and great Actions ſometimes, even when they leaſt dream of it. The King was laid upon his Bed to repoſe himſelf, and could not ſhut his Eyes the whole night, without having the leaſt appearance of Care or Trouble in his ſpirit. He calls for his Reader, and bids him reade to him ſome Book or other to entertein him. He reads in his preſence the Annals of the Kingdome, and particularly, That which happened in his Time; He comes without thinking on it, to the Year that made mention of *Thares* and *Bagathans* Conſpiracy, diſcovered by *Mordecai*. The Kings heart that was in the hand of God changed in an inſtant; the remembrance of that good ſervant beginns to enter into his mind with ſome Tenderneſſe and Compaſſion; That ardent and inconſiderate Love that he had had to his friend *Haman* grows cold again inſenſibly, without having any Reaſon for it. It ſeemed as if there had been a charm raiſed ſuddenly by an Heavenly hand. He reſumes thoughts of Conſideration, of Juſtice, and affection towards honeſt men.

He asked what Recompenſe *Mordecai* hath had for ſo great and notable a Service that he did his Perſon and all his State. It was found that he had gained nothing by it, but Promiſes and Hopes. The King demands of the Gentlemen of his Chamber, who was in the Anti-chamber? they anſwered *Haman*, that was come according to his cuſtome, to diſcourſe with him while he was riſing, and to preſſe hotly *Mordecai's* Ruine. He commands them to bid him enter; He enters with a Boldneſſe that promiſed it ſelf all things, and ſets himſelf to his Complements and his ordinary merriments; Yet all that had pleaſed the King heretofore, in the converſation of that man even to a Rapture, begins to diſpleaſe him now, and he ſeeks nothing more then the means to humble him.

He frames to himſelf in Idea's a man of Fortune riſing from nothing that hath prevailed over the ſimplicity of his Spirit, that hath made great Magazines of Gold and Silver out of his Levies, That diſpoſes of all the Offices of his Kingdome, That makes himſelf adored of great and ſmall, That is followed as Himſelf, and more then Himſelf, That hath his Privy-Seal and all his Authority in his hands, That hath ſo much money to lay out, as to offer ten thouſand Talents to ſatiate his Revenge, and that Authorizes all wickedneſſe, by the Name, and avouching of his Maſter, if at leaſt he hath one on this top of glory whither he is mounted. He hath now a mind to undo him, and feels a powerfull motion puſhing him forward to it, and which permits him not to deliberate of it any more, nor to Conſider with what ſecurity he might execute ſo great a buſineſſe.

He knew that he was hated of all the World by Reaſon of his Pride, and that his Adorers themſelves would have eaten him up with a very good will, if they might have had but the permiſſion given them; He ſaw that he ſubſiſted not, but by his favour which he abuſed ſo baſely. He reſolved to pick a quarrell with him, and asked him inſtantly, What might a Great King do, that would honour a Favourite to the higheſt Point? *Haman* thinking that that Queſtion was not made but in favour, and Conſideration of him, Anſwers with an Immeaſurable Impudence, That to honour worthily a Favourite, and to ſhew in his Perſon what a great Maſter can do that Loves with Paſſion, He muſt clothe him with his Royall Cloak, put the Kings Diadem upon his Head, ſet him upon his own Horſe, and command the greateſt Prince of the Court to hold his Stirrop and his Bridle, and lead him through all places of the City, and to Cauſe an Herald to Proclaime before him, That it is thus that *Ahaſuerus* honoureth his Favourites.

The Prince was aſtoniſhed at this Inſolence, and to make him burſt with ſpite, ſaid to him, that his Opinion was very good, and therefore he commanded him to render all thoſe honours preſently to *Mordecai* the Jew that was at the Palace Gate. This Divel of Pride was ſeized with ſo great an amazement at that Speech, that he had not ſo much as one word in his mouth to Reply; and as he was Vainglorious and Inſupportable in his Proſperity, ſo there was nothing more Amated or more Baſe in Adverſity. He extreamly racks his ſpirit to diſſemble his diſcontent; The fear of Death and Puniſhments due to his Crimes, if he did reſiſt the Pleaſure of the King, made him ſwallow all the bitterneſſe of that Cup.

A ſtrange thing! Poor *Mordecai* that was all naſty, covered with Sack-cloth and Aſhes, is fetched, is waſhed, is trimmed up, and clad after the faſhion of a King. *Haman* preſents himſelf to hold the Stirrop of the Horſe, and to lead him by the Bridle, while his Enemy was ſhewed in Triumph to the eyes of the whole City of Shuſhan. How much Reſiſtance do we think he made, not to accept this Honour? What thoughts came into his head, whether it was not a Trick of *Haman*, that would give him a ſhort Joy to deliver him to a long Puniſhment. He could not believe his Eyes nor his Reaſon; he thought that all this had been a Dream. In the mean while the whole City of Shuſhan beheld that great Spectacle, and could not be ſufficiently amazed at ſo extraordinary a Change.

Haman, after the Ceremony was over, returns very ſad unto his Houſe, deploring with his Wife and friends the ſad ſport of Fortune. The Confuſion of their

their troubled ſpirits ſuggeſts nothing to them but Counſels of deſpair, and they ſay, That ſince *Mordecai* hath begun, ſure he will make an end. He was very loath to go to that Feaſt of the Queens, he feared that it would prove a ſacrifice, and that he ſhould be the offering.

Heſter that ſaw that her ſport was ſpoiled if he was not preſent, cauſed him ſecretly to be engaged, and preſſed by the Eunuchs of the King, who under colour of Civility, conduct him to his finall Miſery.

He enters into the Chamber of the Feaſt: The King diſſembles all that had been done; there was nothing talked of at the firſt, but of paſſing merrily the time away; Every thing flouriſhed, every thing Laughed, but Poyſon was hid under the Laughter, and Venome under the Flowers.

At the end of their Repaſt, the King Conjures the Queen to tell him at laſt what it was that ſhe deſired of him, becauſe he was fully reſolved to divide his Crown and Sceptre with her. Then ſending forth a great ſigh, ſhe cryed,

Alas Sir, I do not ſue to your Majeſty for any of all the Honours, or the Riches of your Empire, but I deſire of you onely my own and my poore peoples Lives which ſome would overthrow, Deſtroy, and Maſſacree by an horrible and bloody Butchery. Sir, I ought no longer to diſguiſe any thing to your Majeſty; God hath made me be born of that Nation, which is given for a Prey under your Authority, and deſtin'd to the Shambels. It is me that they aime at; If they had gone about onely to make me and my People Slaves, I would have held my peace, and ſtifled my groans. But Sir, what have I done, that my Throat ſhould be cut, after I ſhall have ſeen the Bloud of my neareſt Kindred ſhed before mine Eyes, to be thrown as the laſt Sacrifice, upon a great heap of Dead Bodies, and Buried in the Ruines of my dear Countrey? Alas, Sir, ſhew us Mercy, You that are the Mildeſt of all Princes, reſtore me my ſoul, and the lives of my whole Nation.

The King entered into an Admiration of Extaſie upon theſe Words, and ſaid to the Queen,

I know not to what this Diſcourſe tends, or where the Man or the Authority is, that dares do this without my command.

Then ſhe replyes, He, to whom your Majeſty hath given your Seal, that Traytor, and perfidious *Haman*, It is he that hath cauſed bloudy Letters to be written through all the Provinces, to deliver me and my People up to Death, and know Sir, that his cruelty rebounds upon your head.

Haman quickly perceived that he was a loſt man, and the Paleneſſe of Death came at the ſame inſtant into his Face; The King riſes from the Table, and walks into the Garden, that was hard by, to chew upon his Choler.

The Queen that had put her ſelf into a Melancholy, caſts her ſelf down upon the Bed. *Haman* throwes himſelf at her feet, and as a man that is drowning, layes hold on what ere he meets with, He beſeeches her, he Urges her, he Conjures her to ſhew him Mercy, and in ſaying ſo bowed himſelf down upon the Bed, and approached very near unto her.

The King entring at the ſame time into the Chamber, and finding him in that Poſture; How (ſayes he) will he alſo violate the Queen, my Wife, in my Preſence, and in my Houſe? Let ſome body take him away. Inſtantly they come, and cover his Face as they were wont to do to thoſe that were carried away to Puniſhment, and one of the Eunuchs thought of, ſaying, That he had prepared a pair of Gallows of fifty Cubites high, for *Mordecai* the Preſerver of the Kings Life.

It is that which is his Due, (anſwered *Ahaſuerus*) and let him be hanged ſuddenly upon the Gibbet that he hath ſet up.

This was executed without delay, there being no body that was not extream joyfull of his Ruine. *Mordecai* was called to the Palace, to take his Place, and to Govern all the Houſhold of the Queen, that now acknowledged him in the preſence of the King her huſband, for her Uncle.

Heſter afterward beſeech'd the King, to command Diſpatches to be ſent through all the Provinces, to countermand, and to make void the Letters of Death which cruell *Haman* had cauſed already to be ſpread through all the Kingdome. This was found very reaſonable, and they were forthwith Expedited in theſe Termes.

Artaxerxes the Soveraign Lord and King, of all the Nations that are from India to Ethiopia, To the Princes and Governours of the ſeven and twenty Provinces of our Empire, Greeting.

Many abuſing through their Pride, the Goodneſſe of Princes, and the Honours that have been given them, do not onely endeavour to oppreſſe People, but alſo by a deteſtable Felony, to attempt upon the Life of their Benefactours, not being able to bear the Weight of the Glory, to which they are Exalted.

They are not contented to be Ingratefull for Benefits, and to Violate the Laws of Humanity, but perſwade themſelves, that, though they runne out into ſo great Crimes, they ſhall eſcape the Judgments of that Great God, from whom nothing is Concealed. Their Fury is ſo irregulated, that though they be defiled with all ſorts of Vices, they Accuſe thoſe that are Innocent, and obſerve punctually all the Juſtneſſe of their Duty, endeavouring to ruine them by the Artifices and Juglings of their Lyes. And for this they ſurpriſe the Ear of Kings, who have an Heart full of Goodneſſe and Sincerity, meaſuring thoſe that are near their Perſons by their own Diſpoſitions.

The Proof of this may be found in Antient Stories, and even in thoſe of our Dayes too, which ſhew ſufficiently how the Good Intentions of Kings, are Corrupted by the wicked Counſels of their Miniſters and Servants.

For this Reaſon we ought to give order for the Peace of our Provinces, and if we are Conſtrained to make you a Countermand, know, that it proceeds rather from the neceſſity of the Times, then from the inconſtancy of our Reſolutions.

It is neceſſary, that you ſhould underſtand that *Haman* the ſon of *Amadatha* a Macedonian by Nation and Affection, after he had been promoted by our Goodneſſe to the ſecond Place of our Kingdome, hath defiled by his Cruelty the effects of our Piety, and hath puffed himſelf up with ſo great an Arrogance, as to have dared to attempt to deprive us of our Sceptre, and of our Life. For he reſolved to cauſe *Mordecai* to Dye, to whoſe Fidelity I owe my preſervation, and to deſtroy with him *Heſter* the Companion of our Bed, and of our Sceptre with her whole Nation, by Inventions pernicious, and till this time unheard of.

He hoped by this means, that having taken away our Conſervatours, he might ſurpriſe us in a Dereliction, and tranſlate the Kingdome of the Perſians to the Macedonians.

But

But we have discovered, that the Jews destined to death by this wicked Villain, are without fault, That they use good Laws, and that they are the true Children of the most High, most Great, and Ever-living God, by whom the Empire is given and preserved to us.

And for this Reason, we make void and disannul the Letters that he hath directed to you in our Name, to cause them to be Murthered, making you to know that the Authour of the Lye hath been hanged upon the Gallowes at the Gate of Shushan, God rendering to him that which he hath deserved.

Furthermore, we Will and Ordain that the Jews live in all our Provinces according to their Law and Ceremonies, and that you assist them in bringing their Enemies to Punishment the same day that they had determined to destroy them, seeing that the God Almighty hath turned to them into Joy that day of Tears and Grief.

And since that that is Important even for our Life and Preservation, We Command that that Day be put in the number of the Feasts, that Posterity may know the Recompenses of our Faithfull Servants, and the Punishment of those that oppose our Will, and make attempt upon our State.

And if there be any Province or City that refuses to solemnize that very Day with Joyes and Chearfulnesse befitting it, we Will that it be destroyed with Fire and Sword, and that it be made inaccessible to Men and Beasts to perpetuity, to give an Example to others by the punishment of their contempt and Disobedience.

The Commands of the King were diligently executed, and the Jews Dreaded and Honoured in all places by reason of the great Credit that *Mordecai* had with the King his Master.

It seemed that the Sunne was risen a new for these people heretofore afflicted, and that Heaven powred down upon them blessings in abundance. There was nothing every where but Joyes, but Dances, but Feasts, in Testimony of so publick an alacrity. But it is clear that *Hester* held yet somewhat of the Old Testament in the searching out of the enemies of her Nation, and in the Revenge that she caused to be exercised every where upon them that had sworne her Ruine.

Haman's House was given her, and ten of his Sons hanged to accompany the punishment of their Father. Five hundred men were slain in Shushan for having adhered to that miserable man, and through all the rest of the Cities of the Kingdome, much blood was shed on the same day that had been assigned for the Massacres of the Hebrews.

We must avow that this History is Wonderfully Tragicall, and one of the most wonderfull Revolutions of Fortune that ever arrived to Great ones, to make Posterity feare the Judgements of a God whose Hand is as weighty in the Chastisement of Crimes, as his Eye quick-sighted in the discerning of Hearts.

The SOULDIERS.

JOSHUA. JUDAS MACCABEUS.

HE must be ignorant of the chief and most visible of beauties that knowes not *Joshua*. One cannot see the Sun without remembring the great commerce that this Valourous Captain had with the King of Stars. All the World lift their eyes up to it, but none hath ever lifted his voyce as far as it, to make himself be heard, and to make himself to be obeyed. The Stars knew *Joshua* because he bore the Name of him that formed them; It is he that first gave us the fore-tasts of the name of *Jesus*, at which the Heaven, the Earth, and Hell do bend the knee.

What lovely thing had not this generous *Joshua*, seeing one cannot name him without mentioning Salvation, which is the wish and content of all men? Who would think that such a spirit had been born and bred in servitude? And yet he was *Pharaohs* slave, he was as the rest in the chain, that was at that time common to all his people. Those were very patient that could endure it, but he was far more valiant that found a means to break it.

When in his little infancy he played upon the banks of the River of Nile with the other prisoners, he then strook terrour into all its flotes, and the Angels of Egypt, knew that he should tread under his feet the pride *Pharaoh*, and carry away the spoils of that proud kingdome so many times cemented with the blood of his brethren. He did every thing by *Moses*'s orders, and *Moses* did nothing without him. If one was the eye of his people, the other was the arm; if one was the Conductour of them, the other was the Protectour. If one had the Providence, the other reserved to himself the execution which is ordinarily the most difficult piece of Prudence.

Moses lifted up his hands to Heaven, and *Joshua* his Arms upon the head of the enemies of God; the one combated with the lipps, and the other with the sword; the one poured out oyl and wine upon the Altars, the other shed the bloud of the wicked to make a sacrifice to the justice of the Sovereign Monarch.

He was inclined to war by the disposition of God himself, he received the sword as from his hands, and wore it fifty seven years alwayes in assaults, alwayes in defenses, alwayes in various encountres, and in bloody battels, for the safety and the glory of his Nation.

He hath reaped more Palms, then heaven hath stars, he made as many combats as journeyes, and gained as many victories as he gave battels. Happinesse never deliberated whether she should follow his undertakings. She was under him as a souldier in pay, and whither one carried his Standarts, the other incontinently displaied her wings to cover them. They never brake asunder, and hazard that hath often a foot so slippery, found firm ground when it was covered with the arms of *Joshua*.

He affronted Gyants that seemed to have been born onely for the terrour of Mankind. He tumbled down towers of flesh, and trod under feet Monsters that the most valiant durst not so much as look on. He took Cities whose walls and Citadels were so high that they seemed to be lost in heaven.

The Plains of Makkedah of Libnah, of Lachish, of Debir, of Hebron, of Gilgal, of Gezer, and of Jericho bear yet the seeds of his Lawrels. Eglon and Ai preserve his Trophes which are yet standing after they have seen the ruines of the Pyramids of Egypt. But Gibeon carries away the price of his victories, seeing that it was it that saw the Sun stand still upon his Conquest.

Plato and *Aristotle* that hold the heavens and the Stars, animated *Julius Firmicus* that believes them filled with sence and with prudence, would not have failed to tell us here, that it was the love and the admiration of the valour of that great Captain, that tyed the Sun by insensible chains in the middst of his firmament,

and

and that he could not endure to set before he had seen the end of that famous battell; he could see nothing amongst our Antipodes that came near this spectacle; he esteemed his Light more noble and more precious for that it had shone that very Day even upon the Valour of the most rare Man of the whole Earth.

But the Scripture teaches us, that the chief of the Luminaries of heaven stood for that time immovable, not by any understanding that it had, but by obedience that it rendred to its Creatour, seeing the Creatour himself would obey the voyce of a man. All the Militia of heaven desired to be of the Party, the Moon and the Starres waited upon their King, and would not move one step that was not troden according to his measures.

After this do we think it strange that the Rivers turned about their Passages to favour *Joshua*'s, and that the sacred Jordan was sensible of the foot-steps of a mortall man, to whom the Heavens themselves gave some veneration?

Millions of men grew pale with fear when they saw one single man with his sword in hand; The walls of Cities fell to the ground, though he did not touch them but with his eyes.

The onely presence of one *Joshua* was worth an hundred Regiments; The souldiers thought nothing impossible under him, and by him the enemies esteem'd themselves vanquished as soon as seen.

What may one say of a Generall that subdued thirty and one Kings, that brake so many Sceptres, that saw so many Crowns and Diadems at his feet? One sole Victory carried away upon a Monarch caused the Roman Captains to be seen in a Chariot of Ivory drawn by white Horses, and sometimes by Elephants and Lyons: *Sesostres* King of the Egyptians four Kings to be tyed to his Coach, for that he had conquered them in battell. But our *Joshua*, a subduer of Pride as well as men, desires no exteriour pomp to honour his deeds of valour. It sufficed him that God Triumphed in him, and would not have any other glory, but to be under the feet of him that marches upon the wings of the winds, and upon the head of Cherubins.

He was not onely a valiant Souldier, and wise Genetall, but at last the Judge and Prince of his people, Great in Arms and in Laws, and accomplished in all sort of virtues. The Israelites thinking one day that *Moses* their Conductour had been lost in the Wildernesse, desired the High-Priest *Aaron* to make them a God to supply his default; But after that *Moses* was dead, and that they beheld *Joshua* seated in his place, they desired no more any other Deity, because they perceived in him the liveliest impression that man can have of God upon the earth.

Vertues that seemed most contrary were reconciled in him, and made but one sole visage of perfection. Piety made nothing soft in his Courage, nor Courage any thing fierce in his Piety. Heigth of Spirit found that she was compatible with Meeknesse. Activenesse went the same pace with providence, and the most Illustrious of glories reposed in him under the shadow of humility. Justice in him did not offend Clemency; He imitated the living God that is mercifull even as farre as Hell. He punished Crimes with a zeal mixt with ardour and compassion; and when he caused *Achan* that sacrilegeous man to dye, at the time that his hand was stiffe to hold the ballance of Justice in an equality, he felt in his heart a tendernesse that made him give death to the culpable as a benefit, though others took it for a punishment.

But let us remember while we speak of *Joshua* that God hath covered him with the rayes of glory; to teach us, that we are constrained to cover his brave acts in silence.

To conclude, He to whom nothing was wanting but immortality, dyed as a setting Sun, animating his people with the spirit that went out of his body: and some hold that the Hebrews put upon his Tomb the figure of a Sun, as if they would say that he was amongst men that which the Sun is amongst the stars, and that there is nothing even as far as the shadow of death, that hath not kindled for him lights of Immortality.

JUDAS MACCABEVS.

WHatsoever Virtue hath of Great, whatsoever Valour hath of Generous met in the person of *Judas Maccabeus* to make a mervell of his life, and an Immortall memory of his Name.

God caused him to be born in a deplorable age, in the time that King *Antiochus* surnamed the Illustrious raised that horrible persecution against the Jews, that made the heavens to weep, and the earth to blush with bloud. It was a sport to that Barbarous man to profane holy things, and a continuall exercise to flea and roast Men, or to throw them into boyling Caldrons, without having any other crime but dying for the true Religion. The cruelty of the torments overcomes the weak, and shakes even the strongest; The Altars overturn'd upon the bleeding Priests, the children strangled in the bosome of their sighing Mothers, the flames that without distinction devoured the sacred and profane, the Houses that seemed now but dens of Beasts, presented to the world an hideous spectacle that gave more desire to dye, then courage to live.

Amidst these desolations was found a gallant old man named *Matathias*, the father of many sonnes all men of valour, who went out of Jerusalem to retire himself in the City of Modin. There he assembled all those of his family, who were followed of whatsoever remained yet of most courageous to oppose themselves against the fury of the Tyrant, and to retein the remnants of the true Piety. As soon as the infidels had heard that a little handfull of men assaid to subtract themselves from their puissance, and refused to make open profession of the Religion of the Pagans, they failed not hastily to send unto them a Lieutenant of the Kings, that summoned *Matathias* to render up himself with all his men, and to offer Incense to the Idols. But this virtuous man assembling his sons and his allies said thus unto them,

It would be to be too much in love with Life, to be willing to spare and keep it in the losse of the true Religion. I am sorry that I ever entred into the world, when I consider the time to which God hath reserv'd my age to see the disasters of my people, and the desolation of holy Jerusalem abandoned to the pillage of ra-

pinous hands, and to the prophanation of the impious. Her Temple hath been handled as the object of all reproches, and those Vessels of Glory that served for the Ministery of the Living God, hath been taken away by violence. We have seen her streets covered with dead bodies, and the little children having their throats cut upon the Carcases of their Fathers. And what Nation hath not possessed our heritages, and is not inriched with our spoils? The holinesse of the Temple hath not stayed sacrilegious hands, and so many slaves of that proud City, have not been able to preserve themselves from flames. After this, what interest can we have in life, unlesse it be to revenge the quarrell of God? I am promised all the honours and all the goods that I can reasonably hope for, If I will obey the King *Antiochus*, and range my self on the party of those that have so basely betraied their faith. But God forbid, that I should ever fall into such a prostitution of Judgment or of courage. When all those of my nation shall have conspired to forsake their Law, to obey the time, and to accommodate themselves to the Prince's will, I can answer for my self and for my children, and for my brothers, assuring my self of their Generosity that they will never do any thing that is base. Let all those that shall have a zeal to the true Religion joyn themselves to us, and know that amongst so many miseries there is nothing better, then to mark with their blood the way of Safety and of Glory, to give example to Posterity.

In the mean time the Kings Commissioners pressed every one to declare himself, and to sacrifice, whereupon a man of the people of the Jewes, whether he was frighted by the terrour of the punishments, or allured by the promise of rewards, stepped forth to sacrifice upon an Altar set up in publick, and dedicated to the false Deities, But *Matathias* having looked steddily upon him felt his heart enflamed with a violent heat of the zeal that possessed him, and running to that Apostate, killed him with his own hand, and laid him dead upon the Altar, making him serve for an offering in the place to which he came to be a Priest. He added to him also that Lieutenant of the King that commanded them to offer those sacrifices of abominations, and declared open warre to all the Infidels that would constrain them to forsake their Law.

It is a wonderfull thing to consider the power of a man in zeal that contemns his life, and is ambitious of death. This holy old man began an army with five sons that he had and a few kinsmen. He quitted the City of Modin, where he could not be the stronger, to entrench himself upon a mountain, whither those that were zealous for the defence of the antient piety arrived from all sides with their wives, their children, and their flocks; all resolved to live, or to dye with the Illustrious Maccabeans. *Matathias* seeing his army every day increase, did brave exploits of warre so that he was not contented to beat back the Infidels, but assaulted them even in their trenches, and chased them away, which gave him all liberty to demolish the prophane Altars that they had erected in many places, to cause Circumcision to be administred to little Infants, and to recover the sacred books out of the hand of the enemyes.

In fine, this valorous Captain, after many Combats, seeing his last day approch made a long oration to his children, enflaming them to the zeal of their Religion against the Tyranny of King *Antiochus*, and, after he had given them *Judas Maccabeus* for their Chief, and *Simeon* for their Counsell, blessed them, and shut up his life by a most glorious end.

Judas, that had been a good Souldier under his Father, became a great Commander amongst his brethren, and continued the design that had been traced out unto him by the virtue of their Ancestours, employing all his power to raise again the Trophies of the God of Hosts that had been thrown down by the fury of the Infidels.

I find that this great Cavalier founded his whole life upon Conscience, and Honour, which he alwayes esteemed above all that is precious in Nature and recommendable to Grace. He believed even in perfection a God Sovereignly Almighty, that hath an eye always open upon the actions of men, that is the distributour of Glory, and the Revenger of Iniquities, and held firmly that he was to be acknowledged and adored by the worship and the Ceremonies ordained in the law of his Fathers; and therefore embraced with an Incomparable ardour the true Religion, using his uttermost endeavour to practice, defend, and maintain it, to the prejudice of goods, life, honour, and of all that is esteemed dearest in the world. He yielded himself to be totally conducted by Providence, which he held to preside in all Battels, so that he measured not victories by the multitude of souldiers, by arms, by fortresses, by ammunitions of warre, but assured himself that there was a secret Providence from above, that made all the happinesse and misery of men.

From thence it came that he had a wonderfull confidence in the Divine Protection, believing himself to be beloved of God, whom he loved reciprocally more by sincerity of affection, then by exteriour Pomp; He never went to fight but he fore-armed himself with strong and ardent prayers, he never undertook to give battell, but he exhorted his men to implore the assistance of God upon their Arms.

He also shewed himself very sensible of the favours of Heaven, and desired that God should first of all triumph in all the good successes that accompanied his Standards; which he expressed visibly, when, having defeated the Generals of King *Antiochus* in manifold assaults, and gotten a little rest to his dear countrey; he took a pressing care to cause the Temple to be repaired and cleansed, that had been horribly profaned by the Infidels.

It was an incomparable joy to all the people, when after so many desolations that had preceded, he celebrated a Triumphant Dedication, by which he caused the hopes of his Nation to reflourish. His cares extended even beyond the World wherein we live, and one may well affirm, that he was the first of the Antient Fathers of the Old Testament, that expressed more openly the charitable offices that ought to be rendred to the souls of the Deceased. This manifestly appears in an encounter which he had with *Gorgias* Generall of the Army of the Enemy, in which he lost some Souldiers, and when he came to visit the field of battell to view the Dead, and to cause them to be carried to the Sepulchre of their Fathers, he found that some amongst them had in their clothes certain pieces of the offerings presented to the Idols, thinking perhaps that it was lawfull for them to accommodate themselves with it for their use, though in effect the Law forbad it. This gave a shock at first unto his conscience that was very delicate, and he deplored the unhappinesse of those forsaken people, that had loaded themselves with profane Booties, yet when he thought that that befell them more for want of consideration, and by the hope of some little gain, then by any consent that they had given to Idolatry, he sent twelve thousand Drachmes into Jerusalem, to cause Sacrifices to be offered for the rest of their Souls.

This made him to be honoured with very particular favours of heaven; for he hath been sometimes seen in a combat environed with celestiall virtues that watched for his protection, and filled his enemies with terror. His very

very dreams were not without a myſtery, witneſſe that which ſhewed him the Prophet *Jeremy*, and the high Prieſt *Onias*, who prayed before the face of God for the ſafety of the People; the former of which two put into his hand a guilded ſword, telling him that it was that wherewith he ſhould bring down to the earth the enemies of his Religion.

The great love that he had for God reflected it ſelf continually towards his neighbour, on whom he contemplated the image of the firſt beauty. He bore in his heart all that were afflicted, and burned with a moſt ardent love for the good of his dear countrey. The zeal of Juſtice poſſeſſed his ſoul, and he had no greater delights in the world, then to ſuccour widows, orphans, and all neceſſitous perſons. They ran to him as to their true Father; they ranged themſelves under the ſhadow of his virtue, and found there a refreſhment in their moſt parching heats. His converſation was ſweet, his ſpeech affable, his manners without avarice. He never ſold his Protection, nor made any Traffick of his Valour. He knew not what it was to buy his neighbours lands, to build palaces, to plant orchards, to make gardens, and to heap up treaſures. He was rich for the poor, and poor for himſelf, living as a man untyed from all things elſe, and faſtned to virtue alone by an indiſſoluble knot of duty.

His Temperance paſſed even to admiration, ſo greatly did he contemne thoſe pleaſures and delights that others regard as their chief felicity. He never dreamed of cauſing the beautifull women-priſoners to be preſerved for himſelf, becauſe he was skilfull in the trade of defending Ladies honours rather then aſſaulting them. He never had any Miſtreſſe, being perpetually Maſter of himſelf, and one ſhall have work enough to find out his wives name; it is not read that he had any other children but Virtues and Victories. He lived as an Eſſean eſtranged from all the pleaſures of the fleſh, and taſted no other contentment in the world, then to do great actions. He never enterpriſed the warre againſt King *Antiochus* to make himſelf great, and to reign, but for the pure love of his Religion and dear countrey.

Traytours and corrupted ſpirits blame him for having taken up arms, ſaying, That it behoved them rather to ſuffer the Deſtinies then to make them. That it behoved them to obey the Powers that God had ſet over their heads. That it was a great raſhneſſe to think to reſiſt the forces of all Aſia with a little handfull of ſouldiers; that it could not chuſe but provoke the conquerours, and draw upon the vanquiſhed a deluge of calamities.

The world hath been full in all times of certain condeſcending Philoſophers, who accommodate themſelves to every thing that they may not diſaccommodate themſelves for virtue. They care not what viſage is given to Piety, ſo that they find therein their own advantages. By how much the more mens ſpirits are refined to ſearch out reaſons to colour the toleration of vices, by ſo much the more their courages are weakned, and neglect to maintain themſelves in duty. There are ſome that had rather lie ſtill in the dirt then take the pains to ariſe out of it.

Judas conſidered that King *Antiochus* was not contented with having brought the Jews to a common ſervitude, but would overthrow all their Laws, and aboliſh entirely their Religion. He did not believe that it was lawfull for him to abandon cowardly the intereſts of God. He thought that there are times wherein one ought rather deſtroy ones ſelf with courage, then preſerve ones ſelf with ſluggiſhneſſe. He looked not ſo much upon his ſtrength as upon his duty. He perſwaded himſelf that a good Cauſe cannot be forſaken of God, and that we ought to eſſay to ſerve him, applying our wills to his orders, and leaving all the ſucceſſe of our works to his diſpoſall.

This great zeal that he had of Juſtice was accompanied with a well tempered prudence. As he never let looſe himſelf in that which was abſolutely of the Law, ſo did he never uſe to rack himſelf by unprofitable ſcruples that are ordinary enough to thoſe that are zealous through indiſcretion. Some of his Nation ſhewed themſelves ſo ſuperſtitious, that being aſſaulted by their enemies on the Satturday, they let their throats be cut, as ſheep, without the leaſt reſiſtance, for fear of violating the Sabbath if they ſhould put themſelves upon a defence. *Judas* following the example of his father *Matathias* took away that errour, which tended to the generall deſolation of his countrey, and ſhewed by lively reaſons, that God who hath obliged us to the preſervation of our ſelves by the Law of Nature, had never ſuch an intention as to give us for a prey to our enemies by an indiſcreet ſuperſtition. That it was a good work to defend the Altars and ones countrey againſt the Infidels, and that it was not to break the Sabboth, but rather to ſanctifie it.

Following theſe pathes, he was the firſt of all the Jews that made a League with the Romans, which hath ſeemed a little harſh to *Rupertus* and ſome other Divines. But we muſt conſider what Saint *Paul* ſaith, *That if all commerce with the Gentiles had been forbidden to the Jews, and to the firſt Chriſtians, they ſhould have been conſtrained rather to go out of the world then converſe in it.* Never did this great Captain in his moſt preſſing neceſſities cauſe the Roman ſouldiers to come into Paleſtine, fearing leſt their approach might bring ſome damage and profanation to an Holy Land. But foraſmuch as he ſaw himſelf environed all round with Kings that bowed under the puiſſance of the Roman Empire, he thought that it would be convenient to endeavour to gain their friendſhip to obtain more eaſily Juſtice againſt the oppreſſions of his neighbours. He employed the power of the Infidels not to torment the faithfull but to ruine infidelity. He ſought to thoſe into whoſe hands God had put the Power to have the exerciſe of it to the glory of him that had communicated it to them; this was not a crime, but a moſt exquiſite piece of prudence.

The falſe high Prieſt *Alcimus*, *Judas*'s adverſary, did not uſe the matter ſo, who cauſed the Armies of *Antiochus* to come to the deſtruction of the Altars and to the maſſacre of his brethren, which cauſed him to be ſmitten with a ſtroak from heaven, and rendred him execrable to the memory of men.

But we muſt acknowledge that of all the great qualities that hath ſhined in this ſo famous man, Valour hath alwayes held one of the upper ranks. He was made for Military virtue, and furniſhed with all the neceſſary conditions that make Generalls of Armies and Conquerours. An elevated birth, an happy beginning that he had made under his father, ſcience of Warre, Authority, Happineſſe, Vigilancy, Activeneſſe, Boldneſſe, Government, and whatſoever is beſt in the profeſſion of Arms, had contributed to make of him the wonder of his age. He was a Lion's heart, that found ſecurity in dangers, and would not have even Crowns themſelves, if he did not pluck them out of the midſt of thorns. One cannot read without admiration the two books of the *Maccabees*, in conſidering the great progreſſes that he made in ſo little time, and ſo many various encounters. In the ſpace of ſix years he ſuſtained the great and prodigious

forces of three Kings of Asia, opposing himself with a little flying Camp against Armies of fourty, sixty, an hundred thousand men, which he put into disorder and confusion. He defeated in ranged battels and in divers combats, nine Generalls of the Infidels, killing some with his own hand, and carrying away their spoils.

The first amongst them was *Apollonius*, who was of an high repute in *Antiochus* his Reign, because that he had been employed in the principall businesses of the Realm, treating with the Romans and the Egyptians for his Master. It is the very same that entred into Jerusalem with an army of two and twenty thousand men, and under pretence of Peace made there an horrible spoil. Assoon as he had heard that *Judas Maccabeus* had put himself into the field with a strength very little considerable, he thought that being Governour of Syria, and of Phenicia, and at that time upon the place, the businesse concerned him above all others: and therefore he collects together great troops to stop the progresse of the Jews, and to succeed with all security. But the valorous *Maccabeus* prevented him so vigorously, that he had not the leasure well to bethink himself: he gave him battle, wherein his men, seeing the assaults of the faithfull people that seemed the assaults of giants, began to stagger. Whatsoever pains he took to rally them, fear had so farre gained upon them, that they destroyed themselves for fear of being destroyed. *Judas*, by *Joseph Gorians* report, made that day the heads of his enemies to fall under his cuttle-ax as fast as the ears of corn fall under the hook of the reaper. He chose *Apollonius* out of the middle of his best souldiers and ran to him, challenging him to a duel, in which the other was overcom in the sight of a trembling army, and *Judas* took away his sword which he used the rest of his dayes in so many glorious combats.

Seron that was Lieutenant under *Apollonius*, pushed on with vengeance and with glory that made him long since seek out an occasion to make himself renowned, thinking that *Apollonius* his defeat was but a stroke of Fortune, and that he should quickly bring *Judas* into good order, rallyed all his forces, increasing his army as much as possibly he could; which gave at first a great terrour to the Hebrews, seeing that the heads of that *Hydra* which they thought had been cut off pushed forth so suddenly. They had journied and fasted the very day of the combat, and seemed all discouraged, but *Judas* exhorted them with an ardent speech that put fire and spirit into all his Army. It fell so opportunely upon the enemy, that *Seron* thought he had to do rather with hungry wolves then men; and although he came with a great deal of bravery to the encountre, he quickly perceived that he had sung the Triumph before the Victory, and had very much ado to retire with a whole skin, contenting himself to run away after he had had the hope of conquering.

Lysias, that was the Almighty under King *Antiochus*, grew mad to see himself out-braved by so small an army of men, contemptible, and knew not what account to give the King his Master, to whom he had promised to root out the remainders of the Jewish people, so that there should not be any memory of them left behind. He chose on divers occasions three of the best Generalls of all the Armies, which were *Ptolomy*, *Gorgias*, and *Nicanor*. *Ptolomy* made not any great brags; *Gorgias* was vain enough to promise himself the victory, and perswaded himself that he was very dreadfull. But *Judas*, though he had then but three thousand men badly armed, defeated him, and took his camp which was filled with great riches; which gave a great temptation to the Jewish Army that desired nothing but readily to throw themselves upon the booty. Yet their Conductour that knew the art of Warre, and that many busying themselves about the spoils had lost their honour and their life, gave a strict command that they should not touch that prey of the Infidels before the defeat was perfected, and thereupon set himself to pursue his enemies that were in a disorder, and after he had killed a good number of them, put the rest to flight.

Nicanor that was the third of those Generalls, after he had experimented the valour of *Judas* with the losse of his men, resolved not to commit his reputation to the incertainty of combats, but put off the Lions skin to take the Foxes, endeavouring to surprise *Judas* by treachery, seeing that he was impregnable by force. He made as though he sued to him for Peace, and under colour of friendship to draw him to a parley, wherein he had a design to seize upon him, thinking that it was the shortest way to end the Warre. But *Judas* took good order for the security of his person, and diverted that wicked design that the other had upon him. The Agreement that was esteemed a meer dissembling failed not to succeed: the two Generalls saw each other, and having promised faithfulnesse to one another, *Nicanor* entred into Jerusalem, and expressed much cordialnesse to the *Maccabean*, whether he was taken with the admiration of his virtues, and the charms of his conversation, or that he employed all those caresses to deceive him; Yet they were so visible, that they gave a jealousie to the King by the reports of some ill tongues, that rendred the familiarity of *Judas* and *Nicanor* suspected to the State. He was constrained to take a journey to the Court to justifie himself thereon, and was dismissed with an expresse command to send the *Maccabean* bound in chains unto the city of Antioch, if he would that his justifications should be believed. He returned then into Judea continuing alwayes his impostures, but *Judas* having been advertised of it, distrusted him, and left Jerusalem to retire himself unto Samaria. *Nicanor* caused the Priests to be summoned, to deliver him up alive or dead, and in case they did refuse, he threatned to profane the Temple, and to make a dedication of it to the false Deities. The Priests having protested to him that it was not in their power, since *Judas* had forsooke their city, he retired with an intention to make an exact inquest after him, and to carry him prisoner to the King.

But he seeing that the danger was very great, stifned his courage, and resolved himself rather to die like a gallant man, then to let himself be taken like a sitstill. He disposed his whole army by extraordinary devotions and exhortations that were all of fire, as being to enterprize one of the most important combats. *Nicanor* caused his troops to march who were of a great number, and concluded to give battle on a Saturday, believing that the day of Rest would make him a better market of the enemies bloud. He had in his Army some Jews that followed him, either by a voluntary Apostacy, or by necessity, that at that time advertised him that he would do well to deferre the day of so dangerous a battle, by reason that it was dedicated to Rest. But he demanded thereupon who he was that had ordained that day of Sabbath to countenance their sloth? They answered him, that it was the God of heaven that had destined it for his glory; whereto he replyed, That that God of heaven should content himself to make Laws in his own Dominion, but that he, that was the Almighty here on earth, commanded them to march for the businesse of the King. He was carried away with choler and precipitation, which are

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two very dangerous rocks in the beginning of a battle, beſides the vengeance of God purſued him as the chief of all blaſphemers. He fought ſo ill, that having been defeated by *Judas*, he left thirty and five thouſand dead upon the place, whoſe number he augmented, finding himſelf involved in the common miſery. The Conquerour cauſed his body to be ſought out, and commanded that his head ſhould be cut off, and the hand that he had ſtretched out againſt the Altars, ordering them to be hanged up in very remarkable places to be beheld by all the world: the Tongue that had blaſphemed againſt God was plucked out of his palate, and given for a prey to the birds of rapine. Such was the end of that blaſphemer, who hath made us ſee, that a man never deſpiſes God in his life, but he experiments the arrows of his vengeance at his death. He ſhould make a long diſcourſe that would follow in the trace all the valorous acts of *Judas*. I content my ſelf, my Reader, to ſet before your eyes all that is moſt illuſtrious, and to make you ſee how God fought for *Judas* and his brethren under the Reign of ſix Kings, with whom they had great buſineſſe to ſcuffle for.

The firſt and the moſt capitall of their enemies was that *Antiochus* ſurnamed the *Illuſtrious*, who was a factious ſpirit, turbulent, and enraged, that had undertaken to deſtroy the whole Nation of the Jews, becauſe they had rejoyced at the preſages of his death. One onely expedition that he made unto Jeruſalem to revenge himſelf, coſt the liberty or the life of fourſcore thouſand ſouls, the entire deſolation of the Temple, pillaged, ranſacked, and profaned even ſo farre, as that there was ſeen in it a Statue of *Jupiter Olympian* upon the Altar. After all theſe diſaſtres he left *Lyſias* his Lieutenant to extirpate the remainders of the Jewiſh people, and drew away to the coaſts of Perſia to make ſome new pillages. It was a King that *Daniel* calls the Impudent, becauſe he had neither God, nor Conſcience, nor Faith, nor Government, alwayes carried away by an impetuous flux of his own paſſions that transfigured him into the ſavageſt of all beaſts.

After a Reign of twelve years he finiſhed his life by a moſt horrible end, which made it viſible enough that God combated for his *Macchabe*, and for all the faithfull people. The Scripture ſaith, That that wicked man that often paſſed from profuſion to neceſſity without ever ſeparating himſelf from an inſatiable avarice, having heard that there was a Temple very rich in the city of Perſepolis, and that was filled with gold and ſilver, and all the moſt exquiſite rarities that *Alexander* the Great had left there, reſolved to take the City, and pillage the Temple, as he had done that of Jeruſalem: But the inhabitants having had intelligence of his deſign beat him back with much confuſion and great loſſe of his men, in the ruine of which he ſaw himſelf almoſt overwhelmed.

As he returned from that voyage in a very ſhamefull diſorder, he heard of the great ſucceſſes of our Macchabee, and of the routing of the Lieutenants, and of the forces that he had left behind him in Judea. This news arriving at a croſſe time ſtruck him upon his wounds, and pierced him to the heart with a lively and pricking grief. He fumed againſt heaven, he deteſted his fortune and his life, and ſwore that he would make no more of Jeruſalem but a common tomb of all the inhabitants of the City.

He haſtned with great marches for that effect, and was ſmitten with a ſtroke from heaven as inviſible as it was afterward uncureable. He that had plucked out the bowels of ſo many innocents felt himſelf tormented with a furious collick, and with a multitude of infernall pains, that in a moment deprived him of his appetite, of his reſt, and of all the joyes of life; and as evils ordinarily enough come upon the neck of one another, it happened that whiles he cauſed himſelf to be drawn in his caroch with too much precipitation, he fell, and got a wound by that fall, wherein corruption and worms ſuddenly aroſe that infeſted that miſerable body after a ſtrange manner. The ſtink of it was ſo great that all the army ſented the infection of it, and he himſelf had very much ado to endure himſelf.

Sometimes he entred into great choler that made him vomit out execrable blaſphemies, ſometimes he ſuffered himſelf to be carried away by lamentations unſeemly to his dignity, deploring the loſſe of that eſtate which was ſo beautifull, ſo ſtately, ſo triumphant, filled with honours, with health, with contentments and delights. Sometimes he paſſed into black affrights, and felt ſtinging remorſes for his life paſt, ſaying, that all his miſery came from having profaned the Temple of Jeruſalem, and made ſo bloudy a butchery of that poor people; that he perceived at preſent, that there was a ſovereign power in heaven to whom all Kings do owe obedience, and that it is an unmeaſureable folly for men to equall themſelves with God. Furthermore, he proteſted, that if he recovered his health, he would make reparation for all his faults by an extraordinary piety, filling with riches the Temple that he had pillaged, and uſing the Jews with all courteſies, and all liberalities poſſible for a great King; adding to all this, that he would make profeſſion of the Jews Religion, and would become a ſervant of the true God. This wicked man had his mouth open to ſorrows, and to vows, but God had no ears for him, and it was in vain to ſeek for mercy after he had ſo many times deſpiſed it. At laſt he rendred up his criminall ſoul after a Reign of twelve years, to ſuffer an eternity of puniſhments.

One may obſerve in many Hiſtories, that ſome very bloudy Tyrants have not ended by the ſword, but that God hath laid his hand upon them by ſome ſtrange malady and viſible ſtrokes, that have made them die ſlowly, and rendred them ſpectatours of their own diſhonour, and of their own funeralls. So died *Herod*, and *Tyberius*, *Alcimus*, *Copronymus*, and *Leo*.

This miſerable King left a ſonne behind him of a very ſmall age, named *Antiochus Eupator*, who was afſoon ſucceſſour of his fathers miſerie as of his Empire. It is a pitifull thing that the children of Sovereign Princes that are born ſo great ſhould not alwaies be born free. Many are like thoſe creatures that bear purple, pearls, and muſk; all that they have of Rich is the cauſe of their deſtruction; men ceaſe not to torment them, and to hunt after them, and if they love them it is onely to have their ſpoils. *Eupator* for that he was born a King became a ſlave to two of his fathers ſervants that contended for the Regency, and fell together by the ears to poſſeſſe that unfortunate pupill. It is true that *Antiochus* when he was dying in a ſtrange countrey, called *Philip* one of his great favourites, and gave him the diadem, the purple royall, and the ring to carry to his ſonne, and recommended him to him as in quality of a Tutour. But *Lyſias* that had bred up this young Prince from his tender infancy, and held him yet under his government, thought himſelf to be in a good poſſeſſion, and would by no means give it up.

He put off now that countenance of Governour which bare by neceſſity of duty ſome lineaments of ſeverity, and took one of a principall Officer of State, full of attractions and complacency towards his King, who eſteemed himſelf very happy that he was got out of his Wardſhip, and had his liberty. He

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gained him to him by the taſte he gave him of his greatneſſe and delights, accompanied with a thouſand fair promiſes to make him live the moſt contented and the moſt triumphant Monarch under heaven.

Eupator that found his words true in that manner of life which *Lyſias* let him leade, and who durſt not anger him, imagining him yet to be his Maſter, ſhewed himſelf entirely for him, rejecting the pretenſions of his adverſary. And that which aided more yet this deſign, was, that the Army of *Antiochus* that ſeemed ſhould have upheld *Philips* party was found weak, after it had been evill entreated in a long and tedious voyage. But *Lyſias* had great forces on foot in Paleſtine, Phenicia, and Syria, who yielded themſelves to his diſpoſall, ſeeing that the young King declared himſelf openly for him. His competitour then began to flatter, conſidering him guarded both with favour and with force; but he ceaſed not to foment his ambitions which made on that occaſion a great havock.

The new Regent, whether through the hatred that he had againſt the Jews, or whether through the deſire that came to him of giving luſtre to the Arms of his young Prince, or whether he was moved to it by the complaints that ordinarily did beat upon his ears about the incurſions and progreſſes of the Macchabe, made a great preparation of warre, and came to fall into Judea. His Army was compoſed of an hundred thouſand foot, twenty thouſand horſe, two and thirty well train'd elephants that were diſtributed into divers legions, and carried wodden towers with great engines upon their backs. Thirty women combated upon them, and about them marched five hundred Cavaliers with a thouſand foot-men.

Judas had the hardineſſe to get him out of the fortreſſe wherein he was to go and view them, and to oppoſe himſelf againſt their deſigns. But aſſoon as he was perceived, the adverſe Army ranged themſelves into a Battalia in the preſence of the young King, who was very early up that day, beginning to reliſh the trade of warre with ſome alacrity. The trumpets began to ſound, and the legions inſtantly were ſpread over the mountains and over the vallies all round about Jeruſalem with ſuch a pomp, as that the earth trembled under the burden of the arms and of the engines of ſo great a train of men of warre. They provoked then their elephants to fight by ſhewing them the juice of grapes and mulberies ſqueezed out. Nothing was heard but ſhouts of ſouldiers, but neighing of horſes, but claſhings of lances and of ſwords, and juſt at the break of day as the Sunne appeared in the Horizon, the guilded bucklers caſt out ſo great a light that all the neighbouring mountains ſeemed to be filled with burning torches.

It is a prodigious thing that the great heart of the Macchabee ſhould march in the head of his army and begin to charge the enemy, which he dealt roughly with, killing at firſt five hundred men of the Kings van-guard without any loſſe of his. But that which ſeemed moſt fearfull, was, that *Eleazer* a Jewiſh Captain, having perceived an elephant wel armed and pompouſly adorned above the reſt, imagined that the King *Eupator* combated upon it, and was pricked forward with a generous glory to aſſault and overthrow him. He paſſed through all the ranks of the army of the Infidels that were oppoſed againſt him, and arriv'd even to that terrible beaſt, under which he ſlipt himſelf, and pierced it with his ſword, but finding himſelf cooped in by the multitude of men that were about and over him, he could not make a retreat ſoon enough, but was (as S. *Ambroſe* ſaid) buried in his triumph.

Yet *Judas* having perceived the puiſſant forces of the King, ſaw well that the party was not tenable, and made an honourable retreat into Jeruſalem. *Lyſias* failed not to follow and to beſiege him in his trenches with abundance of engines of ſtone and fire. The other defended himſelf very courageouſly, reſolving rather to bury himſelf in that place then to yield it up by any ſort of baſeneſſe. The beſieged after ſome time were reduced to ſome extremity, being combated by arms, and hunger in a year of reſt, wherein the Jews, according to their cuſtome, had ſowed nothing, and were no more in hopes to gather any fruits. There was every where a very great deſolation, but (as the favours of heaven happen often to good men in the bottome of their miſeries) behold an unexpected accident, that provided farre other buſineſſe for *Lyſias* and his pupill! *Philip* took his time, and ſeeing his Rivall buſied in that Jewiſh warre, was reſolved to ruine him, and to make *Eupator* a companion of his miſery, ſeeing he had rendred himſelf the inſtrument of his will. The deceaſed King had a brother named *Demetrius*, who was at that time at Rome given in hoſtage, having not the liberty to return unto his Kingdome. *Philip* pricked with jealouſie againſt *Lyſias*, failed not to ſolicite that young Prince to ſeize upon the Empire, buſineſſes being not yet well ſettled in the Nonage of King *Eupator*. It was an injuſtice and perfidiouſneſſe againſt the ſovereign, but foraſmuch as *Antiochus* the laſt dead father of *Eupator* had hereunto ſupplanted his Nephew by the ſame artifices, *Demetrius* left not to hearken to it.

In thoſe fair hopes of the Crown, and in his captivity, he was as a bird that torments himſelf in his cage upon the arrivall of a ſpring, and burned with a ſtrong paſſion to have his diſmiſſion from the Roman Senate, to put in order, as he ſaid, the affairs of the Kingdome, and to aſſiſt the King his nephew after his fathers death. But the Romans that took pity on the pupil by reaſon of Juſtice, and that feared leſt this man would embroil the State, denyed him the liberty that he deſired. *Philip* failed not to poſſeſſe himſelf of the city of Antioch the Metropolis of the Kingdome, and to tread out the way for *Demetrius* to his Nephew's throne. There were men ſuborned that ceaſed not to ſow amongſt the ſouldiers and people, That it was not a fundamentall Law in the Kingdome of the Seleucides that the Nephew ſhould precede the uncle, and although men had a mind to introduce it, that the father of the pretended King had abrogated it, uſurping the Sceptre upon his Nephew; that one ſhould do his race no injury to render it the ſame uſage; that there was no reaſon to refuſe a Prince of four and twenty years of age, well made, full of ſpirit, of courage, and authority, to take a child that had neither ſtrength nor counſel, nor induſtry, and which was born for nothing but to ruine all. To this was added, that it was not the bloud of the Seleucides that was upon the Throne, but that *Lyſias* Reigned, and went about to render himſelf uſurper of the Crown of Aſia, which was the uttermoſt of reproaches that ſo generous a Nation could endure to ſee a man of nothing, inſolent, ſavage, to make himſelf maſter of the moſt conſiderable part of the world, and to exerciſe a tyranny upon men of honour and merit that oppoſe his pernicious deſigns.

Theſe complaints often redoubled ceaſed not to ſtirre up ſpirits, and to procure the change of State that followed. *Lyſias* ſaw well that it was not now a time to be obſtinate on the ruine of the Jews, nor to buſie himſelf about the ſiege of one place, when the whole Realm was a tottering. He thought on nothing but on getting ſpeedily out of that warre with ſome little honour, thinking it not convenient to provoke a people, mutinous enough, in that commotion. He cauſed the young King to look upon them with a quite

quite other countenance, and told him that it was beſt to let them live in peace, without diſturbing them in the matter of Religion, aſſuring him that in all other caſes they would contain themſelves within their duty, and that good ſervices enough might be drawn from them. Yet that he might not diſcover any lightneſſe in this change, he laid all the fault upon *Menelaus* that was an Apoſtate Jew, and an enemy of his Nation, who, he ſaid, had been the cauſe of all the confuſion by his railing ſpeeches; and therefore he made him ſerve for a ſacrifice to that treaty of Peace; in which he ſingularly obliged the Jews, and waſhed away the blot that the favour expreſſed by him to this wicked villain had printed upon his face. He ſhewed by this action the counſel that Politicians give their Sovereigns, to abandon thoſe to the publick hatred that have carried them to reproachable exceſſes, to disburden themſelves of the envy; and if he had practiſed this example towards him that then made himſelf the teacher of it, his Sceptre had been more ſecured, and his life moſt laſting.

Lyſias, before he raiſed the ſiege of Jeruſalem, made an Oration publickly before the Principals of the Army and all the ſouldiery, alledging fair pretenſes for that reſolution, but taking great heed not to diſcover the chief cauſe, for fear leſt that news ſhould wave the minds of thoſe that inclined enough already to the ſide of novelty and ſedition. He uſed a wonderfull diligence to render himſelf before the city of Antioch, into which he entred, and *Philip*, who found not himſelf yet ſtrong enough to hold out a long ſiege, quitted to him the place, and fled away to Egypt. This firſt ſucceſſe puffed up the heart of *Lyſias*, who became exceeding haughty, and conſidered ſo little the Romans in that high puiſſance that made the earth to tremble, that he permitted an Embaſſadour, ſent to him by the Senate, to be aſſaſſinated, without ſhewing any reaſon.

In the mean time, one *Diodorus* that had bred up *Demetrius* in his infancy, tranſported himſelf from Syria to Rome, and animated him by a great vigour of words and reaſons, to render himſelf an uſurper of the Crown. He certified him that his Nephew *Eupator*, which was a child but nine years old, was not any whit conſidered; that *Lyſias* was the object of the publick execration, that he had confidence in no body, nor any one in him; that all the ſouldiery and people ſought a new Maſter, and that he was aſſured, that if he did onely ſhew himſelf, though he ſhould be followed but with one ſervant onely, all the world would run to him to carry him to the throne. He kindled ſo ſtrongly the ambition of that young Prince, that he ſecretly ſtole away from Rome, and made account to go to the conqueſt of an Empire, accompanied onely with eight perſons. He failed not upon the way to write to the Senate of Rome, making great excuſes for his ſo ſudden a departure, renewing the offers of his ſervices, and the oaths of his fidelity, with a proteſtation that he went not to trouble his Nephew, but to oppoſe *Lyſias* that was an inſolent fellow, and would bring under the ſubjection of his tyranny both the King and Kingdome; he forgat not to charge him with the murder of *Octavius* a Roman Embaſſadour, that had been newly ſlain, adding that he would become the revenger of ſo cowardly a treachery.

The Romans ſeemed neither to be aſtoniſhed nor angry at his going but attended the ſucceſſe of his affairs to make him anſwer. He quickly got as farre as the city of Tyre, and ſent ſecretly *Diodorus* into Antioch to hear the reports, and ſound the ſpirits of men, which he found very much diſpoſed to a change.

Whereupon *Demetrius* declar'd himſelf, and took the Diadem with a generall applauſe of the Tyrians that made a great faction for him. *Lyſias* with his *Eupator* found himſelf much ſurpriſed at the news, and deliberated a long time whether he ſhould go out of that narrow paſſage to meet and fight with him, or intrench himſelf in the city of Antioch, or expect him with ſure footing. This laſt advice ſeemed the more ſecure, but it was leſſe glorious, ſuddenly to ſhut himſelf up upon the firſt brute of a ſedition, and as a fearfull creature to run into his hole to hide himſelf. It was repreſented to him, That the ſovereign remedy againſt thoſe tumults, was to flie ſpeedily to them, whereas delay would ſerve for nothing but to augment the boldneſſe of the inſolent; that ordinarily they were very much amated when they were ſet upon with vigour, before their conſpiracy was ſettled; that many that were yet but half engaged would retire from them at the leaſt rumour; that the Majeſty of Kings bore ſomething of great and ſacred that aſtoniſhed the Rebels. In fine, that it appertained to the dignity of ſo high a Prince, and to the prudence of a Miniſter of State, to endure nothing baſe, but to put themſelves ſuddenly into the field to defend their honour and their Kingdome, which are two things whoſe loſſe is irrecoverable.

Thoſe that deſired moſt the ruine of *Lyſias* were the firſt to flatter him concerning Courage and Generoſity, wiſhing nothing more then to ſee him in the field. This made him go out of Antioch to go meet *Demetrius*. But he that had ſeen himſelf ſo well accompanied in proſperity, found himſelf almoſt all alone in danger, for he was betrayed and ſold by his own ſouldiers, who ſeized upon the young King and him, to deliver them to *Demetrius* who was yet in a great uncertainty of ſucceſſe, and ſaid to thoſe that had elected him.

Companions, I am your work, and the queſtion of my life, of your honour, of your goods, and of all that a mortall man can fear, or hope for, is this day to be decided. If ye perſiſt in the good will ye bear to me, I eſteem my ſelf ſufficiently and ſufficiently rich. The Sceptre is nothing to me in compariſon of the approbation of your judgements and of your choice, which ought now to be verified by your courage and by your arms: We march under the favour of the Gods of the Roman Empire, againſt a tyrant that hath poſſeſſed himſelf of that young Prince and of the Crown, to aſſaſſinate the one and rob the other. It is time either to defend Juſtice by our bloud, or to conquer the Empire by our ſweat.

As he was upon theſe diſcourſes, the news came wholly to him, that *Lyſias* had been apprehended (with his pupil) by the conſent of all the Legions, and they were to be brought to him priſoners. This grand word gave him joy mingled with ſome doubt, which made him meditate how he ſhould uſe his fortune. He ſhewed that he had a very great ſenſe of the honour that had been beſtowed upon him, but he deſired not to ſee *Lyſias* nor his Nephew (as the Scripture aſſure us) whether it was that his heart was mollified with ſome tenderneſſe by the compaſſion of his bloud, or whether it was a wile of a Politician, who would not ſeem to do that which he procured to be done, that he might have leſſe blame in that action, and that he might the more eaſily juſtifie himſelf to the Roman Senate about the death of the young King. The ſouldiers finiſhed that which he had begun, ſlew *Lyſias*, and laid their bloudy hands upon the perſon of poor *Eupator*, without having any regard either to the innocency of his life, or to the tenderneſſe of his age, or to

the character that he bore, ſo true it is that ambition is filled with a contageous venome that ſpares nothing for the ſatiating of it ſelf.

Demetrius ſaw himſelf King by a generall conſent of all the orders of the Realm, and had no more any thing to fear, unleſſe it was from the Romans the diſtributers of Empires and of Glories. And therefore he employed all his cares to appeaſe them by great ſubmiſſions and reaſons, that made them plainly ſee, that it was more for the intereſt of their State to preſerve then to deſtroy him. He ſent them for this purpoſe a ſolemne Embaſſage with great preſents, and and above all, a Crown of an high price, for a mark that he ſubmitted his Royall dignity to their diſcretion. Further yet, to teſtifie how he embraced their loves and their revenges, he cauſed *Leptines* and *Iſocrates* the Gramarian to be put in chains, that were accuſed to have had an hand in the murdering of *Octavius* their Embaſſadour, and ſent them away to Rome, to receive the ſentence of the Senate. The Roman reliſhed well all thoſe references, and confirmed the new King in his pretenſions upon the proteſtations that he made that he was not ſtained with his Nephews bloud, whom he ſaid to have been taken away by the misfortune of a Sedition raiſed againſt him, without having any means to ſave himſelf; and if he had not made a ſearch after the crime, he excuſed himſelf by the generality of the culpable, as being a thing ordinary enough, that ſins that have an infinite multitude of complices have not any puniſhment.

He was no ſooner upon the Throne but he ſaw himſelf involved by miſhap in a warre againſt the Maccabees. *Alcimus* that was a diſloyall Jew, and a traitour to his Nation, pricked forward by the ambition of the Pontificate; and jealous, even to rage, of the great progreſſes of *Judas*, failed not to prepoſſeſſe the ſpirit of the King, who was a man of an eaſie belief, to make black his adverſary by moſt horrible calumnies, and to intereſt all the Kingdomes of Syria to his ruine. This forger of warres and battles obtain'd all that he did deſire by deteſtable artifices, and cauſed armies to go to the ruine and deſolation of his Countrey. *Judas Maccabeus* upon this change kindled again his antient vigour, and rallied all his forces to oppoſe the Generalls of King *Demetrius*, ſo that at firſt he defeated ſome of them with a very famous rout, which more inflamed that Monarch, not being able to endure that his Arms ſhould be cryed down at the beginning of his Reign; this made him ſend into the field Army upon Army with ſo great impetuouſneſſe, that there was no more any means left to make reſiſtance.

Yet the great heart of the Maccabee could not yield, but ſailed againſt wind and tide, the thoughts of his valour making him forget thoſe of his danger. He had yet three thouſand men very reſolute fellows, with which he promiſed himſelf to continue his victories; but when *Bacchides* the Generall was ſeen appear with an army of two and twenty thouſand men, many withdrew themſelves for fear of the danger, into which the Maccabee, following the ordinary tracts of his courage, was about to precipitate them. Theſe runawayes beginning to wheel about to the other ſide, ſtole away ſo handſomely from the Army, that of three thouſand there remained but eight hundred. The Maccabee felt his heart much pierced, ſeeing himſelf forſaken of his brethren and of his friends in his greateſt need; he burned with a deſire to charge his enemies, but when he conſidered the ſmall forces he had about him, his heart bled within him. It was an evident peril to approach the enemy, and death to retire from them; divers thoughts about this combate contended in his heart, but thoſe that favoured his boldneſſe had the upper hand. Let us go (ſayes he to his men) and try our fortune; let us eſſay whether we ſhall have heart enough to encountre the army that comes againſt us. The moſt conſiderate men replyed, that they wanted not any courage, but that their ſmall appearance, would not be able to affront an army of two and twenty thouſand men with a Regiment not compleat; and that it was expedient for them to retire that day to rallie ſome new troops, and to return to the combate with hopes of greater advantages. God forbid (replyed the Maccabee) that our enemies ſhould have that contentment to ſee us turn our backs and flie before them; this is a a thing I could never yet be taught ſince I took up arms. Ha! Where is that gallantry that I have alwayes ſeen in you? Ought we to be ſo much in love with life? If our hour be come let us die valourouſly for our brethren, and let us not leave a blemiſh upon the luſtre of the honour that we have acquired.

He carries them away all by his authority, and they are already reſolved to conquer or to die. The trumpets ſounds on both ſides, the earth eccho's with the noiſe of the arms, and ſhouts of the ſouldiers. *Bacchides* cauſes his dragoons armed with arrows and with ſlings to advance, who began the skirmiſh, and lead up a great battle that endured from the morning to the evening, the one combating by number, and the other by valour. And when the Maccabee ſaw that the beſt troops were on the right point about the perſon of *Bacchides*, he reſolved to make his way thither, which he did, with a prodigious violence, making them loſe their footing, and beating them back with much confuſion. But thoſe on the left point that were yet freſh ſeeing the diſorder of their companions, came to fall upon *Judas* and upon all his troop that were extremely wearied with having laid upon the place ſo many bodies of the enemies. Theſe defended themſelves valiantly, but the multitude of thoſe that ſet upon them on all parts overwhelmed them, and the incomparable Maccabee by having received many wounds, opened as many bloudy gates to his generous ſoul to flie away into the other world.

There are neither Coloſſus's nor Pyramids that can equall the deeds of this gallant man. Never did any man fight better, or for a better Cauſe. His heart was a ſource of generous flames; his hand was the thunder it ſelf; his valour a miracle; his life an example; and his death was like to be that of his whole countrey that would have buried it ſelf in his tomb, if his brothers, *Jonathan* and *Simon* had not enlarged his conqueſts by the imitation of his proweſſe.

The good party was much weakned by the deceaſe of him that was the ſoul of his whole countrey, and it ſeemed that Judea would quickly be ſwallowed up by the great forces of King *Demetrius*: but the ſuccouring hand of the God of hoſts was not wanting to his ſervants in the extremity of ſo many miſeries. The pernicious *Alcimus* that had raiſed that whole ſtorm, when he thought himſelf to be above his hopes, was ſmitten with a ſtroke from heaven, and died ſuddenly of a ſtrange malady.

Demetrius, after a Reign of ſome years ſaw a great faction raiſed againſt him from that coaſt whence he leaſt expected it, which deprived him of his Sceptre and his life. His ſcornfull and haughty nature made him diſdain the Kings his neighbours, even ſo farre as to offend them, by wayes of words and deeds. He was alſo little affable and courteous to his Subjects that loved naturally to be careſſed of their Prince,

Prince, and although at firſt he was of an humour good enough, yet he was ſo much changed, that having built a very ſumptuous Caſtle near his capitall city, he lived there conſtantly to take his pleaſure, and let himſelf be ſeen by very few. His people of Antioch that was on the other ſide arrogant enough, were incenſed and wearied with his Reign. They began to raiſe rebellions that were fomented under hand by the Kings of Egypt, of Aſia, and of Cappadocia that diſtruſted him, and thought to find him a ſucceſſour.

He was quite aſtoniſhed when he ſaw one *Pompalus*, a young man, before that time unknown, that called himſelf the ſon of *Antiochus* the *Illuſtrious*, and brother of *Eupator*, come and demand the Kingdome of Syria, as appertaining to him by right of birth. Many Hiſtorians hold that it was a pure fiction, and that that pretended was ſuborned by the artifice of thoſe three Kings, and namely of *Ariarathes* the Cappadocian: yet ſince the Scripture names him the ſon of *Antiochus* the *Illuſtrious*, I find that it is very probable to follow that which others have written, and to ſay that that *Antiochus* had heretofore made love to a young Rhodian woman named *Bala*, on whom he had begotten this naturall ſon with his ſiſter *Laodice*. He failed not to ſhew himſelf at Rome, and to make himſelf be ſomewhat taken notice of by the practices of one *Heraclides*, a wiſe and crafty man in managing buſineſſes. The enemies of *Demetrius* embraced this occaſion to diſturb him, and carried (as much as they were able) this man to the Throne, not by reaſon of Juſtice, but becauſe they believed they ſhould have a better market for their pretenſions by making a new creature, then ſuffering any longer him they had rendred more abſolute, then they deſired he ſhould be.

It is a ſtrange thing that a man of nothing found inſtantly Cities, Armies, and a Kingdome at his devotion. It was now that *Jonathan*, the brother and ſucceſſour of *Judas*, was ſought after, and ſued to by thoſe two adverſary Kings with extreme earneſtneſſe. *Pompalus* that took the name of *Alexander*, wrote him letters full of honour, offering him the Principality and Pontificate of his Nation, qualifying him with the name of friend, and ſending him a purple Robe with a Crown of gold. *Demetrius*, whom neceſſity had rendred very courteous, made him alſo on the other ſide a thouſand fair promiſes to draw him to his party. He exempted him from all Tributes, he took away the Garriſons, he gave him places of importance by a free gift, he received the Jews to offices and governments, he reſtored all thoſe of their Nation that he held in Hoſtage, He granted them an intire Liberty in their Religion, and Policy, and Revenues alſo for the Temple, ſo that there was nothing more to be deſired.

Yet *Jonathan* would never range himſelf under his Standards, but (as injuries being yet freſh, ſmart more then old ones) the Jews choſe rather to give themſelves to the ſon of their moſt cruel perſecutour then to *Demetrius* that had taken from them their dear Maccabee, and held yet their liberty under oppreſſion. The party already made againſt that miſerable Prince fortified it ſelf every day, and although he took all the good order that his affairs ſeemed to require, yet he could not divert his unhappineſſe that dragged him to a precipice. It is true that he got the better in ſome ſmall encountres, but when the great battle that was to decide the controverſie of the Kingdome was to be given, he ſaw himſelf very much forſaken, and his enemy aſſiſted with the beſt forces of all Aſia. He failed not for all that to fight with all poſſible valour, and although his Army was ſcattered, he would never fly, but caſt himſelf in the hotteſt of the mingling, killing many of his enemies with his own hand. His horſe having taken a falſe ſtep ſlipped himſelf into a ſlough whence he could not get out; but he ſuddenly quitted him, got himſelf on foot, and made a great ſpectacle, a King covered with dirt and bloud, with his ſword in his hand, that laid about with a ſtiffe arm, and without remiſſion ſuſtained the hail of arrows that the enemy let flie upon him, ſtanding inflexible againſt all thoſe diſaſtres of his evil fortune. In fine, he would not quit his Crown but with his life, and buried himſelf in honour.

Every one bows under the happineſſe of that falſe *Alexander*; he mounts ſuddenly upon the Throne of his adverſary, where he receives the ſervices and adorations of all the world. *Philometer* the King of Egypt, that had much upheld his party, in which he ſought his own intereſts, gives him his daughter *Cleopatra* in marriage, whoſe wedding was magnificently celebrated in the city of Ptolomais, in the preſence of the two Kings, the father-in-law and the ſon-in-law, where *Jonathan* was alſo preſent that was careſſed of both the two by extraordinary favours, and managed the buſineſſes of his State with all poſſible advantages.

Alexander ſeeing himſelf in unexpected riches, and amidſt ſo many ornaments of a borrowed fortune, could not contain himſelf, but let himſelf flag in a ſluggiſh and voluptuous life, abandoning all the affairs of his Kingdome to the diſcretion of one *Ammonius*, a young brainleſſe fellow, who carried himſelf moſt inſolently, and incenſed the Queen *Laodice*, and all the Nobles of the Court in ſuch a manner, as that he was at laſt ſet upon, and ſlain in the habit of a woman which he had put on to ſecure himſelf; God thus taking vengeance of his filthy and effeminate life. The Antiochians were firſt weary of the diſſolute life of their Prince that was alwayes in the midſt of wine and women, which made them believe that he was a ſuppoſititious King that had nothing in him of generous. They began to regret *Demetrius*, whom they had ſeen die with ſo much courage, and knowing that he had left two ſons yet very young, one of which bore his fathers name, and the other was called *Antiochus Sidetes*; They invited the elder of them, giving him aſſurance that he ſhould have the Crown.

Philometor that was aſhamed of the deportments of his ſon-in-law, and that under pretence of moderation deſired nothing leſſe then to adde the Diadem of Syria to that of Egypt, well knowing that ſo many changes of Maſters make a State ſhake, and give fair advantages to thoſe that would invade them, upholds this Rebellion, forſakes *Alexander*, and by a notable affront takes away his daughter from him to give her to the young *Demetrius*. And to colour his inconſtancy, he made a Manifeſt that publiſhed, That his ſon-in-law (by an execrable diſloyalty) had made an attempt upon his Kingdome, and upon his life, which made him break the friendſhip that he had ſworn with him. Under this pretence he ſeizes on ſome places which it was eaſie for him to keep whiles he made himſelf authour of the fortune of the new King. The miſerable *Alexander* awaking out of his ſurfeits, ſaw the Egyptian and all his Subjects bandyed againſt him, and a great army that was coming to fall upon his head, which he reſiſted feebly, and quickly forſook his party going to hide himſelf in the bottomes of Arabia, where he was hunted after and entrapped by *Zabdiel* the Arabian, who cut off his head, and carried it to the King of Egypt, who contemplated it a long time with a ſpirit more then ſalvage, for which he was puniſhed of God, and dyed

three dayes after of the wounds he had received by a fall from his horſe at the defeating of his ſon-in-law.

Behold marvellous ſports of fortune, and great revolutions that ended not at this point yet. *Demetrius*, young of age and government, was not a man to ſettle a Kingdome ſhaken with ſo great concuſſions. He thought more of taking the pleaſures of Royalty then of bearing the burden of it; buſineſſes were to him as many puniſhments, and paſtime a continuall exerciſe. This was the cauſe of new factions and great ſeditions that were raiſed in his Kingdome. The Maccabees, whom he gained to his party, rendred him very good offices, although he was more ready to receive them, then liberall to reward them.

In the weakneſſe of this new Government ſtarted up the diſloyall *Tryphon*, who had been Captain of the Guard to the falſe *Alexander*, and having ſeized himſelf of a little child that his Maſter had left behind him, he had the boldneſſe to propound him for King and true Succeſſour of the Crown. When he ſaw that *Jonathan* already obliged to *Demetrius* was able to oppoſe his deſigns, and to unravel the web of his ambitions, he ſurpriſed him by a deteſtable treachery, and cauſed him to be aſſaſſinated with his children, after he had received the money that he had demanded for his ranſome.

The young King altogether aſtoniſhed at the party that was made againſt him, withdrew himſelf to the K. of Parthia, to deſire aſſiſtance of him, where it hapned, that by the calumny of his enemies, he was clapt up in an honourable priſon, as if he had come to make an attempt upon the Kingdome of his neighbour. His ſpirit, that was alwayes wanton, made love even in that captivity, and debauched a daughter of that King his hoſt, whom he was conſtrained to wed, although he was already married, and when he had ſtoln out of priſon, he was caught and brought back again to this new wife.

Tryphon knowing what had befaln him, cauſed his Pupil to be murdered by an execrable cruelty, feigning that he had been taken away by a naturall death, and took the Diadem, profeſſing himſelf to be the revenger of the Tyrant, and the lawfull King of Syria. After ſome time, the liberty of the young *Demetrius* was mediated, but his wife *Cleopatra*, that had a crafty and proud ſpirit, vext with the inconſtant loves of her husband, and wearied with his looſeneſſe, raiſed up againſt him puiſſant enemies that maſſacred him, and ſome are of opinion that ſhe her ſelf was one of the complices of that attempt, and that *Demetrius* his brother, whom ſhe married afterwards, was not innocent of it. My pen hath horrour at theſe bloudy tragedies, and paſſes over them as upon burning coals.

Antiochus Sidetes ſeeing himſelf on his brothers Throne, eagerly purſued *Tryphon*, and beſieged him in the city of Dora, where finding himſelf extremely ſtraightned, and out of all hopes of ſuccour, he killed himſelf with his own hand, and yet could not deface by his bloud the villanous ſtain of perfidiouſneſſe that remained upon him by the death of the young King.

The Conquerour perceiving himſelf above his buſineſſes, ſaw that the Maccabees, in the troubles of Syria, poſſeſſed by ſo many Kings, had made great progreſſes, would repreſſe them, and made warre againſt *Simon* that ſucceeded his brother *Jonathan*, and who was afterward aſſaſſinated at a banquet by *Ptolomy* his ſon-in-law. The King, as 'tis thought, upholding by his favour that cruel baſeneſſe, two of his ſonnes were involved in the miſery of the father, and the murderers were already diſpatched to adde to them *John Hircan* ſon of the ſame *Simon*. But he, having had intelligence of that firſt deſign, ſtood upon his guard, and governed Judea the ſpace of more then thirty years with much prudence and happineſſe; outliving a long time that laſt *Antiochus* that was ſtoned to death as he was going to pillage the Temple of *Mannea*.

Hyrcan had for Succeſſour his ſon *Ariſtobulus* who took the Diadem, and reſumed the name of King among the Jews, after a long diſcontinuation, which hapned an hundred years before the Nativity of our Lord. Thoſe of his race failed not to continue the Regall Dignity in their houſe, till that *Hyrcan* which was ſo cruelly ſpoiled and maſſacred by *Herod*, as I have ſaid in the hiſtory of *Mariamne*.

Behold how the virtue of *Judas Maccabeus* extended it ſelf through many Ages, and without thinking of it, put the Crown upon the head of thoſe that were of his family and of his name, God recompencing his Zeal and Juſtice beyond the fourth generation. I have endeavoured to make in this diſcourſe a little abridgement of that which is contained in the two books of Maccabees, and relate it to you (my Reader) in a ſtreight line, and a method clear enough, hoping that you will have content and edification to ſee the Juſtice of God reign over ſo many crowned heads, who ceaſes not to puniſh the wicked, and to render to the good, ſafety and glory for a recompence of their virtue.

GODFREY

GODFREY of Bovillon.

GEORGE CASTRIOT.

IT was not the voyce of a man, but an Oracle of the holy Spirit that Pope *Urban* the second pronounced, when he gave to the Crosier for a Deviſe, *God will have it ſo* : This ſpeech was the ſoul of all the Intentions of *Godfrey* of Bovillon, It was the But of all his Actions. God never made the prodigious effects of his power more viſibly appear then in the conduct of this moſt Illuſtrious Perſonage. It was a Captain formed in his Boſome, and inſtructed by his hand, that was to break the chains of the Chriſtians, and to pull down the pride of the Sultans.

So many other Expeditions were almoſt all ſplitted, but this of *Godfrey* bore a *God would have it ſo*, and nothing reſiſted its Good hap. Many men torment themſelves all their life-time in great deſigns that are as the Dragons, the Chimera's and armed men, that our fancy ſhapes upon the body of a Cloud. The wind drives them, the divers poſtures confound them, the Aſpects change them, and all that we behold with admiration in the Heavens falls in water upon our head, and makes morter under our feet.

How many Princes have made great preparations both of Men and Elephants, of Horſes and of Ships, of Arms and Ammunitions, out of a deſign to make great Conqueſts ! and all this hath vaniſhed for want of a *God will have it ſo*. There are certain impreſſions in great affairs which are never found without the favours of heaven. One *God will have it ſo*, will make us ſail in the Sea upon an Hurdle or upon a Tortoiſe-ſhell ; one *God will* not *have it ſo* will drown us in a well Rigged Ship.

It was a *God wills it*, that ſeized in an inſtant the ſpirit of the moſt excellent Cavaliers of Europe, to undertake a voyage into the Holy Land ; It was a *God wills it* that made them followed by innumerable multitudes of Mortals. But it was alſo a *God wills it* that made them caſt their eyes upon *Godfrey* of Bovillon, as upon the moſt valiant, the moſt happy, and the moſt able to pluck Jeruſalem out of the hands of *Saladine*.

The King of the Bees appears not more viſible in the middle of his ſwarm, then this great Captain appeared amongſt an infinite number of Cavaliers aſſembled to revenge the holy Sepulchre. There was not one onely ray of the eyes that beheld him that did not expreſſe ſome favour to his Merit ; he had as many Approvers as Spectatours, and every man ſigned him his Commiſſions even by his ſilence.

That illuſtrious blood of the Heroes that ran in his veins, that advantageous Stature that raiſed him the head above ſo many Millions of men, that face that Majeſty had choſen for her throne, that tongue that carried inſenſible chains to captivate mens hearts, that comelineſſe of the forehead that was at once modeſt and bold, that valour that was painted on all his limbs, that courage that kindled a delightfull fire in his eyes ; All the Virtues that ſeemed to march about his Perſon, and in fine, that finger of God that had imprinted on him the Character of Conquerour, made him be choſen as the firſt Moover of that wonderfull deſign.

There was nothing but his Modeſty that oppoſed the deſires of all the World, and that would make him yield to ſome other man that which every one conferred on him. But the conſideration of the publick good carried him away, and made him load upon his ſhoulders a burden that might tire the Gyants. It is true that *Hugues* the King of France his brother held the firſt rang by the highneſſe of his Houſe : but counſell, execution of great deſigns, and experience compleated in all ſorts of accidents gave to *Godfrey* the Managing of the Arms.

Our Army was found to be three hundred thouſand Foot, and an hundred thouſand Horſe, that ſeemed to carry away the Maſſe of the earth, yet the Sarazins were not diſcouraged, but aſſembled themſelves on all ſides with ſo prodigious a Multitude, that it might, as it ſeemed, equall the veins of the Abyſſe, and the ſands of the Sea-ſhore.

The controverſie was for Religion, Honour, and goods, between two Nations that aſpired to the Do-

mi-

mination of the World, and that esteemed all sharing inconsistent with their Greatnesse. The one came thither moved by their superstition, that had gained a mervellous advantage over spirits possessed by errour, and enchanted by the charmes of a false Prophet. The other was carryed by the true Religion, perswading themselves, that they had all Justice to pluck the Sepulchre of their Master out of the hands of Infidels, and that it would be an immortall Glory to them to lose their Bloud in the same place that Jesus had honoured with his.

Mans Spirit is overwhelmed with the Number of Wonders that are read in the History of this Warre. The Historians cannot follow them, and we must averr that the Brave *Godfrey* having farre surpassed the deeds of *Achilles* and of *Hector*, hath had the misfortune to want an *Homer*.

He gave more then an hundred Battels before he saw himself at the end of his design; He fought with two Nations, that seemed Furies which Hell had vomited upon the Earth, he combated with Hunger, Thirst, Sickneſſe, and all the damnable Artifices of Negromancers that opposed his Valour. The eternall snow of the Mountain Taurus, the inaccessible Rocks, the Rivers dyed with bloud, the Seas armed with Tempests and with Monsters did never abate his ardour.

He was ready to enter for the love of his Saviour into Regions where Nature is nothing but a benummed masse, where the Sun hides it self, and the night reigns without a Peer, where the most salvage Barbarisme makes us believe that it is ranged even as far as the Gates of Hell.

The City of Nicea that bore the name of victory it self, was the first that presented Palms to this our Conquerour. It was there, that *Solyman* one of the most Illustrious Generalls of the Barbarians was beaten and quite vanquished, all his Army being put into a Rout, with an exceeding Massacre, that filled Asia with the terrour of the Christian Arms. It was there that the Valiant *Godfrey* killed with his own hand a *Rabshakeh*, that braved it upon the wals of Nicea, with an immeasurable presumption of his strength. The City was wonne, and the vigorous storms of the besiegers beat down before them all the resistances of the besieged.

The proud Antioch followed quickly after, and although that *Corbanes* was come to its relieſe with innumerable troops of Parthians, Medes, Assyrians, he could not stop the current of the prosperities of this invincible Generall, but augmented by the losse of all his Legions the terrour of that victorious arm that overthrew smoaking Cities, and made in all places a deluge of the bloud of the Barbarians.

The Caliphe of Egypt that was now advanced to divert the Fatall Day of his Sect, saw himself involved in the same ruines that he thought to have repayred.

All their attempts now remained but for the City of Jerusalem, which was the Object and Desire of our heavenly Argonauts. It was assaulted and defended with a vigour that never yet had its equall. But in the end it yielded to the Armes of the Christians. It was here that the Illustrious *Godfrey* was seen to combat upon an Ingine of wood that he had caused to be raised, to enter into the City. He appeared that day, not as a Man, but as a Demi-God, all flaming in the brightnesse of his Arms, whiles the Hail of Arrows flew about his Head, and his Arm mowing the Turbans of the Sarazins made way through fire and sword. He entred first of all in bright day in the sight of the Army into Jerusalem, and pitched the the Standard of the Crosse in the place where Jesus had consecrated it with his Bloud. What Acclamations! What Congratulations! What Palms and Lawrels! The Turks fled as the pale Ghosts of Hell, and the Christians erected on all parts the Trophies of our Redeemer upon their ruines.

It was then that all the Princes proclaimed him King of the conquered Countrey, thinking that there was not any one more worthy of it, in the rest of the whole world, seeing that he had joyned to that prodigious Valour the virtues of Religion, Piety, Justice, Prudence, Liberality, Magnificence, Goodnesse, Clemency and affability.

They failed not to offer him a Royall Crown richly adorned with Pearls and precious stones, but this good Prince filled with the zeal of Devotion said, What! should I bear the name of King in the place where my Master hath been covered with Reproaches? Should I take the Sceptre in my hand, where he hath taken the Crosse upon his shoulders? Should I suffer a Crown of Gold to be put upon my head, where he hath received one of Thorns? Sure I should then hold my self for vanquished, if such a vanity should be victorious over my heart. It is God that hath inspired into us these designs, it is he that hath conducted them, and that hath Crowned them. I pretend to no other honour, then to hang all honours at the feet of his Crosse.

He contented himself with the name of Duke, and set himself presently about labouring in the Civil Government, to purge the Citie of all its Infamies, to pull down the Mosqueta's to build Churches, to give a lustre to the Clergie, to cause the Gospel to be preached, to found Hospitals, to Administer Justice, to order the Militia for the defense of his Conquest, and in a word to do all the duties of a most accomplished Monarch. But (can we speak it without a Groan?) his Reign lasted but a year, and so many fair hopes were mowed down in their flower, by the pityleſſe sythe of Death. O impenetrable secrets of Providence! There was nothing beyond Jerusalem, there was nothing beyond *Godfrey*, but God and Paradise, that could limit his designs, and bound his Conquests.

GEORGE

GEORGE CASTRIOT.

O Ye Tombs of the Grecians, whoſe Aſhes ſeem yet to exhale Valour, rejoyce now, and hide not the names you bear, for fear they ſhould ſhame Poſterity that hath degenerated from their Virtues. Brave Anceſtours! the Glory of your Nation is not yet extinguiſhed; It is raiſed again in one ſole Man, who hath recollected in his Perſon whatſoever generoſity had ſowen in ſo many Hearts, and whatſoever Honour had ſtuffed in ſo many Trophies.

I ſee in *Caſtriot* a certain object greater then *Leonidas*, and *Themiſtocles*: I ſee *Pyrrhus*, I ſee *Alexander*; and if his Enemies have been more ſtout then the Macedonians, his Valour ought not for that to ſeem the leſſe.

He was a Souldier as ſoon as he was born a Man; Nature pleaſed to engrave a Sword upon his Body, at the ſame time as ſhe inſpired Courage into his Heart.

That Stature ſo proper, that Countenance ſo filled with Majeſty, thoſe Limbs ſo ſtrong and ſo Robuſtuous, thoſe Eyes that mingle the Rainbow with the Lightning, thoſe hands that ſeem to have been made for nothing but to bear the Thunder, thoſe Feet that move not one onely ſtep that ſavours not of a King, have told betimes that which fame hath afterward related to all ages.

Little Eaglet! that beganneſt in thy moſt innocent years to play with Lightning, thou oughteſt not to have been ſo valiant, or thou oughteſt to have had a more happy Father. Shall we ſay that fortune was unjuſt, in that it prepared chains for this young virtue, when ſhe ſhould have planted Laurels? Let us rather ſay that Providence was very wiſe in that ſhe found out matter for this great Heart, that would have conſumed it ſelf in its own flames, if it had not met with ſome obſtacles to reſiſt it.

It was meet that this *Hercules* ſhould beginne to ſtrangle Serpents from his Cradle; It was meet that he ſhould be bred in the middle of his enemies to Combate from his Infancy with that which he was to abate in his riper age.

His Father *John Caſtriot*, who had little ſtrength and much miſery was conſtrained to give him for an Hoſtage to *Amurath* the Turk, to be brought up at his Gate.

Moſes now is in *Pharohs* houſe, and *Conſtantine* in *Diocleſians*, but the Path is here more dangerous, becauſe it leadeth to the ruine of Salvation, and of Honour. His proud Maſter, that loves him with a Love worſe then all the Hatred in the world, would fit him for himſelf and for his infamous pleaſures. He aims at the one by the Circumciſion that is imprinted on his fleſh by an unhappy violence, he purſues the other by ſhamefull courtings which are to the Gallant child farre bitterer then Death. He had (as 'tis reported) courage enough to take the ſword in hand againſt him, that Purſued him with nothing but with flowers; He drew blood from him, when nothing could be expected of him but Tears, and put himſelf in danger of experimenting the horribleſt Torments that the Cruelty of thoſe inhumane people could invent, rather then to deliver voluntarily his Soul to ſinne, and his Body to diſhonour. His cruell friend was aſtoniſhed at ſo brave a Reſolution, and turned the furies that he had prepared for his Innocence, into the admiration of his Valour.

The Seraglio Impoſes on him the name of *Scanderbeg*, that is the ſame as *Alexander* which he took by a good omen, to fill up therewith the whole capacity of his brave exploits. He was educated in all the exerciſes of Warre in the Academy of the Turks, where he ſucceeded with ſo much force, Art, Liking, and Approbation, that every one carried him in his eyes, every one looked on him as a ſingular prop of *Mahomets* Empire. But he bore alwayes *Jeſus* in his heart; he alwayes thought on the means that he might find to break his chain; he felt in the bottome of his moſt generous ſoul flames that burned him inceſſantly with the zeal he had to raiſe again the levelled Altars of the Chriſtians, and to deſtroy the eſtate of the *Ottomans*.

Amurath ſaw ſome ſparkles of it flying in his converſation, although he endeavoured to cover his deſign with a great prudence. The Maſter began to fear the Slave, and was affraid to nouriſh in his Court a Lyon that might be able to ſhew him one day his Teeth.

He endeavoured to deſtroy him in various encountres, making the Exceſſe of his courage contribute to the Hazard of his Perſon. A reſolute Scythian came to *Amurath*'s Court, challenging the boldeſt to fight all Naked with a Poniard in the incloſure of a perillous Circle, where, of neceſſity one muſt Dye, or Conquer. That man had carryed away already many bloody Palms, and put ſo much confidence in his ſtrength, that they were (according to his ſpeech) but the ſacrifices of Death that dared to attend the Thunder of his Arm. Every one trembled for fear, when as the valiant *Caſtriot* undertook him, and putting his Thruſt aſide with one hand, killed him with the other, with the acclamations of joy of all thoſe that envy hindred not from applauding Valour.

This Combat having not ſucceeded well for *Amurath*, he raiſes at another time a Perſian Cavalier that kept a ſtirre to fight on Horſe-back with a Lance. He was a man accompliſhed in that Trade, who with much chearfulneſſe of heart tranſported himſelf into Cities and Provinces, where he promiſed himſelf that he ſhould find Adverſaries to exerciſe his Arms, and increaſe his Reputation. He curvetted up and down in the Liſt proudly Plum'd, and his flaming Arms made him appear that day as the great Conſtellation of *Orion* amidſt the leſſer Starres.

A *David* was needfull for this *Goliah*, our young *Alexander* aſſaults him, falls upon him as an Eagle, handles him very roughly, and at length laid him on the ſand where he vomited out his ſoul and bloud, doing a ſad homage to valour by a juſt puniſhment of his raſhneſſe.

But *Amurath* that played the part of *Saul* failed not to find out ſome new occaſions to Exerciſe his *David*. He gave him all the moſt hazardous Employments of the warre, wherein he had ſtill ſo good ſucceſſe, that he changed all the Subjects of his Ruine into Trophies, and returned Crowned with Laurels even out of the Bottome of Abyſſes, and out of the throat of Lyons.

The perfidious Sultan entertained him with good words, but handled him with bad deeds. He promiſed him to reſtore him his eſtates after his Father's Death,

Death, but *John Caſtriot*'s laſt hour made it appear, that if his words were full of artifice, his promiſes were but wind.

Scanderbeg impatient to ſtay for that which ſhould never come, payes himſelf by his own hands, and ſeizes himſelf of his Kingdome of Albania, playing the crafty fellow by a Countre-Craft. The Alarm of it is in the Court, and all *Amuraths* Paſſions tend to nothing but Revenge. *Haly Baſſa* is ſent with an Army of Fourty thouſand men to diſpatch the Buſineſſe. But all his Troops are cut in pieces; and he had nothing more honourable in his Expedition then that he was conquered by the brave *Caſtriot*. *Feria* and *Muſtapha* purſue the ſame deſign with new Forces that experiment the ſame fortune.

What ſhall we ſay more of *Scanderbeg's* Greatneſſe? *Amurath* beſeeches, the Turban is humbled; that viſage of the Tyrant that was the ſame as that of Cruelty it ſelf, is mollified and takes the Lineaments of a ſupplyant, after it had born during his whole Life thoſe of Rigour. He deſires Peace, and it is denyed him, and ſues for an agreement, and is ſlighted. His arrogance being ſorely pricked vomits out nothing but whirlwinds of fire, and comes to fall before Croye the Capitall City of the Valiant *Caſtriot*, with an Army of two hundred thouſand men. The other defends himſelf with ſix thouſand. One onely place bayes that great Deluge, the Storm is ſcattered, the Siege raiſed, the ſhame of it remains on the face of the Sultan with ſo lively a Tincture, that the Shadow of death muſt paſſe over it to blot it out. He that had lived with Glory, dyes with the ſadneſſe of his Ignominy, and carries with him into the other World the unability to revenge himſelf, and an eternall deſire of vengeance.

Mahomet his ſonne, the Scourge and Terrour of the Univerſe, that overthrew two Empires, took two hundred Cities, killed twenty Millions of Men, comes to ſplit againſt the ſame Rock. Was there need of ſo much blood to write upon *Caſtriot's* Trophies the Title of Invincible?

Who would Imagine that a mortall man ſhould have gone ſo farre? who ſhould believe that thoſe exploits were the Actions of a ſlave? Truly we muſt avow, that he lent his Name to God, in all this buſineſſe, and that God lent his Arm to him. It is ſaid of him, that he never refuſed Battell, never turned his back, never was wounded but once very Lightly. He ſlew two thouſand Barbarians with his own hand, which he cleft ordinarily with his Coutelax, from the head down to the Girdle. *Mahomet* deſired to ſee that Thunder-bolt that he bore in his hands, and had it in veneration although ſo many times bedewed with his Subjects blood. He ſaw the Steel, but he never ſaw the Arm that gave it Life.

O brave *Caſtriot*! If the State of Chriſtians could have been delivered from the Tyranny of the Sultans, it ſhould have been by thy hands. We muſt now acknowledge that our wounds are irrecoverable, ſeeing that our diviſions hinder us from enjoying the ſuccour of ſo Divine an hand. The Feaver that took thee hence in the City of Liſſa, in the Climactericall of ſeven and nine, the moſt to be feared by old men, extinguiſhed all our hopes by the ſame burnings that conſumed thy Body. After thou hadſt lived the moſt Admirable of Captains, thou dyedſt like a truly Religious, melting the hearts of all thoſe that beheld thee by a moſt ſenſible Devotion. Thy victorious ſpirit ſoared up to the Palace of the Beautifull Sion, after it had performed in the Body all that was poſſible for a moſt eminent Virtue, and an Happineſſe, to which nothing was wanting but imitatours. The moſt barbarous thy Enemies have kiſſed thy Sepulchre, have Reverenced thy Aſhes, and ſhared thy Bones as the deareſt Reliques of Valour. And now thou haſt no more to do with a Tomb, ſeeing that thy Memory hath found as many Monuments, as there are Hearts in all ages.

BOUCICAUT

BOUCICAUT. BAYARD.

WE need not ſearch the Catalogue of Saints and Martyrs for a Souldier Furniſhed before God and men with great and Divine virtues. Behold one among a thouſand, I mean the brave Marſhal *Boucicaut*, who flouriſhed in France under *Charles* the Sixth. Thoſe petty *Rodomonts*, who boaſt of their Duels, but indeed meer cowardiſe varniſhed with a gloſſy colour of valour, durſt not behold this moſt excellent Cavalier, without doing that which was antiently done to the Statues of the Sunne, that is, to put finger on the mouth, and admire. For, not to mention his other acts of proweſſe, it is he who was preſent at that daring Battell which the Turkiſh Emperour *Bajazet* waged againſt the King of Hungary; the Duke of Burgundy, then called the Count of *Nevers*, with many other of the French Gentry, being there in perſon.

The Hiſtory relateth, that the Turkiſh Emperour coming to fight with dreadfull forces, began ſo furious a charge, the air being darkned with a black cloud of Arrows, that the Hungarians, who were alwayes reputed good Souldiers, being much amazed with this fierce aſſault, fled away. The French, who in all Battels had ever learned to conquer or dye, not willing to hear ſo much as the leaſt ſpeech of the name of flight, pierced into the Turkiſh army, notwithſtanding a field of Pikes and ſtakes faſtned in the earth did hinder their approch, and attended by ſome other Troops, brake the Vangard of the Turks, by the counſell and example of this brave Marſhall; whereat *Bajazet* much amazed, was about to retire, but that at the ſame time it was told him, that it was but a very little handfull of Frenchmen that made the greateſt reſiſtance, and that it was beſt for him to aſſault them. The Turk, who kept his Battalions very freſh, returneth, and fell like lightning upon theſe poor Souldiers now extreamly wearied. Never did an angry Lyon exerciſe more violent force againſt the Hunters Javelins, then this generous Gavalier ſhewed proweſſe which ſhined in the midſt of the adventurous Pagans. For, ſeeing himſelf at laſt negligently betraied, he having no other purpoſe but to ſell his own life and thoſe of his companions at as dear a rate as he could, he with the French Cavalry, and ſome other people that ſtuck to him, did ſuch feats of Arms, that it was thought twenty thouſand Turks were ſlain in the place. At laſt this prodigious multitude, able to tire out the moſt hardy, although it had been but to cut them in pieces, did ſo nearly encompaſſe our French, that the Count of Nevers, with Marſhall *Boucicaut* and other the moſt worthy Perſonages, were taken Priſoners.

The next day after this diſmall Battell, the proud *Bajazet* ſitting under a Pavillion ſpread for him in the field, cauſed the priſoners to be brought before him, to drench himſelf in blood and revenge, which he alwayes moſt paſſionately loved.

A ſad ſpectacle.

Never was ſeen a ſpectacle more worthy of Compaſſion; The poor Lords who had wrought wonders in Arms, able to move Tygers, were led to the ſlaughter, half naked, ſtraight bound with cords and fetters, no regard being had either to their bloud, which was noble, or youth which was pitifull, or their behaviour which was moſt raviſhing; Theſe Saracens ugly and horrible as Devils, ſet them before the face of the Tyrant, who in the twinkling of an eye cauſed their throats to be cut at his feet, as if he meant to carouſe their bloud.

The Count of *Nevers*, with the Count of *Ewe* and the Count of *Marche* had now their heads under the Symiter, and their lives hung as it were by a thread, when *Bajazet*, who had heard by his interpreters that they were near Kinſmen to the King of France, cauſed them to be reſerved, commanding them to ſit at his feet on the ground, where they were enforced to behold the lamentable butchery of their Nobility.

The valiant *Boucicaut*, covered with a little linnen cloth in his turn was brought forth to be maſſacred over the bodies of ſo many valiant men. He, being wiſe, and in this extremity particularly inſpired by God,

made a ſign with his fingers before *Bajazet*, becauſe he underſtood not his Language, as if he would declare himſelf the Kinſman of the Count of *Nevers*, who beheld him with ſo pitifull an eye, that it was able to have rent the moſt rocky heart. *Bajazet* being perſwaded by this ſign that he was of the Bloud Royall cauſed him to be ſet a part among the priſoners; where afterwards by his great wiſdome he endeavoured the liberty of thoſe noble Gentlemen, and his own. I cannot think that the puny Novices of war of our time, will compare themſelves to the valour of this Heroick man, accompliſhed with ſuch gallant proweſſe.

Let us come, if you pleaſe, and look into his deportment and converſation, and conſider whether he were of the number of thoſe who profeſſe themſelves wicked that they may ſeem valiant. Our *Boucicaut* was a man who whileſt in time of peace he governed the City of Genoa, heard daily two Maſſes, with ſo exemplar devotion, that he never ſuffered any man to ſpeak to him in the Church; where he ſaid the office with ſingular attention; for which he ſo accommodated his company, that you ſhould never ſee the leaſt action of uncomlineſſe in Divine Service, which he did not ſeverely puniſh. And the Hiſtorian addeth, that he who had beheld his people at Divine Service, would rather think he ſaw Religious men then Souldiers. Noblemen have power to draw their families to what poſture they pleaſe, were it not through puſillanimity of ſpirit they many times give way to the torrent of nurture: and contenting themſelves to be good, make all the reſt naught by the eaſineſſe of their Natures. I mention not here a Canonized Saint, an Hermit, a Religious man, or a Prieſt; I ſpeak of a Marſhall of France, of a moſt ardent Warriour and Valiant Souldier.

Behold, I pray, whether Piety be imcompatible with Arms. This Brave Captain happily made his Will, diſpoſing of all his devotions, his affairs and Charge: each day he executed ſome part hereof, doing all the good he could whiles he lived, not expecting the caſuall portions of others piety, as thoſe who cauſe Torches to be carried behind to light them when they have loſt their eyes, and indeed, never do well but when they are in a condition to be able to do no more. This charitable Lord particularly informed himſelf of the neceſſities of the baſhfull poore, and as the rareſt pieces of his Cabinet, ſet their names down in his Regiſter: He appointed on every ſide his Alms to the poor Religious, to Widows, to Orphans, to needy Souldiers, namely to thoſe who through diſability of old age and ſickneſſe could labour no more. He viſited Hoſpitals, giving according to his means round ſummes of money to furniſh and accommodate them; if he walked in the ſtreets he ever had charity in his hands, that himſelf might give all he could, for he took therein a ſingular contentment, and never was he ſeen to be ſo merry, as when he had diſtributed good ſtore of money; This was to him as his hunting, his game, his delight.

He bare a ſingular devotion, in memory of the paſſion of our Saviour, towards the fryday; and whileſt he was able, did eat nothing on that day but fruits and Puls, abſteining from all which participated of the life of Beaſts, and clothed himſelf likewiſe in a moſt ſimple habit, deſirous to ſhew outwardly ſome taſte of the Reverence we owe to the bloud of the ſonne of God. Beſides abſtinencies commanded, he faſted ordinarily on the Saturday, which is dedicated to the memory of the Bleſſed Virgin. He never fed at his repaſt but on one diſh, and though he had great quantity of ſilver Veſſels, he cauſed himſelf to be ſerved in Peuter and Earth, being glorious in publick, but in his particular an enemy to worldly pomps and vanities.

I leave you to contemplate, how far this kind of life is alienated from the curious Nobility of our dayes, to whom ſo many Diſpenſations and Priviledges muſt daily be given, that it ſeems, it is needfull for their ſakes onely to create another Chriſtendome, beſides that which hath been eſtabliſhed by the Sonne of God. A man would ſay, to ſee how they pamper their bodies, they were deſcended from heaven, and that thither they would return, without paſſing through the Grave, they Deifie themſelves, and to fatten and guild a ſtinking Dunghill covered over with ſnow, they ſport with the bloud and ſweat of men.

Superfluity of taſte being ſo well qualified, all went in true meaſure in the houſe of this good Marſhall: his retinue was well enterteined according to his quality, and he had a very ſolemn cuſtome by him religiouſly obſerved, which was ſpeedily to pay his debts, and as much as he might poſſible to be ingaged to none. It is no ſmall virtue, nor of mean importance to be out of ingagements of this kind; if we conſider the Nobility at this time, ſo eaſily plunged in great labyrinths of Debts, which daily increaſe like huge Snow-balls that fall from the mountains, and require Ages and golden Mines to diſcharge them.

Is it not a moſt inexcuſable cruelty before God and man, to ſee a buſie Merchant, a needy Artificer, every day to multiply his journeyes and ſteps before the gate of a Lord or a Lady, who bear his ſweat and bloud in the pleits of their garments? And in ſtead of giving ſome ſatisfaction upon his moſt juſt demands, it is told him he is an importunate fellow, and many times is menaced with baſtinadoes, if he deſiſt not to demand his own. Is not this to live like a Tartarian? Is not this to degrade ones ſelf from Nobility, Chriſtianity and Reaſon? Is not this to ruine, and as it were to cut the Throats of whole Houſes and Families? Allodge not to me, that it is impoſſible for you to pay what is demanded at preſent: foreſeeing your weakneſſe of eſtate, why have you heaped ſo many debts which cannot be diſcharged!

Why do you not rather leſſen your port, and live more frugally? Why do you not caſt off many ſuperfluous things that might be ſpared? Are not offences odious enough before God, but you muſt increaſe them with the marrow of the poor? From hence cometh the contempt of your Perſons, the hatred of your Name, the breaches and ruine of your Houſes.

This man by paying his debts well, was honoured and reſpected of his Officers like a Demy-god: there was no need of making any queſtion or doubt, nor to make a falſe ſtep into his houſe. He would never ſuffer a Vice, or bad ſervant, were it to gain an Empire. Blaſphemies, Oaths, Lyes, Slanders, paſtimes, Quarrels and ſuch like diſorders were baniſhed from his Palace as monſters: and if he once found any of his family in fault he put them away leaſt they ſhould infect the other: yet he would not ſcandalize them, nor divulge their offences. At the Table he ſpake little, and did voluntarily entertein himſelf with the example of virtues which he obſerved in the lives of the Nobility: never diſcourſing of his own atchievements but with ſingular ſobriety.

In his marriage he demeaned himſelf moſt chaſtely, and had ſuch an hatred againſt impurity, that he would not ſo much as keep a ſervant that had a luſtfull eye. Behold; how paſſing one day on horſe-back through the ſtreets of the City of Genoa, as a Lady preſented her ſelf at a window to comb her hair, and a Gentleman of the Marſhalls train ſeeing her treſſes very bright and beautifull cryed out, *Oh what a goodly head of hair*! ſtanding ſtill to behold her. This Lord looking

back

back on him with a ſevere eye, ſaid, It is not well done, it is not fit that a wanton eye ſhould be ſeen to glance from the houſe of a Governour.

In this kind and all others which concerned the commerce and peace of the Citizens, he rendred ſo ready and exact juſtice, that it was a Proverb amongſt the Genoes when any one was offended, to ſay to him who had done him wrong: *If you will not right me, my Lord Marſhall will*. The other underſtanding it, oft-times rather choſe to ſubmit to the right, then expect a condemnation, which was inevitable. By this means he ſo gained the good opinion of the people, that the inhabitants of the City ſent to the King, beſeeching him, that he might continue the Government to the end of his dayes, which having obtained, it ſeemed to them, that they had procured an Angel from Heaven to be ſet at the Stern of their Common-wealth.

At that time when the Emperour of Conſtantinople, then diſpoſſeſſed of one part of his Empire by the great Turk, came into France to deſire ſuccour, and had obtained of the King twelve hundred men defrayed for a year, many widdow Ladies were ſeen at the Court, who complained of injuſtice and oppreſſions which were offerred them after the death of their husbands; whereby this good Marſhall was ſo moved with compaſſion, that with much freedome he inſtituted an Order of Knights for the defence of afflicted Ladies, which he ſirnamed *The Order of the White Ladie*, becauſe they who made profeſſion of it bare a Scutcheon of gold enamelled with green, and thereon the figure of a Lady in a white Veſtment: thus ſought he by all occaſions to do good, and ſhewed himſelf a great enemy of idleneſſe, as being the very moath of great Spirits.

He ordinarily roſe early in the morning, and ſpent about three hours in Prayer and divine Service: after that duty was performed he went to Councel, which laſted till Dinner-time. After his repaſt he gave audience to all thoſe who would ſpeak with him upon their affairs, never failing to behold his Hall daily full of people, whom he ſpeedily diſpatched, contenting every one with ſweet and reaſonable anſwers: from thence he retired to write Letters, and to give ſuch order to his Officers which his pleaſure was ſhould be obſerved in all his affairs: and if he had no other employment he went to Veſpers. At his return he took ſome pains or recreation, then finiſhing the reſt of his Office, he ended the day. On Sundayes and Holy-Dayes he either went on foot in ſome Pilgrimage of Devotion, or cauſed the Life of Saints, or other Hiſtories to be read, daily more and more to diſpoſe his Life and Converſation unto Virtue. When he Marched into the field, he uſed moſt admirable diſcretion, never oppreſſing any of his company, nor would he permit even in the enemies Countrey, that the leaſt diſturbance ſhould be done to Churchmen.

Behold you not here a Life worthy of a French Cavalier? Oh Nobility! This man was not a Petty Roiſter, that makes boaſt to fight in a green meadow; But a Souldier, who during the Warres with the Engliſh kept the Field of Battell three times thirty dayes together, againſt thoſe brave Souldiers who did oppoſe him; from whence he went out all ſparkling with glory and wonder.

I would here willingly adde a *Bertrand* of *Gueſclin* Count of Longuevil, and Conſtable of France, whoſe Life Mounſier *Menard* hath given us written by a Pen of that antient Age, in as antient Language. You ſhould ſee a man, who after he had dedicated his Soul, Body, and Arms in the Offertory of a Maſſe at the Altar, fought ſix or ſeven times hand to hand in the Field, exerciſed ſtrange Feats of Battell and Arms; ſtood in the midſt of Combats unmoved, and confident as in his Chamber, being otherwiſe furious, ſtrong and ſtout in the preſſe. You ſhould ſee a man ſage in Counſels, prompt in Execution, whom an Enemy found near at hand when he thought him thirty miles off. A man in all things elſe free from Fraud or Diſſimulation, Chearfull, Courteous, obliging and liberall of his own, employing his Movables and his Wives Jewels for the relief of poor Souldiers.

Then you may judge, whether by being Valiant you may live in the Court of a Chriſtian Prince like a little Turk. Where is your Judgement? and where is your Reaſon?

BAYARD.

BEhold a man whose life not long since hath been published to serve as a modell for the Nobility: we yet touch him as it were with our finger, for he dyed under the reign of *Francis* the First, having served three Kings in their Armies, the space of two and thirty years. It is the valiant *Terrail*, otherwise called Cavalier *Bayard* born in Daulphine. I willingly make use of his Example, both because one of our most warlike Kings, the sonne of *Francis* the First would needs be knighted by his hands, to witnesse the honour he bare to his valour, as also for that I see therein many noble passages which taste of the virtue of a true French souldier. He was a courageous Captain, of excellent direction, valiant and magnanimous, of whom it was said, that he had the assault of the wilde Bull, the defence of the Bore, and slight of the wolf. I set aside his warlike deeds, I take some of his virtues which here I will make use of. This royall courage had no other aim in arms, but the glory of God, the service of his Prince, and the honour of his profession, whereof we have an ample testimony in a short Elogy, which his secretary made upon him, saying. *That after these two and thirty years service, he dyed almost as poor as he was born.* Much is spoken in these few words, and I think *Bayard* more glorious under this title, then if he had born the Dutchy of Milan on his back. He had the true piety of a good Souldier: for every morning he prayed to God most devoutly, and would not permit any man to enter into his chamber during his devotions: He was so obedient to those who commanded in the Army, that he never refused any commission imposed upon him. Yea, well foreseeing that the last charge enjoyned him by the Marshall *Bonivet* was most dangerous, and as it were impossible, yet he went thither, sacrificing his life to the commandments of the Lieutenant of his Prince, that he might not digresse from his ordinary custome. There was he slain by the most generous manner of death that could happen to any Captain of his quality. He was a Lyon in Arms, who with a choice company of men selected by him and trained to his profession, wrought such admirable effects, that there was not any battel wonne, of which he was not ever the principall cause. Never was any man more terrible to an enemy in the conflict, but out of it, it was said he was one of the most affable and courteous men of the earth: he was so ill a flatterer of great men, that to gain a Kingdome he would not be drawn to speak any thing but reason. His practise was to honour the virtuous, speak little of the vicious, lesse of his own atchievements, never to swear; to do favours to all that required them as willingly as if himself were to receive the benefit, to give secret alms according to his ability, in such manner, that it is written, that besides his other acts of piety, he married at the least an hundred poor young maids. Behold of what elements his soul was inwardly composed. As for the manner of his carriage in the warre, he as little cared for money as the dust of the earth, and desired not to have any but to give; witnesse an act of great liberality, which is related of him. He took fairly by law of Arms a Spanish Treasurer, who had about him fifteen thousand Ducats: one of his Captains named *Tardieu*, enraged with choller, swore that he would have part of the booty, because he was in the Expedition. This good Captain smiling said unto him, It is true, you were of the enterprise, but are not to share in the Booty; and if it were so, you are under my charge, I therefore will give you what I think good. This man entred into more violent fury, and went to complain to the Generall, who having well considered the businesse, adjudged it wholly to *Bayard*. He caused his Ducats to be carried to a place of safety, and commanded them to be spread on a Table, in presence of all his people, saying to them, Companions, what think yee? Do yee not here behold fine junkets? Poor *Tardieu*, who had been put by his pretensions by expresse sentence of his Captains, looked on this money with a jealous eye, and said, If he had the half of it, he would all his life be an honest man. Doth that depend on this? (saith this brave Spirit) Hold then, I willingly give you that which you by force could never obtein. And so caused he at the same instant seven thousand five hundred Ducats to be told out to him. The other, (who in the beginning thought it was but a meer mockery, when he saw it to be in good earnest, and himself in possession of that he desired) cast himself on both his knees at the feet of *Bayard*, having abundant tears of joy in his eyes, and cryed out, Alas my Master, my Friend, you have surpassed the liberality of *Alexander*: How shall I be ever able to acknowledge the benefit, which I at this time do receive at your hands? Hold your peace, (said this incomparable man) If I had power, I would do much more. And thereupon causing all the souldiers of the Garrison to be called, he distributed the rest of the Ducats; not keeping one sole denier for his own use.

Martiall virtues of a brave French Souldier.

I ask of you, whether this were not a heart of true pearl, wherein there could not one least blemish of Avarice be found? Yea, also when he passed through the Countrey, even in a land of Conquest, he paied his expence. And one saying to him, Sir, this money is lost: for, at your departure from hence, they will set this place on fire. He answered, Sirs, I do what I ought, God hath not put me into the world to live by Rapine.

Moreover, the excellency of this man appeared well in an affair, wherein the life of the most eminent man of the world was interessed. For, he at that time being in Italy, was sent by the King to assist the Duke of Ferrara against the Army of Pope *Julius* then much opposit to France, although so many other worthy Popes heartily loved our Nation. When one Monsieur *Augustine Gerlo*, a Gentleman of Milan, but yet a traitor and factious, went to the said Duke to perswade him to forsake the French Engagement, with intention to destroy them, and promised him that in recompence he would give him his Neece in marriage, and make him Captain Generall of the Church. This Prince would not seem in any wise to understand him; but he handled the matter so by his policy and advantageous promises, that he gained this *Augustine* who gave him his hand that he in few dayes would destroy the Pope by a mischievous Morsell which he could easily give him. The Duke of Ferrara having thus dived into his plots and intentions, went immediately to find out this our noble *Bayard* in his lodgings, and made a long discourse to him of the evil disposition of Pope *Julius*, and the enterprises he had both on his life and on the Frenchmen, of purpose to enkindle him for Revenge. Then he also pursued his opportunity, and made discovery to him of the treason of this wicked *Gerlo*. *Bayard* looking amazedly at him, said, How, Sir! I could never have imagined that a Prince so generous as you would con-

conſent to ſuch a wickedneſſe: and had you done it, I ſwear by my ſoul, before night I would have given the Pope notice of it. How! anſwered the Duke, he would have done as much either to you or me. It is no matter (replyeth *Bayard*) this treachery diſpleaſeth me. Whereat, the Duke ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, and ſpitting on the ground, ſaith, Monſieur *Bayard*, I would I had killed all mine enemies in this ſort: but, ſince you diſlike it, the matter ſhall reſt, and you and I both may have cauſe to repent it. We ſhall not, if it pleaſe God, replyeth the good ſouldier: but, I pray you, put this gallant into my hands that would do this goodly piece of ſervice; and if I do not cauſe him to be hanged in an hour, let me ſupply his place. The Duke finding in him this courage and fidelity, did all he could to wave and excuſe the plot, ſaying he had given him aſſurance of his perſon.

But, behold you not here a brave ſpirit in *Bayard*? See you not a man of a Royall conſcience, and of an honeſty in all things like to it ſelf? Away then with thoſe petty and baſe ſpirits of the abyſſe more black then ſpectres and infernall furies, who have neither loyalty for their Prince nor Common-wealth, but as it may concern their own intereſts; who ſwallow treaſons as big as camels to gain a fly. Such would make truth it ſelf to lie, were not heavens Providence awake to make their events as tragicall, as are their determinations abominable and hideous.

All the braveſt Chieftains have ever held it to be higheſt of their glorious victories, to be crowned with Chaſtity. It was the Trophey of *Cyrus*, to whom, for this cauſe God gave all the treaſures of Aſia: It was the Triumph of *Alexander*, who, in recompence thereof, had the conqueſt of the Perſians: And, the Emperour *Julian*, who made profeſſion herein to imitate him, although he had apoſtatized and renounced all other ſacred tyes, would never forſake Chaſtity, but wittily ſaid, *This Virtue made beautifull lives, as Painters fair faces.* But, not to ſearch ſo farre into the duſt and rubbiſh of Antiquity; I will draw one line more upon our *Bayard* in this Point, whereon his Hiſtory dignifies him with a paſſage admirable and unparallel'd.

Some there were had adviſed to convey into his chamber a maid which was one of the faireſt creatures in the world, and indeed ſhe was endowed with an angelically gracefull aſpect, ſave that at that inſtant her eyes were ſwoln (above their ordinary orbs) with an extremity of tears: and that too beſpake rather the commendable virtue of her modeſty, then the blemiſh of her beauty: Whom when the Captain had well ſurveyed; How now fair maid! ſaith he unto her; What ſayeſt thou? Why comeſt thou hither? The amazed damoſel falling on her knees, with that utterance her ſighings would afford her, ſhe thus anſwers him: Ah! Sir, My mother hath commanded me I ſhould do what you would have me; yet (Sir) I am a Virgin, and never (truly) had I any diſpoſition to do ill, however a neceſſity enforced me hither; for, my mother and my ſelf are ſo poor, that we are nigh periſhing through hunger: but, I wiſh to God I might ſee death, thereby to be diſſolved from the number of unhappy maidens, rather then to ſully my ſoul with the leaſt unworthy and ignoble act. Which words of hers pierced ſo this generous Lords ſoul to the quick, that they cauſed tears in his eyes, aſſociated with this reply; Verily, pretty ſoul, I will not be ſo wicked as to take that from thee which thou ſo charily haſt kept for the ſociety of pureſt Angels. Thereupon he cauſed her to be veiled leſt ſhe ſhould be taken notice of; and that ſhe might not be expoſed unto the rigid dealings of a rude hand; (not transferring the charge of her perſon to anothers care) he, with a lighted torch in his own hand, conducts her to her ſafe repoſe in the houſe of a virtuous kinſwoman of his, where he for that night leaves her. The day following, he ſent for her mother, and ſaid unto her, Are not you a wicked woman to betray the honour of your daughter, which ought to be more dear unto you then your life? Certainly for thus doing, you deſerve a puniſhment ſo much the more rigorous, as that I underſtand you are a Lady: and by a courſe ſo ſiniſter you wrong Nobility. The Lady hereat wholly confounded, knew not what elſe to anſwer, but that they were as poor as might be. Is there yet (ſaith he) no man that for her birth, beauty, and virtues ſake who requireth her in holy Marriage? Yes, truly (ſaith ſhe) an honeſt man, a neighbour of mine; had ſhe (as he with her demands) ſix hundred florens, which I am in no capacity to raiſe or to procure.

Then the brave *Bayard* drew out his purſe, and ſaid, Here are two hundred crowns (which are of more value then ſix hundred florens of this countrey) to marry your daughter withall: which my will is you diſpatch within three dayes: and farther, to enable you the better thereto; I alſo adde one hundred crowns more to adorn her with decent change of apparel, and I give your ſelf an hundred Crowns, which well houſewived, may ſerve to ſtave you off from future unbecomming ſhifts and poverty. All which was done accordingly, to the unſpeakable joy both of the mother, and of the daughter, who thenceforth lived in an honourable and comfortable condition.

O Nobility! I preſent not here an Hermit, but a Captain (who was a French Souldier) who was moulded of no other fleſh, bloud, nor bones, then are ye your ſelves: yet he performeth an act of a Religious man the moſt mortified: he exerciſeth the liberality of a King; he equalleth therein, yea ſurmounted the heroicall deeds of the greateſt Saints. True it is, Saint *Nicholas* ſaved the honour of Virgins, contributing thereto his gold and ſilver: as true it is that in ſo doing he generouſly triumphed over the covetouſneſſe of temporall goods; yet, he ſerved not in this action as a Triumph to himſelf, which is verily the choiceſt piece of eminent virtues. But, behold a Cavalier who vanquiſheth both Avarice and Luſt, (the two moſt dangerous rocks of the world.) *Bayard* commandeth his purſe in a fortune not the beſt accommodated; and that meriteth no ſmall applauſe: But *Bayard*, in the high flouriſh of his age, of a body vigorous, commands the paſſions of his ſoul and conquers them, even at the temptations of an object ſo amiable (as hath been repreſented here unto you) I beſeech you therefore, let it be no longer ſaid that Chaſtity is onely to be found amongſt the truly moſt mortified retirers into Cloiſters; for, it is every where, where the fear of the omnipreſent God, and where generoſity or reall virtue is. What then can ſo many wretches anſwer to this, who fill the world with ſins, the Nobility with diſgraces, their bodies with diſeaſes, their name with infamy, and load ſo many poor abuſed creatures with miſeries and deſpair? What can our ſpruce gallants deviſe for paſſable excuſe, who brave it through the ſtreets in their ridiculous offents of borrowed feathers and in habits; remaining indebted to the mercer for the ſtuffe, and to the poor taylour for the faſhion; paying yet neither the one or other? True jack-daws of *Æſop*, who deſerve that all other birds ſhould aſſemble to pull their plumes off which they have (thus no better then) ſtoln to catch and to be caught with vanity. What will here ſo many gluttons and gameſters ſay, who rent up and eat the entrails of men by their bloudy riots?

You ſee 'twas poſſible that this gallant ſouldier, by unravenous hands had four hundred crowns, (a ſum in thoſe dayes held a huge one) yet all this he gives in one onely alms; but, thoſe (whom I thus have taken to task) who in a bravery talk of nothing leſſe then piſtolets, not mind any thing elſe but their ſordid voluptuouſneſſe, have not a denier to throw to a poor body.

Purſuing this courſe, He did an act (at the taking of Breſſia a city in Italy) indeed for ever memorable, which was thus; That being ſet in the front of the Perdues, he firſt entred and paſſed the Rampart, whence he received a hurt in the top of his thigh, ſo dangerous that the top of a pike wherewith he was thruſt ſtuck in the wound: he, nothing terrified hereat, ſaid to one Captain *Molard*, I am ſlain; but it is no matter, let your men march on confidently, the town's our own. Then, two of his ſouldiers bare him out of the throng, who ſeeing his wound ſtreamed forth much bloud, they pulled off their ſhirts and rent them, binding up his thigh therewith; and, in the next houſe they hit upon, they took a little door off the hinges whereon they laid their tenderly beloved Captain, to bear him the more eaſily. From thence they went directly to a great houſe which they ſuppoſed (in all likelihood) to be a very convenient repoſe, and for his accommodation (and ſo indeed it proved:) For, it belonged to an honeſt Gentleman who thence retired into a Monaſtery to avoid the fury which is ordinarily found from conquering ſouldiers: for, the ſaccage of this City was ſo dreadfull, that there were reckoned as well of Venetians who defended it, as Burgeſſes, to the number of twenty thouſand ſlain: yet, his wife (the Lady of this houſe) with her two daughters, fortunately had ventured to abide at home, who yet through fear had hid themſelves together under hay in a barn, from whence the noble Matron made firſt her appearance to the two ſouldiers knocking at the gate, which (arming her ſelf with reſolution) ſhe opened to them, when eſpying a Captain all bloudy, for whom they demanded a room in her houſe to retire in; ſhe conducts them with their carriage on that homely bier (as is before related) into the faireſt and beſt furniſht chamber, where ſhe caſt her ſelf at his feet, ſaying, Sir, I freely make a tender of this houſe unto you with all the furniture thereof, which you may call yours even by the law of Arms: However, this favour I onely beg of you, you will be pleaſed to protect me and ſave mine honour inviolated, as alſo of my daughters (two poor maids) grown up to marriage eſtate, whom I and my dear husband value as the pledges of our conjugall affection. The Captain anſwered, Madam, fear not, We ſouldiers that muſt ſtand the ſhock of warre oftimes do meet with ſuch like caſualties as hath now betided me, which was the cauſe (not any deſign to wrong your perſons or diminiſh your poſſeſſions) that drave me hither: and whether I ſhall eſcape this wound be a contigency remote as yet from my aſſurance; yet, this I faithfully promiſe you, that, whilſt I live, there ſhall not be done the leaſt injury to you nor your daughters, no more then I would have befall to mine own perſon. Onely keep them in your lodging, and let them not be ſeen: ſend for your husband home again, whom you may aſſure and your ſelf too ye have a gheſt who will do you all courteſie poſſible. The Lady comfortably acquieſcing in the belief of his nobleneſſe uttered by his word, ſhe goes about the orderly contrivance of her houſwife-affairs accordingly, and having employed all her prudentialleſt care to give him good entertainment, ſhe ſoon perceived ſhe had lodged an honeſt man, (amongſt other his own perſonall civill manifeſtations) by the harmleſſe and juſt deportment of the Duke of *Nemours* the brave Generall of the Army (*Gaſton de Foix*) who came daily (with his choiceſt Chevaliers) to viſit him; yet he, and all they (although it was then in a city of their conqueſt) made offer of paying for what ever proviſions they demanded for their repaſts. The good hoſteſſe therefore took her ſelf ſo much the more concerned to wait on her noble inmate (as indeed ſhe did) as on an Angel ſent her from heaven: ſo much divine honour and virtue ſaw ſhe reſplendent in him. When he was well cured of his hurt, and ſpake of diſlodging thence to be preſent at the battle of Ravenna, where that his Generall paſſionately deſired him no leſſe for his ſociety then his ſervice; the Lady (who accounted her ſelf as his priſoner, with her husband and their two daughters, conſidering that if their gheſt would rigorouſly uſe them he might (according to the uſe and liberty of a ſouldier) draw ten or twelve thouſand crowns from her,) reſolved to give him a preſent: and therefore went into his chamber with one of her domeſtick attendants who carried a little ſteel cabinet, and preſently ſhe threw her ſelf at his feet, but he quickly raiſed her up again, not ſuffering ſhe ſhould ſpeak a word till ſhe was ſeated by him, at which time ſhe made this ſpeech well obſerved by the Secretary of *Bayard*.

Sir, ſith it ſeemed good to the high Providence that this city ſhould be deſtined to a captivity by your valour; the favour which God hath afforded me by ſending you into this houſe which is wholly at your ſervice, I thankfully contemplate as one which hath been no leſſe then the preſervation of the life of my husband, mine own, and that of my two daughters, with their unattempted chaſtity; which they dearlier eſtimate then their precious life. Beſides, your people have demeaned themſelves (to your own rare example, as well as to your lawfull commands, I attribute it) here in my houſe, that I have cauſe for ever to commend their ſober carriage and modeſty, and not deſerving the leaſt blame or complaint for any kind of injury committed by them. And, yet Sir, I am not ſo ignorant of the condition whereunto the miſery of warre hath reduced us, as not very well to apprehend that my husband, my ſelf, and our children are your priſoners, and that all the goods in this houſe are in your power to be diſpoſed of at your liking and diſcretion: But withall, knowing the nobleneſſe of your heart which is incomparable; I am come moſt humbly to beſeech you to take pity on us your poor captives, and to deal with us according to your manifeſted goodneſſe and clemency, whereto we render as a thankfull ſacrifice this poor preſent earneſtly deſiring it may be acceptable. Having thus ſpoken, ſhe took the cabinet out of her ſervants hands, and opened it before the good Captain, who ſaw it to be full of ducats, whereat he ſmiled, ſaying, Madam, how many ducats have you there? The poor woman, diſmayed becauſe ſhe thought his ſmiling had proceeded from conceived diſcontent, anſwered, Here are but two thouſand five hundred ducats; but if you be not ſatisfied herewith, we will procure you more. Nay, Madam (replyed the Captain) I do well aſſure you, that ſhould you give me an hundred thouſand crowns, you could not (for all that) do me ſo much good as you have benefitted me already by your courteous entertainment and virtuous offices of recovering me. In what place therefore ſoever I ſhall remain, while God prolongs my life, you ſhall find you have thereby engaged a Gentleman ready to embrace occaſions of ſerving your commands. And now, as for your ducats, I will take none of them, but give you thanks, and ſo I pray you put them up again. For my part, I have ever eſteemed

people

people of honour more then crowns; and think not, Madam, but I go away as well contented from you as if this city were at your diſpoſition, and you had made me a preſent thereof.

She again humbly proſtrating her ſelf on her knees, and the Captain lifting her up, ſhe anſwered, No Sir? I ſhould think my ſelf for ever the moſt unhappy woman of the world, if you accept not of this preſent, which is nothing in compariſon of the infinite obligations I owe to your worth. Well (ſaith he) ſith you give it with ſo good a will, I accept it for your ſake: but, cauſe your daughters to come hither that I may bid them farewell. Theſe virtuous ſouls following their mothers preſidency, had alſo with her charitably aſſiſted him during the time of his infirmities cure, many times touching their Lute whereon they played very ſweetly, for his minds recreation. Upon this ſummon of his into his preſence, they fell at his feet, the elder of the daughters (in the name of both) made a ſhort ſpeech unto him in her mother language, importing a thankfull form unto him for his juſt performed preſervation of their honour. The Captain heard it, yet not without a weeping-joy and admiration at the ſweetneſſe and humility he therein obſerved, and then ſaid: Ladies, ye do that which I ought to do; which is, to give you thanks for the many good helps ye have afforded me, for which I find my ſelf infinitely obliged unto you. Ye know, men of my profeſſion are not readily furniſhed with handſome tokens to preſent fair maidens withall. But behold! your good Lady-mother hath given me two thouſand five hundred ducats: take each of you a thouſand of them as my gift, for ſo I am reſolved it ſhall be. Then turning to his Hoſteſſe, Madam (ſaith he) I will take the five hundred to my ſelf to diſtribute them among poor Religious women who have not had like happineſſe with you to be preſerved from the ſouldiers plundering pillage: And as you better then any other may judge of the neceſſities which each one may by ſuch accidents have befaln them: ſo I am confident I can depute none a more faithfull ſteward for the diſpoſing thereof then is your wife, ingenious, and charitable ſelf, unto whoſe ſole diſpoſall I freely recommend it. The Lady touched to the quick with ſo rare and pious a diſpoſition, ſpake theſe words unto him; O flower of Chevalry to whom none other can be compared! Our bleſſed Saviour and Redeemer *Jeſus Chriſt*, who for us ſinners ſuffered death and paſſion, both here in this world, and in the other, reward you. The Gentleman of the houſe, who at that time heard the courteſie of his gheſt, came to thank him with a bended knee, making him (withall) a ſurrender of his perſon, and a ſequeſtration of his whole eſtate; but he moſt nobly left him maſter of himſelf and of his eſtate. The young gentlewomen who (amongſt other their many accompliſhing endowments) were skilfull at the needle, made him a preſent of a crimſon-ſattin purſe very richly wrought, and of two bracelets woven with thread of gold and ſilver. He very graciouſly receiving them; Behold (ſaith he) I eſteem theſe more then ten thouſand crowns: and inſtantly he put the bracelets on his wriſts, and the purſe into his pocket; aſſuring them that while theſe their reſpect-remembrances would laſt, he would wear them for their ſakes. Which civil ceremonies ended, he mounted on his horſe, accompanied thence with his true friend the Lord D'*Auvergny*, and with about two or three thouſand gentlemen and ſouldiers; the Lady of the houſe and her daughters, and the whole family as paſſionately lamenting his departure, as if they ſhould have been left to the ſword, although they had aſſurance from him by his undeniable Protection under which he left them, and their poſſeſſions to be unmoleſted after his departure.

If the ſtarres were to deſcend from heaven, I would demand now whether they might find more love and reſpect then this heaven-born piece of generoſity did both receive and return. But, be ye your own judges if your obſervations tell you not, it farre otherwiſe befalls thoſe ſilly fencers who in like times of advantages ruſh themſelves into ſuch well-feathered nefts, and otherwiſe then as fatall Comets portending fire and the deſtroying ſword, who make the props of buildings tremble with their loud blaſphemies, who load whole families with injuries, without the leaſt regard of age, ſex, or honour, but make a ſport at the bloud and wounds over whom they tyrannize, pillaging them like ravenous harpies fatted with humane ruines. However, ſhould they do nothing elſe all their life time but heap up mountains of gold and ſilver; they could not arrive to the leaſt part of the contentment which this good Captain enjoyed, who ſought no other recompence from his fair way'd actions, but the ſatisfaction of his ſerene conſcience, and the glory to have done ſo well. And thus it is (O ye who would your ſelves to be indeed enobled) that hearts are gained: thus ye oblige (if I may ſo ſay) both earth and heaven to become due tributaries to your virtues, with bleſſings round about you here, and with a crown of immortality hereafter.

THE

THE STATES-MEN.

JOSEPH. MOSES.

I Begin the Elogies of holy States-men with the Patriarch *Joseph*, who was the firſt of Gods choſen people, that entred into the Court of an Infidel Prince, to make of his life an example of virtue, and of his demeanour a miracle. Here is an high deſign of God, who tranſports a young child out of the cabans and condition of ſhepherds, to make him the ſecond perſon of a great Kingdome, to give him the heart and the treaſures of his Maſter, the friendſhip of the Nobles, the veneration of the People, and the admiration of all the world. Thoſe that look upon this hiſtory after a common manner, obſerve ordinarily therein the changes of humane things; the beginnings, the progreſſes, and the iſſues of worldly affairs: But if we would penetrate farther, we ſhould find two great reaſons and two admirable deſigns of Providence about the entrance and negotiation of *Joſeph* in Egypt.

The firſt is, that according to the ſaying of the great S. *Leo*, it was reaſonable that the eternall Word that was to come for the ſalvation of the whole world ſhould be divided through all Ages, and through all Nations, ſhewing himſelf to ſome in figure, to others in reality, giving himſelf to ſome by Hope, to others by Preſence, and to many by remembrance. He inſinuated himſelf into the antient Jews by Prophecies; into the Gentiles by Oracles; into the Learned by Riddles; into the People by viſible Figures; into the Saints and the Religious by Myſteries; into the Profane and Gentiles by Government and Politick Prudence. This is the faſhion that he held towards the Egyptians, making them ſee the firſt rayes of the Birth-day of his coming in the perſon of *Joſeph*, that wore very advantageouſly the Lineaments of his Divine Perfections, and merited to be called by advance, The Saviour of the world.

The ſecond reaſon is, that God meaning to begin that Divine work of the perſecutions and the wonders of his choſen People tranſports *Joſeph* thither, and makes of him a man of ſufferings and of prodigies, to be as a grain of ſeed out of which one ſhould ſee ſpring that numerous poſterity that ſhould equall the ſtarres of heaven. This eternall high Prieſt prepared for his Altars a great ſacrifice of Tribulation, and of Patience which was to be honoured with ſo much Bloud, and ſo many Tears of the Righteous, and would invite thereto the Saints by the imitation of a Patriarch that conſecrated himſelf by his own evils and mounted out of a deep pit to the triumphant chariot of the *Pharaoh's*.

I have propoſed to my ſelf to repreſent this to you (my Reader) not relating at large his Hiſtory which is ſufficiently known, but by making ſome reflexions upon it able to make us admire the greatneſſe of God, and to faſhion the manners of Courtiers affected to virtue, by originalls that God hath placed as upon the frontiſpiece of his palace.

Let us obſerve then (according to the purſuit which the Scripture makes us ſee in this narration) his entrance into the Court, his beginning, his progreſſes, his virtues, his negotiations, and his ſucceſſes, from which we ſhall draw great lights and infallible proofs of the work of God upon thoſe whom he embraces by love and by a very particular conduct.

Ambitious ſpirits have ſtudied in all times the means to make a fortune at the Court of Kings, and have applied themſelves ſtrongly to this deſign, as to the ſtudy of the Philoſophers ſtone, or to the conqueſt of the golden fleece: But they have had work enough to find out the true principles and cauſes of the good will of great ones, which is the reaſon that ſome ſeem to have the golden wings of fortune her ſelf to flie to the palace of Honour, without labour, and without difficulty,

culty, while others with indefatigable pains grow old in diſgrace and in contempt. *Lilius Giraldus* a learned man digged out of the ground in his ſearches an antient picture of the induſtrious *Apelles*, wherein after he had painted *Favour* winged, blind, ſtanding upon a rouling boul, environned with riches, honour, diſdain, flattery, and the impunity of all crimes; he places at her feet ſome Philoſophers that ſtudied her Genealogy, ſome making her the daughter of Beauty, others of chance, others of Induſtry, others of Virtue: but the ableſt confeſſed that ſhe was a baſtard, and not begotten of lawfull Parents, but of an obſcure and dark Confuſion.

And indeed if we ſpeak of the favour of Princes taken according to the world, we muſt acknowledge that it is very uncertain, having as many divers births as there are different humours in the mind of great ones who are ordinarily ſubject to many changes, whether through an opinion of their greatneſſe, or whether through the delicateneſſe of their breeding, or whether through the diverſity of thoſe that approach them, and ſo many fantaſticall conceits that proceed from the perturbation of their own felicities. Who is able to tell all the entrances into favour, ſeeing there are ſome that have been promoted highly for having cauſed a little ſucking pig to be roaſted handſomely, as it happened to a favourite of *Henry* the Eighth's King of England? It is true that there are ſome that inſinuate themſelves by beauty and by a good grace, others by jeaſting and delightfull paſtimes, others by underſtanding and the conduct of affairs, others by valour, others by ſcience, others by the invention of crimes and infamous wayes of magick, by unſeemly complacencies and unworthy ſervices which they render to the revenges or to the pleaſures of their maſters.

But (not to ſpeak of other proceedings that are leſſe clean) thoſe that give precepts of riſing at the Court will tell us, that he ought to be of a good birth, of a pleaſing behaviour, very dextrous in all ſorts of exerciſes fit for the Nobility, of a gentle wit that hath ſome tincture of ſcience, of a poliſhed converſation, full of civility, affability, and prudence. In a word, he muſt be a man of conſcience, of underſtanding, of courage, of ſervice, and held up by ſome powerfull friend, that will gain the good will of great ones, and to open to himſelf a large way to the honours of the age. This is ſaid with much prudence, but we muſt avouch, that beſide all theſe rare qualities, there is a ſecret puſh of an inviſible hand that thruſts forward the favourites, which ſome have attributed to the ſtars, others to deſtiny, others to a good temper, but which I think with reaſon to be an effect of the divine Providence, and an operation of the Guardian Angels, who in proſperous affairs, procure often counſellours and officers to Kings by high and ſublime wayes, of exquiſite gifts and profitable to ſecond the good genius of the Prince, and to advance by the ſame means the favourite.

This is that which may be obſerved clearly in the perſon of *Joſeph* (whoſe Elogy I have undertaken to give you.) There is required in a man of a ſecular State the birth of a gentleman to make a fortune at the Court, and this man was the ſon of a ſhepherd; a skilfulneſſe at weapons, he had never handled nor perhaps ſeen any; a gentleneſſe in the exerciſes of the body, he knew no other but thoſe of ſhepherds; a grace of ſpeech, he was a ſtranger and a barbarian to the Egyptians; Military valour, he knew no other combates but thoſe of the rammes and bulls; politick prudence, he came from a ſavage life where he had had no other converſation but that of trees and beaſts. What was it then that promoted him in the Court of *Pharaoh*, and made him riſe ſo high? Muſt we not acknowledge with all ſubmiſſion of ſpirit, that there is an heavenly hand that takes a charge of this buſineſſe, and that it is our Tutelar Angel to whom God having given Commiſſion of our lives and fortunes, it is no way credible that he neglects us in theſe great occurrences of exerciſes and of converſations that are to compoſe the happineſſe or the miſeries of our life?

Yet it is true that God deſtining a man to ſome great deſign fails not inſenſibly to furniſh him with neceſſary qualities for that diſpoſall though they are elevated above the opinion of the world, and ſometimes even contrary to the ordinary practiſes of Courtiers; from thence it came that Providence had made *Joſeph* of a good mind, and of a grace fitting for converſation, of a ſweet and pleaſing humour, of a ſpirit capable of buſineſſe. She gave him a marvellous gift of Prophecy and of Interpretation of Dreams, which wrought the principall effect of that high fortune, in a King curious to know the things that were to come, and a Nation much inclined to Divinations, and to the knowledge of the ſecrets of Nature, and above Nature. Here is a point of Doctrine neceſſary to be obſerved, as well for the Science as for the Conſcience, ſince the obſervation of Dreams, which many make by Superſtition, was made by Myſtery, to the honour of the Interpretour, and to the profit of all the Nation, as the Hiſtory will ſhew you clearly in its ſequele.

We know that a Dream is a viſion which is made in ſleep cauſed by the remainders of the images of the things which we have received in our ſenſes and in our imagination when we were awake; and is as the Eccho which brings a repetition of the actions of the day. Our ſoul hath this mark of its immortality, that it is in a perpetuall motion, without any interruption, after the manner of the heavenly Globes and of the intelligences. When the body is laid faſt by the charming ſweetneſſes of ſleep, and the night makes a league with all the actions of the day, the ſoul makes not any with its operations; it meditates, it reaſons, it ſpeaks, it is in action, it negotiates, and without parting from its body flies beyond all lands and ſeas to enjoy a friend. She opens her ſelf with joy, pricks her ſelf with ſorrow, intereſſes her ſelf in buſineſſes, and not being able to uſe the members of her body, ſerves her ſelf with her own members, and her own faculties for the ſatisfaction of her deſire. And as ſword-players ceaſe not ſometimes to fence without arms, and to uſe geſtures as if there paſſed a reall combate; ſo our ſpirit, whiles we ſleep, carries her ſelf away, and does every thing in Idea, as if it were ſeconded by the body. Such is the ſtate and naturall condition of Dreams, as *Tertullian* hath well explained it in his Book concerning the Soul. But beyond this, it is expedient to note that there is ſomething in them of extraordinary and Divine, which made the Stoicks ſay, that Providence carefull of our preſervation gave us Dreaming, as a domeſtick Oracle, to inform us of our good and evils. This cannot be underſtood commonly of all Dreams, the truth being ſuch that there are five ſorts of them which *Macrobius* following the Antients names the Phantaſme, the Raving, the Viſion, the Oracle, and the figurative Dream; we ought not to relie much upon Phantaſmes, which are as ſhadows, which preſent themſelves to our imagination in the very firſt cloud of ſleep, nor of Ravings which follow

ordinarily the ſtate of the paſſions and affections of our ſoul and of our body, as *Artemidorus* reaſons in the beginning of his work; but much on Viſion, which without following the paths trodden the day before by our ſenſes, make us ſee and diſcovet things in our ſleep which we experiment when we are awake to be the ſelf ſame which we ſaw when we were aſleep. And as for Oracle, which expreſſes to us apparitions of God and Angels, or certain grave perſons that ſeem to ſpeak to us, and to advertiſe us of what we have to do, or not to do, it cannot be but very conſiderable; as alſo the Figurative Dream, which ſhews us under Figures and Symbols the divers accidents of things profitable either to the common good, or to our particular conduct.

I have been willing to clear this with more day, to make us know the excellent gifts of the divine Goodneſſe communicated to our Patriarch in that interpretation which he gave to Dreams. To ſpeak truth, it was a kind of Prophecy, which being properly a manifeſtation of Truths elevated above the ordinary knowledge of man, clearly diſcovered it ſelf in *Joſeph* in the declaration which he made of things ſo hidden, and ſo little penetrable to the underſtanding of the moſt learned men of Egypt. Saint *Thomas* diſputes touching the excellency of Prophecies, and ſayes, That thoſe are more ſublime that are purely intellectuall, then others that are made by ſimilitudes. But although thoſe of our *Joſeph* were revealed by Riddles and by Figures, yet they mount for all that to an high point of excellency; foraſmuch as they were by this means more proportioned to the capacity of a Nation that loved them more when they were involved in the ſhadows and in the clouds of thoſe Figures, then if they had been naked and totally unmixt with corporall Idea's. And I think that the great excellency of a maſter and of a teacher, is to accommodate himſelf to the ſpirit of thoſe to whom he would perſwade the verities of his Doctrine.

Now it diſcovers to us at preſent, that this firſt Courtier of the choſen people had ſomething of Divine that prepared him to great actions, inaſmuch as from his little child-hood he was exerciſed by thoſe myſterious Dreams, and amorous of Heaven, and of the Starres that enlightned him in the ſilence of a delicious night, and brought him the preſages of his future greatneſſe. God hath often ſpoken to his moſt faithfull ſervants by the means of Dreams: as, to *Mordecai*; to the Wiſe-men of the Eaſt; to Saint *Joſeph* the ſpouſe of the moſt holy Virgin: and the obſervation of them is not bad when one perceives in them ſome extraordinary thing, and which tends to a good end by lawful and commendable means.

It is true that *Ariſtotle* thought, that Dreams came not from God, becauſe if that had any likelihood, that favour would be for none but for the Philoſophers and for eminent perſons; but we muſt pardon a wiſe worldly man if he knew not the admirable commerce and the ſweet diſcourſes that the Spirit of God is pleaſed to make with ſimple and innocent ſouls, which being empty of themſelves are filled advantageouſly with the Deity. Such was little *Joſeph*, when he ſaw in a Dream his ſheaf of corn that exalted it ſelf above thoſe of his brethren, and when he beheld the Sun, and the Moon, with the eleven Stars that came to worſhip him and do him reverence. This probably ſeemed to him a preſage of a great happineſſe, ſeeing that according to the Maximes of *Aſtrampſychus* in his book of Dreams, it is a mark of felicity to ſee the ſtars in ones ſleep. He had not been then refined at Court when he boaſted of that Dream by a childiſh innocence, and related it to his brothers, who conceived ſo much jealouſie from it, that they reſolved upon his deſtruction.

Here is a ſecond work of Providence which pleaſes her ſelf in doing the works of her trade, and in conducting to the haven thoſe whom ſhe hath taken in charge by turning her back to them. His brothers, ſaith S. *Gregory*, ſold him for fear leſt he ſhould be worſhipped according to his Dream, and he was worſhipped becauſe he was ſold. Envy (which is properly a ſadneſſe for the honour and welfare of another, foraſmuch as that it ſeems to us to tend to the diminution of ours) finds objects in all places; it enters into *Jacobs* family, a family of Saints, to teach us (ſaith Saint *Ambroſe*) that the ſervants of God have not eſcaped Paſſions, but conquered them. He that in the Government of all Egypt found nothing but admiration amongſt ſtrangers, meets with envy amongſt his brethren, and amongſt thoſe of whom charity ſhould have been adored though ſhe had been perſecuted in all the habitable world. There is not a more ſubtil poyſon then that of aſps, nor a more deadly envy then that of brothers, and eſpecially of thoſe that make profeſſion of wiſdome and of holineſſe. This animall Paſſion, that makes at length a ſinne of the ſpirit, feels her ſelf moſt conveniently lodged in the heart of ſpirituall men; ſhe ſleeps in their boſome as in her neſt; and becauſe that ſhe is alwayes a companion of ambition, and that ſuch kind of perſons are ordinarily extreme deſirous of the glory that proceeds from the reputation of virtue and of learning, it comes to paſſe that ſhe hath in them more exerciſe and nouriſhment. This ill-boding Comet diſcovers in them without ceaſing new vapours to be digeſted, and by how much the more aged the envious are, by ſo much the more ſtrong are their habits to this ſinne. The rayes of virtue and of all perfection are darted continually into the eyes of thoſe of the ſame houſe, which makes this iniquity increaſe by the frequentation of its objects. Little things prick as well as great, and thoſe Spiders find every where matter for poyſon. Good muſt be hid from them, that their evil may not be diſcovered, and virtue be put out of ſight, that ſhe may be put out of the danger of being envyed. *Oleaſter* ſaith, that God covered *Moſes* with a cloud in thoſe familiar Colloquies which he had with him, for fear that that being perceived by the Jews who were at the bottome of the Mountain in its higheſt luſtre might move envy by an object that merited nothing but veneration.

But how juſt is God to turn that fury of the Serpents againſt her ſelf, to cauſe her to promote whiles ſhe abaſes, and to honour while ſhe inſults, and to ſanctifie whiles ſhe perſecutes thoſe on whom ſhe imprints the ſtrongeſt venome of her rage! O what a brave ſpectacle it is to ſee ſo many ſtorms poured down continually at the foot of the mountain Athos, with an eternall deſpair to cover it! And what an excellent Theatre of Providence is it to behold envious men that envy without ceaſing, and that are never envied, becauſe they have nothing that merits envy! they caſt out their foam and their froth againſt a man whom Gods raiſes upon the wings of glory, and by making themſelves an hell in their entrails, they prepare for him a paradiſe.

Joſeph

Joseph sold to the Ishmaelites is bought by *Potiphar* a great Prince of Egypt, who had the confidence of King *Pharaoh* and his Arms in his hands. He enters into the Court, a thing which he never had so much as thought on; he comes thither with a chain to carry away one day the collar of gold; he is received there as a Slave, to become a Master, and submits his neck under the yoke of Servitude, to Govern. He enters powerfully into the favour of his Lord, who finding him discreet, industrious, and faithfull, gives him the charge of all his house, of his goods, and of his revenues, which he causes greatly to encrease, so much were his pains accompanied with an abundance of the benedictions of heaven. But the immodest love of his Mistresse raised him great combats that served for an exercise to his virtue, to put it in the highest lustre of its glory.

Behold a point where God shews plainly, that one never loses any thing by being faithfull to him; and that the greatest triumph of virtues, is, to have sin in ones power, and innocence in ones will. Those that would raise fortunes of glasse upon the foundations of iniquity, would have thought that *Joseph* had had a fair opportunity in his hands to promote himself at Court, seeing himself beloved of one of the chief Ladies of the Kingdome, who was as much disposed to wish him well, as powerfull to make his happinesse. There was no need to woo her, and to gain her heart by many artifices; she loves, she desires, she presses: love hath robbed her of the quality of a Mistresse, to make her take that of a Servant who offered to him her passion. That pleasing beauty of *Joseph*, which virtue placed upon the highest of the thrones of love, darted arrows at her that made her forget her self, to run after her slave.

What shall this faithfull servant do, that sees that his beauty hath passed him Master in one day of his Lords house and bed? He is young, it is a vice, some one will say, pardonable to his age. He is a stranger, he hath need of an upholder, he is a man of fortune, he ought not to shut the door against her when she offers her self to him. It is a deed that will passe in an eternall secret; if he grants his Mistresse's request, wealth, content, authority, credit, are for none but him; if he denies it, he must fear chains, prisons, fire, and sword, and all that a woman will, and all that a provoked love can do. It was a great combate, wherein Reason had the upper-hand of Passion; Grace of Nature; and God of Man. *Joseph* would not be fair to the prejudice of another, thinking that that was not the true beauty that was adorned to the disadvantage of Chastity, but that which is preserved to the honour of Modesty. He settled his eyes fast upon the Naturall Law of God whom he adored, and although he seemed then to use him harshly in that captivity, yet he forgot nothing of his duty. He represented to himself the faithfulnesse that he had promised to his Master; the short pleasures that accompany sin, and the remorse that follows; he extinguished the flames of love; he brake all his darts; and in his slavery made himself master of him that hath captivated so many Kings.

He came out of the chamber where the snare was laid, as a ruby out of burning flames, without losing any thing of his integrity, and making his fair lustre glitter in the eyes of heaven, his onely witnesse. He quitted his coat, and thought it no more his own, after it had touched the hands of that immodest woman; he feared lest that contageous venome of love might communicate it self to his heart by the simple touch of a garment; he stayes not near her; he busies not himself so much as to make her a discourse of continence; he answers her by running away, and conquers the strongest of the passions by turning to it his back. O why were not all the roses and all the lillies that flourished in the gardens of Egypt for that time employed to make immortall crowns for that Chastity that consecrated it self so highly even in the Kingdome of loves! O how well did he then merit to be mounted upon a chariot drawn with horses whiter then the snow, and to be shown to all Egypt, as a tamer of monsters, and a triumpher over vices!

Nevertheless (the love of his Mistresse turning it self into rage) he is accused of having attempted to ravish the honour which he preserved. His innocence is born down by the artifices of a wife, and the credulity of an husband; he suffers for virtue all that the most faulty could expect in punishment of their crimes. He is put immediately into the dungeon, loaden with irons, used with all possible rigours, without being defended or succoured of any one; he expects nothing every moment but an ignominious death to put an end to the miseries of his life.

Eternal Wisdome! (said *Tertullian*) you cut your children's throats and use them as sacrifices, as if you could not crown them but by their torments, as if you could not honour them but by their punishments. But why do we complain (said a learned Father of the Church) *Joseph* is free in this captivity; if his body groans under the irons, his spirit walks with God, philosophizes with God, and thinks that the recompence of a good action, is, to have done it.

Behold the exact method that Providence keeps in the conduct of her chosen ones; One deep must call upon another deep; the deep of afflictions calls for that of glories, and the heighths of honour are prepared according to the measure of tribulations. It is the gold that (according to *Job*'s speech) comes from the North; it is that divine crystall that is congealed under the breath of God; it is those burning arrows of the Lord of hosts that cause those combatants to let fly their colours, and that make wounds by communicating lights.

Ab aquilone aurum venit flante Deo concrescit gelu. Job 37.

Joseph's prison was a school of wisdome where God spake, and his servant hearkned to him, having his ear in heaven, and his heart in that of his Master. A certain Grace that proceeding from the interiour of his soul spread it self upon his visage, and made it self be heard in every one of his words, gained him the heart of his goaler that used him kindly, having already an high esteem of his innocence and of his virtue. There are some men so happy that they find Empires every where, which was the cause that this holy Patriarch obtained by merit the charge of all the prisoners that were companions of his misery, and made himself by love the governour even of him that held him in captivity.

It happens in this accident, that two of the King's officers, his Butler and his Baker, were brought into the same prison, and given in ward to *Joseph* to administer to them things necessary for life. He comforted them in their adversity, and entertained them with good discourses, and as he saw them one day very melancholy he inquired after the cause of their sadnesse, and perceived that they disquieted themselves about their Dreams. The Butler had dream'd that he saw a Vine with three branches, which at one time was adorned with leaves, with buds, with blossomes, and with ripe grapes, and that after he had gathered of its fruit, he squeezed it into *Pharaoh*'s cup which he held in his hand, and presented it unto him. Whereupon *Joseph* foretold him that within three dayes he should be re-established in his office. The other had seen himself in his Dream carrying three paniers of meal

upon his head, and it seemed to him that in that which was the highest of all, there was abundance of the delicacies of his trade, which the birds of prey came and snatched away, which made his Prophet denounce to him an ignominious death. The effect was answerable to the predictions in the limited time, and the one died upon the gallows, and the other was re-invested in his place.

But, that being very true which S. *Thomas* hath observed, that there be four sorts of people that easily forget a courtesie; Proud men, to whom one does some small displeasure, though they have been at other times greatly obliged in divers accidents. Base and mean persons that are unexpectedly raised to some degree of honour. Children, that are become men; and Prisoners that are set at liberty. The Butler was so ravished with his change of fortune, that he was no longer mindfull of his friend; the enjoyment of a present good making him lose the remembrance of the Prophecy concerning the time to come.

Yet Providence that would exalt *Joseph* to the highest top of honour at the time at which she had destined it, sent Dreams to *Pharaoh* about the state of his Kingdome, which caused great troubles in his mind, there being no body that he could find able to resolve his doubts. It was then that the Butler spake, not being ignorant that this news would be most pleasing to the King, and told him the Dreams that had happened both to him and to his companion when they were in prison, adding the interpretation given upon them by a young slave, an Hebrew by Nation, kept in the same goal, and the effect that had followed the Oracles of his mouth. Whereat the King being much joyed, commanded that he should be instantly fetched out of prison, and be brought to be seen and heard by his Majesty; which was readily performed, for after they had trimmed his hair, and cloathed him with a befitting habit, he was presented to the Kings eyes, who received him with much courtesie, and having related to him his Dreams, which were of seven kine, fat and wonderfull fair, that had been followed and devoured by other lean ones, and as much as could be, out of flesh; as also of seven ears of corn extremely well filled that had been eaten up by other empty and barren ones: he desired him to give him the Resolution of them. Whereupon, *Joseph* shewed a singular modesty, telling the King, that the true explications of Dreams, and all certain and infallible Prophecies came from God which is the father of lights, and at length opening his opinion, said, That Egypt should have seven years, such as never were, for abundance and fruitfulnesse, that should be followed with seven others over which should reign such a barrennesse and famine through all the land, that it should deface the memory of all that great fertility that had gone before. And therefore he would counsel his Majesty to find out a prudent and active man to give him the superintendency of all the land of Egypt, which should have Commissaries under him through all the Provinces, that should cause diligently the fifth part of the fruits, and the revenues of corn that should proceed every year out of that fecundity to be laid up and kept in the Kings granaries and magazines, that should be distributed in divers Provinces for that purpose, and that this would be a most secure means to remedy the great famine that should follow that long prosperity.

The interpretation of *Pharaoh*'s Dream was admired, and the advice judged exceeding good, which caused the King, thinking that there was no man in all his Realm more capable of that design then he that had given the invention of it, to establish from that time *Joseph* in that Charge so important to the whole Nation. It is a marvellous thing to consider the honours that this Prince did him, and the high titles wherewith he qualified him (God being pleased to shew in this that he multiplies the consolations of his faithfull servants above all the measure of the displeasures that they can have received) for he did not content himself to give him the silk robe, the collar of the order, the ring of his finger, to procure him a rich marriage by causing him to be espoused to the daughter of an high Priest of the city of Heliopolis consecrated to the sun, but he caused him to be called The Saviour of the world, and commanded that he should be carryed through the capitall city upon his triumphant chariot, and that the Herald of Arms should cause men to bend their knees before him, that he might be acknowledged of all the people, and that all the world might understand that nothing was done but by his orders.

Where are those admirers of the fortunes of glasse that happen to to the wicked? where are those adorers of the Colussu's of dirt that appear by the help of some false guildings, and are immediately reduced to dust? Let them see and let them consider that the God of heaven and earth which we adore is the God of honour too, whereof he gives a share to his, when it pleases him, with magnificences that surpasse all whatsoever one can imagine. For a prison of three years *Joseph* is exalted to a principality of fourscore, with an authority so absolute, that it never yet had its equall since the foundation of the Monarchy of the Egyptians.

It now remains to observe for the instruction of Courtiers the deportments of *Joseph* in that Charge, and although the Scripture sayes very little of that businesse, enlarging it self principally upon the narration of his reconciliation with his brethren, yet it omits not to give us something whereon to meditate, and whereby to instruct our selves about his demeanour at the Court.

In the first place, he is greatly to be commended for having preserved through his whole life a piety inviolable in the Religion of his fathers, without altering the service of the true God by any bad tincture of the superstition of the Egyptians. Represent to your selves a child about seventeen years of age, that was in a strange Nation as the Morning-star, whereof the Scripture speaks, in the midst of clouds, without a father, without a mother, without a governour or a teacher, without a Priest, without a Sacrifice, without a Law, without Precepts, and without example, that saw himself allured and powerfully sollicited to quit his Religion, by that complacency which he desired to give his Prince, by the consideration of his fortune, by the friendship of the great ones, by the condition of his marriage, and by the liking (which he might aim at) of a people extremely fastned to their errour, that could not easily endure those that had any other opinion of their Gods then their madnesse did prescibe. And yet, in an age so tender he holds his own by constancy of mind against the mighty, by reason against the sages of the countrey, by warinesse against his own wife, by sweetnesse and by prudence against the people. He remains alone, amongst so many millions of superstitious men, an adorer of the truth in spirit, without other sacrifices or ceremonies which were not lawful for him to use. To speak truth, he that shall weigh all these circumstances, will find a marvellous weight of virtue and constancy in this holy personage. We may see many of the young gentry sufficiently well educated at the first, that coming to breathe the air of liberty amongst the Hereticks, and having not the frequentation of the Sacraments so free as formerly, easily forget their duty, and without having any other corruptour to sollicite them, corrupt themselves

ſelves of themſelves through the want of courage and wearisomneſſe of virtue. But if there be any baits of pleaſure or of honour that allures them to the ſide of impiety they tread often times under foot all that there is of divine and humane, for the ſatisfying of their ſenſuality. But this young man that ſaw every day before his eyes a thouſand ſtumbling-blocks in a Nation that was addicted to Idolatry above all the People of the World, and that had often torn in pieces thoſe that expreſſed any contempt of their Ceremonies, preſerves himſelf amidſt theſe enticements and theſe furies, as a fountain of freſh-water in the midſt of the ſalt-Sea. The true God alwayes returned into his thoughts when he was to combate againſt the paſſion of his Miſtreſſe, when he was to preſent himſelf to the King, when he was to require an oath of his brethren, it was by the true God, and when he was ready to render up the Ghoſt, he conjured his children not to let his bones rot in a land of Idolatry.

Yet ſome men may wonder, that in ſo long a ſojourning as he made in Egypt, and in an authority ſo abſolute, he tooke care onely of the Politick affairs, and advanced not the intereſts of his Religion. Some may marvell at the alliance that he made with a daughter of a Prieſt of Idols, which could not be without putting his conſcience in great danger, there being nothing more full of Artifice then ſuperſtition that is upheld with Love.

But to this I anſwer, That all that he could do then was to preſerve his Faith, without pretending to ruine the contrary. It was not expedient that the figure ſhould incroach upon the Body, and that *Joſeph* ſhould do the work of the Meſſias. This demolition of the prophane Temples, and this deſtruction of the Idols was not due but to Jeſus Chriſt, and to the Deifying operations of the Evangelicall Law, after the coming of the Holy Spirit. How ſhould *Joſeph* have been able to enterprize the converſion of the Gentiles, ſeeing that our Lord would not permit, no not his Diſciples, while he was yet on earth, to make incurſions, and miſſions into the Countrey of the Heathens, commanding them to ſtay for that ſpirit of fire and light that was to inflame the whole world with its ardours? And as for that which touches his allyance, there was not yet any Law that forbad the Mariages of the Jews with the Gentiles, and he had but newly ſeen the example of his Father *Jacob*, who had allyed himſelf with the houſe of *Laban*. This was done indifferently enough in the Law of Nature, by reaſon that God had not commanded any thing that was contrary to this practice, and becauſe that his People were yet but a little family in the middle of the world. But this faſhion was changed afterward, (as it is clear by the Scripture) and thoſe who produce the Examples of *Abraham* and of *Jacob*, to perſwade allyance with Infidels, ſhew that they have little Reaſon and much Paſſion.

In the ſecond Place, I ſay that the Modeſty of *Joſeph* is of a rare Example, and of a ſtrength of mind almoſt incomparable. Which will be eaſie enough to prove to thoſe that know how ſeriouſly to weigh the change of humour and of ſpirit, that honour ordinarily brings with it, and eſpecially when it is great and ſudden, and falls upon a perſon that is not accuſtomed to it. There are ſome that are like the Thracians that make themſelves Drunk, ſtanding about burning coals, by the odour of a certain herb which they throw into the fire, after which they dance continually, and forget all the functions of the reaſonable life. So may you ſee abundance of ſuch men, who perceiving themſelves raiſed upon the wings of fortune, fall into ſuch a madneſſe of glory, that they are as it were dizzy-headed by certain venimous fumigations of ambition, and know themſelves no more. But this man ſees himſelf at his going out of priſon mounted to the higheſt point of honour that ever happened to a Favourite; He hath the Kings Ring and Seal, he triumphs upon his Chariot, he ſees the Nobles in admiration of his Fortune, and the Commons in veneration: he ſees the applauſes, he hears the Clamours of thoſe that highly publiſh him the ſaviour of the world; And yet for all this great preparation, there eſcapes not from him one onely word of vanity. He expreſſes not any complacency in thoſe honours, and in that habit, and it is not read that after the day of the Ceremony he ever uſed them. He publickly avouches that he is the ſon of a Shepheard, he cauſes his Father and his Brothers to come into the Kingdome of Egypt, not to give them the Offices of the Court, and the Treaſures of *Pharaoh*, but he lets them alone in their vocation, contenting himſelf to procure their quiet, and ſome ſmall commodities ſutable to that Paſtorall life. He humbles himſelf before his Father, he acknowledges and makes much of his Brethren, he gains the heart of all the world, and bears ſo actively that high top of glory, that he ſeems to be no more laden with it, then a Bird is with his Feathers.

The third perfection of *Joſeph* is remarkable in the great and laborious ſervices that he rendered to his Prince, with an high Prudence, an exquiſite Diligence, and an inviolable faithfulneſſe. He viſited in perſon all the Provinces of Egypt, and in the great fertility of thoſe fortunate years, when Corn was almoſt as cheap as ſand, he laid up a prodigious ſtore in the Kings Magazines to relieve the neceſſities of the barrenneſſe that was to come: and indeed it did not fail to happen, but indured the ſpace of ſeven years, with ſuch a violence, and ſo great diſaſters, that it ſeemed that the bowels of the Earth were iron, and that God had reſolved to deſtroy mankind by a Generall Famine. It was then that all the People implored the mercy of the King, who ſent them back to *Joſeph* who cauſed the Granaries of all Egypt to be ſet open, and ſold corn to all thoſe that had need of it, firſt for money, afterward for Cattell, and at laſt when both money and Cattell failed the Egyptians, they ſold their Lands in great number, ſo that all Egypt was ſubmitted to the diſcretion of the King, to avoid that raging Famine. They gave themſelves and their little poſſeſſions with all their heart for Bread; But *Joſeph* takeing pity of their great miſeries made them Conditions that were above all their hopes. This people was of a ſpirit bright enough, addicted to novelties and ſeditions, which made them often ſhake off the yoak, but *Joſeph* tamed them inſenſibly by their own neceſſities, and ſubjected all Egypt to his Maſter, cauſing him to reign peaceably, and with a great authority, and yet for all this drew no envy upon himſelf, but quite contrary he made his Government be admired, and his memory bleſſed!

Amongſt all this it is not ſaid that he enriched his houſe with the great treaſures that he heaped up for *Pharaoh*, and although that his Maſter had put all things into his power, yet he uſed them ſo moderately, that when he had a mind to offer preſents to his brother *Benjamin*, whom he loved as his own heart, he contented himſelf to give him five ſuits of Clothes, and three hundred Livers, making the ſame largeſſe to his Father, with ſome Mules to tranſport their Baggage. Yet is is very true that he cauſed the Land of Goſhen to be given them, but it was, as it were, by way of loan, to dwell there, and to husband it, till the return that *Jacob* pretended to make to the Countrey of his Fathers. In a word, *Joſeph* plainly ſhewed that

he was little affected to all the Riches of the Egyptians when he received of his father, and made reckoning of it, a little piece of Land that he had gained from the Amorites.

A fourth quality of this wise Governour, which is greatly to be priz'd, is seen in the great prudence and singular sweetnesse which he used in his Government, in such a manner that he gained the affection of all the great men of Egypt. *David* speaking of this discretion and of this goodnesse saith, according to the Hebrew Text, That he tyed them all to his heart, which is as much as to say, That he united them to his person by a great affability, by good offices, and by honest yieldings. They looked upon him as a Father, and as a Master, and had him in veneration: and yet for all this he was not puffed with Pride, nor inebriated with the opinion of his own sufficiency; But in all the extraordinary favours that he received of the King his Master, he was communicable, and esteeming himself as one of them, he saw them all under him. To speak sincerely, it is an admirable thing, That a stranger should have held the Stern of a Kingdome the space of four score years in a Nation full of Spirit, and sufficiently seditious, without complaints, without discontents, and without intermissions in a calm so peaceable, a Peace so amiable, a Love so Universall. How many do we see in Histories that being come to some dignity seem continually to hold a Wolf by the ears and as they love nothing but their own Interest, so are they loved sincerely of no body, which puts them in continuall frights and makes them fear even the very shadow of an hair! They think not that there is any security for themselves, unlesse they put the whole world in danger, nor safety, unlesse it be in the publick Ruines. This makes them be hated of God, and Men; and causes cares to leap over Ramparts of Steel and Iron, to beset their silver Ballisters, and to call them to an account at every moment for the Calamity of the Living, and for the Blood of the Dead.

This was a fifth Lineament of his good demeanour, that he had bowels of Compassion for the poor People in that cruell Famine, and generall despair of all Egypt. And although one might imagine that he had promoted the Interests of the King in an excesse to the detriment of the Subject; yet is it true that he that will well consider the estate and Lawes of that Monarchy will impute to *Josephs* favour that, which he would have taken at first sight for Rigour in his Government.

It is certain that according to the Antient Histories which treat of the Policy of that Nation, the Revenue of Egypt was divided into three parts: the first of which was claimed by the Priests that were in great number, and in great esteem in a superstitious Nation; and that Portion was employed in the building of Temples, in the expence of sacrifices, and in the maintenance of the Sacrificers and Ministers that were preserved in their inheritances and possessions by the Reverence that was born to Religion. The second was the Kings who was obliged to feed and pay the Souldiery, and those that administred Justice. The third belonged to the Common people composed of Labourers, of Shepheards and of Artificers, who seeing themselves oppressed with famine, offered willingly their inheritances and their Bodies too for Bread. But *Joseph* remitted all, gave them wherewith to sow, and even the Cattel to Plow the Ground, on this condition, that they would render to the King the fifth part of the Increase, which they agreed to with a free will, finding their repose, their good, and their safety in that transaction. So that the holy Patriarch is free from blame in all these proceedings. For if upon the foresight of the barrennesse he made provision of Corn, it was Prudence, if he sold it dear in a time that the want of it was great, it was justice; but if he exacted not of the Egyptians all that necessity prescribed them; using them with more favour then the misery of their condition did bear, it was mercy. And to make it evidently appear that *Joseph* made himself beloved of the People, one may observe an excellent Treatise of *Julius Firmicus* an antient Ecclesiasticall Authour that assures us, That the Egyptians finding themselves infinitely obliged to his Providence and to his Courtesie, consecrated him under the name of *Serapis* that carried a measure of Corn upon his head, to signifie that he was the God that had given them bread.

For a sixth observation, one cannot sufficiently admire that prodigious goodnesse which he testified in his reconciliation with his brethren. Upon which the sacred History extends it self with magnificence and pomp, for he did that action with much preparation, and seasoned it with a certain gentlenesse and memorable circumstances to render it more solemn. He frighted them to secure them; he made them sad to make them joyfull; He tormented them with fears and griefs to make them taste their felicity with a more delicious daintinesse.

An Antient said also, That there is never any thing Good without the experience of Evil, and for this purpose he afflicts them at first by a feigned Rigour, to make them experiment a true Goodnesse; for to follow in this History the paths of the holy Scripture without any other amplification such as one may reade in the History of the *R. Fa. Talon* who hath handled this subject with a flourishing and delightfull stile: Consider how when they presented themselves unto him to buy Corn in Egypt by his permission, he knew them without being known, He assumed a severe countenance, and harsh language, he used them as Spies that come to observe the defects of the Cities and of the Citadels of Egypt to make a report of it to the enemy. They very much astonished, answered, that they were very farr from all such practises, being of a peaceable nature and condition, the sons of a good man the father of twelve children, the youngest of which stayed at home with him, and the other was dead many years ago.

Joseph that had not his reckoning if he got not his dear brother *Benjamin* that issued from the same mother as himself, frighted them more to make them resolve to bring him, and told them, that he perceived well that they were Impostours, and that he would believe nothing of what they said, if they came not to produce that little brother of whom they spake; That these were but inventions to amuze him, but he would not be satisfied, nor put off with Fables. Thereupon he gave command that they should all be put in prison under a good and safe Guard. These miserable men lay three dayes in a place where they endured very long, and they began to think upon their conscience, perswading themselves that it was their brothers blood that rebounded upon their heads. *Joseph* causes them to be brought, and questions them again, as to make ready their indictment, and to cause them to be put to death. The fear wherein they thought themselves to be gave them great remorses, and made them say amongst themselves; It is upon a just ground that we suffer now an accident so little expected by us; we well enough remember that we saw the anguish of our poor brother *Joseph*, when we held him in our cruell hands to kill him; we have sold him to the infidels, and he dyed in slavery overwhelmed with miseries; It is of his bloud that God makes us now to give an account.

They said this with a low voyce in *Josephs* and the Egy-

Egyptians presence, thinking that their language had not been understood by any one; but all those words entred into the heart of their good brother, who was very much melted with compassion, and withdrew himself to let fall some tears which joy and pitty forced from his eyes.

In fine, he commanded them to return unto their home, on condition that one of them should remain Prisoner till such time as they had brought their little brother. *Simeon* was chosen to be the sacrifice, and was bound in their presence, which they could not see without a sad displeasure. This done they were dismissed with their Loads of Corn, and the money which they had brought secretly put up again into their sacks by *Josephs* order. When they perceived it, it astonished them, but being already far advanced upon the way, they returned to their Father, related to him faithfully all that had passed, and expect thereupon his counsels and commands.

But when the Good-man heard them speak of taking away his *Benjamin*, he felt himself touched in the apple of the eye, and said, that he saw plainly that all his children would be taken from him, that they should remember that one had been devoured by the wild beasts, another lay in chains in a strange Countrey, and that instead of comforting him, they would yet carry away him that assisted him in his old age, and made him love more tenderly that little life that remained to him; That if this should come short home, It would precipitate his grey hairs to the Grave with most bitter Griefs. It was pitifull to see the torment of that good old man, and he was not for that time to be pressed farther upon a point so sensible. They let some dayes slip away, and as the famine increased, and the Corn diminished, *Jacob* without being brought to it by his Children begins again to speak of a voyage into Egypt. They reply that it was a superfluous thing to think on it, if he made not a resolution to send with them his sonne *Benjamin*; but when they spake to him of that, they opened the wound of his heart, and he said that it was to make all the miseries of his unfortunate house fall back on him, and that they might well have omitted to tell the Governour of Egypt that they had yet another brother. Whereupon they informed him, that he himself had inquired particularly about the state of all the family, and that they had no list to lye, not being able to Divine that he would demand that child.

The necessitie of food, and the love of a father combated at the same time in that afflicted heart, and he knew not what to resolve on. His sons seeing him a little stagger, urge him eagerly as one does those that are slow and fearfull when one would wrest any thing from them. *Reuben* offers him his two little sonnes in hostage, and would have him kill them, if he brings not back to him his *Benjamin*. *Judah* engages himself for him upon his head and life. The battery was too strong for him not to yield; he orders them therefore to take some of the best fruits of their Land to make presents to that great Lord of Egypt, and to carry their money double, to restore that which had been put into their sacks, lest it should have happened by an over-sight, and also to take their little brother seeing that such was the necessity. When they came to a departure, he felt great convulsions, and said to them, go then in an happy hour. I pray my God, the God Almighty which hath never yet forsaken me, that he would render that great Governour of Egypt favourable to you, and that you may quickly bring back that poor prisoner, and my little Benjamin which I put now into your hands upon the promises which you have made, to which I call heaven to witnesse. Know furthermore, that I am deprived of all my children, and that I shall be as in the Grave, till such time as the happy news of your return shall give me a Resurrection.

This being said, they put themselves on the way, arrive at Egypt, and present themselves suddenly to their brother who perceived that *Benjamin* was there, whereat he was wonderfully pleased, and commanded his Steward to make ready a dinner, because he would eat with those strangers. They are brought into the house with much courtesie, yet (as an evil conscience is ever fearfull) they perswade themselves that it is to put them in Prison, and to keep them in servitude by reason of that money which they had found in their sacks. They addresse themselves to the Gaol-keeper of the house, very much scared, and beseech him to hear them; they relate to him with great sincerity all that had happened to them, protesting that that came not by their fault, and offering all that they thought they were indebted to him. The other made answer with great affability, that he had received of them good money, that he held himself satisfied, and that if they had found any in their sacks it was their good luck, and the God of their fathers that had a mind to gratifie them. He gave them notice that they were to dine that day with their Lord, who would suddenly return from his affairs to set himself at Table. They order in the mean time their present, and their brother *Simeon* is released who embraces them with a joy which was as the fore-runner of a greater. They are made to wash and repose themselves, and meat is also given to their Mules.

And when all this was dispatched, *Joseph* enters to go to dinner; they prostrate themselves before him with a profound reverence, and offer him their presents. He receives them with great courtesie, and asks of them at first sight, how their good Father did, and whether he was yet alive. To which they answered, that God of his goodnesse had preserved to them that which they held most dear, and that he was in a very good condition. Then he fixt his eyes upon his brother *Benjamin*, and said unto them, Is this then your little brother of whom you have made mention to me? To which they answer, that they had brought him with them, to obey his commands, and to justifie the sincerity of their proceedings. His heart was ravished at him, and turning himself towards him, My child, sayes he to him, I pray God to give you his holy Graces, and to keep you in his protection. Upon this speech, he felt his heart very much moved, and ran into his Closet, not being able any longer to hold his tears, and wept in secret, so great an impression had bloud and nature, and perhaps the remembrance of his Mother who had born them both, made upon his Spirit.

When he had wiped his face, he returns with a merry countenance, he commands his men to wait. He dined apart, a little separated from his brethren, and from another company of the Egyptians who were also at the Feast and had no communication with the Jews. He gives charge above all that they use well the youngest of those eleven brothers, which say that they are all the sons of one and the same father, and that they should spare nothing on them. After all, he ordered that they should fill their sacks with Corn, and that they should put again the money also in them, as they had done at their first journey, and spake to his Steward, giving him charge to take the Cup in which he drank and to put it in the sack of little *Benjamin*, which he did; and after they had well dined, they passed the rest of the day in all tranquility, expecting the morrow to put themselves upon their way, and to return to their father.

When

When the day began to dawn after they had bid their Adieus, and given their thanks, they depared from the City very joyfull, for that they had had so happy Accidents; But they were not very far before they see a man coming from *Joseph*, that seems exceedingly to chase, stops them, and sayes to them that some body had stoln away his Masters Cup with which he serves himself to drink in, and to Divine things hidden; that this could not happen but from them, and that they were very injurious, after they had been enterteined in the house of the Governour of Egypt with so much courtesie, to render him evil for good and to fly away after they had committed a Theft so base and so outrageous.

The brothers extreamly astonished answer that this cannot be, and that they should be the wickedest men upon the earth if they had as much as dreamt of such an attempt; That there was no likelihood that they that had brought back faithfully the money that had been put into their sacks would steal in the house of so high a Potentate; Furthermore, that there was no need of words, but that he should come to proof, and search every where, and that if any one of them was culpable of that sactiledge, they were content to deliver him up to death, and to render themselves all the Governours slaves for reparation of that fault.

The condition is accepted with moderation, that the faulty should be punished, and that the innocent should go free. They are all searched in order, and the Cup was found in the sack of the youngest. The brothers are seized with a profound astonishment, and the poor child so amazed, that he hath not a word to defend himself. They begin all to afflict themselves, and to rent their clothes, and return to the City as Thieves taken in the fact to render an account to the Governour. As soon as he saw them he reproched them of ingratitude, and said to them, that they were much deceived to come to him to steal, seeing there was not a man in the whole world that had more news of secret things then he. All prostrate themselves on the ground, and do him Reverence; *Judah* takes the word and sayes, That they came not to excuse themselves, that they had nothing to say, since God had rendred their iniquity so visible, that they were come all to offer themselves to him to be his slaves with him that had done the deed. Nay, it shall not go so, saith *Joseph*, but the culpable shall stay with me, and ye shall return all of you, at liberty to your house. Then *Judah* drew near, desired audience with a profound humility, and declared how that child was his Fathers heart and life; and that having received order from his Excellence to pluck him out of the arms of the old man and to bring him, they had given him battells to make him resolve on that Voyage, to which he would by no means hearken. But the desire they had to give all possible satisfaction to his greatnesse had made them presse that businesse so farre as to oblige themselves life for life, body for body, and to deliver their little children to death, in case that they brought not back their brother *Benjamin*; that thereupon the goodman rendred himself with much difficulty, and that to go and tell him at present that his dear sonne in whom he lives, and by whom he breathes, is stayed prisoner in Egypt, for a case of theft, would be to give him a double death, and to send him to the Grave with inconsolable griefs. And therefore he beseech'd his Greatnesse to shew them mercy, and to take him for a slave in the place of his brother *Benjamin*.

Joseph could hear no more, so much love and pity did he feell in the bottome of his heart. He caused all the servants to withdraw, not being willing that any of the Egyptians should be witnesse of this action, and then he lifted up his voyce with a great sigh, and a torrent of tears that glided from his eyes, and said, I am *Joseph*, is my Father yet alive? At that speech these poore men stood so surprised, and in such an extasie, that they made him no reply. By how much the more he saw them astonished, by so much the more did he make much of them, and making them approach very near him, he said again, I am *Joseph*, I am he that ye sold to the Ishmaelites to be carried into Egypt. Trouble not your selves; God permitted this for my good and for yours. Two years of Famine are past, there are yet five remaining, and I have been sent from on high into Egypt to nourish you, and to preserve you in the rigour of the time. It was not by your counsels, but by the ordinances of God that I came into this Kingdome. And now behold, I am as a father to *Pharaoh*, the Superintendent of his house, and the Prince of Egypt. Go, haste ye to return to my father, carry him the news of my life and of my dignity, relate to him all the glory and all the magnificence that invirons me, and tell him that I expect him here, and that it is the will of God that he should come to sojourn in the land of Goshen, where he shall have all that he can desire for his children and for his flocks. This said he embraced them weeping, begining with the little *Benjamin*, and then they took the boldnesse to speak to him with open heart about all that had passed, thinking themselves obliged above all measure to his goodnesse.

The fame of this acknowledgement ran in the house of *Pharaoh*, who ordered *Joseph* to cause his Father to come and sojourn in Egypt with his brothers, dispatching many charriots to carry all his baggage.

The children returned Triumphing, and gave him the news that his sonne *Joseph* was alive, and the second person of the Realm of Egypt that had the managing of all. The Good-man thought that it was a dream, and the admiration of it held him so seized that he could not come to himself again; at length when he saw that it was all in good earnest, and that the Chariots that were to carry away all his family were at the gate, he said, that now there remained nothing more for him to desire, if his sonne *Joseph* was alive, and that he would see him before his death. Some time after, he departed, being encouraged by an heavenly Vision that promised him all good successes in that journey; and when he was arrived at Goshen he dispatched *Judah* to give the newes of it to his sonne *Joseph*, who at the same instant went up into his Coach to go to meet him, and seeing him embraced him with close enfoldings, weeping for joy and tendernesse upon his neck. His Father holding him between his arms said; My son, It is at this houre that I shall dye content, since God hath shewed me the grace to see you, and to leave you alive after me. The holy man was also presented to King *Pharaoh* who made him a great enterteinment, and demanded of him his age; to which he answered that he was but an hundred and thirty years old, that those dayes were few and evil, and were not extended to the age of his Fathers; He blessed the King, and his place of abode was assigned in the land of Goshen where he lived in a most full content.

And now I demand of my Reader, if there be any thing more magnificent, more sweet, and more benigne then the heart of *Joseph* in all the circumstances of that Reconciliation with his brethren? We see many Histories wherein the Grandees of the earth that mount up on their Thrones, after they have been offended, who, have nothing so ordinary as to make Furies and Vengeances with squadrons of Hangmen march with them by their side, to Ruine those that have done them any dis-

displeasure. But this man, after he had been so cruelly used, after he had been stripped of his cloathes, cast into an old pit of water, domineered over, and sold to Barbarians by his own brothers with an intention to keep him in an hard slavery the rest of his dayes; not onely forgets all that had passed, but pardons them with a profusion of Charity; he does them good, he over-whelms with good offices those ungratefull men, and in obliging them, he hath but one trouble, which is to see them shamefull of their crime. He weeps while he embraces them one after another: He would not that that fault should be imputed to them: He sayes that it was a design of God on which they should think no more unlesse to thank him. These bad brethren, after their fathers death, finding themselves pricked with remorse of conscience, and imagining that that pardon was but a dissembling, cast themselves at his feet, and beseech him to lay aside all the resentments of past wrongs; but he raised them, weeping, and promised them a Charity totally fraternall, and for ever inviolable. And though he was so puissant and so absolute, he never advanced his own children to the prejudice of his brothers, observing them and respecting in every thing the right of Eldership which nature had given them over him. Certainly a man that hath such a power over himself ought to be looked upon on earth as a Starre that should descend from heaven, and as the liveliest image of the divine Goodnesse: he merits not onely to triumph on *Pharaoh*'s charrets, but on the Heaven of heavens, and so be beheld by Angels with admiration of his desert. Finally, that which was glorious in *Joseph* for the fulnesse of this perfection, was the strength and equality of an incomparable spirit; he was alwayes like himself, and saw all the changes of his fortune without changing: He descends into the deep pit with the same countenance as he mounts upon *Pharaoh*'s charret: He complains of nothing: He accuses no body: He stifles all the displeasures and all the resentment of nature in him. He is loved of his Mistresse, without condescending to her passion: He is hated of her, without accusing her cruelty: He is accused, without defending himself, persecuted, without resisting. So many years roul over his head without writing one onely word to his father to the disadvantage of his inhumane brothers: He suffers with silence: He hides his evils with industry: He does good without affectation: He bears upon his shoulders all the cares of a great Government without groaning under his burden: He communicates his glories and his pleasures: He reserves to himself onely the toils: He takes the bitter and the sweet, the hard and the soft, prosperities and adversities, as the sea that receives all the rivers without changing either colour or savour. All his life is but a picture that hath alwaies the same visage: and as the Deity does continually one and the same action without altering or wearying it self, he continues the exercises of his goodnes without remission, even to the last article of his life.

MOSES.

WHat spectacle is this here? A cradle of bulrushes floating upon the River Nile, and in it a little abandoned Infant, for whom his own mother is constrained to make a grave of water to avoid the fury of the murderers that came to pluck him from the breast. His sister follows him with weeping eyes, and sayes to him, Go poor child whither fortune shall conduct thee; go, my dear brother, upon the floats of a furious Element which perhaps will be more favourable to thee then those inhumane men that seek thy life, when as thou knowest not yet what 'tis to live. This River will have pity on thee, or if it swallows up thy cradle in its waves, it will lodge thy bones in its bosome, and cover thy death to sweeten the bitterest of our evils which is to have eyes to look upon our misery.

But while that this poor maid weeps upon the bank of Nilus, and mingles her tears with the water of the River, Providence takes the care of that cradle; she makes her self as the Pilot of that little vessel which is without mast, without rudder, without cordage; she supplies all, and does all, she shews how one may find life in death, and an haven in a shipwrack.

The daughter of King *Pharaoh* comes with her female train, and in it is her intention to bathe her self, but in God's intention, that she might be made the mother of that little Infant exposed to the mercy of the waters; and that since she could not be so by Nature, she might be by Adoption. She discovers first of all that cradle which was on the waters side, and dispatches one of her damsels to take it up and bring it her, that she might see what was in it; she finds a very fair child which pleads his case before her by the eloquence of his tears and of his cryes, and implores her mercy against the fury of the Infant-slayers. Her heart is melted in compassion towards it, and she gives command that it should be kept and nourished; his sister standing opportunely by sayes unto her that she knew where was a good Nurse that would well acquit her self of that duty, if it pleased her Majesty that she might call her; whereto she having shewed some inclination, she causes the mother to come that nursed with all security her dear Infant which she had exposed through diffidence.

This little body drawn out of the bundle of rushes is he that God hath chosen to shake all Egypt, to overthrow the pride of *Pharaoh*'s, and to draw his people out of Captivity.

The Hebrews were already multiplied exceedingly in the Kingdome of Egypt after the death of *Joseph*, in the space of sixty five years, and began to make themselves feared of their Masters. The face of the Realm was changed, and he that was then upon the Throne was a Prince that remembred not any longer the obligations that the Monarchy had to the Patriarch *Joseph*, but blamed the counsels of his Predecessours for having permitted a stranger-people to have a dwelling in his Kingdome; that seeming to him, according to humane Policy, of pernicious consequence, and thinking that that waxing stronger, as it did, every day might be capable to make an attempt upon the State, or be serviceable to those that had a design to make a commotion, and to embroil the affairs of the Kingdome. He judged not ill, according to the rules of Politicians; and for that purpose, he resolved with himself to abate and to destroy them by what means soever it was done. The first was to consume them amongst stones and mortar in the structure of those prodigious Pyramids that are to be seen in Egypt.

The ſecond was to command the Midwives to kill all the Male-children, which they did not execute through the fear which they had of God, and the horrour of that command. This made him adviſe upon a third means, and ordain, that all the Boyes from the day of their birth ſhould be drowned in the River Nile.

But God (that would teach Princes and State-Miniſters, that although one ſhould have in Idea any juſt and lawfull deſign, yet one never ought to ſeek to compaſſe it by unjuſt and violent means) permitted not this unhappy Prince that gnawed himſelf with cares and unquietneſſe, and tormented his life by ſo many new inventions of malice and of fury, ever to bring about what he projected; and his ſucceſſour, after a thouſand ſcourges, and a thouſand diſaſtres of his Kingdome which he ſaw every day fall by pieces before his eyes, was buried in the red Sea for drowning thoſe little Innocents in the Nile.

The life of one onely man oftentimes coſts him dear that will have it by Revenge; what then do we think that it is to root out a great family, or a whole Nation to ſatisfie one of our appetites? All the veins of thoſe that are perſecuted bend themſelves to reſiſtance, and God (in fine) taking their cauſe in hand overwhelms all humane Policy in a crudity of undigeſted deſigns and a ſhame to have try'd every thing and to have done nothing, to have exhauſted the ſweat, and the bloud of the people, the gold and the ſteel of great Kingdomes, all malices and all hell, and to obtain no other thing but a remarkable Confuſion through the weakneſſe of ones power.

Seneca ſaid to *Nero* that inflicted ſo many deaths by a jealouſie of State, that he killed men to good purpoſe indeed, and that whatſoever endeavour he uſed, he ſhould never put to death his ſucceſſour. When Tyrants torment themſelves without, and ſack ſmoaking cities, and mow off ſo many innocent heads, they have within that which will deſtroy them. *Pharaoh* ceaſed not to ſtorm, and to make every day new maſſacres, to cauſe him to periſh that would make an attempt upon his State; and in the mean while his own daughter nouriſhes the moſt capitall of his enemies, that was to make his Sceptre fly in ſhivers, and bury him in his race under the ruines of his Empire.

Naturall Hiſtory hath obſerved a ſtrange thing of the nature of the Helmet-flower, that it is a plant as venomous as poſſible, and that kills all thoſe that eat of it, and yet for all this, there are little flies about that plant which are nouriſhed with it, and (what is admirable) ſerve for an Antidote againſt its poyſon. The Court is a reſidence very prejudiciall to Innocence, and that of *Pharaoh*'s was without doubt a School of Murders and of Maſſacres, rather then an Academy of Honour: and yet God permitted that *Moſes* ſhould be bred up there, and that without being touched with a venome ſo contageous to virtues he ſhould give a remedy to thoſe that were offended with it.

He learned all the Arts and all the Wiſdome of the Egyptians; he conſidered all their Policy, all their Artifices, their Arms; their Levies, their Victuall, their Souldiers, the Principles of their Government, the Effects, the Succeſſes, the Diſpoſition of King *Pharaoh*, the Eſteem, the Credit, the Capacity, and the Deſigns of the great Ones of the Court, the Means that had upheld that Monarchy, and the Things that might ruine it. He was reſpected and eſteemed of all, as the true ſon of the Princeſſe, which gave him the liberty to know every thing, and to learn the ſecret myſteries of the Empire, not as a ſtranger, but as an originary.

He ſhewed from his infancy ſome glimpſe of the greatneſſe and of the power to which God deſtined him, when (according to the report of the Hebrews) being at play one day with the Crown of *Pharaoh*, he threw it on the ground, and trod upon it with his feet, which was eſteemed a very bad preſage, and gave much trouble to the King; but when they would diſcern whether that action proceeded from judgement and from malice, or from chance, they preſented to him on one ſide an apple, and on the other a coal of fire, to ſee to which of the two he would reach his hand; now the child quitting the fruit, took the fire, as if he would put it to his mouth to eat it. Whereupon the ſages of the Nation informed the King, that there was no reaſon to put to death an infant, adopted by his daughter, for an action of ſimplicity.

He was then trained up in the exerciſe of arms, and *Joſephus* relates, that being come to maturity of age, he was a great warriour; and that the Ethiopians having made an inundation upon the Realm of Egypt with great forces, when the State was very much troubled with them, the King was counſelled by his Oracles to make uſe of an Hebrew Captain to ſtop the courſe of thoſe hoſtilities. The charge of the Army was given to *Moſes*, who led it with great prudence through places that others judged inacceſſible, and by means of certain Birds which he cauſed to be carried out of Egypt, purged the Countrey of the ſerpents that were wont extremely to annoy the ſouldiers. In fine, he chaſed the Ethiopians and ſhut them up within the walls of their city Saba which he puiſſantly beſieged. The beauty of his countenance furniſhed him with darts and engines to take it, that were ſtronger then fire and ſword. The Kings daughter having ſeen him from an high tower as he gave orders for the ſiege, was ſo raviſhed with his valour, that ſhe became paſſionately in love with him, and cauſes him to be ſued unto for marriage, on which condition ſhe would deliver the city into his hands; which was executed, and the Nuptialls followed, which changed the thunders of Warre into the ſongs of Love. The glories that this Conquerour gathered from theſe combats were the ſeeds of an enraged envy which the Egyptians had againſt him, ceaſing not to perſecute his virtue, ſo that he was conſtrained to get him out of Egypt.

Yet it is held that he was at Court till the age of fourty years, without advancing any thing in that great affair of the Deliverance of his People, ſo leaſurely do mighty negotiations proceed, and are like the Planet of *Saturn*, which being the higheſt is the ſloweſt too. He reſented his bloud, and his originall, and had very much ado to digeſt the rigours that he ſaw continually exerciſed upon his brethren; yet as long as he was at Court, his ſpirit ſeemed to be in an eclipſe without producing the vivacity of thoſe fair Lights that God communicated to him in the wilderneſſe. The Wiſe-men loſt their Starre at the Court of *Herod*, and *Moſes* was deprived of his high revelations in that of *Pharaoh*. He was in a condition not to be able any longer to diſſemble the evil of his Nation, and in an impotence to advance the good as he would have done; he made a reſolution to leave that place that was ſo familiar to Crimes and inacceſſible to Virtues. The clamours that he heard, and the miſeries that he ſaw, rent his heart; He could not hold from making an inſolent Egyptian that tormented one of his brethren feel how much his hand weighed; for having already a ſecret magiſtracy from God, he killed him, and buried him in the ſand.

A few dayes after, as he plaid the moderatour between thoſe of his Nation, an impudent fellow roſe

up

up againſt him, and demanded of him the virtue of his commiſſion, reproaching him with the murder of the Egyptian which he thought had been very ſecret: yet when he perceived that it was known at Court, and that *Pharaoh* that was a ſuſpicious Prince took jealouſies of his courage and of his ſufficiency, he quitted all the greatneſſes and all the delights of the palace of that Monarch, chuſing rather to ſuffer with his Brethren, as ſaith S. *Paul*, then to taſte any more the ſweetneſſes of a temporall glory. It is an act of prudence to ſteal away from the fury of a wicked Prince, who holds for enemy all that there is of virtuous, and to hide ones ſelf as thoſe Rivers that go a long way under ground without being ſeen of any one, and then unexpectedly produce themſelves, to water the meadows, to bear boats, to ſerve for a knot to the commerce of men, and to make Iſlands and Beauties for the ornament of Nature. Theſe retirings have been advantageous to many, whom they have hid for a time, with an intention to ſet them afterward in bright day. The fire which devours every thing hath no more to do with the aſhes and the rage of Tyrants, that ſwallows up every thing, thinks no more on thoſe that enter while they live (as it were) into the ſepulchre of a life unknown to all the world.

Moſes paſſed from one extremity to another without the middle, when forſaking the Court, after a ſtay of fourty years, he went to range himſelf in the life of ſhepherds, and remained as one loſt in the world, to find himſelf with God. He withdrew himſelf into the countrey of the Midianites, where he had at firſt approach a pleaſing encountre that made him find a commodious dwelling, and a marriage according to his heart. The ſacred Hiſtory ſayes that *Jethro* a Prieſt and Shepherd in that Region had ſent ſeven daughters whereof he was the father, to draw water at a fountain for their flocks to drink, and that having met with other ſhepherds inſolent enough, that taking a pride to inſult over the infirmity of that ſex, ceaſed not to harry them, and to hinder them from the uſe of an Element that nature had made to ſlide for the commodity of the publick. *Moſes* (that had the quality of *Plato*'s Magiſtrate, whom he would have to be zealous and courageous for the defence of Juſtice) could not endure the inſolence of thoſe wicked men, and takes the maidens part whom he defended againſt oppreſſion with ſo much ſucceſſe, as that he chaſed away their adverſaries, and gave them free liberty to draw water. For which they thought themſelves very much obliged, and failed not to make a large relation to their father of the courteſie of that Egyptian that had taken them into his protection. Their father received him into his houſe, and took ſo much pleaſure in his converſation, that he gave him one of his daughters in marriage, and allied him to his family by an indiſſoluble amity.

This new ſon-in-law accuſtomed himſelf to a countrey life, and practiſed the laborious exerciſes of ſhepherds; ſo true it is, that able men bend their ſpirit whither they will, and are good at doing every thing, habituating themſelves to perſons and to places where their lot hath ranged them, bearing equally want and abundance, and ſhewing by their example, that there is no life in the world ſo ſtrange that may not ſerve for matter to virtue. But without ſpeaking yet of the great ſecrets that God kept hidden in this ordering of *Moſes*, I find that it was the means to make a great Stateſ-man of him, becauſe that Philoſopher which hath deſerved the title of Divine ſayes, that a good King is nothing elſe but a ſhepherd of a reaſonable flock; and that he ought to take his firſt Rudiments from the manner of ordering ſheep, to ſucceed well in the Government of Kingdomes; that he ought to ſee the tender love, the cares, and the toils of the true ſhepherds, to learn how he ought to demean himſelf towards his Subjects. *Moſes* had all leaſure to lay thoſe grounds, tarrying as many years in his Countrey life as he had before paſſed at Court: and ceaſing not to play the Philoſopher, and to contemplate in that great School of Nature, where God ſpake to him, and taught him leſſons through the veil of all the Creatures. O how little did the pompous pride of the *Pharaoh*'s then ſeem to him! O how contemptible then did ſeem all thoſe beauties of duſt, and thoſe fortunes of wind that are at Court! His heart dilated it ſelf in the greatneſſes of God, and became every day wiſer then it ſelf.

This long ſolitude having purged him from the impurities of the earth, rendred him capable of the viſits and commerce of God; and the time deſtined to the deliverance of his people being now at hand; as he went along entertaining his thoughts, he was got farre into the deſert, and perceived that miraculous Buſh all crowned with innocent flames that gave it a delightfull beauty, and the fire that conſumes every thing ſeemed rather to dreſſe then to offend it. God meaning to ſignifie by this the eſtate of his choſen people, for whom the burning coals of Perſecution prepared an high luſtre of glory. *Moſes* charmed with this Viſion draws near, and hears a voyce out of the middle of the Buſh that calls him, and having commanded him to put off his ſhooes through reverence, ſpeaks with him, and declares to him its will about the going out of Egypt, which the Iſraelites were to enterpriſe and execute under his command.

To ſpeak truth, this was one of the greateſt Colloquies, and one of the higheſt Diſcourſes that was ever under Heaven, wherein the Sovereign Maſter ſeated upon a Throne of Fire talked with the moſt excellent man of all Ages touching the means to break the chains of ſix hundred thouſand men, beſides women and little children that groaned under an horrible Captivity, and drowned every day a part of their life in their teares. *Moſes* that was now totally accuſtomed to the ſweetneſſe of his ſolitude, refuſed at firſt to be the Negotiatour of a buſineſſe of ſo great importance, and to betake himſelf again to the Court of Egypt to treat with *Pharaoh*, alledging his inability, the incredulity of the people, and the impediment of his ſpeech, to free himſelf from that Embaſſage. But God having aſſured him that he was *He that is*, that is to ſay, The abſolute Being, the Independent, and the firſt Originall of all Eſſences, that would be with him, and would give him for a companion, his brother *Aaron*, who was eloquent enough; and in fine, having confirmed him by prodigious Miracles that he cauſed to be done in his preſence, wan him, and made him conſent to his will.

Ariſtotle in the fifth of his Politicks hath ſaid That of all the things that cauſe the ſubverſions of Kingdomes and of Empires, there was not any more pernicious then Injuſtice, and Oppreſſion of the innocent, which may be obſerved clearly in this proceeding. For, behold the ruine of a great Realm procured by the cruelty of the Miniſters of *Pharaoh*, who by his conſent and orders turmoiled inceſſantly a people, miſerable and afflicted, above all meaſure. Their piercing clamours, ſo many times redoubled, clave the clouds, and were carried by the Angels even up to the Heaven of heavens, repreſented before the Throne of the living God, with ſo much force and vigour, as they made tender the bowels of the God of mercy, that deſcends, and ſpeaks athwart the Flames and Thrones to bring about their ſafety.

Moſes and *Aaron* failed not to diſcover themſelves to the moſt eminent of the choſen people concerning the Counſel that God had taken of their Liberty, whereat they were at firſt ſo joyed, that they proſtrated themſelves on the earth through reſpect, adoring the divine Goodneſſe that carried himſelf with ſo much love to the eaſing of their miſery: but when this buſineſſe proved thorny and full of obſtacles, their courage failed them, and had almoſt as leave crouch in their Servitude, as buy their Liberty at the price of a reaſonable pain. Yet *Moſes*, accompanied with his brother, courageouſly tranſports himſelf to *Pharaoh*'s Palace, ſpeaks to him with a generous liberty from the living God, and declares to him his Commands, which were, to diſmiſſe his people, and let them go out of Egypt to ſacrifice in the wilderneſſe.

He that reigned at that time was one *Pharaoh Cenchris*, an haughty and inſolent Prince, who having never heard any ſuch language, ſaid, That he knew not that God that intermeddled to make him ſuch Commands, and that he was fully reſolved not to let go the prey which he held in his hands; that all theſe diſcourſes of Sacrifices and of Devotions proceeded from nothing but a pure idleneſſe fatall to the Jewiſh people, and that he would give them ſo much exerciſe, that they ſhould not have the leaſure to dream on ſuch Fancies. And, in effect, he commanded the Commiſſaries that preſided over the labour of thoſe poor ſlaves, to redouble their Pains and augment their Burdens. The ſtraw that was furniſhed them before to make the brick taken from them; they were conſtrained to ſeek for it where they could, and yet for all this the number of their bricks which they were bound to render every day was not diminiſhed. And though this was a thing impoſſible for them, yet muſt they expect rods and baſtonado's, and all imaginable rigours. This made a great noiſe amongſt the People, which began already to murmure againſt *Moſes* and *Aaron*, blaming their enterpriſe, and complaining that they would let them at Liberty.

It is a moſt ordinary thing in all great affairs; there are ſpirits that are like thoſe watry clouds that never carry lightning, ſo cannot they ever conceive any thing that is vigorous: they would have good things, but they would have them looſely, and would willingly deſire that Nature ſhould renew for them the favours of the Terreſtriall Paradiſe, and ſhould give them roſes that ſhould never be compaſſed about with thorns. But as one ought not to be raſh and violent to puſh forward buſineſſes out of a giddy humour, ſo ought one not to be ſlack and effeminate in letting thoſe alone that oblige us by conſcience and by duty. *Moſes* deſiſts not for all this, but takes a ſtout reſolution to advance the work of God, even to the Point whither Providence would have it come. He had on one ſide men to combate with that reſiſted their own good; and on the other, an impious, obſtinate, and cruel Prince: he gains the one by reaſons and by ſweetneſſe, he brings down the other by threats and prodigies.

One may here manifeſtly ſee the paths that God hath trodden in the puniſhment of *Pharaoh*, when he would abandon a King or a great man for his demerits, and ſacrifice him to his Juſtice; letting him fall into a reprobate ſenſe, which is the laſt ſtep that one makes to enter into hell. He permits him (to ſatiate an Ambition or a Revenge) to intangle himſelf in ſome great deſign under the pretenſe of Juſtice and of Honour; and foraſmuch as he is extremely thirſty after the greatneſſe of the earth, puts him upon a pinacle in the higheſt dignities and the moſt magnificent negotiations, leaves him to himſelf, and to the wiſhes of his own heart; and although he be vicious, gives him great ſucceſſes and incomparable proſperities that puffe up his heart, and make him preſume upon his own conduct. He takes from him the taſte of Divine things, letting him ſlide into a contempt of the holy Word, and of all the admonitions that one can give him about his ſafety. If he hath any faithfull Counſellour, he puts him out, and ſubſtitutes in his place flatterers and enchaunters. If there come any ſcourge from heaven to overwhelm him, he is made believe that it is but a naturall thing, and ordinary enough, and that he ought not to trouble himſelf about ſuch a buſineſſe. If he be ſenſible of any evill that affrights him, men endeavour ſuddenly to ſcatter it, and to make him underſtand that that is not the wrath of God, but an order of Nature, and that he may mock at the tempeſt as ſoon as the calm returns.

All this is made viſible in this miſerable Prince. A great Kingdome, great Ambitions, Revenges hereditary againſt the choſen People, an immoveable deſign to root them out, a contempt of God, ſucceſſe in his vengeances, and ſome ſatisfaction of ſpirit by the pains of thoſe miſerable ones, *Moſes* baffled, the Flatterers hearkned to, the Magicians adored, the Plagues of heaven turned into laughters as ſoon as they were paſſed, an heart (at laſt) hardned by its own malice, and not by the work of God who doth no more make ſin, then the Sun makes the night. *Moſes* endeavours firſt to gain him by the force of reaſons, and by the ſweetneſſe of words, whereto, when he ſhewed reſiſtance, he employed Miracles for the proof of his Commiſſion, which the King cauſed to be counterfeited by his Magicians, oppoſing the Shadow to the Light, and a Lie to Truth.

After which, the wrath of Heaven cauſed thoſe ten Plagues, related in *Exodus*, ſucceſſively to rain upon him. For that unfortunate Prince ſaw firſt of all the River of Nile all in bloud, as if it had demanded Vengeance of God for thoſe little Innocents that had been caſt into it. He ſaw Frogs that came out of the ſame Stream by an impetuous ebullition, in ſuch a manner, as that they covered all the fields, entred into the houſes, filled the tables, mounted upon the beds, and gave horrour and torments to all Egypt. He ſaw thick clouds of Gnats, that were raiſed all on a ſudden, caſting themſelves upon the cattle and upon the men, with ſo irkſome a trouble that their life was full of bitterneſſe. He ſaw after that, armies of all ſorts of Flies, ſo different in their kind, ſo violent in their aſſaults, and ſo pernicious in their effects, that they defiled every thing with their venome. He ſaw a furious mortality of Beaſts, that fell every moment, and infected the air by their corruption. He ſaw the bodies of his Subjects all laden with Ulcers, wherewith the Magicians themſelves, in puniſhment of their crimes, were covered in ſuch a faſhion as that they could ſtand no longer in the preſence of their King. He ſaw the moſt horrible Hail fall from Heaven, that ſince Egypt was in being there was never ſeen the like; for it ſuſtain'd it ſelf upon the wings of the Lightning, and the Fire and Ice agreed extraordinarily together for the puniſhment of thoſe perfidious men. He ſaw legions of Graſhoppers that made an inundation upon the champains, and made havock of the plants, finiſhing to deſtroy that which the Hail had begun. In fine, all Egypt was covered with thoſe palpable Darkneſſes that laſted for the ſpace of three dayes, during which, the Egyptians remained as bound with the inviſible chains of a night without repoſe, which had nothing better in it then to take from them the ſight of their diſaſtre.

But

But that which terrified them above all the plagues was when the deſtroying Angel entring at midnight into all their houſes killed the firſt-born from the child of the Millers wife, to the Kings ſon, and there was not an houſe wherein the firſt bloſſome of the Family was not lopped off by the pittileſſe hook of Death. The fathers were touched with a ſtupid grief, the diſheveld mothers threw themſelves down upon the bodies of their infants, to gather from their mouths the remainders of their life; the whole family ſent out howlings rather then complaints, and the evil was ſo univerſall, and ſo preſſing, that there was neither conſolation, nor remedy. *Pharaoh* ſighed at every Plague, and ſeemed to be willing to turn to God, but as ſoon as he had the leaſt releaſe, he returned to his obſtinacy, which was a mark of a Reprobate ſoul. Yet his ſubjects ſenſibly touched with the laſt accident urged the Hebrews to be gone, and would no longer oppoſe the counſels of God.

The day of departure is taken, and the ſix hundred thouſand combatants, with an innumerable number of women and little children, after the ceremony of the Paſchall Lamb, travell to the red-Sea loaden with gold, with ſilver, with ſuits of apparell and with all the richeſt ſpoiles of Egypt. The pillar of cloud and of fire marched before them in the head of the Army, to give ſignall to the twelve Tribes that beheld it viſibly on all parts. Notice is given in the mean time to King *Pharaoh*, that thoſe fugitives were already ſtoln away, and gone enriched with the treaſures of his People. And although he had given ſome kind of conſent to their going, yet he enters again into his furies, aſſembles his light-Charriots, and all the flouriſhing Legions of Egypt to purſue the Iſraelites. They failed not to overtake them quickly upon the Sea-ſhore, ſo that the two Armies were in view of one another. The one of which was filled with a great number of people badly prepared at that time for a combat, valour forſaking their heart, and their hands ready to throw away their arms; The other was compoſed of ſprightfull and well trained Regiments, to whom choler and the hope of booty gave a new vigour. The glittering of the Arms, the Clouds of duſt that were raiſed, the ſhouts of the Souldiers mingled with the neighing of Horſes, gave mortall ſtrokes to the hearts of that poor multitude which had now no other thought but to dye murmuring, and to revenge their death on *Moſes* by their murmures.

Alas, ſaid they, What! were there no Graves in Egypt to bury our lives and miſeries, without leading us into the Wilderneſſe to deliver us for a prey to the ſword of the Egyptians, and to the Birds of rapine? Did we not ſay well that we ſhould have ſtayed peaceably in the bondage wherein God had ranged us, without making theſe great proviſions, and ſhutting our ſelves all up as in a net, to deliver our ſelves to the diſcretion of our enemies? We have the ſea on one ſide, and on the other our incenſed Maſters that breathe nothing but fire and bloud: on which hand ſoever we go we ſee nothing but images of death and infallible marks of the miſery that threatens us.

All the Army was filled with fear, and the ſighs of the Wives and of the Children abated the courage of the Fathers and of the Husbands, who expected nothing any more but to be the ſubject of an horrible butchery. But the generous *Moſes*, although he had an heart pierced with grief to hear their blaſphemies, ran through the ranks of the Army, encouraged the Captains, animated the People, and as long as he had any voyce or breath cried without ceaſing, Courage, my friends, ye are here aſſembled to ſee the wonders of the God of Hoſts: Behold them onely, without troubling your ſelves, and God ſhall fight for you. See and conſider thoſe brave Egyptians your perſecutours, and believe that it is the laſt time that you ſhall ſee them, for they ſhall be no more. And after he had ſaid this, he ſpake to God with a ſilence that ſurpaſſed all clamours, and therefore God anſwered him. What haſt thou to do any more to cry thus after me? Lift up thy Rod, ſtretch forth thine hand, divide the floats of the Sea, and make thine Army march through the fair middle on dry foot. This was executed, and all that great people of the Iſraelites (animated by the ſpirit of God, and the voyce of *Moſes* that marched in the head of them) deſcended with a firm footing and a ſecure countenance into thoſe Abyſſes where the water of the ſea retiring it ſelf apart made them ramparts of Chryſtall on each ſide, and diſcovered to them in the middle a path that the hand of God ſeemed to have laid with tapiſtry for to make them paſſage. The pillar of fire that was planted in the midſt of the two armies furniſhed them with unparrallel'd lights to manifeſt the works of God, and on that ſide which looked towards the Egyptians it was horrible and dark, bearing already the preſages of the funerals that attended them. The Angel of God ſhut up in this engine of fire darted out Thunder-ſtriking looks upon the Diadem of *Pharaoh*, and upon all thoſe that encompaſſed him. Their courage failed them, and nothing now was left them but a rage yet ſuming after bloud. They throw themſelves deſperately into the ſea which they promiſed themſelves to paſſe over on dry foot as advantageouſly as their adverſaries. But the waters returning into their bed, with an impetuous courſe invelop'd thoſe miſerable men; there was nothing now but a confuſion of men and horſes, of Arms and Chariots, of bodies peſtering one another, that diſputed their life with the waves, and dyed expiring out the remainders of their fury. *Pharaoh* the King was drowned; the aſſiſtance of his Captains had not the ſtrength to ſave him whom the hand of God would deſtroy. Nothing was to be ſeen but Bucklers and Turbans floating upon the water, and death painted in a thouſand faces that made a mervellous booty. The Iſraelites being in an extaſie at theſe wonders, thundred out a ſong in the praiſe of God, that hath ſince raviſhed the heart and ear of all Ages.

After that *Moſes* had drawn his people out of the captivity of Egypt, he imitated God that did not make ſo fair a world to abandon it, but governs it by a ſecret providence that inſinuates it ſelf into all the parties of the univerſe. So this great Legiſlatour employed all his cares to the conduct of this great multitude, to which his preſence produced the ſame effect as the infuſion of the ſoul into the body. The chief and moſt ordinary pains that he took was to appeaſe the murmures and ſeditions that were born at every ſeaſon, and and ſometimes for very light occaſions. But the greateſt part was for the belly to which hunger gives a greedineſſe, and the law gives no ears. When amidſt the deſerts of Arabia, where they journied, they felt any mitigation in their pain; *Moſes* was a man incomparable: but as ſoon as water and bread and fleſh failed them, he was no more their friend; they longed inceſſantly after the fleſh-pots of Egypt, and ſtirred up furious tempeſts.

We ſee examples of this in all Polities, Empires, and Republicks, where all thoſe things that aſſault the life of the people make them ſend forth great cries, run to ſtones and ſteel, and tear men into little ſhreds. Thoſe that would reign peaceably think more of gaining the hearts of their ſubjects then the money, and take a wonderfull order that the inferiour people may have wherewith to nouriſh and maintein themſelves in mean commodities and all that is abſolutely neceſſary

to life. *Augustus Cesar*, the wiſeſt of the Roman Emperours, had ſo particular a care to provide for the City of Rome, that when he ſaw it threatned by any famine, he would be like to dye; and he took more pleaſure to hear the poor Mechanicks commending his paternall ſweetneſſe, and the happineſſe of his time, then to behold Coloſſus's and Arches of triumphs erected in his name. Thoſe that take a way quite contrary ſay, Let Clown grumble, and let Clown pay, that one ought little to care for the complaints and murmurings of a diſarmed Communalty. They fill every place with menaces and with terrours; they authoriſe themſelves by a great force of arms, ſeeing well that they cannot arrive to what they would have, by love. But beſides that this faſhion of governing provokes God which is the father of the poor, and the comforter of the afflicted; It cannot ſubſiſt but by a great violence which cannot continue long either in nature, or in a civil life.

Moſes took nothing from this people, to whom it was an injury in their opinion, to give nothing. It ſeemed as if he bore them all in his entrails, and that he was to nouriſh them as a mother; If he came to fail in it, they forgot all the benefits of the time paſt, and ceaſed not to grumble and murmure at the preſent. He had need have had the Magazins of God himſelf, to ſatisfie them in a deſert, where there was little to live, and much to ſuffer. So alſo the Divine goodneſſe was never wanting to them in their neceſſities, and this mild Conductour, that made it his glory to overwhelm theſe ungratefull men with benefits, opened by his prayers the gates of heaven to cauſe Manna to be rained down for them. It is formed in the dew, when the ſubtler parts of the earth mix themſelves with the moiſture, and when all this compoſition is purified and baked by the heat of the Sun to a convenient temper. It happens in certain places with profit enough, but if the bleſſing of God had not given an extraordinary virtue to this food, it was a Diet too dainty for hungry ſtomachs.

So were they weary of it, and deſired fleſh, crying with full mouth, and forcing a man that had nothing, to do miracles to content their ſenſuality. This great conductour that pitied their neceſſities, and was not willing to deſtroy them, pacified them by a faſhion full of modeſty, a powerfull ſpeech, ſweet promiſes and good performances, by making himſelf a Mediatour to God to obtein favours for them, when they merited puniſhments. They ſaw clouds of Quailes fall down upon the Army which God ſent them very opportunely, but he failed not to puniſh afterward their intemperance by ſudden deaths, and Sepulchres raiſed in the wilderneſſe that bore a long time the name of their concupiſcence.

Another time as they were in great want of water, and made a great tumult for the thirſt that tormented them, *Moſes* aſſiſted by the Divine power, opened the ſlancks of the Rocks, and made fountains to iſſue forth of them that quenched the thirſt of the whole Army. Their diſtruſt cauſed the greateſt part of their evils, and if they had nothing capable to afflict them, they themſelves framed Spectrums of terrour to themſelves, and found their torment in their own imaginations.

Above all, they exceedingly ſcared themſelves at the return of the Spies from the land of Promiſe; a falſe Rumour being ſowed in the Army, that it was a Land that devoured its inhabitants, and that it was inhabited by Gyants of ſo prodigious an heighth, that other men being compared to them appeared no more then Graſhoppers. Then they entred into ſtrange fumes, crying all aloud, that they ought rather to create a Generall to lead them back to Egypt, then to go and ſacrifice their wives and children unto Monſters. *Moſes* and *Aaron* thinking themſelves not able to appeaſe that furious ſtorm of words humbled themſelves before them, and remained proſtrated on the earth, while *Joſhua* and *Caleb* renting their clothes, for the horrour that they had of that ſedition, aſſured them that that report was falſe, that the Land of Promiſe was very good, that it flowed all in Milk and Hony, and that by the help of God they would poſſeſſe it, and over-maſter the originaries which they would eat as bread. Notwithſtanding all this they had run to ſtones, if God had not appeared in that high luſtre of his glory, and threatned to conſume them all by a generall peſtilence; But *Moſes* laboured earneſtly both with voyce and prayers to appeaſe the wrath of God, who puniſhed at laſt the Rebels by the privation of the Land of Promiſe which they had ſpoken againſt with ſo much extravagancy.

Theſe murmures that proceeded from fear and weakneſſe of courage ſeemed more ſufferable then thoſe that came from pride and malice, as the ſedition of *Corah*, *Dathan*, *Abiram*, which made an horrible havock. Theſe men followed with two hundred and fifty of the Princes of the Synagogue rebelled againſt *Moſes* and *Aaron*, uſurping the Cenſer, and publiſhing aloud that all the people was conſecrated as well as they, and that they did wrong to claim to themſelves an Empire over their brethren that belonged not to them; that that which had made them preſſe this going out of Egypt was nothing but an ambition that carried them to domineer over free-men, and that they exerciſed ſo great a tyranny over their ſubjects, that there remained nothing more but to pluck out their eyes. *Moſes* very much aſtoniſhed at ſuch inſolent Language proſtrated himſelf with his face on the earth, referring to God the deciſion of the controverſie, and urged them to appear the morrow after to offer Incenſe, and to ſee how God would like their offering.

The Anti-Prieſts failed not to be at the door of the Tabernacle with their Cenſers in their hands to make a combination apart, and to oppoſe the Pontificate of *Aaron*. But the living God that authoriſes the true High Prieſts appeared upon the Tabernacle after a terrible and threatning manner. The people that inviron-ed the Mutiners ſuddenly ſeparated themſelves at the voyce of *Moſes*; the earth opens it ſelf under the feet of *Corah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram* to ſwallow them up alive with their Pavilions and all their riches. The others were devoured by fire from heaven viſibly with an extream affright of the whole Army; and foraſmuch as there remained ſome rebels that mourned for the dead, and enflamed the diviſion, the hand of God yet ſmoaking over their heads was ready utterly to deſtroy them, had not *Moſes* proſtrated himſelf before the Tabernacle praying for them, and had not *Aaron* holding the Cenſer, and beſeeching the divine Majeſty between the living and the dead appeaſed the wrath of Heaven. But the puniſhment of theſe miſerable men left much terrour in the ſouls of the people, and an example of perpetuall memory to all thoſe that reſiſt the Powers that are lawfully eſtabliſhed by God.

There were Combats at home and abroad; for the Amalekites, a ſalvage nation deſcended from *Eſau's* children, endeavoured to beat back the people of God, and gave them battell, which *Moſes* accepted, and making *Joſhua* Generall of the Army, contented himſelf to go to the top of the mountain to pray to the God of the living, and to obtein the Victory. His prayers were darts of fire ſhot upon the enemies, for as long as he kept his arms lifted up to God in prayer, the Iſraelites had the better, but if he ſlacked them never ſo little, they had the worſt, which made *Hur* and *Aaron* hold up his Arms to prevent a wearineſſe in them, and by this means he deſiſted not till ſuch time as the Adverſa-

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ries covered with their dead bodies all the field of battell. Now becauſe this great People would have been but a confuſed maſſe, had they remained without law and without policy which is the ſoul of Aſſemblies, *Moſes* was powerfully inſpired by God to make laws as well thoſe that concerned Religion, as others that regarded the Civil. The Philoſophers aſſure us, that every thing that lives in Nature, lives by the Light, and that all life is nothing elſe but Light, which ſpreads it ſelf into the whole Univerſe, and not content to guild it with its brightneſſe, communicates to it quickning ſpirits and ſecret influences which make all the productions in the boſome of Matter; That which the Light doth in the naturall World, the Law imitates in the Civill. It is a participation of the firſt Reaſon of the ordination and Providence Divine, which inſinuates it ſelf into the maſſe of Mankind, embelliſhes it with its ſplendours, and unites it in the point of Felicity by inviſible chains of love and obedience.

Gods reaſon is the ſovereign Law which reſides in the Divine underſtanding, in the treaſures of his Wiſdome, and is as the *Primum Mobile* of all the regulated motions of the intellectuall nature. *Plato* ſayes That the World following that rule keeps an equall path, with all the fitneſſe, and all the meaſures requiſite to its preſervation. But as ſoon as it departs from it, it falls of neceſſity into great diſorders which cannot be ſurmounted but by the Divine ordination that re-calls Nature to the point of its Felicity. And becauſe the Eternall Law is ſo high and ſo ſublime that it ſurpaſſes all our thoughts, God hath cauſed a Rivulet to flow from that ſource, which is the Law of Nature, a true light of right Reaſon imprinted in the underſtanding of all men. But it being ſo often darkened by the black vapours of the animall Paſſions, there was a neceſſitie of humane Laws and Magiſtrates to put them in execution, by the puniſhment of the wicked, and the recompenſing of the good. God gave then a ſtrong inſpiration to *Moſes*; to preſcribe Precepts and Rules to his People, that have been admired by all Nations.

The Manichees, by the relation of S. *Auguſtine*, rejected the law of *Moſes* as wicked and tyrannicall; but in this they have been condemned by the Church; for there is no doubt, but that (having been given by God that is the Father of all Goodneſſe) it was good and profitable, to keep the Jews as under a Pedigogie till the grace of the Goſpel. And S. *Paul* himſelf in the Epiſtle to the *Romans*, where he ſeems to go about to deſtroy it, calls it for all that Holy, Juſt, and Good; But if ye compare it to the Law of grace ye ſhall find it harſh and imperfect. The Moſaicall Law, ſaith that great Doctour, conteins commands, but, that *Jeſus* gives aſſiſtance; the one beſtows light to know, the other ſtrength to execute. In the antient Law God ſayes, Do what I command thee. In the new Law we ſay to God, Give what thou commandeſt. *Moſes* divided that antient Law into three parts, the firſt of which conteined the Morall, and was included in the Decalogue, the Second comprehended what ever belonged to Ceremonies and was called Ceremoniall, the third regarded Juſtice between party and party, and was Judiciall. The firſt teaches how a man ought to carry himſelf with God and his neighbour to obtein ſalvation. The ſecond treats of the Temple, of the Synagogue, of the High-Prieſt, of the Prieſts, of the Levites, of the Prophets, of the Votaries Nazarites and Rechabites. It deciphers the inſtruments of Gods worſhip, as are the Tabernacle, the Ark of Covenant, the Propiciatory, the Table of Shew-bread, the Altar of the Perfumes and of the Burnt-offerings. It preſcribes the order of the Sacrifices and of the Sacraments, of the divers obſervations of Vows, of Faſts, of Feaſts, of Jubilees, of Shavings, of Habits. The third part ſpeaks of Kings, of Warre, of Peace, of Marriages, of Polygamy, of Divorce, of Crimes, of Theft, of Uſury, of Adultery, of Policy, of Men-ſervants, of Maid-ſervants, of Hirelings, of Strangers, and of the Poor. All this is read yet to this day in the Penteteuc, and is ſufficiently expounded by ſo many Interpreters of Scripture. It would be an infinite, tedious, and unprofitable buſineſſe to go about to decipher it here peece-meal. Let us content our ſelves that as the Morning dyes by bringing forth the Day, ſo the Law is expired by producing the light of the Goſpel.

Moſes undertook not ſo great a work by humane ſtrength, and truſted not to himſelf in ſo high an enterpriſe, God would conduct it with his Authority, and cauſed the People to be commanded to puriſie themſelves, and to ſtand ready on the third day to hear his will. That day being come, from the morning were heard great Thunders, and abundance of Lightnings ſeen that iſſued out of thick Clouds, at the ſound of an affrightfull Trumpet that ſeized all the People with aſtoniſhment. They removed themſelves according to the Orders of their Legiſlatour to the foot of the Mountain Sinai, with a prohibition to paſſe further. All the Mountain ſmoaked as a great Fornace, by reaſon that God was deſcended thither all in fire, which made it extream terrible. But *Moſes* his dear favourite aſcended to the higheſt top amidſt the fires, the darkneſſes and the flames, in that Luminous obſcurity where God preſided that ſpake to him face to face as to his moſt intimate confident. After all that thundering voyce of the Living God was heard that pronounced his Decrees and his Laws in that Chamber of Juſtice hung with fire and lights that trembled under the footſteps of his Majeſty. All this Law was ſet down in writing with a moſt exact care, and is yet read every day in the five Books of the Law.

Now, Religion being the Baſis of all Policy, without which great Kingdomes are but great Robbings; This wiſe Law-giver applyed his whole care and travell to the rooting out of Idolatry, and to the cauſing of the Adorable Majeſty of God to be acknowledged in the condition of a worſhip truly Monarchicall, and incommunicable to any other; as appears in the puniſhment which he inflicted on thoſe that had worſhiped the golden Calf.

For the Scripture ſaith, That when the Iſraelites perceived that *Moſes* tarried a long time on the Mountain of Sinai in thoſe amiable Colloquies that he had with God, they grew weary of it, and ſaid to the high Prieſt *Aaron*, That ſince that man that had brought them out of Egypt was loſt, they ought to dream no more of him, but make in his place Gods that ſhould march in the head of their Army. *Aaron*, that perperhaps had a mind to make them loſe the reliſh of that deſign by the price to which it would amount, demanded of them the Pendents of the ears of their Wives and of their Children, to go to work about it; but their madneſſe was ſo great that they deveſted themſelves freely of all that they had moſt precious to make a God to their own phanſie. *Aaron* accommodating himſelf to their humour through a great weakneſſe made them a Statue that had ſome reſemblance of the Ox *Apis* that was adored in Egypt. As ſoon as they had perceived it, they began to cry, Courage, Iſrael, behold the God that hath drawn thee out of the ſlavery of Egypt. *Aaron* accompanied him with an Altar, and cauſed a ſolemn Feaſt to be bidden for the morrow after, at which the people failed not to be preſent, offering many ſacrifices, making good cheer, and dancing about that Idol. God adverti ſed *Moſes* of

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that disorder, and commanded him to descend suddenly from the Mountain to remedy it; although he intended to destroy them: and had done it, had he not been appeased by the most humble Remonstrances and Supplications of his servant. He failed not to betake himself speedily to the Camp, where he saw that Abomination and the Dances that were made about it, which inflamed him so much with Choler, that he brake the Tables of the Law written by the hand of God, thinking that such a present was not seasonable for Idolaters and Drunkards. He rebuked *Aaron* sharply, who excused himself coldly enough, and not intending that so abominable a crime should passe without an exemplary punishment: He took the Golden Calf, and beat it into dust, which he steep'd in water, to make all those drink of it that had defiled themselves with that sacrilege, and to make them understand that sinne that seems at first to have some sweetnesse is extreamly bitter in its effects.

After which he commanded That all those that would be on Gods side should follow him, and the Tribe of *Levi*, as being the most interressed, failed not to joyn with him; whereupon seeing them all well animated he gave them order to passe through all the Camp, from one door to the other with their swords in their hands, and to slay all that they met, without sparing their neareſt kindred. This was executed, and all the Army was immediately filled with Massacres; Rivers of blood ran on all sides, accompanied with the sad howlings of a scared multitude that expected every minute the stroke of death. God would have that this so severe a punishment be executed upon those miserable men to cause an eternall horrour of Idolatry which is the most capitall of all sins. And to retein the worship of God a thousand pretty Ceremonies were practised after the structure of the Tabernacle of the Ark of Covenant, of the Table of the Shew-bread, of the Altars, and after the institution of the Pontificall habits, of the Offerings and of the Sacrifices that were celebrated with much order and a singular Majesty.

Moses also was indefatigable in rendring Justice sitting from the morning till the night on his Tribunall to hear the requests of all the particular men that came to him; which *Jethro* his father in law, that was come to visit him, having perceived, said to him that it was impossible for him to be long able to undergo so troublesome a labour, and that he ought to choose amongst all the people some Puissant men, fearing God, true, and enemies of covetousnesse to administer Justice, and that it would be sufficient to reserve to himself the controversies that should be of greateſt importance. *Moses* believed his counsell, and established an handsome order for the decision of the differences that should arise amongst the People. He passed fourty years in the wilderneſse in divers habitations, partly in war against the enemies, partly in preserving peace amongst his People, and confirming all the laws which he established by the command of God. In this exercise he lived to the age of an hundred and twenty years, separated himself from all things of the world, and was so united to God, that it seemed that even his Body it self passed into the nature and condition of an immortall Spirit. In fine, God having shewed him upon the mountain Nebo all the Land of Promise which he had got to by so many good counsells and so much pains, he dyed in that view without entring into it; was mourned for thirty dayes by the Israelites, and interred of set purpose in a sepulchre unknown to the eyes of men, for fear left he should give an occasion of some Idolatry to that people that would have held him for a Deity.

Never had man a Birth more forlorn, a Life more various, or a Death more glorious: of an exposed Infant, he became a Kings son, of a Kings son an Exile, of an Exile a Shepheard, of a Shepheard a Captain, of a Captain a Prophet, of a Prophet a Law-giver, of a Law-giver a Sovereign; the God of Kings, and the King of all the Prophets: Active at Court, Devout in Solitude, Victorious in War, Happy in Peace, Wise in his Laws, Terrible in his Arms, a man of Prodigies, that opened Seas, Manur'd Wilderneſses, Commanded things Sensible and Insensible, and exercised an Empire on all Nature. He was Indefatigable in his Travels, Zealous for the honour of God, disobliged from his own interest in the punishment of the Sacrilegeous, Patient in his own Injuries, Familiar to Few, Courteous to all; a Companion of Angels, the Favorite of God, of a Life very long, and of a Memory that shall have no end.

SAMUEL.

SAMUEL. DANIEL.

Samuel that ſeemed to have been born for nothing but to pray, and to paſſe away his life in the Tabernacle of God, got very forward at Court, and in the managing of the great affairs of State. His Birth is a Miracle, his Life an Example, and his Death the immortality of his virtues. He was one of thoſe infants that are expected a long time before they come, that are the ſons of ſo many vowes, and that pay the expectation of their Nativity by the happineſſe of their Life. It belongs onely to great things to be ſeen before they are, by preſages, by deſires, by hopes, and to make themſelves be ſeen, after they are no more, by an eternall memory.

Hannah his mother barren in children, but fruitfull in virtues, conceived him rather by her ſighs then by her pleaſures. He was a gift of the Tabernacle which ſhe rendered to the Tabernacle, and as ſhe had obteined him by ſupplication, ſhe made of him a man of prayer, devoted from his infancy to the Divine Miniſteries, and a Nazarite by expreſſe vow which lived in abſtinence, and had no other profeſſion but contemplation. It is by theſe exerciſes that God raiſes great Perſonages, and we cannot chooſe but expect brave actions on earth, from a man that hath much commerce with heaven.

So God began betimes to communicate himſelf to him, and to make him partaker of his ſecrets. He informed him of the deſtruction of his Maſter, *Eli* the High-Prieſt, and powerfully fitted him for his Service. This *Eli* was a reverend old man, a Judge of the People, that had lived in an high reputation and great glory amongſt the Iſraelites, but his reign being too ſoft, his children that were now great abuſing his authority, practiſed a petty Larceny even as far as unto the ſacrifice it ſelf, and committed impurities and debaucheries of women; which are moſt ordinarily two of the chiefeſt things that make a change of Government, there being nothing that doth more exaſperate the ſubject then the avarice and the luxury of thoſe that rule; the one making attempts upon their goods, and the other upon their bed. A grave father of the Church addreſſing a ſpirituall direction to a Governour, admoniſhes him, That it is not enough for him to be innocent, if all his family doth not imitate him, and form themſelves according to his examples; for, what profit is it, ſayes he, to a miſerable people to have a Prince or Governour wiſe and moderate, if, while he abſteins from things not permitted, there be one of his ſervants that making uſe of his name and power takes occaſion to ſatiate his Avarice?

Theſe wicked ſons of *Eli*, *Hophni* and *Phineas* committed a thouſand extortions under the authority of their father, and diſhonoured his gray hairs by the incontinence of their diſſolute youth. The complaints thereof came to their fathers ears, but inſtead of depriving them of their Offices and Commiſſions which they held of him, which would have been a means to waſh away the ſtain that was imprinted on his renown, he contented himſelf with giving them a weak admonition, which having little force upon their paſſions, had yet leſſe effect upon their actions.

God then took the buſineſſe in hand after a very ſtrange manner; for the Philiſtims the ſworn enemies of the choſen people ran upon their Frontiers, and put an army into the field, which obliged the Iſraelites to arm, to hinder the waſte that they made, but being come to the encountre they loſt the Battell, wherein 4000 men were ſlain upon the place. The conquered people reſuming heart and arms ſet on foot an huge Army that marched under the wings of the Ark of Covenant conducted by *Hophni* and *Phineas* to whom it apperteined by office. But theſe debauched men, and ill-train'd for war, rather precipitated then gave a ſcond Battel, and did their buſineſſes in it ſo ill, that thirty thouſand men were cut in pieces, and they themſelves increaſed the number of the dead, and were both ſlain in defence of the Ark that was taken and carried away by the Philiſtims.

This deplorable news being come to the ears of *Eli* gave him ſuch a confuſion of ſpirit, that he let himſelf fall, and dyed upon the place mourning for the Ark of Covenant above his own children. His houſe fell into

great contempt after his death, as had been foretold him, and none of his race came to old-age, the hand of God not ceasing to revenge the Injuries of his Tabernacle, and of his People, to instruct great ones that are in Offices to look carefully to this, that Religion and Justice, as two sisters, by an indissoluable knot be kept fast to one another.

The Affairs of the Jews were in a piteous estate after the losse of those two Battels, and there was need of a puissant hand to repair those losses. But the Sovereign Master lent his thereto, and raised up *Samuel* to settle again all that the furies of the wars had shaken. This good Pilot consecrated himself by a Tempest, and took the Government when every rationall man would have thought of quitting it. This was a sign that he entered into it by wayes very clean, coming in a time when there was more matter for compassion then Ambition. He had no other Love, but that of the Publick good, he knew no other Avarice, but that of time, nor other Pleasures but Businesses. His first aime in the Government was to banish Idolatry, and to put in vigour again the worship of the true God, well knowing that the most fatall plagues of States come from the contempt of Religion. He was a man of order, of a great understanding, and of a powerfull speech that never fell to the ground. He caused ordinarily whatsoever he had a mind to establish surest to passe Generall Assemblies, that what concerned the good of every man might be done by the advice of all the World.

One of the first functions that he exercised was to make an excellent Oration to the People, and to tell them of their infidelity, making them see That Gods forsaking them came from that they had forsaken God, and that if they would enjoy the favours of his protection as their fathers did, they ought necessarily to banish the strange Gods, and to abolish eternally the names of *Baal* and *Astaroth* to whom many amongst them had devoted themselves; that God the Sovereign Master could not endure any companion in his Throne, and would not have to do with hearts divided to imaginary Deities; That if they served him faithfully, he hoped that he would deliver them from the hand of the Philistims, and would exalt again the glory of their nation that had been brought low by so many ill Encountres and extream lamentable losses.

He perswaded the whole assembly so powerfully by the force and sweetnesse of his discourse, that all those that had been defiled with those bad beliefs abjured their superstitions, and made a strong resolution to serve no more any, but the Living God, and to bury all their Idols in the Grave of forgetfullnesse. Whereto *Samuel* seeing them disposed called together the States Generall into a place named Mispah, where he promised to make very solemn prayers for all his Nation. The People failed not to be there in great number, and with a singular devotion drawing water, and powring it out as in the presence of God; whether it was a fashion of purification among the Hebrews, or whether by this Ceremony they would represent the vanity and weaknesse of all men, that are before God as little drops of water spread upon the earth, and that have no true contentment but in God alone who is the fountain of all good things. They disposed themselves to receive the mercy of God by a publick fast and a repentance of their faults, confessing aloud their ingratitude to God. *Samuel* comforted them, and having reconciled them to God again, united them among themselves by a mutuall concord, deciding their differences, and judging their Law-suits in the place fore-named with so much equity that all the People thought that the golden age was raised again under his government.

But the Philistims that would perpetually bring them down, having intelligence that they made assemblies in Mispah which turned to their prejudice drew themselves again into the field to fight them, whereat the people that had already experimented the disasters that proceeded from such hostilities was seized with a great astonishment, and implored the aid of *Samuel* to secure them from the fury of their adversaries. This made him have a particular refuge to the goodnesse of God, whom he invoked by his ardent prayers and by the suitable sacrifices which he offered, being a Priest by an extraordinary mission of God. The Israelites encouraged by their Protector bestir themselves to resist their enemies and combate them with firm footing not without great successe. For by good luck it happened that at the same time that the battell was given *Samuel* was presenting to God a burnt offering for the whole army, which was so worthily accepted that the trumpet of heaven sounded aloud in great thunderings and menacing lightnings that affrighted the Philistims and put them into a rout, which drew the inhabitants of Mispah to the glory of the combat, and joyning their troops with those that had gone before them, defeated the army of the Philistims, and took from them the desire of hazarding another battell.

Samuel took his time very opportunely, and seeing them in such a disposition hearkened to an honourable peace which he made, by recovering the Cities which the Philistims had usurped in those great advantages of their Arms. This was a most wise counsell and worthy of that great States-man that knew by experience that the Nation of the Philistims was stirring and quarrelsome as much as possible, and that his had need of rest to shut up the wounds that so many strange warrs had opened. Further he considered that the worship of the true God perished and lost much of its lustre by continuall warrs that rendred his subjects lesse docile in things Divine, and that the Licence of arms stifled the Laws and actions of Justice; In fine he had regard unto himself and was not ignorant that having not been bred in the exercises of war, he might succeed better in the Civill Government, and give much more satisfaction to all his people.

Every thing happned just as he had projected; for this Peace being well limited by his Counsels and by his cares was a second source of all blessings to his Nations. He visited himself in Person the Cities that the Armies had ransacked, and to whom the commerce of the victorious Philistims had given some bad tincture of their Superstition, and went through all places as a favourable Constellation, bringing Light and healthfull Influences to his People. He marked his footsteps with the zeal of Justice, and all his journies with publick felicities.

But we must averre that the People is a motley Beast that cannot endure warr, and yet loathe a long peace. If it be in trouble, it doth nothing but sigh and groan, and if it hath too much ease, it is onely to kick and winch. It grows weary of its own felicities, and is not sensible of its happinesse but by misery, nor tasts it its prosperities but by losing them. The Israelites at length distrelished *Samuel*, & inclined under pretence of an advantage, to change the Government. The fashion of this sage Judge seemed to them too simple; they would see a Prince of the People that should have more state about his Person, and that should make a greater noise. And just as the Romans under the Empire *Galba* lamented the losse of *Nero*, because they were fallen from a Court full of Luxury and Dissoluteness into another Face of Government under an old man, that had not about him the great Train of an Emperour, and that reduced the Libertines to the Antient Discipline; So

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theſe blind Iſraelites diſguſted a calm and temperate adminiſtration that produced good effects without oſtentation. They took a colour from his age, and from the offices which he had given his ſonnes, making them by a kind of Reſignation Succeſſours of his office, but not of his virtue, ſeeing that according to the publick voyce they had behaved themſelves but with little honeſty, ſtudying more to content their own Avarice, then to render juſtice. Upon this, they demanded a King whom they offered themſelves to receive from *Samuel* his hand, ſo good an opinion had they of his ſincerity and ſo much reverence to his Perſon.

This Propoſition touched ſenſibly the heart of *Samuel*; for it is true, That good Officers, although they adhere not to their Charges through Ambition, yet they cannot chooſe but have ſome diſpleaſure, to ſee themſelves put out by a Prince, or an ungratefull Common-wealth, after long and faithfull Services, and eſpecially if they are Aged; They would not have their Age paſſe for a Crime, and think that they are alwayes vigorous enough to acquit themſelves of their duty; But it is as certain that *Samuel*, that was a man of God, conſidered not ſo much his own intereſt as the Peoples, which he ſaw weary of their Liberty, and by a profound infatuation, demand a Yoke, whoſe heavineſſe it ſhould feel when it had no more the power to ſhake it off.

To ſpeak ſincerely, The Rule of one Man over another is a delicate piece, and when God eſtabliſhed the Dominion of *Adam*, he gave him all power over the Creatures, but he would not comprehend therein the Men that ſhould deſcend from him. The World was more then two thouſand years before it was known what Monarchy or Empire was; The Younger were ruled by the Elder with a ſweet and amiable diſcretion, in which there was much ſatisfaction and ſmall conſtraint.

The People of God reteined alwayes very near this form of Governing; for the Antient Patriarchs preſided over the reſt as Maſters of Families more by Reverence then by Command. *Moſes* in that high Authority that could do every thing both upon Men and upon the Elements, never aſſumed the name of King, and his Succeſſours till *Samuel* his time contented themſelves with the Stile of Judges of the People.

Nimrod was the firſt amongſt the Gentiles that uſurped a new Domination over the liberty of the Nations that he ſubdued by Arms, having learned in the continuall Maſſacres of Beaſts Cruelty towards Men. Not but that Kingdoms and Monarchies ſince that time have been holily inſtituted of God; But he hath alwayes willed that Kings ſhould learn that there was none but he in the Univerſe of all the Creatures that was an abſolute Maſter, having alone the Power to Create, and to Annihilate what or whom he pleaſes. This is not permitted to the Greateſt Monarchs on the Earth, who remaining within the bounds of their charges ought to acknowledge themſelves the Vicegerents and Subſtitutes of God, to Conduct Men to their End, making them arrive at the heighth of Felicity, by the wayes of Juſtice and of Religion. But when they ſtray from theſe intentions, and abuſe the Goods, the Bloud, and the Life of their Subjects, as if they were the Proprietours of them, and not the Stewards, they render themſelves reſponſible to Gods Judgement for all the abuſes that are committed in the whole Kingdome through their default.

This change of Government projected by the Iſraelites was not according to Gods Heart, who comforted *Samuel* and told him, that he ought not to be ſad for that they were weary of him, ſeeing they were weary of God Himſelf which is an Infinite Goodneſſe, and gave him Collegues in his Empire. He Commanded him to make known to them the Right of a King, which ſhould be, to take their children for his ſervants and to Employ them on ſuch Trades as he ſhould judge fit for the profit of his Houſe, to uſurpe their Lands and Inheritances to accommodate therewith his Minions, to exact Tithes of their Revenues, of their Vines, and of their Corn to enrich therewith his Officers, and in a word, that he would govern every thing after his own Fancy.

Thoſe that take theſe words as a Right that God eſtabliſhed in favour of Kings are very farre from the ſenſe of the Scripture, for they are ſpoken by way of Menace and not of Approbation. Otherwiſe we ſhould avouch that King *Ahab* had right to take away *Naboth* his Vineyard, for which he was ſo ſharply reprehended and ſo ſeverely puniſhed, with his Wife Queen *Jeſabel*. Yet it is moſt Juſt that Kings and Sovereigns ſhould have ſome reaſonable Tributes from the People to ſupport the Majeſty of the Kingdome, to maintein their Family, to protect their Subjects againſt Hoſtilities, to open them Trading, to give them means to preſerve and increaſe their Revenues, to make Friendſhips, to live peaceably in their Commodities, and to defend them againſt the violent Uſurpers of their Goods.

The School-Doctours, as *Cajetan* and *Gregory de Valentia* require four Conditions to juſtifie Impoſts. The Firſt is, The Power and Authority of the Prince. The Second, That they tend to a good End. The Third, That they be according to the ability of the Subject. The Fourth, That they be impoſed upon fit Perſons, and rather upon certain Marchandiſes, then upon that which is totally neceſſary to the Life of Man.

Samuel failed not well to aggravate to the People the Burdens that they ſhould undergo by chooſing them a King, and the Repentance that they ſhould have of it, when the evil ſhould be incureable. But (It being hard to make them believe Reaſon that never uſe it but when it flatters their own will.) The Iſraelites were no way diverted from their Propoſition by all poſſible Remonſtrances, but continued to demand a King with great urgency, deſiring to be like in that to ſo many other Nations. They were much like the Froggs in the Fable that prayed *Jupiter* to give them a King, whereto he agreeing, threw into their Lake a great piece of Wood which much aſtoniſhed them at firſt, but ſeeing it without Motion they deſpiſed it, and ſaid that they deſired a King Robuſtuous, Active, and Nimble, whereupon he gave them a Bird of Prey that ceaſed not to devour them; After which they made great Complaints, but he would hearken to them no more. So God cauſed this miſerable People to be advertiſed that when they ſhould be weary of the Domination of Kings, and that they ſhould deſire another form of Government, he would have no ears for their Requeſts. All this inflamed them the more, ſo reſolved were they upon their Miſery.

Samuel being willing to deliver himſelf from their Importunities purpoſed to chooſe them a King, and to give him to them with his own hand, not for any mind that he had to keep yet the Government, but for the zeal that he had of the Glory of God and of Juſtice, deſiring that the pains that he had

taken to procure peace unto his people, and to preſerve it many years together, might not be made unprofitable through the Caprichio's of an evill Succeſſour that perhaps might take a pride in changing all that he had ſo carefully eſtabliſhed. He did not caſt his eyes upon his own Kindred to make himſelf a creature in whom he might reign according to fleſh and blood, but he took by the Order of God a man very ignote, and little taken notice of amongſt his brethren.

Here is a mervellous ſport of Divinity, that calls things that are not as things that are, that makes the Light break out of Darkneſſe, and traces the rayes of his Glory upon an heap of dirt. *Saul*, of the Tribe of *Benjamin*, the leaſt amongſt the Hebrews, and one of the leaſt qualified in that Tribe, a Countrey-man, into whoſe heart the Court and Royalty never entred, not ſo much as in a Dream, went to ſeek his fathers Aſſes that then were gone aſtray. A domeſtick ſervant that was with him ſeeing that he loſt his labour in that ſearch gives him notice that in the neighbouring village there was a great Perſonage that was ignorant of nothing, and that he could well tell them news of their loſſe, and added, that he had a piece of ſilver that was worth about ſix pence which he would make a preſent to him. *Saul* conſents to it, and they goe along both together into the Village of Ziph, where *Samuel* was that was to be preſent that day at a Sacrifice and a Feaſt that was made among the Principall men. Without thinking on it, they meet him, and asked of him where was the Prophets houſe. *Samuel* knew by revelation that it was he of whom God had ſpoken to him, and whom he had choſen to be the King of his People, and entertained him very courteouſly, and invited him to the Feaſt, and to tarry that night in his houſe without going further; and promiſed him that he would tell him all that his heart thought on; and as for the Aſſes he needed not to trouble himſelf, for they were found again. But there were other affairs that concerned him, and that would ſuddenly make all the Glory and all the Riches of Iſrael fall into his hands.

The other was extreamly ſurpriſed to ſee himſelf entreated with ſo much honour, and confeſſed with all ſincerity the meanneſſe of his family, and the little cauſe that he had to pretend to ſuch heighths as thoſe. But *Samuel* taking him by the hand brings him with his ſervant into the Hall of the Feaſt, and ſets them both at the upper end of the Table, where there were thirty Gueſts, and cauſed *Saul* to be ſerved with all that was moſt exquiſite in the Banquet that was kept upon a little Hill very near the Burgh, to which they deſcended after their repaſt, and *Samuel* led *Saul* into his Houſe, and made him lodge that night in his own Chamber. The morrow he conducted him to the Suburbs of the City, and having cauſed his ſervant to go before, poured on a ſudden upon his head a precious ointment, and kiſſing him, told him That God had Anointed him King of his People which he ſhould deliver from the hand of the Philiſtims. After which he foretold him many things that ſhould befall him, and gave him evident ſigns of the verity of his words.

When he was returned, he had a curious Uncle that inquired after all that had happened to him, to whom he ſpake of the Aſſes, but was very wary not to diſcover the ſecret of the Royaltie. Some time after *Samuel* called a Generall Aſſembly of all the people to proceed to the Election of a King, and having diſpoſed all the Tribes of Iſrael for that deſign, the lot fell upon that of *Benjamin*, and upon the Famely of *Matri*, and in fine, upon *Saul*, who had hid himſelf, that he might not expreſſe any ambition of that Royalty; But he was ſuddenly taken forth out of the place where he had retired himſelf, and was ſhewed to the whole Aſſembly, in which there was not a man that he did not out-paſſe by all the head.

This rejoyced *Samuel*, and made him ſay that they might plainly ſee that God took a care of their affairs in that Election, by giving them ſo brave a Man that had not the like amongſt all the People, whereupon they all cryed, God ſave the King.

After this Eſtabliſhment, *Samuel* called a ſecond Aſſembly for his own Diſcharge, wherein he made a powerfull Oration, declaring to the People the Goodneſſe and the Favours they had received from the Hand of God in all his Conduct, ever ſince their coming out of Egypt, and made a kind of Recapitulation of thoſe that had Governed, and delivered them from their Enemies even till this time; Then he repeated to them that they had plucked a King out of the hand of God with all importunity, and that it was not pleaſing to his Divine Majeſty. Whereof he gave them a good Pledge, making at the inſtant the Voyce of Heaven ſpeak in a great tempeſt, which affrighted them ſo much that all deſired pardon of that ſinne which they would never before acknowledge.

But before he came to thoſe Reproaches, he highly juſtified himſelf, calling them to give a Teſtimony of his Conduct and Converſation amongſt them; He Conjured them to ſpeak before God and the new King, if he had ever injured them, or been exceſſive either upon their Perſons, or upon their Goods, and that if they had any thing concerning his Life, or his Converſation, or the Adminiſtration of his Charge, he was ready to give them all ſatisfaction.

The Reverend Old-man melted their hearts, and all rendered him the teſtimony of an Honeſty and Juſtice irreproachable. Thereupon he proteſted that he would never forget them, and that being out of his Office, he would offer to God his moſt fervent Prayers for their Wellfare, and would have a care of their Quiet, as farre as he ſhould be able, exhorting them furthermore to remain inviolable in the Religion of their Fathers, and in the true Worſhip of the Living God, and aſſuring them that he would never caſt them off as long as they ſhould adhere to him by the Submiſſion and Duties of true Children.

The People began to perceive what they had loſt, in the diſcharge of ſo Venerable a Perſon, and were aſhamed of their precipitation; but they were now embarked too far, and muſt ſail to the liking of the Tempeſt.

Here is a great Secret of Divine Policy which hath tormented Curious Spirits in their ſearch into it, that demand wherefore God (making uſe of the Miniſtery of the wiſeſt Man that was at that time on Earth to give a King to his own People, that was to be as the Foundation-Stone, and the Baſis of the Royalty of Judea) made ſo ill a choice, that he was as it were forced by the deportments of *Saul* to break in pieces his own work. But we ought to conſider that in the choice of Princes and Sovereigns, God approves not alwayes all that he gives, nor gives not alſo all that he approves. There are Kings that are given by favour, and others by wrath; Thoſe are ſent into the world as Starres, and theſe as Comets. He ſaith in his Prophet, That he will give a King in his fury, to expiate the ſinnes of his people; and S. *Gregory* hath

hath worthily obſerved, that Kings are meaſured out by Providence, according to the diſpoſition of the Subjects; and which is more, that God permits the ſins of good Kings for the chaſtiſement of the people, and that there is ſuch a connexion between the manners of the Maſter and the Servants, that the fault of the Maſter cauſes the wicked life of the Servants; and the good life of the Servants, the amendment of the Maſter. God was provoked againſt the Iſraelites by reaſon of their Idolatry, of their Obſtinacy, and of their Ingratitude towards *Samuel*, and this was the cauſe that he gave them *Saul*, not ſo much to govern, as to puniſh them, and make them regret the virtue of their contemned Prophet by the compariſon of the two Governments. He ſuffers alſo *Samuel* to be deceived in that choice, to teach us, that it belongs onely to the eternall Wiſdome to know, and to make turns of State that ſurpaſſe the capacity of the ableſt men.

If the ſtature of the body made the Excellency of Kings, *Saul* (without controverſie) was one of the chief; he had a very fair appearance to the exteriour, but within were found great defects of virtues and Royall qualities. He was a guilded portall that nature had built for an houſe of ſtraw. The people at firſt were raviſhed with him, and meaſuring him by the greatneſſe of the body, judged him the prime man of their Nation, not ſeeing that making that judgement, they preferred a flint before a pearl. The firſt unhappineſſe of his conduct was, that he had not an heart for God, but for his own intereſt, and that he did not unite himſelf cloſe enough to *Samuel*, that had made him King, and that was the Oracle from which he ſhould have learned the divine Will. The ſecond was a furious State-jealouſie, his capitall devil that put his Reaſon into a diſorder, and infected all the pleaſures and contentments of his life. He was but weak to hold an Empire, and govern with love, and yet he loved paſſionately all that he could leaſt compaſſe, and would do every thing of his own head, thinking that the aſſiſtance of a good Councel was the diminution of his Authority. Sometimes he was ſenſible of his defects, but inſtead of amending them, he deſired to take away the eyes of thoſe men that perceived them. His Spirit was little in a great body; his Reaſon barren in a multitude of buſineſſe; his Paſſions violent with ſmall reſervedneſſe; his Breakings out impetuous; his Counſels ſudden, and his Life full of inequalities.

Samuel had prudently perceived that the Philiſtims were dangerous enemies to the State of Judea, becauſe they knew its weakneſſe, and kept it in ſubjection a long time, depriving it of the means of thinking fully upon its liberty. And therefore he maintained a peace with them, and uſed them courteouſly, gaining all that he could by good Treaties, and would not precipitate a Warre, which was to weaken the Iſraelites without recovery. But *Saul* thought not himſelf an able man, if he had not ſpoiled all, and without making any other proviſion of neceſſary things, he made a great levy of Souldiers, and a mighty Army to go againſt the enemies, in which there was but two ſwords. It was a plot that permitted not the Hebrews to have Armorers, nor other men that laboured in Iron, totally to diſarm them, and at the leaſt motion that they ſhould make, expoſe them for a prey. Theſe aſſaulted Philiſtims found him buſineſſe enough through the whole courſe of his Government and Life, and in the end, buried him with his children in the ruines of his State.

But God that would give ſome credit to *Samuel*'s choice, ſent at firſt proſperities to Gods people under the conduct of that new King, wherein, that which ſerved for a glory to that holy man, was a vain bait to *Saul*, to make him enterpriſe things that could give him no other ability but to deſtroy himſelf.

About a moneth after his election, *Nahaſh* the Ammonite, raiſed an Army to fall upon the Jabites that were in league with the people of Iſrael, and thoſe ſeeing that they were not ſtrong enough to reſiſt ſo terrible an enemy, diſpatched an Embaſſage to him to treat about a Peace. But that inſolent Prince made anſwer to their Embaſſadours, that he would not make any treaty of Peace with them on any other condition, then by plucking out their right Eyes, and covering them with a perpetuall ignominy. Theſe poor people that were reduc'd almoſt to a deſpair, implored on all ſides the aſſiſtance of their neighbours, and failed not to ſupplicate to the Iſraelites (their friends) to do ſomething in their favour. Their Meſſengers being arriv'd at Gibeah, related the ſad news of the cruelty of *Nahaſh*, that filled the people with fear and tears. *Saul* returning from the fields, was driving his oxen, when hearing the groans of his Subjects, demanded the cauſe of it, and having been informed, entred into ſo great a rage at the pitileſſe extremities of that fierce Ammonite, that he inſtantly tore in pieces his two oxen, and ſent the pieces of them through all the cities and villages of his Dominion, commanding every one to follow him to revenge that injury, otherwiſe their cattle ſhould be deale with, as he had done with his two oxen. The Iſraelites mov'd, partly by compaſſion, and partly alſo by fear of thoſe menaces, poured out themſelves from all parts to this Warre in ſuch a ſort, that he had got together three hundred thouſand men. He divided them into three Battalions, and went to meet the Ammonite, whom he ſet upon ſo vigorouſly, and combated ſo valiantly, that he totally defeated his Army, and humbled that proud Giant that thought on nothing but putting out mens eyes, making him know that pride goes before reproach, as the lightning before the thunder.

All the great people that compos'd that Army returned unto their houſes, and *Saul* retained onely three thouſand men, whereof he gave one thouſand to his ſon *Jonathan*, that was a man full of ſpirit and generoſity, and farre better liked then his father *Saul*. This Militia was too little conſiderable for ſo great enemies, yet he had a courage to aſſault a place of the Philiſtims, and routed their Garriſon; whereat they being pricked beyond meaſure betake themſelves into the field with an Army, in which there were thirty thouſand chariots of warre, and people without end; whereat the Iſraelites were ſo affrighted, that all ſcatter'd themſelves, and went to hide themſelves in caves, ſo that there remained but about ſix hundred men with *Saul*, who marched with a ſmall noiſe, and durſt not appear before his adverſaries. *Samuel* had promiſed to ſee him within ſeven dayes, to ſacrifice to God and encourage the people.

But *Saul* ſeeing that the ſeventh day was come without having any tidings of him, takes himſelf the burnt offering, offers the Sacrifice, and playes the Prieſt, without having any Miſſion either ordinary or extraordinary. As ſoon as he had made an end of burning the Holocauſt, *Samuel* arrives, to whom he related, how that ſeeing all the people debauch themſelves and quit the Army, and how that being preſſed by his enemies, in a time wherein it behoved them to have recourſe to prayer before they gave battle, he was perſwaded that God would like well enough that in the neceſſity, and long abſence of *Samuel*, he ſhould perform the office of a Prieſt by preſenting the burnt offering, which he had done with a good intention, without

pretending to usurp any thing upon his office. *Samuel* rebuked him sharply for that action, to shew, that there is no pretense nor necessity that is able to justifie a sin; and that it no way belongs to Lay-people to meddle with the Censer, and to do the Functions that regard the Priests. Then *Samuel* fore-told him that his Kingdome should not be stable, and that God would provide himself another that should be a more religious observer of his Law: thereupon he left him for a time, and *Saul* having recollected all the people that he could endeavoured to oppose the enemy.

The brave *Jonathan*, accompanied with his armour-bearer, found a way to climb over rocks, and to surprise a court-of-Guard of the Philistims which they thought had been inaccessible, which put them in a terrible fright, imagining that those that had got so farre had great forces, though they did not yet appear.

This brought their Army into a confusion, and God also putting his hand farre into the businesse fill'd them with such an amazement, that their ranks being in disorder, they killed one another without knowing their own party. The people of Israel having received intelligence of that rout take heart again, and get them out of the caves into which they had retired themselves, to range themselves about *Saul*'s person, who was thereby transported with such an ardour, that he conjur'd all his Army to follow the Philistims (without drinking or eating) till they were all destroyed.

This was a precipitation of his unequall spirit and a true Chimæra; yet desiring to make that passe for Zeal which was a pure Passion, he would needs cause his son *Jonathan* to be put to death for having sucked a little honey at the end of his rod; but the people rescued him out of his hands, and desisted to pursue the Philistims, being not in a condition to fight with them.

Some time after, *Samuel* exhorted him to enterprise a puissant Warre against the Amalekites (sworn enemies of the people of God) and conjur'd him to make every thing passe through the edge of the sword, without sparing any body; and above all, to reserve nothing of the booty that should be made upon them, that should not be consumed with fire. To this, *Saul* seem'd to be inclin'd with vigour, and raised an Army of more then two hundred thousand men; so great was the weight of the Authority, when *Samuel* put himself into party. He fell suddenly upon the Amalekites and defeated them with a generall rout, so farre, as to take their King prisoner; but he contented himself with destroying and burning all that was caytiffe and unprofitable, reserving *Agag* the King, with the best flocks and herds, and choicest moveables. In the mean while, he was so much puft up with this victory, that he caused an Arch of Triumph to be erected to himself, and spread himself in the vanities of his spirit while God was thinking of rejecting him, and giving orders to *Samuel* to tell him his unhappinesse. Yet *Saul* (blind in his sin) received the man of God into his Camp with an extraordinary joy, vaunting himself for having efficaciously fulfilled the commandment of God; and while he was speaking it, the voyce of the Flocks that he had put aside was heard; whereupon *Samuel* said, What means this Cattle that strikes my ears with its bleatings? To which he answered, That he had reserved them expresly for an offering to the living God. But *Samuel* replyed, That there was no Sacrifice so pleasing to God as Obedience; and that Sin, which was contrary to him, was a kind of Idolatry; and that since he had despised the Word of God, he should be cast off, and deprived of the Kingdome; whereat he being astonished, confessed that he had offended hearkning more to the voyce of the People then to that of God, and beseeched *Samuel* to excuse his sinne, to bear with his infirmities, and to go with him to the sacrifice to adore God in sign of reconciliation. Whereto *Samuel* replyed that he would have no more any thing common with a man whom God had abandon'd, and saying this, steps forward, and turns his back to him: the other layes hold on the fringe of his robe which remained in his hands, which when the Prophet saw, Behold (said he) how your Kingdome shall be divided and given to a better then your self. The Triumpher of Israel, the true God of hosts is not as a man, to change his purposes, and repent him of his counsels. The King humbled himself again acknowledging his fault, and beseeching *Samuel* earnestly not to leave him, but to render him the ordinary respect before the Princes of the people, and to come and worship God with him. *Samuel*, fearing the disorder of the Army, consented for that time, but afterward never saw *Saul* any more to the day of his death.

He ceased not to weep bitterly for him, considering that he that had been chosen by his hand had come to so little good, and had carried himself with so much contempt of the commandments of God. This wounded his heart, and would not let him put an end to his mournings, till his great Master comforted him, and suggested *David* to him, who should fill up worthily the place that *Samuel* was about to lose by his iniquity. And (indeed) he performed then a bold enterprise, going to Bethleem, under colour of a Sacrifice, and Anointing *David* King in *Saul*'s life time, although that design was secret, that it might be managed with more successe. After that time, *Saul* was left visibly by God, possessed with an evil spirit, and gnawed perpetually with jealousies of State which the person of *David* caused in him by reason of his valour and great virtues, as I shall declare in the following Elogy. In the mean while, *Samuel* lived retired from Court, without meddling with Sate-affairs; and *Saul*, by his departure, changed the sins of Vanity and of Fearfulnesse into Sacrilegies and Massacres, letting loose the bridle to his fury, to retain the phantasme of an Empire that flew out of his hands. Good *Samuel* ceased not in his solitude to bewail two King that he had made, looking upon one as an homicide, and the other as a sacrifice of death. He was afflicted inconsolably to hear of the deportments of that furious *Saul* that made of one wickednesse a degree to passe unto another, inventing every day new butcheries to cement his Throne with the bloud of his brethren. He melted himself with compassion for his poor *David*, seeing *Saul*'s sword hang but by a little thread, alwayes ready to fall upon his innocent head. He deplored the miseries of the poor people which he could not any longer remedy, and passing over again in his remembrance all the vicissitudes of mans life, and the treacheries of the Court, he had an ardent thirst to depart out of this world to go to find Innocence in the bosome of his Fathers. God heard him, and drew him to himself by a peaceable death the seventy and seventh year of his age, the eight and thirtieth of his Government, and the seventh after his retreat from Court. He was mourned and lamented for, by all the people, as the Father of his Countrey: and magnificent Funeralls were made for him, to render him a testimony at his death of the commen-

commendable actions of his holy and generous life. *Saul* remained yet two years upon the Throne after him, and the Even before his great overthrow, the Soul of *Samuel* returned from *Limbus*, not by the work of the Pythoneſſe, but by the will of God and ſpake to him, and told him of his diſaſtre, as I have ſaid in the Maxim of the Immortality of Souls.

DANIEL.

Daniel entred into the Court by Captivity, ſtayed there by Mortification, made himſelf known by Prophecy, and there alſo rendred himſelf renowned by great Virtues. To comprehend this, it is neceſſary to know, that the little Kingdome of Judea was ordinarily very much expoſed to the Armies of the Aſſyrians, which God had choſen to be the ſcourges and the inſtruments of the Juſtice that he exerciſed upon the ſins of his people. King *Nebuchadonozor* that reigned in that Monarchy ſix hundred years before the Nativity of our Lord fell upon Paleſtine with a mighty Army, took and pillaged the city of Jeruſalem, carried away King *Jehojakim*, with the richeſt veſſels of the Temple, and abundance of priſoners of the moſt noted men, amongſt which was *Daniel*, accompanied with other young children of a good parentage.

The King gave charge to *Aſhpenaz* chief Gentleman of his Chamber, to chuſe him Pages of Royall extraction, well made, without any blemiſh or diſgrace, as well of mind as body, that ſhould be verſed in arts befitting the Nobility, well learn'd in exerciſes, docile, and well-governed, and that he ſhould teach them the Chaldean Tongue, which was the Language of the Kingdome, that they might wait upon him in his Chamber. *Aſhpenaz* having proceeded in the buſineſſe with much conſideration, reſolved to take *Daniel*, and his three companions, *Ananias*, *Azarias*, and *Miſael*. From hence one may collect, that this young child was endowed with moſt excellent qualities for the converſation of the world, and the life of the Court. Some have perſwaded themſelves that he was the ſon of King *Hezekiah*, but it is without foundation, and with ignorance of the Chronology, ſeeing that if this opinion were true, it muſt be inferred, that *Daniel* that is here dealt with as a child, and choſen for *Nebuchadonozor*'s Page, was at that time fourſcore and ten years old, which would be a great impertinency.

Yet it is credible that he was deſcended from ſome ſon or daughter of the ſame King; but, however, one may aſſure that he was of the bloud Royall, ſeeing the King had expreſly ordered, that the Children that were to apppear before him for his ſervice ſhould be taken out of that quality. Beſides his eminent birth, he was endowed with a very gentle faſhion, knowing according to his age, dextrous in the exerciſes of the Court, of a ſweet and prudent ſpirit, very different from the temper of him that we propoſed in the precedent Elogy. But to ſpeak ſincerely, if a good man ought to be conſidered as a Temple, theſe exteriour qualities make but the portall; there are others in the underſtanding and in the will that compoſe the Myſteries of the Sanctuary.

This young child was endowed with a great intelligence in things of Faith and Religion, and of a chaſte fear of God, and of rare virtues, that ſurpaſſed farre the ability of his age. Who can ſufficiently commend that which he did at his entrance into the Court with his companions, that took light from his ſpirit, and ſtrength from the imitation of his courage? They were now come from the ſiege of an hunger-bitten city, from a long voyage, and abundance of weariſome toils; they find themſelves ſuddenly in the abundance and delicacies of a magnificent Court, where they were to be fed as the other Pages, with the viands that were ſerved up to the Kings table.

Youth hath ordinarily a great inclination to a ſenſuall life, and to content all its appetites; ſo that there are ſome that ſeem not to eat to live, but to live to eat. Yet theſe young children made a firm reſolution to abſtain from all the delicious food that was ſerved up to *Nebuchadonozor*'s table, whether for the fear that they had, leſt they ſhould have been offered unto Idols, or for the love of Temperance; they earneſtly beſeeched the maſter of the Pages to entertain them with nothing but with pulſe: and when he feared leſt that uſage ſhould make them lean, and that the King ſhould perceive it, they prayed him to try them for the ſpace of ten dayes, aſſuring him, that living in ſuch a manner, they ſhould be full of health and vigour. This was verified by experience, and when they were to appear in the preſence of the King, they were found in good plight, active, and well inſtructed above all the reſt.

The Prophet ſaith, *That the beauties of the deſert ſhall be fat and fruitfull*: ſo thoſe bodies that are as deſerts, deprived of the fat and of the abundance that a voluptuous life miniſters to the delicate, have a certain bleſſing of God, that infuſes into them an health, a grace, and a beauty, ſutable to a good temper. Do we not ſee that all thoſe birds of prey that feed themſelves with the fleſh of beaſts ſend forth an horrid cry? but the Nightingales that live innocently by ſome little ſeeds of plants ſing melodiouſly. *Daniel* was made to charm the ear of a great King by his diſcourſes, to live in contemplations and in lights; he would have nothing to do with the ſmoak and ill vapours of *Nebuchadonozor*'s Kitchen. Pſal. 64. Pingueſcent ſpecioſa deſerti.

He was full three years under this maſter of the Pages, Praying, Faſting, keeping the Law of God, learning the Language of the Countrey and the Modes of the Court. This time being expired, he was preſented to the King amongſt other children of divers Nations, who liked him exceeding well, with his companions, and found that he eminently ſurpaſſed the capacity of all thoſe of the Countrey, and of the reſt that were nouriſhed with him. When he was advanced in age, and now approaching to thirty years, it pleaſed God to render him very famous at the Court, as another *Joſeph*, by the Interpretation of a Dream.

King *Nebuchadonozor* had a great Viſion in his ſleep which very much diſquieted his mind; for there remained in him an Idea that he had dreamt of ſome magnificent thing, but his Dream was eſcaped from him, and he could by no means unfold it, whether he ſaid true, or whether he diſſembled to try his Diviners, and all thoſe that undertook to foretell hidden

hidden things. He makes a great Assembly of the Sages of the Countrey in his Palace, to know of them what it was that he had dreamed; whereat these men were very much astonished, and told him with all humility, that no man ever dealt so with the Interpreters of Dreams, but that the extraordinary manner was to declare the Vision, and then seek for the Interpretation.

This King that was of an impetuous and extravagant spirit, said, That he was not contented with that triviall fashion of telling his Dreams, to give them matter of inventing afterward such an Interpretation as they would; but that the true secret of the Science was to divine the Dream it self. The Magicians reply'd, That there was none but the Gods that could give a resolution of that, and that their commerce was farre distant from ours. The King thereupon sent them away with anger; and without giving vent to his choler, resolved to rid himself of all the Diviners in his Kingdome, having already given command to his Captain of the Guard to put them all to death. All of them fled, and were exactly searched for; *Daniel* that was thought to make profession of these extraordinary Sciences was involved in the same danger, there being no want of wicked minded men, that seeing him sufficiently in the favour of the King endeavoured to destroy him in that occasion.

He would not suddenly forsake the Court, as one scar'd, but assuring himself of Gods protection, he presented himself to the Captain of the Guard, praying him to make some surcease upon that rigorous Edict, and not to dip his hands in bloud by the death of so many men; but to permit him onely to present himself to the King, and he hoped to give him all content. In this he shewed himself very prudent, there being nothing better in troublesome affairs and very sudden, then to bring some retardment, whilst the spirit may give it self leasure to come to it self again, and to find expediments to get out of an ill way. He spake to the King, expressing much compassion even for them that bore him envy, and desired some delay, which was very reasonable to resolve so crabbed a Question.

Now when he saw well that it passed the capacity of any created spirit, he had recourse to the Creatour by most humble and most fervent prayers, which he recommended also to his dear companions, that all conspiring to the same design, they might the more easily obtain the mercy and the illumination of God in so great and so profound a secret. It is thus that good men proceed in all businesses of importance, distrusting all their own managery if it be not directed from on high. Their prayers redoubled day and night one upon the other forced heaven with a pious violence, and the Dream with its Interpretation was revealed to *Daniel* in the midst of his most ardent Devotions. He felt his spirit touched with a glimpse of the first light, and saw as in a mirrour, all that had passed in *Nebuchadonozor*'s mind with such a certainty, as permitted him not to doubt of it. Then he was not like *Archimedes* who having found some secret of the Mathematicks, as he was in a Bath leapt out all naked by a strange transport, crying through the streets, *I have found it, I have found it.* This is ordinary to spirits that have nothing in their head but vanity; but holy *Daniel* cryes out thereon, *Let the name of God be blessed for ever, for to him belongeth wisdome and strength.* It is he that distributeth wisdome to the true Sages, and that bestows knowledge on those that range themselves under his Discipline. It is he that reveals things hidden in the most deep abysses, and knows that which is buried in the most thick darkness, and light dwells perpetually with him. I praise thee, and I confesse thee from the bottome of my heart the God of my fathers, that hast given this strength of spirit and this understanding to penetrate the Kings secret.

He spake many such like words, and rising from his prayer, he went to seek the Captain of the Guard, whom he besought to save the Sages of Babylon, and to cause no more to die, because he had found out the secret that was searched after by the Prince; which the other received with much joy, and failed not immediately to carry news of it to the King, who caused *Daniel* to be called, of whom he demanded the performance of his promise. Then the Prophet using a great prudence and a singular modesty excused all the Sages of Chaldea that could not find out the Kings secret thoughts, and vanted not himself to know them by his own sufficiency, but by the inspiration of the God whom he adored. In which, he expressed a great wisdome and a generous humility not giving any praise to himself, but transferring all the glory to the living God, that he might work in the King an high esteem of the true Religion.

S. *Gregory* saith That those that seek their own glory in the Commission they have from God, are like those that espousing (in quality of proxies) a wife by order of their Master, would play the Husbands, not contenting themselves to be simple Commissioners. *Daniel* abhorred such proceedings, because he was a Starre that would shew his Sun, and would not be seen himself but by his favour. He made then a large discourse to the King his master, and told him his Dream, which was touching that famous Statue, that had an head of Gold, a breast and arms of Silver, a belly and thighs of Copper, legs of Iron, and feet partly of Iron and partly of Earth: and added, that whilst the King beheld it in his Dream, he saw a little stone come from a great mountain that strook the feet of the Statue and tumbled it down immediately, scattering the Gold, the Silver, the Copper, the Iron, and the Earth as small chaffe dissipated by a whirlewind, and that that little Stone changed it self in an instant into a huge Mountain, and filled the whole earth.

After he had so subtilly touched the Vision of the Prince, making him remember all that his imagination had framed, he descended to the particularities of the Interpretation, and said, That he was the Golden Head of that Statue, God having made him a King of kings, and having given him Strength, Rule, and Glory, with a Power over the Earth inhabited by men, over the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field. Then he advertised, that after him should come a Kingdome lesse then his, that should be as Silver in comparison of Gold: And after that second should arise a third, resembling Brasse, that should command over the whole earth: And after that a fourth, which as Iron, should subdue and break in pieces all that it should meet with. And as for that that he had seen the Feet of the Statue composed of Iron and Clay, it meant, that there should be a great inequality and disproportion in that last Empire, by reason of the mixture of very differing parts that could not be fitted well together. In fine, that God would raise up a Kingdome of Heaven, signified by that little Stone, that should crush the other Kingdomes, and should remain stable to all Eternity.

The King was so transported with *Daniel*'s discourse, that he rose suddenly from his Throne, and bending with his face to the earth, worshipped him, commanding that Sacrifices and Incense should be offered to him, and publishing highly that his God was the God of gods, and the Lord of kings, to whom alone

alone it belonged to reveal Myſteries, ſince he could penetrate into ſuch a ſecret.

Wiſdome was never upon ſo high a Throne, as to ſee the proudeſt of Monarchs at her feet. Yet *Daniel* well knew how to moderate the tranſports of his ſpirit, and by ſhewing him the nothing of the creature to draw him to the worſhip and honour of the Creatour which was the maſter of Knowledge, and ſource of all pure Light. Theſe are the wonders of the Sovereign Monarch, to conſider, that a young man that came to that Court as a ſlave ſhould find there ſuddenly in the eſteem of his Prince the quality of a God; he was ſhut up continually in his chamber, and his ſpirit walked through the whole Univerſe; he was a Captive, and ſaw Kings paſſe before him as the Dream of a night.

For repreſent to your ſelves with what wiſdome and with what greatneſſe of conceptions he ſaw in one onely Dream that which ſhould extend beyond ſix hundred years, and that which had been doing thirteen or fourteen hundred years before. That Golden Head of the Statue was the chief Monarchy of the World, founded (as 'tis held) by *Belus* whom *Ninus* his ſon conſecrated for a God, cauſing a great ſtatue of gold to be erected for him, which had eyes counterfeited of certain precious ſtones that were afterwards called *Belus* his eyes. This *Ninus* took to wife a maid that came from nothing, named *Semiramis*, that gained him by her charms, and reigned after him in a moſt imperious way, till ſuch time as ſhe was aſſaſſinated by her own ſon, when ſhe incited him to a moſt enormous ſin. This ſon that was called *Ninias* was eſteemed but little, and followed with about two and thirty ſit-ſtill Kings, the laſt of which was *Sardanapalus*, that was ſpinning out his diſtaffe amongſt the women of his Seraglio, when he was ſurpriſed by a revolt of two of his Captains, and burnt himſelf with all his moſt precious wealth that he might leave to his conquerours nothing elſe but aſhes.

This Monarchy of the Aſſyrians was then divided into two Kingdomes by thoſe two Chiefs that conſpired againſt their Maſter. *Arbaces* took the Medes, and *Beleſus* the Chaldeans; out of this *Beleſus* iſſued thirteen Kings, amongſt which were *Nebuchadonozor* and *Belſhazzer*: *Arbaces* was followed by nine, the laſt of which was *Aſtyages*.

Theſe two Kingdomes were afterward incorporated into one ſole Monarchy of the Perſians, figured by the Silver, founded by *Cyrus*, whom God ſeemed to lead by the hand to the conqueſt of Nations, and to give him happineſſe at his diſpoſall, to follow no more any but his ſtandards. His Monarchy reckoned two hundred years, and fourteen Kings, when under *Darius*, one of the greateſt ſpectacles of the inconſtancy of humane things, it was buried by the Grecians, after five millions of men had been conſumed in three battels.

Alexander founded this third Empire, repreſented by the Braſſe, and did that great maſter-work, by which he ſeemed to have been born onely to ſhew poſterity to what point of greatneſſe a man may arrive by the heighth of his enterpriſes, and the vigour of his arms. The courſe of his Reign ended in twelve years, and ſo many conqueſts were bounded by a glaſſe of poyſon. His Princes ſhared diverſly the Empire, who, after they had dipped their ſwords ſo many times in the bloud of the Barbarians, waſhed them in their own, and tore one another by horrible Civil Wars.

Finally, the Roman Empire was that Iron which brake the Gold, the Silver, and the Copper, and ſwallowed up all the Monarchies to contribute to its greatneſſe. But there was a mixture of Clay and Iron in this; that ſo many ſtranger-Kings (that were effeminated by luxury) were adjoyned to the invincible force of that courageous Nation. This was not well founded; there was need of an eternall Kingdome, which began at the Birth of our Lord, ſeven hundred years after the foundation of the city of Rome, and is exerciſed after a ſpirituall and eminent manner to the end of all Ages.

I have deſired to trace out this in a few lines, to verifie the Interpretation that *Daniel* gave to *Nebuchadonozor's* Dream, and the great lights that he communicated to him about the eſtate of the Empires of the earth. The King in this conſideration could not ſatisfie himſelf with admiring of him, and raiſed him unto moſt high degrees of honour, making him as Vice-Roy of all the Provinces of his Kingdome, the chief Magiſtrate, and the Prince of the Council of the Sages. He was conſtrained to accept all this by reaſon of the imperious humour of his Maſter, who in his firſt motions would no way be contraried; but he ſo ordered the buſineſſe, that his cares were divided amongſt his dear companions, to whom he cauſed Offices in the Provinces to be beſtowed, whilſt he was alwayes about the Kings perſon.

But it ſeldome happens that good men are raiſed at Court, but that God makes them know, by ſome revolution or other, the brittleneſſe of all the glory of the world. Scarce had they taſted the firſt-fruits of the honour due to their merit, but the Prince alwayes puffed up with his victories, and pricked with an high eſteem of greatneſſe, without having any remembrance of the Conduct of his Empire that had been repreſented to him in his Dream, cauſes a golden Statue of ſixty cubits high to be erected for himſelf, that ſhould be one of the moſt formidable Coluſſus's that had been ever ſeen. And as it was the cuſtome to make great Ceremonies at the Dedication of theſe teſtimonies of honour that were given to Kings, he ſummoned all the principall men of his whole Kingdome, the Governours, and the Officers of his Crown. One reades not that *Daniel* had any thing to do with it, be it, that he was abſent upon ſome great employment, or be it that he avoyded that occurrence by a ſhift: But his companions were ſent for thither, becauſe that the great credit that they had by the recommendation of *Daniel* had already drawn upon them the envy of thoſe of the Countrey, who ſought for nothing but an occaſion to deſtroy them.

They might deliberate among themſelves whether it were not permitted to render an honour purely civil to the Statue of a King, and conclude with reaſon, that ſuch an action tended not to the ſin of Idolatry. They could not be ignorant that the Prophet *Eliſha* granted leave to *Naaman* the Syrian to accompany the King his maſter to the Temple of the Idols, and even to bend the knee, not with a deſign to do homage to the falſe God, but with an intention to hold up his Prince whilſt he lean'd upon him, as was his cuſtome. This action ſeemed more bold, becauſe here is mention of a place wherein worſhip was rendred to an imaginary Deity; and although that this *Naaman* had neither heart nor adoration for it, yet thoſe that ſaw him bow before that Abomination might inferre that he periſhed in his Superſtition; yet for all that the Prophet grants him in this thing all that he deſired. By a juſter title ſeems it, that theſe here ought not to have moved ſo furious a tempeſt againſt their Nation for lack of doing reverence to the Image of a King.

Nevertheleſſe, theſe three young men, after they had conſidered that the King pretended to cauſe himſelf to be adored in that Statue as a God, filled with a ſenſe of their Religion, whiles ſome ſuffered themſelves

to go to that adoration, and others fled for fear of torments, presented themselves to the King, and protested loudly that they were the servants of the Living God, and that they should hold it for a great sin to render the honour that is due to him, to an Idol.

The King was suddenly moved with choler, and threatned to cause them to be burnt alive if they obeyed not, and that there was no God either in heaven or upon earth that should be able to deliver them out of his hands. These gallant Princes not being able to endure this blasphemy, answered constantly, that the God which they served was the Sovereign Master of all Kings, that nothing was impossible to his power; that it was most easie for him to draw them out of a danger so evident, but happen what would, they would never be so base and cowardly as to betray their Faith and belie their Religion.

What cannot Resolution do? What cannot Courage do? What cannot true Piety do? And what does not the Spirit of God? That three children that were strangers amidst so many millions of Infidels that environed them as enraged wolves amidst the thundring angers of an inexorable King, the horrible faces of hangmen, whilst the flames of the fornace into which they were suddenly to be thrown flashed over, to the horrour and trembling even of those that were without danger, should stand as three rocks immoveable to all these violent shakings! What menaces did this wicked King employ to make himself to be feared! What sweetnesses and allurements to make himself be beloved! And yet they remain inflexible to rigours, and impregnable to caresses. They are cast into those fiery coals that bore a true representation of hell, to endure the sharpest of pains, and they find there the most sensible of pleasures. The fire forgets it self to be fire; the fornace strows it self with flowers; the gentle breathings of the South-winds temper the ardour of the flames, and that which was the most rigorous of punishments becomes a Throne of honour, upon which these three Champions speak as Oracles, and all the Creatures change themselves into ears to hear them.

The King that was there present, and that had seen them thrown in fast bound and manacled, when he saw them walk all three, assisted with a fourth that was the Angel of God in that great and horrible fornace as in a meadow enamell'd over with flowers, demanded of his Princes whether they were not those same men that were newly thrown into the fire, and whence it could come to passe that that Element should change its nature for them, after it had devoured their executioners. He draws near to the fornace, he calls them by their names, and commands them to come to him, to see if they were not spirits loosed from the body. They come forth, he embraceth them, he is in an extasie for joy, and confesses with a loud voyce, That the God of those Children is the true God; and ordains, that he that shall be so hardy as to blaspheme him should be punished with death, and his house confiscated.

What triumph was ever so glorious as that of the true Religion, that then made visible her grandeurs to the sight of all the Infidels in her Captivity, and when one would have thought her dead, wrote her praises in characters of fire? The Nobles came about these three Princes, considered their habits, the hair of their heads, their flesh, their skin, and found that every thing was intire. Calumny changed her self into adoration, rage into astonishment, and those that were thought lost and reduced to nothing, saw themselves consecrated by their punishments.

This should have converted the King, and all his Nation, to the worship of the true God; and yet (those chains that keep men bound in their Superstition for a long time, and by deep rooted habits being almost indissoluble) every thing remained in the same condition, and this Prince blinded by the prosperity of his arms, carried his ambitions to the highest point to which those of mortall men can mount, whilst it pleased God to chastise him by a very extraordinary change.

A year before that the unhappinesse befell him, he saw in a dream a tree of an immense heighth, that seemed to him to cover all the earth with its branches; the leaves thereof were pleasant; the fruit most savoury; the beasts of the earth fed under it, and lived by the favours they received from it; and upon it the little birds of the air made melodious consorts; whilst on a sudden he saw an Angel descend from heaven, and commanded that the Tree should be cut down, her branches scatter'd, her leaves shaken off, her fruits destroyed, that it should be tumbled down upon the grasse, wet continually with the dew of heaven, bound with a great iron chain, and that there should be left onely some small root to spring up again in time to come, but that it should lie seven years under ground before it should appear.

He was much affrighted at this Dream, and made a second assembly of the Sages of his Kingdome that could not give any sutable Interpretation of it. *Daniel* was call'd, and the Dream related to him from point to point by the Kings own mouth, from which he immediately discovered much misery for his Master. There is need of a great force of spirit when one is to carry an afflicting Truth to a person that one loves, and of whom one hath received great benefits.

One would have counsell'd *Daniel* to hold his peace, to dissemble, to elude the true sense by some appearing Interpretation; yet, he knowing that God had sent him to that Court not to vaunt himself in the honour of his offices, and in the abundance of his riches, but have a care of the salvation of his King, and to heal the vanities of his spirit, although that by interpreting this Dream according to the truth, he should bring himself in danger of the ruine of his fortunes. He disguised nothing, but told him, that it were to be wish'd, that the effect of that Dream might fall upon his enemies, but since that unhappinesse threatned him, it would be better to endeavour to divert it, then to invent artifices to suppresse it.

That he was that great Tree that lifted his branches as high as heaven, and covered with his shadow the roundnesse of the earth, that so many millions of men were in shelter under his protection, and breathed by his favour; but forasmuch as he had despised God, and had entred into a great presumption of his sufficiency, without considering that every thing came to him from on high, that he should be separated from the conversation of men, ranked with beasts, that he should eat the grasse of the field as an ox, and should be exposed to the rain, and to all the injuries of the air, living as a beast, till such time as he should know that there is one most high God that rules over the kingdomes of Monarchs, and gives them to whom he pleases; but there being yet a root remaining to that overthrown Tree, that there should be some recovery from that brutall life, and that he should be put again into his Kingdome when he should know the power of the heavenly virtue.

This *Daniel* was a sprightly Courtier, to tell a King that he should become an ox for the space of seven years; this had been enough to have made him been declared an Impostour, and been banished from the Court. Nevertheless it is a strange thing that *Nebuchadonozor* makes no reply thereto, but hears patiently the counsel that he gives him, to expiate his sinnes by Alms and by good Works. He was seized with a great

great fear of God, with an affright that took from his mouth all manner of reply, to think by what means he might appease the menaces of heaven.

But we must averre that this great King had something in him very wild, and a spirit that had no more subsistence then the clouds and winds. He passed often from one extremity of the passions to the other without lighting upon the middle, and sometimes he appeared humbled to the abysse, and sometimes also clave to the air and clouds; and planted his Throne by extravagant imaginations even above the stars.

This Dream of the Tree kept him in his wits a pretty while, but scarce were twelve moneths expired, but being one day in his Palace, he entred into a mad vanity about the city of Babylon which he said he had builded by the strength of his wit and of his arm, and for the high magnificences of his glory. The word was yet in his mouth, when the anger of God fell upon his head, as a sudden flash of lightning, and he was changed into a beast; not that he lost his humane soul, nor the ordinary figure of his body, but he entred into so violent and so extraordinary a frenzy, that he perswaded himself that he was an ox, and instantly forsook his Palace and his Throne, ran up and down the fields, and fed on grasse with the beasts; and although endeavour was used to cure him by all sorts of remedies, yet experience shewed that this evill was a wound from heaven, for which no case was to be found. He became so mad that they were fain to bind and chain him, and yet he brake his chains and tore his clothes, and exposed himself all naked to the rain, to the winds, and to all the rigours that the seasons brought. His hair increased horribly, and his nails so crooked, that they would make one believe that he was some bird of rapine.

All the Court was in mourning and sadnesse for this so terrible an accident, and although his burnt bloud, and his violent passions had much contributed to his malady, yet so was it, that the blindest saw that there was in it a manifest punishment of God.

Evilmerodach his son took the government of the Empire in quality of Regent, during the indisposition of the King his father; and although he appeared to be much moved at that change, yet there was more shew in it then reality. But in fine, this miserable frantick having passed seven years in a pitifull condition came again to his right senses, and the first thing that he did, was, to lift up his eyes to heaven, to blesse God, to acknowledge that his might was without limits, that his kingdome was an everlasting kingdome, that all men of the habitable earth were but nothing before him, that he disposed of all, as well amongst the heavenly virtues as amongst the creatures of this lower world, that nothing could resist his power without experimenting his Justice.

His good Subjects touched with a great compassion sought him out again, and re-placed him upon his Throne, where he reign'd with a great modesty, and lived in the knowledge of the true God, as so farre, as to work out his own salvation, as S. *Augustine* assures us, together with other Fathers of the Church. So every thing was restored to him with more splendour and Majesty then before, his accident bringing no diminution to his Authority. This gave incomparable joyes to holy *Daniel*, who amidst all the Grandeurs of the Court, wished for nothing but the conversion of his Master.

Evilmerodach that had taken some liking to the Regency was not contented at this change, but expressed so much despight at it, that the King his father distrusting him, kept him in prison, which was very bitter unto him, seeing himself descended from the Throne, in a moment, to the condition of a captive.

It is held, that *Nebuchadonozor* reigned after his re-establishment the space of six or seven years, and that the successour of his Empire was this *Evilmerodach* his prisoner, who remained a long time in the languor of his captivity. He found in that prison *Jehojakim* King of the Jews, and (as men in misery have a kind of obligation to love the like) he looked upon him with a good eye, and recreated himself often with him, having no other company at all. The memory of this friendship accompanied him to the Throne, and he caused his companion to be delivered out of prison, using him honourably, and giving him even Offices of importance in his Court. The new King passing from one extremity to another in such a sudden, behaved himself but ill; for it is said that he caused the body of his father to be torn in pieces, for fear he should return again from the gates of death to resume his Sceptre, and that he reigned with much insolence, taking a pride to trample under-foot all that his predecessours had exalted. And therefore, that eclipse that *Daniel* was in at Court, as it appears from the sacred Text, might have happened at this time, since that the Jews were retir'd, and had little credit in the kingdome.

This holy Prophet seeing himself discharged of the businesses of the Court, and ranged in a solitude, was in his element, and recollected all his thoughts to give to his heart the joyes of God, which good souls find in a retirement. It was then that he entred farther into the commerce of the intelligences, that he was visited by Angels with more favour, that he learn'd the secret of Empires, and saw all the glory of the world at his feet: yet he could not belie his good heart, nor avoid but that the contempt of the true Religion, and the affliction of his poor people that suffered much in this alteration, was very sensible to him.

Evilmerodach was never the happier for leaving the pathes of Piety which his father had trod out for him; for after a short and wicked Reign he was suppressed by his brother-in-law *Neriglossor*, who having a child by his wife named *Belshazzar*, the grandchild of the great *Nebuchadonozor*, put him forward to succed in the Empire. In the mean while the father governed the kingdome in quality of a Regent, and when *Belshazzar* was of age, he remitted all the power into his hands, which he used moderately during his fathers life; but as soon as he was dead he laid aside his vizard, and grew dissolute in the quantity of excesses and of debauches shamefull to a Prince of his extraction.

The heighth of his fatall pleasures was in the most sumptuous banquet that he made, to which he invited a thousand persons of the best quality in his kingdome, wherein their spirits being poured out into an excessive voluptuousnesse, the King himself being full of wine and impiety, commanded that the magnificent vessels which his grandfather had taken in the Temple of Jerusalem should be brought upon their cupboard; which was readily performed, and he put them into the hands of his wanton Courtiers and immodest women, who mocked at the mysteries of the true Religion. That banqueting-house seem'd nothing now but a repair of Bacchanals, where Gluttony, Love, Sport, Jeasting exercised all their power; and the lascivious devils were unchain'd to induce the ghests to all sort of intemperance, when behold a Prodigy comes that changes the dissolute merriments of that Court into an horrible tragedy.

An hand of a man without the body appeared upon a wall, whose fingers seem'd to move, and to write un-

known characters, whereat the King was so affrighted, that all his body trembled, and his countenance appeared laden with pale colours of Death, which spoiled all the sport, and caused a great silence in the banqueting-hall. Immediately recourse was had to the Sages and Diviners of Chaldea to reade and interpret that writing; but they were found alwayes weak in such mysteries as these.

The Queen Mother had a good soul, and retained alwayes some impression of the true Religion, she remembred *Daniel* that was at that time banished from the Court, and had in esteem his great wisdome and good conversation: and therefore as soon as she had heard of the accident that had happened, and the great trouble of mind the King her son was in, she entred into the hall, and spake to him very advantageously of *Daniel*, assuring him, that he was a personage that was fill'd with the Deity, and that under the Reign of his Grandfather he had given admirable interpretation of hidden things, which made him be loved of that great King, who fail'd not to declare him the Prince of the Council of the Sages of Chaldea; but that the insolences of *Evilmerodach* (insufferable to all the world) had driven him from the Court, though not from Babylon, in which yet he was, and that he was the onely man capable to resolve him in so strange a businesse.

The King received this advice with much joy, and commanded instantly that *Daniel* should be caused to come to him, who was retired in his little solitude. He is sought for, he is found, he is brought to his Majesty, who entertained him very courteously, and asked of him the Interpretation of the words written on the wall, promising him that if he would tell him the truth he would give him the purple robe and the collar of the Order. But *Daniel* expressed to him that all these presents moved him nothing, and that he aimed at no other honour at the Court then that of his Master, whose will and decrees he would declare. He puts the King in mind of his Grandfather, of the Greatnesse and of the Majesty of his Empire, of the absolute power that he exercised over men, and how his heart being lifted up against God, he was reduced to a brutall life, in which he remained the space of seven years, till such time as his chastisement giving him wisdome had rendred to him his health and Sceptre. After he had prepared the spirit of *Belshazzar* by a domestick example, he told him with a generous freedome, that that which he had known to happen to the person of that great King was sufficient to humble him, and yet he had exalted himself against the Sovereign Monarch, and had caused with much mirth of heart the consecrated Vessels of his Temple to be profaned, when he caused his Gods of gold and silver to be praised to the reproach of the true God, and that in revenge of so bad an action, that hand which he had seen on the wall was sent from heaven and had written three horrible words, which are, *Mene, Tekel, Phares*, that is to say, *Count, Weigh, Divide*; the first signifies that God hath counted the dayes of his reign, and hath put a period to them: the second, that he had been put in the balance of the Sovereign Judge, and that he had not been found weight: the third, that his kingdome should be divided, and given for a prey to the Medes and Persians.

It is a strange thing that *Daniel* having made so dolefull a prediction, King *Belshazzar* entred not into wrath against him, but on the contrary, commanded that the purple and collar of gold should be given him, which he had promised to the Interpreter of his vision. But there will be lesse cause to wonder, if we consider that it was a Maxim amongst the Babylonians not to be angry with the Diviners and Astrologers when they foretold any evil to come; no more then with the shadow of a Sun-dial that shews the hour, or the weather-cock that declares the wind. And furthermore, this young Prince hearing his Prophet speak with so much judgement and sanctity, had him in esteem for a man of God, which he ought not to offend, and besides that by entreating him with courtesie, he hoped, that being a friend of the true Gods, he might have as much power to turn away the scourge wherewith he was threatned, as he had understanding to know it, and force of spirit to foretell it.

One might also marvel that *Daniel*, who at the the beginning testified that he made small account of the riches and greatnesse of the Court, for all that accepted of the purple, of the chain, and of the dignity of the third person in the kingdome, that was presented to him. But we ought to observe, that sometimes it is an infirmity of spirit not to be able to endure honour when it comes by a Divine disposall and a secret of Providence over us. This wise Courtier considered, that being of his own nature so farre from all these things, they came to seek him out in his solitude, and that it was a sign of God that would have it so, not for him, but for the benefit of his Nation, which was much more favourably used in matter of the exercise of their Religion when he was in favour; besides that the virtue and moderation which he made glitter in all his actions, even in his highest prosperities, contrary to the ordinary manner of all those that were then at Court, gave more glory to God, then if he had been perpetually hidden in an obscure life.

It was an indiscretion in *Belshazzar* to expresse so much astonishment, and to disclose that prediction, by reason that there was a secret conspiracy against him, which was plotted amidst those publike dissolutions, and the conspiratours were the more animated to the execution of that enterprise, when they knew that that Prodigy threatned him. The same night they performed their wicked design, and outrageously murdered him, after he had reigned but nine moneths since his fathers death. The principall men of the Kingdome that were of the conspiracy chose one of their complices named *Nabonidus*, who is called in Scripture *Darius* the Mede, who knowing the Prophecy of *Daniel*, and the freedome with which he had spoken to the King, esteemed him for it, and retain'd him at the Court in the quality which his Predecessour had given him a night before his death. When he saw himself established in favour again, he forgat not God, his heart being alwayes animated with a zeal to his Religion; and when he saw his King inclining to the Superstition of the Countrey, his heart was much grieved at it, and he endeavours to cleanse him from his errours, seeing him to be of a disposition too simple and credulous to the prejudice of the truth.

Amongst these false Deities, *Bel* was adored with an exquisite and sumptuous worship, in as much as there were offered to him every day out of the Kings house twelve baskets of meal, forty sheep, and six great measures of wine; and it was believed that that Idol did eat up all the offerings. The King that loved *Daniel* so much as to make him dine sometimes at his own table, desired that he would accommodate himself to the Laws of the Countrey, and that he would expresse some affection to the service of that great *Bell* that was adored universally by all the Nation. But this wise Courtier answered him freely that he would never worship any but the true living God. *Darius* replyed, That there was nothing required to

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be adored but to live; *Bel* was truly the living God because he did eat and drink well, and cost much to feed him. *Daniel* smiling answered, that it was a great simplicity to think that that Idol did eat up all that was offered him every day. Whereupon the King was moved with a curiosity to know how all this went, and having caused the ordinary viands to be offered at *Bels* altar, carefully saw all the doors of the Temple shut, and put Guards before them that no body might enter in. *Daniel* before he went out thence with the King caused abundance of Ashes to be sown there, hoping by this means to discover the Imposture. The morrow after the King caused the doors to be opened that had remained fast shut with his own seal, and when as he entred in he saw that all the victuals had been taken away, he cryed out that *Bel* was a great God, and that it must needs be acknowledged that he did eat excellently well, seeing nothing of all those offerings was remaining. But *Daniel* instantly made him see upon the ashes the steps of those that had entered, whereat he was astonished, and called for all the Priests of that Idol, to whom he shewed their cheat, and pressed them so eagerly that they discovered certain little doors under the Altar through which they entred to the number of threescore and ten, besides women and little children to devour the sacrifice. The King was ashamed at the simplicity of his belief; this shame passed into wrath, and wrath proceeded as far as blood, causing him to put to death all the Impostours.

Furthermore, in the same place there was a Dragon which was yet worshiped by that superstitious people, which *Daniel*, after he had obteined the permission of the King, killed by making a masse compoſed of pitch, of greate and of hair, which he made him swallow, and with it choake himself.

This made a great commotion amongst the people that said that the King was become a Jew, causing his Priests to be murthered, and killing the Dragon, that there was now nothing remaining but to strangle all the sense of the Antient Religion. In such a manner that behold a great tempest is raised against *Daniel*, which in the opinion of all the world, threatned him with an inevitable death. The Grandees of the realm endeavour to ruine him by all ways, and considering that he was exact and irreprochable in his office, they resolve to ensnare him in matter of Religion. Under colour of gratifying the King they beseech him to make an edict, That whosoever should desire any thing of the Gods or of men for the space of thirty dayes except of the King, should be cast into the Lions-den; which the King granted them, not knowing what their malice plotted against the innocence of his Prophet and Officer of State. He was watched on all sides, and retired himself from the King to diminish the jealousie that men had of him for the favours he received from him.

All his consolation was in Prayer and in those amiable discourses which he had with God; and therefore he was afflicted as much as can be expressed, seeing that the King his Master let himself be perswaded to make an edict so outrageous against the honour of God, as to forbid to pray unto him. Yet this hindered not him from continuing his oraisons, lifting up thrice a day his weeping eyes on that side whereon the Temple of Jerusalem was built, and sighing in the presence of his great Master with the ardours of an heart that evaporated it self all in Love.

The Nobles that were every day at his door failed not to surprise him, and to accuse him that he had transgressed the Edict, which he acknowledged freely. Complaints of it were suddenly made to his Majesty whose heart was wounded for the affection that he bare to *Daniel*, and he laboured even till the Sun set to save him; nevertheless seeing himself pressed violently by his Edict, and the vehemence which the Nobles used that it should be observed, he abandoned the innocent to their fury against his will. This defiles the conscience of many great men, who are evil-doers of their disposition, and yet for all that commit great evils through the complacency that they give to the violent humours of those that are about them. He had some hope that *Daniel* would escape, and that the God which he adored would save him, and therefore he made no resistance by arms, but delivered him into their hands to be cast into that horrible den of the Lions that had been kept hungry on purpose that he might be the sooner devoured.

But, O God of wonders, what Prodigies here! The Lions worship their prey; *Daniel* is visited in that Cave by a Prophet come in an instant from Judea by the Ministry of an Angel that brought him his dinner. The beasts change their Nature, and Nature forces her Laws for the respect of a servant of God. The King that had lain down without his supper, and had not slept all night for the fear that he had for his poor *Daniel*, runs early in the morning to the Lions-den, which he had caused to be shut up with a great stone put upon the mouth of it, and stampt with his own Seal, and there cryes out with a lamentable voyce asking of *Daniel* whether he were yet alive; who made him see how the God that he adored had delivered him and preserved him from all evill; Whereat he was so ravished, that he began to look upon him as an heavenly man, caused his accusers to be apprehended, to be exposed to the same Lions who devoured them immediately, and published an Edict in favour of the true Religion. This King reigned seventeen years, till such time as *Cyrus* by a most particular design of God seized upon the Monarchy and dealt favourably with the faithfull people. *Daniel* remained always very considerable, having seen five Kings passe away, and was at last honoured even by his enemies themselves for his rare virtues, and for the wonders that God had placed in his person. One may observe in his life abundance of Lineaments that adorn highly the conversation of a true Courtier, as are, his constancy in Religion, his Devotion, the tenderness of his love to God, his Charity towards his neighbour, his modesty, his sparingness to speak of himself, his Moderation in Prosperity, his Strength of spirit in Adversity, his inviolable Firmness never to yield to sin, his exact Faithfulness towards his Master, his Conscience, Science, and Ability in the Administration of his Charges, his Love to his Friends, his Compassion to the Miserable, his affability towards all the World, his patient enduring of the humours of Strangers, his Prudence in his Conduct, and the blessing of God that made all his enterprises prosper.

THE

THE RELIGIOUS MEN.

ELIJAH. ELISHA.

BEhold here an admirable Courtier that was never of the number of those flatterers of the Court that keep Truth in Iron-Chains, and give to vices the colour of virtue. *Elijah* was a Prophet that included the name of God and of the Sun in his Name, and who all his life-time bare the perfections of them both, as being a true child of Light, of Fire, and a visible image of the invisible beauties. As he was yet hanging at his mothers breast, his father had a vision, by which it seemed to him that his son sucked fire in stead of Milk, and nourished himself with a most pure flame, which without offending him, furnished him with an Aliment as delicious as possible. So was he all his life a Man of Fire, and as it seemed that that King of Elements followed the course of his words and will, so he burnt also in the Interiour with that fire that kindles the heart of Angels.

He was the first of men that set up the Standart of Virginity, that consecrated it upon his body when it was unknown and despised in the World, who made an Angelicall order of the Mount Carmel to which he hath transmitted his spirit through a long and sweet posterity that hath found sources of contemplation which he derived to the world to water the barrenness of the Earth, that hath traced the Originals of all his virtues upon that fair Carmel, upon that sacred solitude that was his first Terrestriall Paradise.

His Speech was Thunder, and his Life Lightning, his Example a School of great Actions, his Zeal a Devouring fire, his Negotiations the affairs of Eternity, His Conversation an Idea of the Contemplative and Civil Life, his Translation a Miracle without peer. I leave to those that have undertaken to write his Life the retail of his Virtues and of his Miracles, staying onely upon his Actions that he did at Court, treating with the Kings *Ahab*, *Jehu*, *Ahazias*, and the wicked Queen *Jezabel*.

He flourished nine hundred years before the Nativity of our Lord in the Kingdome of Israel, which was then divided both by Religion and by Policy from that of Judah and Jerusalem. *Ahab* the son of *Amri*, an ill Crow of an ill Egge, held then the Empire, and being married to a Sidonian the daughter of the King of Sidon which was called *Jezabel*, an haughty and malicious woman, he was totally governed by her, and to render himself complacent to her humours caused a Temple to be erected to the God Baal, and near that Temple a Grove to be Planted, where were committed all the Abominations ordinary to Idolaters.

Elijah that burned with the Zeal of the honour of God was touched with a most sensible grief by so scandalous an action, and was stireed up by his great Master to destroy that Mystery of Iniquity. Now, he knowing that it was hard to Preach efficaciously the Truth to Spirits froliking it in the middest of the smiling prosperities of the world thought, by the order of the God of the Universe, that it was best to afflict that wicked people by a long famine and great adversities to make them reflect upon themselves, and return to the worship of the true Religion. He swaie then aloud and publickly before *Ahab* for the punishment of his Idolatry, that there should not be during three years either rain or dew upon the earth, and that the Heavens should become Brasse to chastise that Age of Iron, and that he should not expect that it should be opened during that time, unlesse it were by the words of his mouth.

As soon as he had said this in the presence of witnesses he went away to the Eastern Coast; and hid himself at the Brook of Carith over against Jordan, where God nourished him by Ravens that brought him

him orderly every day his portion. In the mean while the drought failed not to raise a great famine on the earth, and chiefly in the Kingdome of Israel, where one could see nothing but people crying with hunger; But the Heavens took in hand to revenge the God of Heaven, and the Clouds, that are as the Breasts of the Earth, had no water for a people that abused the Elements and all the Creatures to the prejudice of the Creatour.

In the mean while, God that spares not alwayes the Lands and Goods of his Servants in a common havock, that they may not amuse themselves on the vain prosperities of the World, permitted that that Brook that furnished the Prophet with water, should grow dry as well as the rest. But as the Ocean which retires it self out of one River, swells it self in another, so this great Nursing-father of *Elias* that seemed to fail in matter of that little Rivulet, recompensed it by the miraculous liberality of a poor widdow. He forsook not that station that Providence had assigned him, although barren, before he had orders for it from God his Master, who sent him to the Countrey of Sidon to Sarepta, assuring him that he had already provided for his nourishment.

The Prophet arriving at the destined place, found at the City-gate a poor Widow-woman, the mother of a little sonne, and forasmuch as he knew that the Famine was great every where, that he might not astonish her at first, he desired of her onely a glasse of water, which she gave him with a good will, after which, he prayes her to add to it a morsell of bread; but the good woman sware to him that she had but one handfull of Meal left in the great rigour of Famine, and that she was going to gather two or three small sticks, to make a little fire and to bake a Cake, which would be the last that she and her sonne should eat in all their lives, for after that repast they must resolve to dye. Yet for all this *Elijah* orders her to make him a little Loaf baked under the Ashes, and to think afterward upon her self and sonne, and assure her self that neither her Meal, nor Oyl should diminish any thing till such time as the Famine should be past.

It was a strong proof of the faith of this Sidonian that commanded her to take away the Bread from her self and her sonne to give it to a stranger, and quitting that which she had in her hands to rest upon uncertainties: Yet she obeyed in that great necessity, yielding more to a man that she knew not, for the esteem that she had of his virtue, and the opinion which she had that he was the servant of the great God, then to her own Life. So true it is That the Considerations of Religion and of Religious persons touch even the souls of Pagans and of Infidels. So was she worthily requited, having a little inexhaustible treasure in her house, which was sufficient for her Prophet, for her self and for her child; and this was a particular mercy of the Sovereign power to her, that called her to his knowledge by this miracle, and would not that *Elijah* should eat alone the bread which he multiplyed by the words of his mouth, but that he should give part of it to the poor, as our Saviour did afterward; God ordaining that good miracles should be never vain, but profitable to the soul and body of men created after the image of God. While he stayed in this house, the sonne of the Dame of it dyed of a burning Feaver, whereof this poor afflicted woman laid the fault upon *Elijah*, saying that he had renewed the memory of her sinnes before God; and *Elijah* complained of God for that he had afflicted his Hostesse. But that great Master did all for his own glory, for *Elijah* having three times contracted himself upon the dead body of the child, breathed into him the spirit of life, and restored him to his mother.

Three years being now passed in the great anguishes of hunger, God commanded *Elijah* to present himself again to *Ahab*, and was resolved to send some Rain. When the extremity of the evil was very great, and no inventions could be found to appease the scourge, *Ahab* a carnall man, instead of having recourse to Prayers and Supplications to ease his subjects, thought on nothing but preserving his Horses and his Mules. He had at his service and at his Court in quality of a superintendent of his House, and of his Levies, a great and good man named *Abdias* who moderated the furies of that wicked Court, saved the Prophets of God when they were persecuted, and greatly comforted the People. *Ahab* resolved to go one way, and send him the other, to seeek some herbage to feed his Cattle.

As *Abdias* was going along his way, he met with *Elijah* the Prophet, whom the King had caused to be searched after in his own territories, and through all the neighbouring Kingdoms without being ever able to learn any news of him. And therefore he was very much amazed at that accost, and asked him if he were *Elijah*, whereto he answered, that he was the very same, and that he should go and give *Ahab* information of his comming. The other making him a low Reverence with his face to the Earth, replyed, wherein have I ever offended you, that you should deliver me into the hands of *Ahab* with an intention to cause me to be put to death? For it is true that there is no Kingdome nor Nation, whither my Master hath not sent to inquire news of you, without ever getting any light of you; and now if I should go tell the King of your arrivall, and the spirit of God should carry you away (as it doth ordinarily) to transport you into some other part, I should be found a Lyar, and the King would take away my Life. What good would it do you to be the cause of my death, seeing that I have feared God even from mine infancy, and have alwayes honoured his servants so farre as to preserve an hundred Prophets from the horrours of the Persecution, and nourish them secretly at mine own charge in Caves wherein they were hidden? Do not deprive your self now of a servant that is most gained unto you. The Prophet assured him, and sware to him that he would appear before *Ahab*.

By which I find that this *Abdias* was very prudent in that he would not rashly carry a news to his Master that should be without effect; because that great ones are easily incensed, when men are so light as to promise them what they ask, and answer not their expectation; besides that if they are frustrated of their desire, they think themselves to be slighted, and are angry even at the times, and elements that do not apply themselves to their humours. When therefore he was assured by the inviolable oath of a Prophet, he went to the King, and told him that he had met with *Elijah* who was ready to present himself to his Majesty.

This Prince that burned with a passion to see him stayed not till he could come to see him, fearing lest he should steal away again, but went to meet him in person, and having found him, asked him with disdain, whether he was not the man that embroiled all his Kingdome? The Prophet as bold as a Lyon answered him, that he had never embroiled any thing but that the trouble came from his Fathers house, and from him, for that they had forsaken God and followed Baal; and that if he would know by experience the errour wherein he was, that he should make an Assembly on Mount Carmel of all the People of Israel, and summon thither the four hundred and fifty false Prophets that are every day fed at Queen *Jezabels* Table,

and

and that there ſhould be decided the buſineſſe of Religion.

It was an high attempt, on which *Elijah* had never ſo much as dreamed, had he not had an expreſſe Revelation from God: for one ought not lightly to commit the verity of the faith before the Court and the common people to uncertain diſputes and doubtfull accidents from whence the Pagans and Hereticks may by chance draw ſome advantage. But the Prophet being well aſſured on his ſide; King *Ahab* expoſed himſelf on His to cauſe a great revolt among his ſubjects, and a manifeſt divorce with his wife. Yet God would have it ſo to diſabuſe him, and to bring him back to the true Religion.

As ſoon as he had then accepted the condition and commanded the aſſembly, there were gathered together an infinite number of people (there being nothing that ſo much tempts curioſity as the affairs of Religion) It was then, that one might ſee the aſſurance and vigour of a true ſervant of God; for he obſerving that the King and people who had not yet choaked all the ſeeds of Truth floated in divers opinions ſpake ſolemnly to them, That it was no longer time to halt ſometimes on one ſide, and ſometimes on the other, and that if Baal were God they ought to follow him, but if there were no other God but that of Iſrael, called upon from all times by their Fathers, it was he to whom they ought to adhere with an inviolable fidelity. To this the aſſembly made no anſwer, there being none that was willing to ſet himſelf forward upon an uncertainty. Then *Elijah* taking the word again ſaid, Behold four hundred and fifty Prophets of Baal on one ſide, and I a Prophet of the true God all alone on the other part in this place here; To make a tryall of our Religion, let there be two Oxen given us, for each of the two parties, let them be cut in pieces, and the pieces put upon a pile of wood without puting any fire to them either on one ſide or on the other; we will expect it from heaven, and the Sacrifice upon which God ſhall make a flame appear from on high to kindle it, ſhall carry away the teſtimony of the true Religion.

To this all the people anſwered with a confuſed voyce, that it was a good Propoſition. The Victims were brought, ſacrificed, and put upon the wood to be conſumed. The Prieſts of Baal began firſt to invoke the heavenly fire, and to torment themſelves with great cryes, and a long time without any effect. It was already mid-day, and nothing had appeared to their advantage, whereat being very much aſtoniſhed, they drew out their Razors, and make voluntary inciſions upon themſelves according to their cuſtome, thinking that a prayer was never well heard, if it were not accompanied with their blood, which the evil Spirit made them ſhed in abundance to ſatiate his Rage.

This nothing advanced the effect of their Supplications, which gave occaſion to *Elijah* to mock at the vanity of their Gods, ſaying, that Baal, that gave no anſwer, was aſleep, or buſie, or on a journey, or perhaps drinking at the Tavern. He remained either with ſecurity amidſt ſo many enraged Wolves, covered with the protection of the God of Hoſts, and began to prepare his Sacrifice, taking twelve ſtones in memory of the twelve Tribes of Iſrael, to erect an Altar to the name of God; after which he divided the Offering into divers parts, put them all upon the pile, and that none might have any ſuſpition that there was fire hidden in ſome part of them, he cauſed abundance of buckets of water to be thrown upon the Sacrifice, and all about it, and then began to ſay, Great God, God of *Abraham*, of *Iſaac*, and of *Iſrael*, ſhew now that thou art the God of this people, and that I am thy ſervant. I have obeyed thee in all this reſting my ſelf upon thy word; Hear me, my God, my God hear me, and let this aſſembly learn this day of thee, that thou art the true God, and the abſolute Maſter of all the univerſe, and that it is thou that art able to reduce their hearts to the true belief.

Scarce had he ended his prayer when the Sacred fire fell down from heaven upon his Sacrifice and devoured the Offering and the Altar, to the admiration of all the People; who proſtrating themſelves on the ground began to cry, That the God of Iſrael was the true God. Take then ſayes he, the falſe Prophets of Baal, & let not one ſole man of them eſcape us. The People convinced by the Miracle and the voyce of *Elijah*, without expecting any other thing, fall upon thoſe falſe Prophets, takes them, and cuts them all in pieces. *Ahab* amidſt all this ſtood ſo aſtoniſhed that he durſt not ſpeak one onely word, nor any way reſiſt the Divine Command.

The Prophet bad him take his refection, and go into his Coach, for the ſo much deſired rain was near, and having ſaid ſo, retired himſelf to the top of the Mount Carmel, and ſent his ſervant ſeven times to the ſea to ſee whether he could diſcover any clouds; but he ſaw nothing till the ſeaventh time, and then he perceived a little cloud that exceeded not the meaſure of a hand; and yet he ſends him to tell *Ahab* that it was time to Harneſſe, if he would not be overtaken with the rain. He mounted inſtantly into his Coach to get to the City of *Jezrael*, and *Elijah* ran before as if he had wings.

In the mean time the Heavens grew black with darkneſſe, the clouds collect themſelves, the wind blowes and the Rain falls in abundance. *Ahab* failed not to relate to *Jezabel* all that had been done, deſiring to make the death of thoſe Prophets paſſe for a decree of heaven, for fear leſt that imperious woman ſhould upbraid him with the ſoftneſſe of his courage. But ſhe not moved with thoſe great miracles of fire and water, that were reported to her, began to foam with wrath, and to ſwear by all her Gods that ſhe would cauſe *Elijahs* head to be laid at her feet by the morrow that time.

The Prophet is conſtrained to fly ſuddenly to ſave himſelf not knowing to whom to truſt; ſo that having brought with him but one young man to accompany him in the way, he quitted him, and went alone into the wilderneſſe, wherein having travelled a day he entred into a great ſadneſſe, and laid him down under a Juniper-tree to repoſe himſelf, and there felt himſelf very weary of living any longer, and ſaid to God with an amorous heart, My God, it is enough, take mee out of this life, I am not better then my fathers. It is a paſſion ordinary enough to good men to wiſh for death, that they may be no more obliged to ſee ſo many ſinnes and miſeries as are in the World, and to go to the place of reſt to contemplate there the face of the living God. But this deſire ought to be moderated according to the will of God.

As he was in that thought, ſleep, that eaſily ſurpriſes a melancholy ſpirit, and wearied with raving on its pains, ſlipt into his benummed members and gave ſome truce to his torments. But that great God that had his eyes open to the protection of ſo dear a perſon diſpatched to him his guardian Angell, who awaked him, and ſhewed him near his head a cruſe of water and a loaf of bread baked under the aſhes (for ſuch are the banquets that the nurſing Father of all Nature makes his Prophets not loving them for the delights of the body, but contenting himſelf to give them that which is neceſſary to life) he ſaw well that it was a Providence that would yet prolong his life. He drank

drank and ate, and at length being very heavy fell asleep again. But the Angel that had undertaken the direction of his way waked him, and told him that it behooved him to rise quickly, by reason that he had yet a long way to go. *Elijah* obeyed, and being risen found that he had gained a merveilous strength, so that he journied fourty dayes and fourty nights being fortified with that Angelicall bread, till such time as he came to the Mountain Horeb. There he retired himself into the hollow of a Rock, unknown to men, but well known to God that appeared to him and comforted him, asking of him what he made there? Whereto he answered That he was zealous with an ardent zeal for the God of Hosts, but the children of Israel had forsaken him, demolished his Altars, killed his Prophets, and that he alone remained, yet for all that they ceased not to seek his life to extinguish the whole service of God. Upon this God commanded him to come forth, and to stand upon the mountain to see great sights caused by the presence of God. And suddenly there came an impetuous whirlwind that overturned the Mountains and brake the Rocks, but God was not therein; after that impetuous Wind came an Earthquake, but God was not therein; after the Earthquake devouring-Fire, but God was not in those flames; after the Fire, behold there came a small gracious gale, and God was in it. And therefore *Elijah* ravished with a profound respect covered his face with his Mantle, and kept himself at the entry of his Cave, where he heard a voyce that demanded of him again what he did there? whereto he answered as before, that he fled from the persecution of those that would give him the stroke of death for the zeal which he had to the service of the Living God.

But the voyce commanded him to return, and to take again his way through the desert into Damascus, and gave him order to Anoint and declare two Kings, the one over Syria, which was *Hazael*, and the other over Israel, which was *Jehu* that should succeed his Persecutour. Furthermore, God informed him, that all was not lost, but that he had yet reserved to himself seven thousand servants that had not bowed the knee to Baal, nor lifted up their hands to adore his Idol. He added yet farther, that he should take *Elisha* for his Companion and Successour, of whom he had reason to expect good effects.

Such was *Elijahs* Vision, and his discourse with God; and it seemed that this Sovereign Teacher of the Prophets, shewing him the representation of an impetuous wind, of an Earthquake, and of Fire, in which God was not, although he was in a little gentle blast, and would signifie to him that His Spirit is not in those great commotions that would seem to overturn all nature, but in a certain Calm that produces little noise, but much fruit filling the earth with blessings. So also would he make him hope, that after these violent persecutions, and those fatall Convulsions of Kingdoms, there should come a sweet and peacefull Messias; and that forasmuch as concerned him, *Jezabels* persecution should cease, and his soul after the toyles of that banishment should taste the sweetnesse of an anticipated Paradise.

He took then his way again according to the command of God without passing by Samaria, and finding *Elisha* plowing the ground with twelve yoak of Oxen, cast his Mantle on him, to signifie to him that he was called of God to that sacred ministery of Prophecy, which the other understood, and quitting instantly his Oxen ran to *Elijah*, whom he beseeched that he would permit him to go and give the kisse of peace to his Father and Mother, after that he would adhere to nothing, but render himself up to him; which *Elijah* having granted, he, when he had acquitted himself of his duty, returned and sacrificed two Oxen which he boiled with the wood of his Plough, and made a Feast with them for the people; after which he ranged himself under the conduct of the Prophet, and was a perfect imitatour of his virtues.

An ill occasion embarked him again in a Combat against *Ahab* and *Jezabel*, which was fatall to them both. The King had a mind to enlarge his Gardens, and *Naboths* Vineyard was near his Palace, and for his advantage; he calls for him, and asks him very courteously for it, promising to pay him the price that it was worth, or to buy him a better inheritance in whatsoever place he would. The desire was very civill, and not like that of so many other Princes and Lords, that disposed at that time of the goods of their subjects as of their own, usurping by violence that which they could not have by right. Yet this good man, that measured all by the affection he bare his Vineyard and not by the submission he owed his Master, was obstinate, and told him, That it was the wealth of his Fathers, which he would no way part with.

Ahab was much troubled at this denyall, and returning to his Palace threw himself upon his bed, and would not eat at the ordinary hour of his repast. The Queen his wife being surprised at that accident goes to see him, and inquires after the cause of his indisposition, which he declared to her out of a desire he had to receive some ease. This Princesse which was a daughter of the King of Sidon, and who knew how her Father reigned absolutely over his subjects falls a laughing, and meaning to blame the weaknesse of her husband, said to him; It appears plainly, Sir, that you are a Prince of great authority, very worthy to govern a Kingdome, since you receive affronts from your subjects, and revenge them upon your self by the losse of your dinner. But if that be all that hinders you, I pray, arise, be merry and eat, for I know the way to make you possessour of that Vineyard that you desire.

At the same instant that Imperious Queen takes her seal, writes a Letter to the Principall men of Jezreel, and commands them to call an Assembly, under colour of a Fast and Publick Prayers, to call *Naboth* to it, to make him sit amongst the chief, and not to fail to suborn two witnesses against him, that should depose that he had blasphemed against God and his King, and thereupon indite him, and stone him.

Behold how so many Ministers of Iniquity use the Innocent, not seeing that at the same time as they lay snares against the honour, the goods, and the life of their neighbour, an invisible Hand draws up in Heaven the decree of their ruine. This Letter being come to Jezreel, the principall men assemble themselves, and not seeking any delay or incident to sweeten a bad businesse, betray their conscience to avoid the fury of the King, executing that which was commanded them, and before they are Judges render themselves Criminall. Thus go violent Reigns, where virtue is abandoned by some through wvakneſſe, and persecuted by others through fury. Miserable *Naboth* astonished at that wicked calumny, protests his innocence in the face of Heaven and Earth, justifies, and defends himself by good reason; but the false Witnesses, which are the instruments of Satan, and the chief furies against the peace of mankind, urge and torment him; His Judges sold to iniquity condemned him; He is led out of the City, delivered to the fury of the people, overwhelmed, as a Blasphemer of God and the King, with a bloody tempest of stones and flints, every hand making it self injurious

againſt him, ſome through a falſe zeal, and others through a compliance with the humours of *Ahab* and *Jezabel*.

The news of his death comes inſtantly to the Court, and *Jezabel* carries it to the King, without ſpecifying to him any other thing, telling him onely that *Naboth* was out of the world, and that he might now enjoy his ſpoils all at leaſure. To ſpeak Truth, Great ones have great cauſe to make to God *Davids* Prayer, and to beſeech him to deliver them from others ſinnes, and from thoſe that are hidden from them. Unfortunate *Ahab* knew nothing of all that had paſſed, and takes not the pains to inform himſelf of the manner of that death; He truſted all to his wife, and gave her his ſignet, his authority, his heart and Counſels. It was enough to make him guilty to put the Government of his Kingdome into the hands of that Sidonian woman who, he might well know, had great inclinations to bloud and rapine. Princes do wiſely not to rely too much in every thing upon their Counſellours of State, without watching over their actions, and uſing all diligence to diſcover their deportments without believing any thing lightly either on one ſide or the other.

Ahab without taking any farther information was going to poſſeſſe himſelf of *Naboths* bloudy ſpoil; when the Prophet *Elijah* by the command of God came and found him upon the way, and began to roar againſt him as a Lyon, What, ſayes he, Murther the Innocent, and take away his Inheritance bedewed with his bloud? After this what is there more to do? Know, Sir, that the Vengeance of God hangs over your head, and that in the ſame place as the Doggs licked the bloud of *Naboth* they ſhall lick yours. This unhappy Prince extreamly amazed at ſo thundering a ſpeech was not incenſed againſt the Prophet, but endeavouring to pacifie him, ſaid to him, Wherein have I offended you? and in what have you found me your enemy, that you uſe me with all theſe rigours? You are enough mine enemy, ſayes the Prophet, ſeeing you are Gods; and ſince yee have ſold your ſelfe, through love to an Idolatrous woman, to ſerve her paſſions, and commit ſo many wicked acts in the face of God. In puniſhment of your crimes, He will ruine your Houſe, and blot out your Poſterity; the bloud of that murthered Innocent will coſt *Jezabel* dear, for ſhe ſhall be eaten up of Doggs in the field of *Jezreel*.

Poor *Ahab* returns hanging down his head without paſſing farther, tormented on one ſide by the remorſe of his own Conſcience, and on the other by the love he bare to his Sidonian, whom he would not any way diſpleaſe. He ſaid nothing to her of all that ſhee had done without his privity, in *Naboth's* buſineſſe, whether through affection, or through fear of her wicked Spirit. He revenges himſelf upon himſelf, he rents his Clothes, he faſts, he covers himſelf with ſackcloth, without putting it off even when he went to bed; which ſoftned the heart of God, who ordained that the Kingdome ſhould not be taken from him during his life, but that his Poſterity ſhould be deprived of it.

Three years were ſlipt away, and *Elijah* was abſent, when *Ahab* reſolved to proclaim warre with the King of Syria, to recover Ramoth one of his Cities that the other had uſurped, and engaged *Jehoſaphat* King of Juda to his party, making a new Alliance of Arms and Intereſts with him. When they were aſſembled, *Jehoſaphat* which had a zeal to the true Religion, ſaid, That it would be good to conſult with ſome Prophet before they enterpriſed the warre; and *Ahab* to content him, called for four hundred, but they were the falſe Prophets of his wife, who were none of the beſt, and who foretold him all falſely, that he ſhould have an happy iſſue of his enterpriſe. King *Jehoſaphat* asked *Ahab*, whether amongſt that great number of Baals Prophets there were never a Prophet of the true God that one might hear ſpeak, meaning by this to induce him to his duty, and to the knowledge of the true Religion. *Ahab* replyed that there was none at preſent, but a certain man named *Michaiah*, but he could not endure him, becauſe he prophecied nothing but miſchief to him. *Jehoſaphat* ſaid, that he ought not for that to hate him, but that it would be good to hear him, and inſtantly was ſent away a Gentleman of the Court to call him. This man ceaſed not to adviſe him upon the way to remit ſomething of that rigour that was uſuall to him, and to render himſelf complacent to the King as all the other Prophets had done; whereto he anſwered, That he could do nothing againſt the Spirit of God, nor againſt his conſcience. When he was come, he perceived a great aſſembly of falſe Prophets, who all approved that warre. One among them named *Zedechiah* had made himſelf iron horns, to ſignifie to King *Ahab* that he ſhould ranſack all Syria with a mighty power, and that nothing ſhould reſiſt his Arms. But *Michaiah* being asked, ſpake at firſt by fiction, as the other Prophets, foretelling proſperities without end. Whereat the King being aſtoniſhed that he did it againſt his cuſtome, conjured him not to flatter him, and to tell him openly the truth. To which he anſwered, that he would not counſell him to hazard a battell againſt the King of Syria, for if he did, his whole army would be ſcattered; and added alſo, that God had given permiſſion to the wicked ſpirit to deceive him, and that he had found no better way to do it, then to ſpeak by the mouth of ſo many falſe Prophets that encompaſſed him. Whereupon *Zedechiah* being incenſed at that ſpeech gave him a blow, and the King commanded his Perſon to be ſeized on, and to be put in priſon, to be kept there faſting with bread of tribulation and water of anguiſh till his return. But the Prophet aſſured him, that if he went he ſhould never return again.

It is a ſtrange thing that we cannot believe Truth that comes from the mouth of Gods ſervants, becauſe it complyes not with our paſſion. It is alſo a manifeſt puniſhment to thoſe that deſpiſe it, not to conſider that God begins the ruine of their fortune by the blinding of their Counſels. *Ahab* obſtinate to his miſerie marches with all his Army againſt the King of Syria; *Jehoſaphat* engaged through inconſideration in that league purſues what he had ill begun, and thinks that there is no better means to juſtifie an errour, then Perſeverance.

When the two Kings approached the enemy, and the Armies were ranged in Battell, the King of Syria gave expreſſe charge to his moſt reſolute men to aim at the King of Iſrael, and to endeavour to carry him, it being the true means to diſpatch the buſineſſe and put an end to the warre. *Ahab* began to fear his unhappineſſe, and prayed *Jehoſaphat* to go into the mingling, putting him forward with courage out of a deſign, perhaps, to cauſe him to be deſtroyed, and to draw all the weight of the Army upon him, by diverting it from his perſon; And indeed, when the Syrians thought that he that engaged himſelf ſo boldly was the moſt interreſſed, and that without doubt there was all likelyhood that it was *Ahab*, they fell upon him with ardour, ſo that he thought he ſhould have been hemmed in. But when he betook himſelf to crying out aloud, animating his ſouldiers to his defence, the enemies that had a mind to ſpare him retired to fall on *Ahab*; It happened that an Archer letting fly

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an arrow at randome ſtroke him with a mortal wound: whereupon he commanded his Coach-man to turn about, and to draw out of the mingling well perceiving that he was grievouſly hurt. All the Army was immediately ſcattered, and the Herald of Arms proclaimed that every man might return to his home. King *Ahab* dyed the ſame day, and his body was brought back to Samaria, where it happened, that as his Coach that was all bloody was a waſhing in a pool of the ſame City, the Dogs ran thither and licked up his bloud according to *Elijahs* prophecy.

Ahaziah his ſonne ſucceeded him inheriting the ſuperſtition and miſery of his father; for after he had reigned a very little while, he fell out at a window of his houſe, and grievouſly hurt himſelf, without being ever able to find a remedy to his evill. And having forſaken God, ſent meſſengers to the God of Ekron to know if he ſhould recover from that ſickneſſe; but the Prophet *Elijah* having met his Meſſengers upon the way rebuked them ſharply, for that they went to conſult with Idols, as if there were no God in Iſrael; and commanded them to tell their Maſter, that he ſhould not be cured of his wound, but ſhould dye without ever riſing out of the Bed wherein he lay. This Prince offended at this truth, cauſes the Prophet to be purſued, and ſends one of his Captains with fifty ſouldiers to apprehend him: This man in mockery called him Man of God, and prayed him to deſcend from the mountain whither he had retired himſelf, but *Elijah* perſiſting alwayes in his ſpirit of rigour, ſaid, that he would give him proofs that ſhould make him know that he was not a Man of God through vanity and irriſion, and at the ſame inſtant he cauſed fire to deſcend from heaven, which conſumed him and all his company. *Ahaziah* ſends another of them for the ſame purpoſe, which meets alſo with the ſame ſucceſſe. He charges again a third, the Captain of which gained *Elijah* by ſubmiſſion, and brought him to his Maſter, to whom he ſpake conſtantly the truth, and adverſiſed him of his approaching death; and the other durſt not do him any miſchief, well knowing that he was under Gods protection.

The truth of the Prophecyed was manifeſt ſoon after by the death of *Ahaziah*, who had for ſucceſſour his brother *Joram*, who reigned twelve years, and although *Elijah* was already tranſlated from this life that is but a paſſage to another eſtate, his Prophecy failed not to be accompliſhed particularly upon the houſe of *Ahab*, and the wicked *Jezabel*. For *Eliſha* according to the order of God, and the command received from his Maſter, cauſed *Jehu* to be crowned to reign in Iſrael. To this purpoſe he diſpatched one of his Diſciples, put a violl in his hand, wherein was the oyl deſtined for his unction, giving him charge to go to Ramoth in Gilead, where *Jehu* one of *Jorams* principall Captains commanded, and beſieged the city continuing the ſiege that *Joram* had laid before it, whiles he went to Samaria, to be dreſſed of ſome wounds that he had received in the warre againſt the Syrians. Aboue all he recommended to him that the buſineſſe ſhould be kept very ſecret, and that when he ſhould be arrived, he ſhould call *Jehu* aſide, and withdraw into ſome chamber, and there conſecrate him King with that unction that he had in his hand, making him know that God gave him his maſters houſe and crown to revenge the bloud of the Prophets and ſervants of God upon the race of *Ahab* and on *Jezabel*.

This ſonne of a Prophet ſent by *Eliſha* did all that was commanded him, and arriving at the Camp found *Jehu* environed with other Captains, and ſignified to him that he had a word or two to ſpeak to him, which made him quit the company, and enter into a neighbouring chamber, where the other powred out the ſacred oyle upon his head, ſaid to him. I have anointed you this day over the people of the God of Iſrael, and conſecrated you King to ruine from God the houſe of *Ahab* your Maſter, and to revenge the bloud of the Prophets and ſervants of God upon *Jezabel* who ſhall be eaten up of Doggs and no body ſhall give her buriall. As ſoon as he had ſaid this he opens the door and flies; *Jehu* comes forth, and ſhews himſelf to his Captains, who had a curioſity to know what had paſſed in that treaty, and asked of him what that mad-man meant that came to him. *Jehu* feigning that they well enough knew the cauſe of it, and need not go about to inform themſelves, held them in expectation, and in fine declared to them that it was one of *Eliſha's* diſciples that had brought him the news that he ſhould reign in Iſrael, and that ſuch was the will of God.

It is a wonderfull thing that none of the chief men of the Army oppoſed themſelves againſt it, but that all at that very inſtant laid down their Cloaks under *Jehu's* feet as it were to raiſe him a throne, and cryed out God ſave the King. The conſpiracy againſt *Joram* being framed, he hinders any notice to be given him, and marches with a ſtrong hand to the City to ſurpriſe him, and *Ahaziah* King of Judah, together with him, that was come to viſite him in his ſickneſſe. The ſentinell that ſtood at the gate of the City told that he ſaw a body of Cavaliers coming in a right line to the City, whereupon the King ordered that one of his men ſhould go out to diſcover it. This Scout was gained by *Jehu*, and ranged himſelf on his ſide. Another is ſent out, which does alſo the ſame; whereat the King being much aſtoniſhed takes his Coach, and and *Ahaziah* his, to ſee what the buſineſſe was. As ſoon as he perceived *Jehu*, he ſaid, What? are you not a man of peace? Whereto *Jehu* replyed, What peace, while the fornications and poyſonings of *Jezabel* your Mother are yet in full vigour? *Joram* ſaw plainly by his countenance, and by that anſwer, that there was miſchief, and began to wheel about, ſaying to *Ahaziah* his companion We are betrayed, and ſeeing that he was no way prepared to make reſiſtance to ſuch a power betook himſelf to flight. But *Jehu* bending his Bow lets fly an Arrow at him that pierced him through and killed him in his Chariot. At the ſame inſtant he cauſed his body to be taken up to caſt it on the road, in the field of *Naboth*, and purſued *Ahaziah* who having received a mortall wound as he fled gave up the Ghoſt at Megiddo, from whence he was carried to his Metropolis Jeruſalem to be interred with his Fathers.

In the mean while *Jehu* marches victoriouſly to the City of Jezreel, and the miſerable *Jezabel* hearing of the death of her ſonne by the conſpiracy of his enemy, and conſidering that there was no way to oppoſe him by arms had recourſe to the charmes of her ſelf ſex. She was yet in ſuch a condition as ſhe thought her capable to enamour that new King. Inſtead of putting on mourning, ſhe decks and paints her ſelf, and places her ſelf in a window of the City in ſight of all the world to ſee that Conquerour paſſe by. But he having caſt his eyes on high, asked who that woman was, not being able yet well to diſcern her ſo farre off, and when anſwer was made him that it was *Jezabel* the Queen, he commanded thoſe that were in the window to throw her down, which they did without any farther deliberation, and the miſerable in falling bedewed the wall with her bloud, and expired the remainder of her life under the feet of horſes. *Jehu* remembred as he was at ſupper what had paſſed, and was touched with ſome remorſe for the uſage that had been ſhewed to *Jezabel*

his Mistresse, and said to his men, Look out the body of that wretched woman, and give it buriall, for she was a Kings daughter. And when they were come upon the place they found nothing but her head, with the ends of her feet and hands, the Doggs having eat up the rest. This history is hortible, and none can sufficiently imagine the vengeance of God upon those that violate Religion, and shed the bloud of sacred persons and other of Gods servants.

One cannot justifie *Jehu* for the bebellion against his Master, but in taking him for a scourge of the wrath of God who was an instrument of his Justice without for all that becomming just. For whatsoever pretence he made of Religion, he was pushed on by a tempestuous and bloudy ambition, and made himself a Revenger of Tyrants for no other end, but to be their successour, filling with crimes the place that he had voided by fury. He made use of the Prophets for his own interest, and left not to continue the Idolatry of the golden Calves, to render himself pleasing to the most powerfull. He was an ambiguous spirit, and had as many waters and folds, as he had pretensions. He caused his Mistresse to be killed more for the fear of his mind then for the zeal of Religion. This poor Sidonian that was a woman of a good understanding and courage, instead of living quietly with her husband, was pricked on with a vanity to make her Gods be worshipped, and ceased not to persecute the Prophets, having sworn that she would cause *Elijah* to be murthered, making him to be followed and sought after in all places without being able to entrap him. But on the contrary he ruined her with all her house, leaving a terrour to all great ones to enterprise any thing against those that are protected under the covert of the face of God.

As this Prophet had been a man of Prodigies in all his Life, so God limited his conversation amongst men with a strange miracle that since *Enoch* had not been practised in the world. It is said that an egg well emptied and filled with dew will mount on high, and follow the raies of the Sun that draws it. So *Elijah* by a long exercise of contemplation was purified from all earthly things, and filled with the unction of the Spirit of God. He thought on nothing but on Heaven, where he had lodged the better part of himself. God had revealed to him that he should not dye after the manner of other men, but that he should be rapt and carried away into a place of peace and rest. He expected that most happy day, and thought to steal away even from his own disciple *Elisha* that would never quit him. They were walking both together after they had passed the river Jordan on dry foot, *Elijah* having divided it with his Mantle, when behold a burning Chariot drawn with Horses of fire comes to take up the Prophet. *Elisha* his disciple had earnestly begged of him, that his Spirit might be multiplyed in him, as well in what touches Prophecy as the gift of Miracles, and *Elijah* promised him that it should be granted to him, in case that he could see him when he should be taken up. And this is the reason for which that dear Disciple never went out of his sight so much as one moment, and when that Chariot surrounded with innocent flames presented it self, he saw his Master ascend who was on a sudden snatched up above the clouds of heaven in recompence of his zeal and most pure Virginity. *Elisha* looked upon him with tears in his eyes calling him his Father, the Chariot of Israel, and the Conductour of the people of God. In fine, when he appeared no longer, he rent his clothes wearing mourning for a losse common to all the people of Israel, but very particular to him; and gathered up his Mantle as a precious Relique which he carefully kept, making use of it to divide the waters of Jordan, and to renew the miracles of his Master.

Elijah according to the common opinion was transported to the Terrestriall Paradise from which he is to come at the Renovation of the world. And as if in that dwelling of delights he had not yet cast away the care and direction of the Court; *Joram* King of Judah received a Letter from him nine years after his Translation, in which he chid sharply for his bad deportments, and foretold him the sickness that should happen to him. Some hold that that Letter was written by *Elijah* before he was taken up by way of Prophecy, and kept till that time by *Elisha*. Others as the Hebrews think that it came by Miracle and by the Ministery of an Angell, directed by *Elijah* at the same time, to teach us, That the Saints renounce not a Legitimate care of the Court, and of the Affairs of the World, when they are to be directed to the glory of God, to whom the Living and the Dead ought to render the Homages of their Fidelity.

ELISHA.

ELISHA.

HE that hath ſeen *Elijah* cannot be ignorant of *Eliſha*, ſeeing his maſter made him heir of his Spirit (as it were) by a wonderfull tranſpiration. That man of fire engraved his character upon the perſon that he loved moſt in all the world, with ſo perfect an expreſſion, that he ſeemed to be born again in him in every thing that he had of excellency.

He went to take a new life in a terreſtriall paradiſe without loſing that which he had in the world. He lived in the one by himſelf, and in the other by *Eliſha*; in the one he performed contemplative Functions, and in the other, active; in the one he was a Demi-god, and in the other the Prince of men. That Mantle of *Elijah* was more then an heaven beſpangled with its Starres, ſince it carried ſo many Lights and Sciences. It dryed up the waters of Jordan, but it opened at the ſame time ſprings of Wiſdome. It was an Oracle (more admirable then the gift of the high Prieſt) that ſpake without a voyce, and taught without a ſchool, that could change in a moment Ignorants into Doctours, and Peaſants into Prophets.

Eliſha was taken from the plough, and after he had till'd the earth, he manured his own ſpirit. He that commanded a little field, exerciſed his Empire over great kingdomes; he made and unmade Kings, as the true ſervant of *Elijah*, or rather as the Interpreter of God. Happy are the lands (ſaid one) that were heretofore tilled by the hands of Triumphers, and with a Plough crowned with Lawrels; but more happy thoſe of *Eliſha*, that experimented that ſame arm as was to divide the waters and crown Kings.

O what a great thing is Nothing in the hands of God! ſince that a man come from the plough does miracles in Nature, and prodigies in Empires. His wonders have in ſome ſort exceeded thoſe of his maſter, for he reſembled the ſhoots of the vine that raiſe themſelves even above the tree that have ſerved them for a prop. We let paſſe all that he did amongſt the people, to conſider him treating with the Kings and Princes of the earth where we ſhall ſee how he brought the Maxims of heaven.

The firſt encounttre that happened to him at Court, was with three Kings, *Jehoſhaphat* King of Juda, *Joram* King of Iſrael, and the King of Idumea. *Joram* had taken arms againſt the King of Moab, that refuſed to pay him a certain tribute, and had drawn to his party thoſe two other Kings that went to aid him in perſon. Now as they paſſed through the deſerts of Idumea, they were in extreme want of water, ſo that the men and beaſts were ready to periſh; which put *Joram* in an unſpeakable grief, ſeeing that he had aſſembled thoſe two Kings with their armies, to make them die with thirſt. *Jehoſhaphat*, that was more pious then he, counſels him to have recourſe to God by the interceſſion of ſome Prophet. One of his Courtiers ſuggeſts *Eliſha* to him, who was near the place. The three Kings go to ſeek him in a company, to implore his aid.

But as ſoon as the Prophet ſaw *Joram* the ſon of *Ahab*, who was an Idolater, as his father had been, he ſaid to him with an incomparable conſtancy, *What have we to do together? Go, and conſult with the Prophets of your father, and of your mother Jezabel; thoſe that are the ſervants of God are not for you.* This was to expreſſe contempt enough to a King; and yet it is the faſhion of men at Court not to be repulſed at firſt by the diſdains and anger of a man with whom they have buſineſſe. This man purſues and tells him, that it was a piteous ſpectacle to ſee three Kings periſh for thirſt, and ready to be delivered into the hands of the Moabites. *Eliſha* remaining in the ſame opinion, replyed, were it not for the reſpect I bear *Jehoſhaphat*, who is a worſhipper of the true God, I would not ſo much as look you in the face.

Which diſcovers clearly, that alliances with Infidels, although for certain neceſſities they may be ſomewhat tollerable, ceaſe not for all that to be alwayes much to be feared. *Eliſha* would not for that time addreſſe himſelf to *Jehoſhaphat* and diſunite him from that enterpriſe, imitating the prudence of thoſe that let a buſineſſe begun run on, when it may any way be defended; but yet he ſufficiently expreſſed, that that company did not pleaſe him: and when *Jehoſhaphat* was returned to his houſe from the warre that he had maintained with *Ahab* againſt the King of the Syrians, the Prophet chid him for it, and told him, that he deſerved the wrath of God for having given aid to an impious King; but that he had had a regard to other good works done by him, and was not willing to deſtroy him So *Eliſha* could not endure to ſee that company with him, and was ſo farre tranſported with a fervency of zeal, that he was fain to call for a muſician to ſing ſome ſong, and by his harmonies appeaſe the ardours and commotions of his ſpirit, to ſet it again in a perfect calmneſſe. After this, he felt the powerfull effects of the hand of God, and in a deſperate drought commanded to make channels and pits, and promiſed water in abundance, with a compleat victory over the Moabites. And this Propheey was verified the morrow after, when ſtreams were ſeen gliding in all places, to the comfort and admiration of all the world.

The Moabites having diſcovered the deſign of theſe three Kings that came out againſt them, put themſelves into the field, and when they perceived upon the break of day a river that was all red by the reflexion of the rayes of the Sun that ſhined upon it, they imagined that their enemies had mutually ſlain each other, that that river was red with their bloud, and that there was no more to do but to run after their ſpoils. But they were extremely amazed when they ſaw themſelves combated furiouſly by thoſe that they had put in the number of the dead. The King retired into his capitall city, which was immediately beſieged, and preſſed with violence. He eſſayed to make a ſally and ſurpriſe the Idumeans, but had no good ſucceſſe. And therefore he had recourſe to an horrible attempt, and made a pitifull tragedy; for he killed his onely ſon, the heir apparent of his kingdome, and offered him in ſacrifice to his falſe Gods, cauſing his head to be cut off as a victim, upon the ramparts, in the view of all the world. The devil had perſwaded thoſe miſerable Pagans that the ſacrificing of humane bloud was ſovereign to appeaſe the wrath of the Gods; which made this deſperate King ſlay his own ſon to preſerve his Crown and State by a remedy worſe then the diſeaſe.

This mad man ſaw not that Kingdomes cemented with the bloud of innocents cannot be of long continuance in the hands of thoſe that poſſeſſe them by ſuch inhumane wayes; and that ſacrificing his own ſon to buy a Peace, he made himſelf an interiour warre

in his own ſoul, and raiſed againſt himſelf a thouſand furies, with as many ſnakes and torches to ſtirre up bloudy remories the reſt of his whole life. The beſiegers had ſuch an indignation at an act ſo barbarous, that they left the ſiege through horrour, being unwilling any more to preſſe him that for the fear of evil had deſcended (in their opinions) to the laſt of evils. This warre had good ſucceſſe, and the preſence of a faithfull King brought a bleſſing to the Infidels; whereas at other times the faithfull ones have periſhed by their alliance with the Infidels: as it happen'd to *Ahaziah*, King of Juda, who was at laſt killed by *Jehu* for having too much embraced the friendſhip of thoſe that were not of his Religion.

Now although the Prophet *Eliſha* had an heart pierced with grief to ſee *Joram* ſeparated from the true God, yet he left not to ſuffer him as long as Providence would have it ſo, to ſerve him like a good ſubject, and to give him advice very neceſſary for the preſervation of his State. He declared to him the counſels and the enterpriſes of the King of Syria his enemy, which he knew by the ſpirit of Prophecy, ſo that the other was amazed to hear that the moſt ſecret buſineſſes which he had treated in his cabinet with his moſt intimate confidents were diſcovered. He thought that his Counſellours of State ſold him to the King of Iſrael, but one aſſured him that that came from the Prophet *Eliſha* who knew things to come by the Spirit of God, which was in him in a wonderfull manner.

This Prince inflamed with choler, diſpatches immediately Souldiers (in a great number) to apprehend *Eliſha*, who failed not to beſet the little city of Dothan whither the Prophet was retired. The Prophets ſervant being riſen at break of day, to go abroad, perceived thoſe companies of men of arms, and ran to his maſter much affrighted, crying out, That all was loſt, and that the city was environned with chariots and with horſes that came to take him. But *Eliſha* filled with the confidence that he had in God his great Maſter, made him anſwer, That there was nothing to be feared, and that his party was much the ſtronger; which ſeemed very hard to be believed by a man whom fear had ſo much ſhaken, till ſuch time as his Maſter taking away the fillet of ignorance that was upon his eyes, diſcovered to him a mountain full of chariots and of horſes that entowred *Eliſha*, and watched for his protection.

Thus it pleaſes God ſometimes to draw his ſervants out of the hands of perſecutours by extraordinary wonders. At other times he permitts darkneſſe to exerciſe its power upon the light, and the impious to take and perſecute the juſt, to render them glorious by their ſufferings. He would not admit on the day of his Paſſion the twelve legions that he might have obtained of his heavenly Father for his defenſe, that he might not deprive our Chriſtianity of the example of his dolours; and yet he raiſes up armies of fire to defend *Eliſha*, with intention to make us ſee that he is able to hinder us from receiving any harm, but that it is the greater glory to conquer it by Patience.

The Prophet ſeeing the heavenly legions that ſtood to aid him, would not for all that thunder ſtrike thoſe that came to take him, but contented himſelf to blind them for a time, that he might have given them light for ever, if they would have preferred it before darkneſſe. Thoſe poor men ſeeing themſelves ſtruck with ſuch a ſudden blindneſſe were extremely aſtoniſhed, yet (as malice quits not ſo ſoon her venome) they ſought for the ſervant of God, blind-folded, darkned as well in mind as body, when he preſented himſelf to them, and told them that he would ſhew them the man they ſought for if they would follow him, which being agreed to, he led them ſtraight into Samaria, the capitall city of their enemies, and at the inſtant reſtored to them their eyes, to give them the knowledge of the danger wherein they were.

They thought that there was nothing now remaining to them but to be cut in pieces, and indeed, *Joram* the King of Iſrael would have cauſed them to be maſſacred, had not *Eliſha* forbid him to touch them, becauſe that he had not got them by the point of the ſword, but were come by miracle into his hands. Furthermore, he ordered that ſomething ſhould be given them to eat, which was done, and after they had taken their refection, they were ſent back the ſtraight way into their Countrey. Behold a courteſie worthy of the New Teſtament and of the Evangelicall Law! *Eliſha* would not that his miracles ſhould be miſchievous; he contented himſelf to overcome thoſe by Benefits that he might hurt by Juſtice, to ſhew, that there is nothing ſo victorious as a great heart that can make viſible, that it is the higheſt point of power and goodneſſe, to pardon that by grace and mercy that might be revenged by reaſon.

Some time after, *Benhadad* King of Syria came to lay ſiege to the city of Samaria, where the King was ſhut in, and preſſed ſo vigorouſly the beſieged by famine, that an aſſe's head was ſold for fourſcore livers, and a little barrel of pigeons dung for five franks. It was an extreme rage, and a furious deſpair that expected nothing but the heighth of evils for its remedy.

It happen'd that King *Joram* paſſed through the ſtreet, that he put on ſackcloth under his clothes, when a poor woman all beblubber'd with tears came to him, and requeſted of him life and ſafety; but the poor King not knowing what to do for her, ſaid onely to her, That he was not God to give her bread: ſhe then deſired Juſtice of him in a controverſie which ſhe had with a wicked woman. The King was content to hear her, and thereupon ſhe told him, that ſhe had made an agreement with that woman to eat together two little ſons whereof they were mothers, on ſuch conditions that hers ſhould be eaten firſt, and that the morrow following, her neighbours ſhould be ſerv'd up to the table alſo; and that in the purſuance of this, her little ſon had been maſſacred and devoured by his own mother and the complice of her crime: but that now there was a queſtion of proceeding to eat the ſon of her camrade, ſhe had hid him, and refuſed to give him, and that thereupon ſhe beſeeched his Majeſty to do her Juſtice. *Joram* was ſo affrighted at the propoſition of that woman that he rent his clothes, and put himſelf in mourning.

But inſtead of humbling himſelf, he ſware that the head of *Eliſha* ſhould not ſtay a day longer upon his ſhoulders, vexing againſt him, that he being ſo powerfull, ſuffered ſuch a famine of his people without helping it. He was like thoſe Mexicans that make their King ſwear that the Sunne ſhall give the Day, and the Clouds their Rain, and the Earth its Fruits; and in caſe that this fails, lay the blame on him and murder him. He imagined that the Prophet had barrenneſſe and fruitfulneſſe in his hands, as his maſter *Elijah*, and that he ought to ſacrifice him for the Publick. This ſpeech coſt *Joram* dear, who was afterward diſpoſſeſſed of his kingdome; and the Prophet doubting of his attempt, ſaid to thoſe that were about him, That the ſon of the murderer *Ahab* had given command to cut off his head, that he that was to give the ſtroke was upon the way, and that they ſhould keep the door faſt ſhut: where we ſee, that the ſame Prophet that had before fiery legions at his command, is on terms to defend himſelf after a faſhion weak enough to reſiſt

reſiſt the forces of a King. But it is to teach us, that God gives not alwayes to the Saints the power of Miracles, no more then the ſpirit of Prophecy, and that that failing, they ought to make uſe of the lights of their ordinary prudence.

It may be inferr'd from the ſacred Text, that *Joram* changed his mind, and came himſelf to find *Eliſha*, not as a perſecutour, but in quality of a ſuppliant, advertiſing him of the extreme rage of the famine by the accident that had newly happen'd to thoſe miſerable women. Then *Eliſha* inſpir'd, promiſed aloud, that in that very time that ſeem'd ſo calamitous, a buſhel of meal ſhould be ſold but for twenty ſous at the gate of Samaria, and that for the ſame price one ſhould have two of barley. Whereto one of the Nobles of the Court, on whom the King leaned, replyed, That that would be very hard to be believed, though it ſhould pleaſe God to open windows in heaven to make it rain corn. But *Eliſha* anſwered, that he ſhould ſee that miracle before his eyes, but ſhould not enjoy its good effects.

The morrow after it happen'd, that four lepers that had withdrawn themſelves near to the gate of Samaria, preſſed with hunger and with miſery, of which they could find no eaſe, neither within nor without the city, were reſolv'd to go into the camp of the enemy, to find there either bread or death. As they approached their trenches, they perceiv'd that all was empty; which made them venture to enter in their tents, where they found abundance of booty and began to pillage. Yet they had ſome remorſe of conſcience to think ſo ardently upon their own profit, without carrying that good news to the city, and ran inſtantly to the porters of Samaria, to cauſe the King to be advertiſed of that happineſſe. He was ſo out of hope, that this made him enter into diſtruſt, leſt it ſhould be a plot of the enemies, out of a deſign to make them come forth and ſo ſurpriſe them. A reſolution was made, that ſome Cavaliers ſhould be ſent forth to diſcover what had paſſed, and of the five horſes that were left in the city, the reſt being conſumed by the famine, two are diſpatched, who confirm the news brought by the former meſſengers, and aſſure that the Syrians had raiſed the ſiege in diſorder, forſaking their victuall, their ammunitions, and all their riches. The God of hoſts that holds in his hand the iſſues of battels and of ſieges, had operated therein, raiſing a fervour in them that made them believe, that the King of Egypt and the King of the Hittites were coming to fall upon them with huge armies to cut them in pieces, whereat they were ſo affrighted that they quitted all that they had moſt precious to ſave their lives.

This hunger-ſtarv'd people that had been ſo long ſhut up within the walls of a deſolate city goes out in throngs, and runs on all ſides to the prey that the hand of heaven had prepared for them. The abundance was ſo great, that the Prophecy of *Eliſha* was verified, and that great Lord that had contraried it by deriſion was trod to death by the people at the gate of the city; ſo dangerous it is to diſtruſt the power of God, and to oppoſe his Prophets.

Eliſha had another paſſage with *Naaman*, in which he expreſſed a great generoſity. This *Naaman* was a Syrian by Nation, and Lord high Conſtable of the King of Syria. His condition had filled him with honours and with riches, but his conſtitution had burdened him with a ſhamefull leproſie that deprived him of all the ſweetneſſes of his life. God that often makes the renown of great perſonages fly upon the tongue of ſimple people where it is leſſe ſophiſticated, permitted that a little girle (a ſlave) that had come from Judea, that was at that time in *Naaman*'s wife's ſervice, ſhould ſpeak a thouſand good words of the miracles of *Eliſha* to her miſtreſſe; and aſſured her, that he would eaſily be able to reſtore health to her maſter, and to cure him of his leproſie.

This came to the King of Syria's ears, who very much priſed his Conſtable by reaſon of the great and faithfull ſervices that he had done him. And, as thoſe that deſire cure neglect no advices, he ſends *Naaman* to the King of Iſrael with many preſents, requeſting him to heal him by the means of his Prophet. The King was greatly amazed at theſe letters, and imagined that that crafty Syrian meaned to pick a quarrel with him to invade his kingdome, entreating him as a Deity, as if he had been the authour of life and death. His apprehenſion was ſo great, that he rent his clothes and put himſelf in mourning, as in the danger of near diſaſtre.

But *Eliſha* comforted him, made him know that there was a moſt mighty God in Iſrael that wrought by his Prophets, and bad him not to fail to ſend the ſick man to him, which he did, and *Naaman* was immediately at *Eliſha*'s door, with a great train of chariots and horſes. But the Prophet having a mind to ſhew at that time that he was not moved with the vanity of all the retinue of great perſonages would not ſo much as ſee him, but ſent him word that he ſhould go and waſh himſelf ſeven times in Jordan, and then he ſhould recover his health. This Lord was vext at ſo dry a proceeding, and went away diſcontented, ſaying, That if there were no other myſtery in it, his own countrey wanted not ſprings and rivers; ſo ordinary it is for men to ſlight remedies that ſeem too eaſie, and for the imagination to look to be entreated with pomp.

Yet his ſervants told him, that the experiencing of that counſel would not coſt him much, and would annoy him nothing, and that in any caſe he ſhould make triall of it, which he did, and carried away a perfect cure; whereat he was ſo raviſhed, that he betook himſelf ſuddenly to *Eliſha*'s houſe to give him thanks, confeſſing that there was no other God in the world but that of Iſrael, in ſuch a manner, as that he gained the health of his ſoul by that of his body, and quitted at the ſame time his leproſie and his infidelity.

He urged the Prophet to accept abundance of rich preſents, wherewith he came well laden, but he conſtantly refuſed them, which is no ſmall proof of virtue and of greatneſſe of courage. For covetouſneſſe is like the ſhadow that hinders the light of the ſun, extinguiſhes its heat, and nouriſhes ſerpents; ſo ſhe doth eclipſe the brightneſſes of the ſpirit of the Prophets, deads the love of the Devout, and gives nouriſhment to the Paſſions. Men antiently were try'd by the river of Rhine, but now they are experimented by the golden ſtreams of Pactolus. Thoſe that render Piety mercinary, have none at all; the ſpirit in them follows the fleſh, aad heaven gives way to earth. All the importunities of *Naaman* could not ſhake *Eliſha*; he was a baſilisk that could not be enchaunted by the charms of avarice; he had eyes of proof againſt the gliſtering of the gold of Syria; when he would have no money, the other begged of him a little earth, as much onely as would load two mules, to build an Altar to the true God with holy ground, and not profaned by Idolatry; expreſſing by this requeſt, that he deſired to worſhip the true God in ſpirit and in truth, though he received not Circumciſion, nor the other Ceremonies of the Jews. He aded to his former ſuit the permiſſion to accompany his maſter to the Temple of the Idols through a pure civility, without rendring any inward adoration to the Gods of Syria, which the Prophet granted him, and ſent him away in peace, all full of bleſſing.

But

But *Gehazi Eliſha*'s ſervant was like to ſpoil all by a wicked cozenage; for he ran after *Naaman*, who ſeeing him come alighted out of his chariot and received him with much honour, asking what he deſired of him. The other feigned, that two children of the Prophets were come to ſee his maſter, and that he deſired to gratifie them with a talent of ſilver, and to give to each of them a change of raiment. *Naaman* thought himſelf obliged by this requeſt, and inſtead of one talent gave him two, with two handſome ſuits of clothes, cauſing all of it to be carried by two of his ſervants, by reaſon that a talent of ſilver was a good load for one man. *Gehazi* thought that he had ſucceeded bravely in his cheat, but when he preſented himſelf to his maſter, he told him, that he had been preſent in ſpirit at all that had paſſed, and that he was not ignorant, that he had at preſent ſilver from *Naaman* enough to become a great Lord, and to buy lands and ſervants; but for puniſhment of his crime, the leproſie of *Naaman* ſhould ſtay on him, and ſhould paſſe as an inheritance to all his race: and at that inſtant he was ſtricken with the leproſie, and retired himſelf, leaving an horrible example to all thoſe that betray their conſcience to ſatiate their covetouſneſſe.

It happens that theſe bad ſervants extremely black the reputation of their maſters that have not alwayes their eyes on their ſhouldiers, as *Eliſha* had, to ſee that which paſſes behind them; but when they imagine that they live very innocently, and that they diſcharge their conſciences in their charges, one may find that a crafty wife, or a corrupted Committee ſell them by a thouſand practices, and devour the marrow and the bloud of men under the favour of their name. *Sigiſmond* the Emperour made one of his officers named *Pithon*, that had betrayed his affairs through covetouſneſſe of money, drink up a glaſſe of melted gold. 'Twas but a bad potion, but ſutable for the chaſtiſement of an overflowing avarice that hath no longer eyes for heaven, having already given all her heart to the earth. It is credible that *Naaman* was advertiſed of the untruſtineſſe of *Gehazi*, and that this nothing blemiſhed the high reputation of *Eliſha*, that was ſpread through all Syria.

After the cure of this *Naaman*, *Benhadad*, that was his Maſter and his King, fell into a mortall ſickneſſe, and when he had learnt that the Prophet *Eliſha* was come as farre as his city of Damaſcus, he diſpatched *Hazael*, one of the prime men of his Kingdome with fourty camels laden with great riches, to conſult with him about the hope that he might have of his recovery, and to deſire his help. The Prophet was not like *Hyppocrates* that would cure none but Greeks, and refuſed to go into Perſia, though he was invited thither by letters, and by the offers of that great and magnificent King *Artaxerxes*. But quite contrary, the man of God thought that one ought not to limit the gifts of heaven, and that he that opens the treaſures of nature to all the Nations of the earth, would not have one detain the marks of his power without communicating them to thoſe that bear in any faſhion his Image.

He cleanſed the leproſie of *Naaman*, but yet for all that cured not *Benhadad*, becauſe it was a decree of Providence that he ſhould die of that ſickneſſe. The Scripture tells us not expreſly what became of thoſe great preſents, but it leaves us to think that *Eliſha* refuſed them as he had done thoſe of *Naaman*, and did nothing that belyed his generoſity. Although one may alſo believe that he accepted them, as well to diminiſh the levies of the enemies of his people, as to ſpread them amongſt the poor of his own countrey. He ſpake onely to this *Hazael* the Kings Embaſſadours a very ſhort ſpeech, which was, that he ſhould die of that ſickneſſe, and ſhould never riſe out of his bed again; and yet in appearance he commands him to tell him, that he ſhould eſcape it, and recover again his health.

Which cauſes here a queſtion to ariſe (thorny enough) touching the permiſſion of a lie, and which hath made *Caſſian* and other antient Divines ſay that there are ſome profitable lies which one ought to make uſe of, as one uſes ſerpents to make treacle. But this opinion is no way followed, but is found condemned by S. *Auguſtine*, and the moſt renowned Doctours. So that when *Eliſha* ſaid to Prince *Hazael* touching his King, *He ſhall die, but tell him he ſhall eſcape:* we ought to take it as a command that authorizes a lie, but as a prophecy of that which ſhould be done. For the Prophet foreſaw theſe two things with one and the ſame ſight, both that *Benhadad* ſhould die, and that *Hazael*, to flatter him, ſhould promiſe him health and life. And therefore he addes, *Tell him that he ſhall eſcape*; which in a Prophets terms is as much as a future, and means, that although I declare to you his death, yet I know you well, and am certain, that according to your politick Maxims you will not fail to promiſe him a cure. It is juſt as God commaaded the evil ſpirit to lie and to deceive *Ahab*, foretelling what he would do, and not commanding that which ought not to be done according to the laws of a good conſcience.

As *Eliſha* was foretelling of that Kings death, he felt an extaſie of ſpirit, and changed countenance notably, and began to weep, whereat *Hazael* was much aſtoniſhed, and had a curioſity to know the reaſon of a change ſo ſudden. But the Prophet continuing in the trans-ports of his ſpirit, ſaid unto him, I weep and I ſigh bitterly, for I know the evils that thou wilt make my poor people one day ſuffer. Thou wilt burn down the fair cities; thou wilt make the young men paſſe by the edge of the ſword; thou wilt daſh out the brains of the little infants; thou wilt inhumanely rip up women great with child; thou wilt ſack my dear countrey, for which I now pour out my tears by way of advance. The Embaſſadour was amazed at a diſcourſe ſo ſtrange, and ſaid, Why? What am I ſhould do all theſe outrages? God forbid that I ſhould ever ever proceed ſo farre; I have in all this no more belief then hath my dog.

But *Eliſha* inſiſting, told him, I know by divine Revelation that thou ſhalt be King of Syria, and that which I ſay ſhall come to paſſe under thy Reign. Behold a ſtrange Prophecy, and ſome body may wonder that *Eliſha* did not cauſe that wicked man to be ſtrangled that was to make all thoſe tragedies; for how many mothers are there that would have choaked their own children at their breaſt, if they had foreſeen that after they had ſucked their milk they would one day aſſume the ſpirit of an hangmand, to tyrannize over mankind! Yet *Eliſha* rejects not that *Hazael*, but conſecrates him King by his ſpeech, becauſe that he knew that it was a diſpoſition of God who would make uſe of him as of the rod of his fury, to chaſtiſe the Idolatries of his Kings, and the ſins of his People.

All men of God have this property, to ſubmit themſelves exceedingly to Gods will, although it ſeems to will and permit things ſtrangely lamentable. In concluſion, as Predictions are very tickliſh and flatter the intention of thoſe that promiſe themſelves Empires and wonders; they animate alſo the heart of thoſe that have wicked undertakings; and one ought never to permit any one to take conſultations with Aſtrologers and Southſayers about the

the life and fortune of great men. This Embassadour returning to the Court deceived his King, giving him all hopes of a life, and when he doubted least of death, strangled him with a wet napkin, paying himself with a Kingdome for a recompence of his wickednesse. And although it was a disposition of God that *Benhadad* should be deprived of his Sceptre, yet it failed not to be a crime in *Hazael*.

The last rancounter that *Elisha* had at Court was with King *Joash*, who went to see him a little before his death; and this Prince foreseeing that he would quickly depart out of this world, said to him weeping that he was the Father, the Chariot, and the Conductour of his Kingdome, and of all his People: expressing, that he was afflicted with the regret of his losse above all the things of the world. But *Elisha* to comfort him, made him take his bow and arrows, and put his hand upon the Kings hand as to guide it; after that, he commanded the window to be set open towards Syria, and caused the King to let flie an arrow which he accompanied with Propheticall words, saying, That it was the arrow of salvation, whose feathers God himself did guide, and that it was a messenger that prophesied to him, that he should combate and destroy the Syrians, enemies of his people.

After that, he bad *Joash* again strike the ground with the point of a dart that he had in his hand, which he did three times; and the Prophet told him that he should carry away as many victories over the King of Syria; but if he had stricken till seven times he should have ruined him even to the utmost consummation.

A little while after *Elisha* dyed, with an high reputation of sanctity, and an extreme regret of all the orders of the kingdome, and was interred in a place where he raised afterward a dead man by the touching of his bones; God rendring every thing wonderfull in him, even to his very ashes.

It appears by all this discourse, that this personage had not a Piety idle and fearfull, amorous of its own small preservation, without caring for the publick good; but he had an heart filled with generous flames for the protection of his people, and an incomparable security to shew to Princes the estate of their conscience. He supported all the Realm by his prayers, by his exhortations, by his heroick actions: and the losse of one such man was the overthrow of the prime Pillar of the State.

ISAIAH. JEREMIAH.

THE Prophet *Isaiah* hath engraved his ſpirit in his Book, and cannot be commended more advantageouſly then by his works. He that would make him great Elogies after ſo ſublime a Prophecy would ſeem to intend to ſhew the Sun with a torch. The things that are moſt excellent make themſelves known by themſelves, as God and the Light; and I may ſay, all the words that this divine Perſonage hath left us, are as many characters of his Immortality.

It is with a very juſt title that we put him amongſt the holy Courtiers, for he was born at the Court of Judea, and ſome hold that he was the nephew of King *Amaſiah*. This birth ſo elevated, and ſo many fair hopes which might flatter him to make him follow the courſe of the great ambitions of the world, did no way ſhake the force of his ſpirit. It was a ſoul conſecrated to things Divine, that ſacrificed the firſt fires of his youth by the moſt pure flames of Angels. Never did Prophet enter into that Miniſtery with more authority and diſpoſition of heaven.

He had a ſublime viſion, in which he ſaw the Majeſty of God ſeated upon a Throne of Glory environ'd with Seraphims, that were tranſported through the admiration of his greatneſſe. God in perſon created him his Prophet; the Seraphim, a meſſenger of the ſovereign power, purified his lips with a Carbuncle, from whence proceeded a celeſtiall fire, that if he had got any pollutions at the Court, where tongues are ſo free, they might be taken away by that ſacred touch. He offered himſelf to God with an heart full of chearfulneſſe, to carry his word before Kings and Subjects, without fearing their menaces or their furies. And he acquitted himſelf all his life time worthily of that duty, and propheſied more then fourſcore and ten years, not ceaſing to exhort, to counſel, to rebuke, to inſtruct, to comfort, and to perform all the exerciſes of his charge.

His Eloquence is as elevated as his birth; he ſpeaks every where like a King, with a ſpeech firm, lofty, and thundering, that paſſes all the inventions of man. When he threatens and fore-tells the calamities of Nations, it is ſo much lightning kindled by the breath of Seraphims that proceeds out of this Divine mouth that pierces the rocks, that ſhakes the mountains, that cruſhes the higheſt cedars into duſt, the nations into fear, and the Kings into reſpect.

When he comforts, they are rivers of milk and honey that flow from his tongue, and ſpread themſelves with incomparable ſweetneſſes into afflicted hearts. When he deſcribes the perfections and the reign of the Meſſias, they are the amorous extaſies of a ſpirit melted by the heats of Jeſus that ſtrikes, burns, and penetrates him more then ſeven hundred years before his Birth.

The holineſſe of his Life marched alwayes hand in hand with his Doctrine; He was a man, dead to all worldly things, that lived but by the raptures of his deified ſpirit. He loved ſingularly the poor, and comforted them in all their neceſſities. He ſpake to Kings and reproved their ſins with an heroick conſtancy worthy of his Bloud and Miniſtery.

At the ſame time, as *Romulus* began the Court of Rome, *Iſaiah* ſaw that of Judea, where he experimented great changes and ſtrange diverſities according to the revolutions of humane things. He paſſed his youth under his uncle *Amaſiah* who was at firſt a Prince good enough, and very obedient to the voyce of the Prophets; for when he had enterpriſed a mighty warre with the Idumeans, he raiſed two armies, one of his own people, and the other of the unbelieving Iſraelites which he had invited to his aid; but when the Prophet told him that he did not well to make uſe of the Arms of Iſrael that was impious and ſeparated from the true God; he diſcharged them freely, although he had already paid an hundred thouſand men, and contenting himſelf with his own troops, gave them battel, which he gained with great advantages.

But it is a ſtrange thing, that by taking the Idumeans, he took alſo their Gods to worſhip them in Jeruſalem,

ſalem, and made himſelf an arm of hay with the prop of theſe imaginary Deities that had in nothing profited their adorers. A man of God that propheſied in thoſe times rebuked him ſharply for it; but he demanded who made him the Kings Counſellour, and threatned to ſlay him, if he did not learn to hold his peace. The other, without being afraid, denounced againſt him that he ſhould come to ſome ill end, and left him by flying from the Court. After which, this miſerable Prince fell into a reprobate ſenſe, was taken in war by his enemy the King of Iſrael; his capitall city was laid waſte, the Temple and his palace pillaged; there was no more that remained to him but a ſhamefull and miſerable life which his own ſubjects tare from him by a wicked conſpiracy.

Uzziah his ſon and *Iſaiah*'s couſin-german was ſet on his fathers Throne at ſixteen years of age, and reigned a very long time with a reign peaceable enough. He built ſome cities, and fortified others, ſet in order an Arcenall ſtored with good arms, enterpriſed wars againſt the Philiſtims, which he ended happily enough. He defeated alſo the Ammonites and the Arabians, which made incurſions upon his territories, and renowned himſelf by famous victories. He embraced alſo willingly his reſt in ſeaſon, and addicted himſelf in the time of peace to husbandry.

The converſation of his dear couſin that began to propheſie the ſeventeenth year of his Reign, contributed many good effects to his government. But as he ſaw himſelf enjoy a long Reign, with abundance of favours from heaven, he became very abſolute in his will, and would joyn the high-Prieſt-hood to the Royalty. For he took the cenſer, entred into the Temple, preſented himſelf at the Altar of Perfumes, to burn Incenſe after the manner of the Prieſts, and although the high Prieſt *Azarias* oppoſed him ſtoutly, he deſiſted not from that attempt, till ſuch time as by a manifeſt puniſhment from heaven he found himſelf on a ſudden touched with a leproſie, which appeared on his face, and rendred him hideous, and out of knowledge, which made the Prieſts, (animated by the judgement of God that had intervened thereon) chaſe him from the Temple; and he was conſtrained to retire himſelf unto an houſe out of Jeruſalem, having left the adminiſtration of his Kingdome to his ſon.

This change was very ſenſible to the Prophet that had loved him tenderly, and ſupported the intereſts of his houſe; but on the other ſide, it was a comfort to him to ſee that he had a ſenſe of his fault, and had reduced himſelf voluntarily unto the obſcurity of that life for the chaſtiſement of his ſin.

His example ought to ſerve for a terrour to the Secular Powers that will encroach upon the Miniſtery of the Prieſts, and break the barriers that Providence hath eſtabliſhed for the differencing of the Spirituall and Temporal Authority. There is need ſometimes but of a little tongue of Earth to ſeparate two ſeas, and to keep them in good intelligence, but if one ſhould go and cut it off, they would mix themſelves and make a great deluge. So may we ſay, that the wiſdome of God hath put certain bounds between the Prieſts and the Kings, which keep the affairs of the Church and of the State in a good temper; but when certain young *Abirams* interpoſe themſelves to confound theſe Powers, they overflow the banks, and make waſtes prejudiciall to mankind.

After the death of *Uzziah*, *Jotham* who was already fitted for buſineſſe, took the government with title of a King, and making a ſtrong reflexion upon the deportments of his grandfather and of his father, extracted from thence a moſt excellent leſſon, ruling his ſubjects with great moderation ſo that the Prophet *Iſaiah* had nothing to do with him.

But he left an abominable ſon named *Ahaz*, that quitted the God of his fathers, renewed the Idolatries of the moſt corrupted of his Predeceſſours, took the falſe Religion of the Kings of Iſrael, cauſed ſtatues to be planted on the mountains and on the hills, offered Incenſe to them, made his children paſſe through the fire, and conſecrated them to Idols; which drew the wrath of heaven upon him and upon his people which was beaten with a thouſand ſcourges and moſt great calamities.

The Prophet *Iſaiah* ſaw all theſe ſtorms falling down upon the miſerable Judea, and ceaſed not to forewarn them, and to arm himſelf with a mouth of fire againſt the diſorders of that wicked Prince; but it was without much effect, he being ſo much corrupted.

Who would ever have thought that of ſo bad a father ſhould have been born ſo excellent a ſon as *Hezekiah*, who was inſtructed by *Iſaiah*, and followed totally the courſe of his will and counſels ſo Divine, ſo wholeſome; and wiped out the blot that his father had imprinted upon the Altars of the living God, and made the true Religion flouriſh again, which ſeemed altogether extinguiſhed in the confuſions of an abandoned age! He brake down all the Idols that that unhappy *Ahaz* had erected. He diſſipated the profane Groves planted on the mountains for the exerciſe of his abominations. He did not pardon ſo much as the brazen Serpent that *Moſes* had cauſed to be ſet up to a good end, although the Idolaters had afterwards abuſed it.

He commanded that the Temple ſhould be purified and cleanſed by the Levits, together with the Tabernacle and ſacred Veſſels, polluted by his predeceſſour. He renewed the order of the Sacrifices, and the Quoires of Singers dedicated to the praiſes of God; he rallied all the faithfull people to celebrate the Paſſeover and the other ſolemne Feaſts amongſt the Jews. This Reign was a golden Age, and a true ſchool of Wiſdome, when the Prophet and the King conſpired with a wonderfull accord in the ſervice of their great Maſter. *Iſaiah* ceaſed not to produce ſound thoughts; and that which was wholeſomely thought on by that holy man, was ſtoutly executed by the courageous piety of this good King. He laboured in all things for the honour of him on whom do depend all Crowns, and God alſo laboured powerfully for him, doing more buſineſſe in one night then the arms of iron and ſteel could have done in ten years.

Every one knows how *Sennacherib* the King of the Aſſyrians came to lay ſiege before Jeruſalem with a prodigious army, againſt which there was no humane reſiſtance. He ſent a certain man named *Rabſhakeh* in an Embaſſage to King *Hezekiah*, who vomited out blaſphemies, and propoſed to him conditions ſhamefull to his reputation, and impoſſible to all his powers. All the people were in an affright, expecting nothing but fire and ſword. The King covered with ſackcloth implores the heavenly aſſiſtance, and ſends the chief Counſellours of his State to the Prophet *Iſaiah*, to turn away this ſcourge by his prayers. The holy man, in that confuſion of affairs wherein one could not ſee one onely ſpark of light, encourages him, animates him, and promiſes him unexpected effects of the mercy of God. The Prophecy was not vain, for in one onely night the Angel of God killed an hundred fourſcore and five thouſand men in the Army of the Aſſyrians by a ſtroke from heaven and a devouring fire, which reduced them to duſt in their guilded arms. This proud King was conſtrained to make an ignominious retreat, and being returned to Niniveh

the capitall city of his Empire, he was ſlain by his own children. This is a manifeſt example of the amiable protection of God over the Holy Court, who defended his dear *Hezekiah* by the interceſſion of the Prophet as the apple of his eyes.

He expreſſed yet another ſingular favour to him in a great ſickneſſe, cauſed by a malignant ulcer, of which (according to the courſe of nature) he ſhould have died: and therefore *Iſaiah* went to ſee him, and without flattering him, brought him word of his laſt day, exhorting him to put the affairs of his State in order. This good King had a tender affection to life, and being aſtoniſhed at that news, prayed God fervently with a great profuſion of tears, that he would have regard to the ſincerity of his heart, and to the good ſervices that he had done him in his Temple, and not to tear away his life by a violent death in the middle of its courſe. The heart of the everlaſting Father melted at the tears of that Prince, and he advertiſed *Iſaiah*, who was not yet gone out of the Palace, to retread his ſteps, and carry him the news of his recovery.

He told him from God that he ſhould riſe again from that ſickneſſe, and within three dayes ſhould go up to the Temple ro render his Thanks-giving. Further, he promiſed him that his dayes ſhould be augmented fifteen years, and that he ſhould ſee himſelf totally delivered from the fury of the Aſſyrians, to ſerve the living God in a perfect tranquility. The King was raviſhed at this happy news, and deſired ſome ſign of the Divine will to make him believe an happineſſe ſo unhoped for. *Iſaiah* for this purpoſe did a miracle, which ſince *Joſhua* had not been ſeen nor heard, which was to make the Sun turn back, ſo that the ſhadow of the Diall which was in the palace, appeared ten degrees retired, to the admiration and raviſhment of all the world. And to ſhew that the Prophet was not ignorant of Phyſick, he cauſed a Cataplaſme compoſed of a lump of figs to be applyed to the wound of the ſick man, whereby he was healed, and in three dayes rendred to the Temple.

This miracle was not unknown to the Babylonians, who perceived the immenſe length of the day in which it was done, and their Prince having heard the news of it, ſent Embaſſadours to King *Hezekiah* to congratulate his health, and to offer him great preſents; whereat this Monarch, that was of an eaſie nature, ſuffered himſelf to be a little too much tranſported with joy, and out of a little kind of vanity made a ſhew of his treaſures and of his great riches to thoſe ſtrangers; which ſerved much to kindle their covetouſneſſe. And therefore the Prophet, who was never ſparing of his remonſtrances to the King, rebuked him for that action, and fore-told him that he made Infidels ſee the great wealth that God had given him, through a vain glory which would coſt him dear, and that having been ſpectatours of his treaſures they had a mind to be the maſters of them, and that at length they ſhould compaſſe their deſign, but that it ſhould not be in his time. This Prince received the correction with patience, and took courage, hearing that the hail ſhould not fall upon his head, paſſing over his to his childrens.

Manaſſes his ſon ſucceeded him, a Prince truly abominable, who wiped out all the marks of the piety of his father, and placed Idols even in the very Temple of the living God. All that Idolatry had ſhown in ſacriledges, cruelty in murders, impudence in all ſort of wickedneſſes, was renewed by the perfidiouſneſſe of this man abandoned of God. Poor *Iſaiah* that had governed the father with ſo much authority had no credit with the ſon; this tygre was incenſed at the harmonious conſorts of the divine Wiſdomes that ſpake by his mouth, and could no more endure the truth then ſerpents the odour of the vine.

Yet he deſiſted not to reprehend him, and to advertiſe him of the puniſhments that God prepared for his crimes; whereat this barbarous man was ſo much moved and kindled with fury, that he commanded that this holy old man that had paſſed the hundreth year, ſhould be ſawn alive by an horrible and extraordinary puniſhment.

O *Manaſſes!* cruell *Manaſſes*, the moſt infamous of tyrants, and the moſt bloudy of hang-men! this was the onely crime that the furies themſelves even the moſt enraged ſhould never have permitted to thy ſalvageneſſe. This venerable Maſter of ſo many Kings, this King of Prophets, this prime Intelligence of the State, this Seraphim, this inſtrument of the God of Hoſts, to be uſed ſo barbarouſly at the Court by his own bloud, after ſo many good counſels, ſo many glorious labours, ſo many Oracles pronounced, ſo many Divine actions ſo worthily accompliſhed! All the Militia of heaven wept over this companion of the Angels, and the earth cauſed fountains to leap up to bedew her lips in the midſt of her ardent pains. His Wiſdome hath rendred him admirable to the Learned; his Life inimitable to the moſt Perfect; his Zeal adorable to the moſt Courageous; his Age venerable to Nature; and his Death deplorable to all Ages.

JEREMIAH.

BEhold the moſt afflicted of Holy Courtiers, a Prophet weeping, a Man of ſorrows, an heart alwayes bleeding, and eyes that are never dry. He haunted not great men but to ſee great evils, and was not found at Court but to ſing its Funerals, and to ſet it up a tomb.

Yet was he a very great and moſt holy perſon that had been ſanctified in his mothers womb: that began to prophecy at the age of fifteen years; a ſpirit ſeparated from the vanities and the pretenſions of the world, that was intire to God, that lived by the pureſt flames of his holy love, and quenched his thirſt with his tears. He drank the mud of bad times, and found himſelf in a piteous Government in which there was little to gain, and much to ſuffer.

After that the cruell *Manaſſes* King of Judea had been ſpoiled of the Sceptre, and led priſoner into Babylon, chained as a ſalvage beaſt, he was ſenſibly touched with his affliction, and made a ſevere repentance, being caſt with his irons into a deep pit, where he converted himſelf to God, with bitter ſorrows and roarings of heart that made him obtein a pardon of his ſins, even ſo far as to reſtore him his Liberty and his Crown. He behaved himſelf exceeding well the reſt of his dayes, deſtroying that which he had made, and repairing that which he had deſtroyed. But he left behind him a wicked ſon, who having imitated him in his vices, followed him not in his repentance. It was the impious *Amon*, who was nevertheleſſe the father of the holy King *Joſiah*, who began to reign at eight years old, and was governed by the good and ſalutary precepts of the Prophet *Jeremy* who took him into a ſingular affection.

This good Prince conſecrated the firſt fruits of his government by the extirpation of Idolatry, which he deteſted alwayes by words, and combated by an indefatigable zeal. He never took any repoſe till he had cauſed the Idols in Jeruſalem and in the neighbouring places to be beat down, plucking up all thoſe abominations even by the root. He had ſworn ſo capitall an enmity with impiety, that he perſecuted the authours of it even to the grave which the condition of our mortality ſeems to have made as the laſt ſanctuary of naturall liberty, yet he cauſed the bones of thoſe that had heretofore ſacrificed to Idols to be burnt upon the ſame Altars as had been prophaned by them. After that he commanded that the Temple ſhould be purged, and that the order of the ſacrifices and of the praiſes of God ſhould be there carefully obſerved.

The reading of a good book found in the Temple had ſo powerfully wrought upon him that he aſſembled his people, and cauſed it to be read in preſence of all the world, with fear and trembling at the threatnings conteined therein againſt the impious. Then he conjured all the company there preſent to renew in the ſight of God the oath of fidelity, and to promiſe him never to depart from his Laws and his commandments, which was performed. There was a re-birth of a quite other world under the reign of this wiſe Prince that rejoyced the heart of the Prophet *Jeremy*; but he taſted a little honey, to drink afterward a cup of wormwood.

Joſiah was now come to the flower of his age and of his brave actions, having reigned more then thirty years in a mervellous policie and great tranquility, when *Pharaoh Necho* King of Egypt making war againſt the Aſſyrians would paſſe through Judea, which gave ſome fear to this good Prince as well for the oppreſſion of his ſubjects that were menaced by the paſſage of a great army, as not to give cauſe of diſcontentment to the King of Aſſyria, and therefore he beſtirrs himſelf to reſiſt him and to oppoſe his paſſage.

It is the miſery of little Princes to be engaged in the differences of greater ones, as between the Anvill and the Hammer; they cannot favour the Party of the one but they muſt render themſelves the ſworn enemies of the other, and Neutrality renders them ſuſpected to both. It is a difficult paſſage, where whatſoever Induſtry one brings to it, one often leaves behind the beſt feathers of his wings. *Joſiah* without advertiſing the King of Aſſyria that the Party would not be maintainable if he ſent not a powerfull Ayd, arms ſuddenly againſt a mightier then himſelf. *Necho* ſends to him his Embaſſadours to tell him that he meant no harm to his Perſon or to his State; that his deſign was againſt another King whom he went to combate by the orders of Heaven; that God was with him, and that if he endeavoured to ſtop his paſſage evil would betide him for it. Notwithſtanding theſe preſſing ſpeeches *Joſiah* goes out to meet him, and as he was come to coping with his adverſary, at the very beginning of the mingling he was wounded mortally with an arrow, and commanded his Coachman to draw him out of the combate, which he did, and as he was put in his ſecond charriot which followed his charriot of war after the faſhion of Kings, he gave up the ghoſt without finding any remedy to divert the ſharpneſſe of that fatall ſtroke. His body was brought back to Jeruſalem all bloudy, and the mournings for his death were ſo ſenſible and ſo piercing that it ſeemed as if there had been an univerſall ſacking of the whole City.

Never Prince was ſo beloved, never any more paſſionately lamented, nor is there to be found any one among all the Kings of Judea that had leſſe vices, and more zeal for the honour of God; his life was without ſpot, his reputation without reproach, and to ſay truth, his goodneſſe was as it were the breath that all the world did breathe. Poor *Jeremy* was ſo caſt down at a death ſo ſuddain, that he loſt all his joyes, and begun then, according to S. *Jerome*, to make thoſe ſad lamentations that have engraved his grief on the memory of all men.

To queſtion why ſo good a King after ſo many actions of Piety was killed by the hand of an Infidell, as an old ſuit that humane curioſity hath commenced againſt providence from the begining of the world; Some (ſaid *Plinie*) thrive by their wickedneſſe, and others are tormented even by their own Sacrifices: But who are we to think to draw the curtain of the Sanctuary before the time, and to know the reaſons of all that God does, and permits in the world? For one virtuous Prince that is afflicted in the accidents of humane things, we ſhall find alwayes ten wicked ones that have ended miſerably; and yet we ceaſe not to quarrell with the ordination of heaven. By what contract is God to make his ſervants alwayes winne at play and war? Muſt he do perpetually miracles to make himſelf be thought what he is? What wrong did he do *Joſiah* if, after a reign of one and thirty years, conducted with great ſucceſſes, and an univerſall approbation, he dy'd in the bed of valour defending his countrey and rendring proofs of the greatneſſe of his courage? What injury was it to have given him the honour to carry the hearts of all his ſubjects to his grave, and to ſpread the glory of his name through all ages, and all the living? After that we have ſeen in hiſtories 100 Tyrants dye, almoſt all in a row,

of

of hideous and bloudy deaths; we come again to King *Manasses*, who after he had shed so much bloud passed out of this life by a death peaceable enough; we return to *Herod*, and *Tiberius*, and to *Mahomet*, who died in their beds, as if they had been great Saints of fortune canonized by their happinesse.

Alas, what is the life of these and of their like! to be stabb'd every moment in the heart, and in the publick opinion; to be cursed of a million of mouths every hour of the day; to remain shut up in the enclosure of a palace walls, as old owls, and to have no other pleasure but to make fire and bloud rain upon the heads of men! What contentment to wax pale at every flash of lightning; to tremble at every assault of the least disease; to prepare poisons and haltars for every change of fortune; to live for nothing but to make men die; and to die for nothing but to make the devils a spectacle of their pains! Is this it that deserves the name of felicity, and the admiration of the world?

After that *Josiah* had drawn tears from the eyes of all the Kingdome, the people honouring his memory, set his son *Jehoahaz* upon the Throne, who reigned but three moneths, because that *Nechoh* puft up with his victory, that would not suffer them to think of making a King without his consent, came and fell upon Jerusalem, and carried him away prisoner into Egypt where he died of displeasure and bad usage. He took his brother *Eliakim* or *Jehoiakim* to put him in his place, and to make him reign under his authority. But *Nebuchadonozor* who esteemed himself the God of Kings could not endure that the Egyptian should intermeddle with giving Crowns, came to besiege Jerusalem with great forces, and having won it, carried away the miserable *Jehoiakim* captive into Babylon with the flower of the city, and the sacred vessels of the Temple when he reckoned yet but the third year of his reign.

It was a pitifull thing to see this infortunate King in chains after a dignity so short and so unhappy; but this so lamentable a change moved his adversary to compassion, who released him upon condition of a great annuall tribute. He discharged it for the space of three years by constraint, his heart and inclinations leaning alwayes towards Egypt, and never ceasing tacitely to contrive new plots. Besides, he so forlook the service of God, and abandon'd himself to the impiety of the Idolaters, that the admonitions and menaces of the Prophet *Jeremy* that had foretold him of a most tragicall issue had no power upon his spirit.

And therefore *Nebuchadonozor* returned the eleventh year of the reign of this unhappy King, and having conquered him again, caused him to be assassinated, and his body to be cast on the dunghill for a punishment of his rebellion. He permitted his son *Jehoiachin*, otherwise *Jechonias* to succeed him; but scarce had this disastrous Prince reigned three moneths before this terrible Conquerour transported him, with his mother, his wives, and servants, and made him feel in Babylon the rigours of Captivity after he had robbed him of all his treasures, and drawn out of Jerusalem ten thousand prisoners of the principall men of all Judea; so that this deplorable Realm was then between Egypt and Babylon as a straw between two impetuous winds incessantly tossed hither and thither without finding any place of consistence.

Nebuchadonozor made a King after his own fancy, and chose *Zedekiah* the uncle of *Jehoiachin* who was at last the most miserable of all the rest. Here it it that *Jeremy* received a good share of the sufferings of his dear countrey, and found himself intangled in very thorny businesses, in which he gave most excellent counsels that were little followed, so resolute were the King and Nobles to their own calamity. He had been very much troubled under the Reign of *Jehoiakim*: for as he was prophecying one day aloud of the ruine of the city of Jerusalem, and the entire desolation of the Temple, the Priests seized upon his person, and caused the people to mutiny against him out of a design to make him be torn in pieces. But it chanced by good hap that some Lords of the Court ran to appease that tumult, before whom *Jeremy* justified himself, and protested that it was the Spirit of God that moved to fore-tell those sad disastres, for the correction of the sins of Jerusalem, and that the onely means to shelter themselves from the wrath of heaven, was seriously to embrace repentance; and told them that it was in their hands to do him Justice, and that if they used him otherwise, they would shed innocent bloud that would rebound against them and the whole city. These Courtiers judged that there was nothing in him worthy of death, and delivered him from the hands of those wicked Priests that were ready to assassinate him; there being no persecution in the world like to that which comes from sacred persons when they abuse their dignity to the execution of their revenge.

After this shaking, command is given him again to hold his peace, and to remain shut up in a certain place without preaching or speaking in publick: which was the cause that he dictated from his mouth his thoughts and conceptions to *Baruch* his Secretary commanding him to read them in a full assembly of the people, which he did, without sparing the great and principall men to whom he communicated them, so that this passed even to the ears of King *Jehojakim*, who would needs see the book, and when he had read three or four pages of it, he cut it with a penknife, and cast it into the fire, commanding that *Jeremy* and his Secretary *Baruch* should be apprehended. But God made them escape, ordaining that that deplorable King that had despised his Word and the admonitions of his Prophet should fall into that gulf of miseries that had been fore-told him.

The same abominations ceased not under the Reign of *Zedekiah*, and *Jeremy* resumed also new forces to fight against them, and to publish the desolations that should suddenly bury that miserable Nation; then *Pashur* one of the principall and of the most violent Priests caused the Prophet to be brought before him to reprehend him, for that he ceased not to fore-tell evils, and to torment all the world by his predictions. Whereupon he entred into so great a wrath against the innocent, that without having any regard to the decency of his dignity, he stroke him, and not content with that, caused him to be clapt in prison, and chains to be put upon him.

This Divine personage seeing himself reduced to that captivity for having brought the Word of God, and being left (as it were) to himself to do and suffer according to nature and humane passions, was seized with a great melancholy, and made complaints to God which parted not but from the abundance of love that he bare to him.

Ha! what! (said he) my God, have you then deceived me? And who doubts but that you are stronger then I? Who am I to resist you? You have made me carry your word, and to speak boldly your adorable truths to Kings and Peoples, and for this I am handled as an Imposture, and as the dreg of nature, and the reproach of the world. Behold what I have gained by serving you with so much obedience and fidelity. Often have I said by my self, I will obey the Magistrates, I will hold my peace, and remember no

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more the thoughts that God reveals to me, nor ſpeak any more in his name: but then I felt a fire boiling in my heart that was ſhut up in the marrow of my bones, and I fell into a ſwoon, and could not endure the violence of my thoughts without unloading my ſelf by the tongue, and publiſhing that which you inſpired into me. And for this, behold me reduced to irons. And have I not good cauſe to ſay that which miſerable men uſe to ſay, That the day of my nativity, in regard of originall ſin, and ſo many calamities that ſpring from that ſource, is lamentable and curſed, and that it were to be wiſhed that the womb of my mother that bare me had been my ſepulchre? Wherefore did I come out of the bowels of a woman to be a ſpectatour of ſo many ſorrows and ſo much confuſion?

The Saints ſpeak ſometimes like men, according to the ſenſe of the inferiour part of the ſoul, eſpecially when they ſee themſelves overwhelmed with great evils; but God raiſes them up immediately, and makes them reſume the tongue of heaven.

As the Prophet was deploring his miſeries in that dark priſon, God gave lights and remorſes to his perſecutour that came the next day to deliver him, either through ſome compaſſion, or becauſe he had attempted that beyond the limits of his authority. The priſoner inſtead of expreſſing ſome kind of weakneſſe ſpake more boldly then before, fore-telling even to *Paſhur* that he ſhould be led captive into Babylon, and that he ſhould die there, the other not daring to enterpriſe any thing againſt him.

After that very time, *Jeremy* betook himſelf to the Palace to ſpeak with the King and with the Queen his wife, to advertiſe them of the utmoſt miſery that menaced their Crown, if they did not make an entire converſion to God to give an example to their Subjects. Beſides this, he gave ſome State-counſel, and told the King, that ſince God had permitted that he ſhould be ſubdued by the Arms of the King of Babylon that had put him on the Throne, and to whom he had promiſed Faith, Homage, and Tribute, he ſhould do well to keep his promiſes inviolable, rather then to adhere to the King of Egypt, and expect the aſſiſtance of his Arms. This was the moſt important point of State, that concerned the ſafety of all the kingdome.

Nevertheleſſe, King *Zedekiah*, whoſe ſpirit was a little ſoft, hearkned to the advice, and took ſometimes fire, but it was but for a little time, he being no way conſtant in his good reſolves. When he ſaw himſelf menaced with a ſiege by the King of the Babylonians, he was affrighted, and inclined a little to his ſide; but aſſoon as he perceived that he diverted his arms another way, he brake his promiſed faith, being weary of the rigour of the Tributes that the other exacted of him. Thereupon, *Jeremy* ceaſed not to publiſh, that it was an errour to expect that the army of *Pharaoh* King of Egypt which was reported to be upon its march to help Jeruſalem ſhould do any good, that it ſhould return upon its own ſteps without enterpriſing any thing: that *Nebuchadonozor* was not ſo farre off, but that in a ſmall time he would render himſelf before the city to beſiege and win it: That it was a decree of God, and although the Army of the Chaldeans ſhould be defeated, yet thoſe that remained (though wounded and ſick) ſhould be ſufficient to take Jeruſalem abandoned of the Divine protection.

When he had ſpoken this publickly, he reſolved to retire himſelf for a time, and to go into the countrey; but he was taken at the gate of the city by *Irijah* that accuſed him falſly, and ſaid that he was going to render himſelf to the army of the Chaldeans; whereupon, he carried him under a good guard to the Magiſtates; who having beaten and ill uſed him, ſent him to priſon, where he remained many dayes without conſolation.

At laſt, the King having heard of what had happen'd to him, cauſed him to come ſecretly to him, and ſpake to him, to conjure him to tell the truth, whether thoſe Predictions that he ceaſed not to ſow in the ears of all the world were Revelations from God; whereof the Prophet aſſured him again, and gave him ſome good incitement to incline to the moſt wholeſome counſels. Poor *Jeremy* ſeeing this Prince uſe him kindly, ſaid unto him,

Alas, Sir, what have I done, and in what have I offended your Majeſty to be uſed as a rogue by thoſe that uſurp your authority? What crime have I committed by telling you the truth? Where are your falſe Prophets that ſaid, that there was no need to fear the coming of *Nebuchadonozor*, and that he had other buſineſſe to diſpatch? is he not at length come to verifie my Propheeies? Since you do me the honour at preſent to hear me, My Lord and my Maſter, hearken to my moſt humble requeſt, and grant me a courteſie that I deſire of you in the Name of God, which is, that I may no more return into the priſon out of which your Majeſty hath cauſed me to be drawn; for, the continuation of the evils that I have ſuffered there is able ſuddenly to tear my ſoul from my body, and it will be but a grief to you to deliver me to death for having given you counſels of life and ſafety.

The King was ſoftned by the words of the Prophet, but he was ſo timorous that he durſt not take the boldneſſe to cauſe a priſoner to be delivered by his abſolute authority, fearing the reproaches and out-cryes of thoſe that would have the upper end in all affairs. He cauſed onely the goaler to be bid to uſe him a little kindlier, taking him out of the black dungeon, to give him a place more reaſonable, and to have a care that in that great famine of the city he ſhould not want bread.

This was executed, and he ſtaid ſome time at the entrance of the priſon with a little more liberty, during which, he ſpake again to thoſe that viſited him, and ſaid freely, That there was no way to eſcape the ſacking of the city, but by rendring themſelves to the Chaldeans. This made *Paſhur* and his complices incenſed again with a great wrath, and ſpeak inſolently to the King, that *Jeremy* might be delivered to them, publiſhing that he was worthy of death, that he was a ſeditious fellow that did nothing but make the people mutiny, and ſeparate them from their obedience to him.

The miſerable *Zedekiah* that had let theſe men take too high an aſcendent upon his perſon had not ſtrength of ſpirit enough to reſiſt them, but againſt his conſcience abandoned his poor Prophet to them, although it was with ſome regret. Theſe wicked men having taken him, let him down with cords into a deep pit of the priſon, which was full of mire and filth, where he expired the remainder of his deplorable life, and had dyed there of miſeries, if God had not raiſed him up a protectour, of whom he never ſo much as dreamed.

There was in the Kings houſe a famous officer, an Ethiopian by Nation, and a man of heart, who hearing of the cruelty that was uſed againſt the Prophet, took pity on him, and ſaid boldly to the King, What (Sir?) can your Majeſty well approve of the rigours that poor *Jeremy* is made to ſuffer for doing the function of a Prophet? It well appears that his enemies would have his skin, for they have let him down with ropes into a deep dungeon, where it

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is almoſt impoſſible to breathe. There is danger if this good man dyes by this ill uſage that you are guilty of his death, and that this may draw ſome wrath of God upon your Majeſty. He ſpake this with ſo good an accent, that the King was moved, and gave him charge to take thirty ſouldiers, and to draw him thence, which he did quickly, caſting down to him old linnen raggs to put under him, that he might not be galled by the cords when they ſhould make him aſcend out of the bottome of that hideous priſon.

When he was plucked up again the King had another time the curioſity to ſee him, not in his Palace but in ſome ſecret place of the Temple, where *Jeremy* ſpake to him with much fervency and tenderneſſe telling him that the onely means to ſave his perſon, his houſe, and all the City was to render up himſelf to *Nabuchodonoſor*, and that if he refuſed to do it, he and all his would be deſtroyed. The King anſwered that he was afraid to commit himſelf to the King of Babylon, leſt he ſhould deliver him to his rebellious ſubjects that had fallen from him to the enemy. *Jeremy* replyed, That he need not fear any ſuch thing, and affectionately beſeech'd him to have pity on his own ſoul, on his wife and on his children for otherwiſe there would happen a great miſery. This poor Prince feared to attempt this againſt the opinion of thoſe that governed him, and to ſcatter them by this means from his party. Nay he was afraid even to be ſeen with *Jeremy*, and recommended to him very much to keep ſecret that diſcourſe, and to tell no body that he had ſpoken to him about State affairs. He was ſent back to Priſon that he might not make the ſeditious mutiny, and all that he could obtein, was, not to be plunged again in that pit from whence he had been delivered.

In the mean while *Nabuchodonoſor* after a long ſiege carryed the city of Jeruſalem which was taken about mid-night, the enemies being entred by a breach that no body perceived. *Zedekiah* much amazed betakes himſelf to flight with his wife and children, and a few men of war about him, taking his way through night, darkneſſe, affrights, fear, and a thouſand images of death. The Chaldeans had notice of his retreat, and caught him on the plains of Jericho, where he was immediately forſaken of his men, and left with his wives and little children that ſent out pitifull cryes through the apprehenſion of ſervitude and death.

He was carried away from thence to Riblah, where *Nabuchodonoſor* was expecting the iſſue of that ſiege. This unfortunate Prince was conſtrained to preſent himſelf before the frightfull countenance of a barbarous King puffed up with his victories and proſperities, who loaded him with reproaches and confuſions, upbraiding him with his rebellion, his ingratitude and unfaithfulneſſe: he would willingly have been ten foot under ground before he ſuffered ſuch indignities, thinking himſelf ſufficiently puniſhed, by having loſt his crown and liberty.

But this cruell Conquerour would give other ſatisfactions to his revenge; for after he had a long time digeſted his gall, and thought on the means that he would uſe to puniſh him, he cauſes his children to come before him, and commands the Hangmen to murther them in the fathers ſight. Theſe poor little ones ſeeing the glitteting ſword now ready to be plunged in their bloud cryed out for mercy, and called pitifully upon the ſad name of their father that had no other power but to ſuffer his calamity. The ſword paſſes through the bodies of his children to find his heart who dyed as many deaths as nature had given him gages of his marriage.

He expected that the ſword ſtained with the bloud of his dear progeny ſhould have ended his life and griefs; but this inhumane Tyrant having left him as much light as was needfull to illuminate his miſery, after that he had filled himſelf with this lamentable ſpectacle, cauſed his eyes to be plucked out by an execrable cruelty, and having commanded him to be put in great and heavie chains cauſed him to be carried into Babylon where he ended his miſerable life; and in his Perſon ended the Kingdome of Judea that had ſubſiſted ſince *Saul* four hundred and fourſcore years.

Nabuchodonoſor having heard the narration that was made of *Jeremy* and the good counſell that he had given to his King eſteemed him highly, and gave charge to *Nebuzaradan* the Generall of his Army to give him content, whether he had a mind to go to Babylon, or whether he would ſtay in his own countrey. But to ſhew he ſought not the ſplendour of greatneſſes, he choſe to make his abode amidſt poor Labourers and Vine-dreſſes that were left after the ſacking of the City, the better ſort being tranſported into Babylon.

He was recommended to *Gedaliah* who was ſettled Governour of thoſe miſerable Reliques of the people by *Nebuzaradan*; but when this *Gedaliah* was murthered ſeven moneths after his creation, *Johanan* that was one of the principall men, counſelled the Jews to quit that miſerable land, and to follow him into Egypt. *Jeremy* oppoſed it, and foretold miſery to all thoſe that ſhould go thither; but inſtead of believing him they dragged him along by force either to afflict him, or to prevail over his Prophecyes. He failed not to propheſy the deſolation of Egypt that was to bend under the arms of *Nabuchodonoſor*, whereat his countreymen found themſelves incenſed, and fearing leſt he ſhould draw ſome envy on them, ſtoned him in a ſedition. The Egyptians hearing talk of the life and predictions of this great perſonage made account of him, and ſet him up a Tomb, where God to honour his ſervant did great miracles, chaſing away by his aſhes the Crocodiles and ſerpents. *Alexander* that flouriſhed two hundred years after him admiring thoſe wonders cauſed his reliques to be tranſported into Alexandria, where he cauſed a magnificent Sepulchre to be erected for him, as the Alexandrian Chronicle reports. Behold how virtue perſecuted in its own houſe finds a prop with ſtrangers, and even veneration amongſt the Infidels; God uſing all ſorts of inſtruments to honour the merits of thoſe that have rendered him proofs of a perfect faithfulneſſe.

JOHN

S. JOHN Baptiſt. S. PAUL.

WHat makes an Hermit at the Court, a Solitary man in a Tumult, a Sacred amongſt Prophane, a Saint in the houſe of *Herod*? He was far more ſecure amongſt Wolves, amongſt Foxes and Tygers, then amongſt thoſe wicked Courtiers. He was more contented with his littrle dinner of Locuſts and wild Honey, retired in his Cabben, then at the ſight of the pomps and pleaſures of the King of Galilee. But God that is the Maſter of Kings and the Directour of Hermites hath thus diſpoſed of him, and willed that he ſhould dye at Court after he had ſo long a time lived in the wilderneſſe.

It is not certainly known what occaſion drove him to it, whether he went thither by zeal, or whether he was ſent for by deſign, or whether he was forced by violence. Some think that the miſeries of his countrey afflicted under the government of a diſſolute Prince, affecting him with a great Compaſſion, He went out of the deſert, of his own accord to admoniſh the king of his duty, Since that all thoſe that came neer him, and that were obliged to ſpeak to him were mute, partly by a ſervitude fatall to all thoſe that are tyed to the hopes of the world, and partly alſo being ſeized with fear by reaſon of the power and cruelty of a womans ſpirit that poſſeſſed *Herod*. Others, as *Joſephus*, have written that the Prince hearing every day of the great concourſe of all ſorts of people that went to the wilderneſſe to ſee Saint *John*, was afraid leſt under colour of piety this might make ſome change of State. Tyrants love not men endowed with an extraordinary virtue, and that have not learnt the trade of flattering, their voyce is the Cock that frights thoſe cruell Lyons; their life is a flaſh of Lightning that dazles their Eyes; their actions are as many Convictions of their Iniquity. And therefore this Authour ſaith; that without other form of proceſſe, *Herod* cauſed him to be apprehended, to prevent him and break off thoſe aſſemblies that were made about him.

Yet it is probable and more conſonant to the Scripture (which aſſures us that this Prince bare ſome reſpect to *John*, and heard him, and did many things according to his advice) that he proceeded not againſt him at firſt with ſo much violence. But the cunning Fox (as he was, according to the judgement that the Eternall Truth made of him,) ſeeing that Saint *John* was in an high eſteem for holineſſe, and in great credit amongſt the people, ſtrived to winne him, and to draw him to him, to make himſelf be reputed for a good Prince that cheriſhed honeſt men, and to maintain by this means his authority that was already tottering, and little rooted in the true Maximes of a good Government. It was thus that *Dionyſius* the Tyrant made uſe of the Philoſophers, not for any affection that he bare them, but to appropriate them to the bad intentions that he had in State, and to give them ſome colour by the expreſſe or interpreted approbation of thoſe perſonages that were in reputation for their wiſdome. But *Herod* did ill chooſe his man; this was not a Court-flatterer, a Tool for all Trades, a Shoe for all Feet, but a ſtiffe and auſtere man, to whom a whole World would not have given the leaſt temptation to do any thing againſt his conſcience.

It would be a ſuperfluous thing to enlarge ones ſelf at length upon the rare qualities of Saint *John*, who having been many times highly commended by the Creatour of Virtues, and the Diſtributour of true praiſes, who hath preferred him above the greateſt of the world, ſeems to have dryed up by his abundance the Elogies of the moſt eloquent. Let us content our ſelves to ſay that there are abundance of excellencies in him, enough to make all chaires ſpeak, and all pens write even to the end of the world.

He was born of the blood of *Aaron* the brother of *Moſes*, the firſt ornament of the Prieſthood, and the great Conductour of the People. He came out of a barren Womb which he rendered fruitfull above all fecundities of the earth. His birth was declared miraculouſly by the voyce of an Archangell. He was ſanctified almoſt as ſoon as conceived, and virtue appropriated him to her ſelf before that nature had brought

him to the Light. He was a worshipper of the word when he was yet in the bowels of his mother, and received the first rayes of the everlasting day before that his eye was open to the brightnesse of the Sun. Reason was advanced to him by a wonder altogether extraordinary. He hath had this honour, to know first, after the Virgin *Mary*, the news of that high mystery of the Incarnation, and of the Redemption of the world. Of all the Nativities of so many children of *Adam*, the Church celebrates none but that of *John*, who hath this common with our Saviour and his most holy Mother, who by a speciall priviledge honoured his birth by her actuall presence; So that he saw his first day under the aspect of the Mother of the Universe. His name was given him by an Archangell, a name of grace and favour, that shewed he was placed in the ranke of the deerest delights of Heaven, and the tongue of his dumb Father tyed by an heavenly virtue, was loosed by its power, that it might pronounce that fair name. He was exempted from grievous sins, and (as many Divines hold) even from veniall: He consecrated his retirement in the Desert almost as soon as he entered into the world. Farthermore he was a Prophet, and more then a Prophet, a Virgin, a Doctour, a forerunner of the Son of God, the Trumpet of Repentance, the Authour of a Baptisme (that ushered in that which regenerates us all) whereof Jesus was pleased to receive the sprinckling. In fine, he was the Horizon of the Gospel and the Law, and the first that shewed with the finger the Lamb of God, and the Kingdome of Heaven.

But let us make no reckoning of what I have alleaged, but let us say onely that which the word hath said of him, That he was not a Reed to bow at every wind, nor a man that could be allured by the delicacies of the Court; He spake there, as a Prophet, he conversed there as an Angell, and at last dyed there as a Martyr. The time furnished him with an occasion, about which he could not speak without making much noyse, and he could not hold his peace without betraying his Conscience.

That *Herod Antipas*, which we are to speak of here, was the sonne of the great *Herod* the Murtherer of the Innocents and of a Samaritan woman, who after the death of his Father (forasmuch as the Legitimate issue of *Mariamne* had been unworthily murthered to make way for unjust heirs) had for his part of the Kingdome of Judea Galilee, which he held in quality of a Tetrarch. He was a Prince of a small courage, addicted to his pleasures, lascivious and loose, that endeavoured to preserve himself by poor shifts, having nothing stout nor warlike in his person.

He had a brother named *Philip*, which held another parcell of that Kingdome of Judea dismembred and little enough consid erable, the Romans having possessed themselves of the best part of it after they had deposed *Archelaus* that had reigned as Successour of his Father in quality of a King. *Philip* was married to *Herodias* the daughter of his brother *Aristobulus*, and by consequence his Niece; those Marriages being ordinary enough in the Court of *Herod*. The Husband was a sweet and moderate spirit, that kept his small Government very peaceable, and pleased himself with rendering Justice to his people with so much ardour that he often stayed his Chariot by the way, and heard the differences of the meanest people to reconcile them. But the Wife quite cantrary was an Haughty, Ambitious, Turbulent, Immodest spirit, that was not content with what God had given her, but tryed by all means to become Queen.

It happened that *Herod Antipas* under colour of a progresse or recreation went to visit his brother *Philip* who received him in his Palace with all curtesie and sincerity. He amused himself in the abode that he made there, to cajoll that *Herodias* his sister in Law, that needed not much courting to be brought in Love, so fickle was her disposition and so desirous still of Novelties.

They found that *Antipas* was not pleased with his Wife, nor *Herodias* with her Husband; they make an audacious and irregular complot, which was to seperate themselves from their Mates under colour of a divorce, and to marry themselves together. *Herod* promised her, that he would go to Rome and make her Queen, which she could never hope for of her Husband, who (he told her) was a man without heart, and born onely to converse with inferiour people. He made himself a brave man at his Sword, Rich, Valiant, Happy, Magnificent; and his body was not ill made, so that this false marriage is concluded between the parties, and it is not known whether it began then by a clandestine adultery, Their privacies were but too remarkable: so that *Herod's* wife that was the daughter of *Arethas* King of Arabia had an inkling of them; and dissembling her thoughts, wrote to the King her father, that she could no longer live with a dissolute husband, that had no affection to her, and that violating the faith plighted in marriage, had made a promise to an adultereresse to espouse her. Her Father was greatly exasperated at this affront, expressing that he was ready to receive her to his Court, and counselled her to steal away warily from her Husband; which she did prudently enough asking leave of him to take a little journey to the Castle of Macheron which was upon the frontier to recreate her self. This was very freely granted her; and in the mean while she orders her fathers men to carry her away into Arabia. Yet shee needed not to have studied her flight, and to have made a mystery of it, since her husband had no great mind to runne after her, but had given her much annoyance out of a design to weary her, and to make her escape from him of her own accord, to have an excuse to the King her father when he should complain of him.

This departure of the Arabian suddain and meditated, came to the ears of *Herod* and *Herodias*, who made Bonfires of joy at it in their hearts, and believed that it was an overture that Heaven had given them, to the accomplishment of their design. The wicked woman quits *Philip* her Husband and comes iuto Galilee to lodge in the Palace of her brother bringing with her a shameless daughter, whom the deportments of the mother made men believe not to have appertained by good right to her husband. *Josephus*, out of whom we have in part taken this History doth not tell us whether the good *Philip* was much troubled for his wife, but her insolent spirit makes us believe that he had no great reason to lament her. This coming was coloured at first with the pretence of a visit that she gave her brother in Law; but at last the businesse came to light, and to cover the scandall of it, a divorce was to be protested, and a marriage feigned. *Herod* had no want of flatterers and servile spirits at his Court that found out reasons to colour so great a crime.

He would have much desired that Saint *John* would have approved it, or that staying near him without speaking a word, his silence would have made the people believe that he was not upon tearms of disapproving it. But this was to judge too basely of so high a virtue. The holy man resolutely tells him, that it was not permitted him to marry his brothers wife; that it

was

was an Adultery, and an odious inceſt in the ſight of God, and ſcandalous to all his Subjects. He advertiſed him of the obligations of the Law, whereof he made profeſſion, of the examples of the good Kings that had preceded him, of the chaſtiſements of the wicked that had felt the weight of Divine juſtice. He laid before his eyes how States paſſed from one hand to another by Injuſtice, Iniquity, Impiety and the filthineſſe of thoſe that Governed ill. He put alſo into his admonition the contempt of God, that was dreadfull above all things, the intereſts of his brother, the ill example that he would give his family, the ſpeeches of his people, the judgements even of ſtranger Kings, and as it is credible forgat nothing of all the conſiderations that were worthy to be repreſented to him.

The ſpirit of *Herod* was not altogether bad, nor, as yet forſaken of God; He heard Saint *John*, and conceived ſometimes a remorſe of his fault. But as ſoon as he had ſeen *Herodias* he remembred no more any of thoſe advertiſements, and durſt not expreſſe that he had ſo much as any ſcruple of his marriage, So imperiouſly did this cunning woman carry him. She knew at laſt what the man of God had ſpoken, and was tranſported with a fury that ſuffered her not to breathe any other thing but revenge and menaces.

She laid hold of an opportunity to her advantage, and ſeeing this Prince beſotted with her Love, and in a condition to deny nothing to her inticements informed him (as far as one may gueſſe) that *John* was very dangerous to the welfare of the State, and that that great deluge of people that he drew after him ſpake nothing good; and that if he were a crafty man, as he ſeemed to be, he would be able to raiſe a ſedition for the intereſt of his ambition, and if he were but ſimple, which ſhe did not imagine, there would enough be found with him every day that would abuſe that ſimplicity; that it was a great arrogance in him to find fault with the alliances of his marriage, and to diſallow of that, which ſo many others, as good men as he, had approved of; that ſhe ſaw plainly that this tended to his ruine, and that if Saint *John* could bring about what he aimed at, ſhe ſhould be good for nothing but to be caſt to Doggs, and that that was not the recompence that ſhe expected of her love and faithfulneſſe towards him after ſhe had deſpiſed every thing for the price and eſteem of his contentment.

She ceaſed not to beat upon the Princes ears with ſuch like words, and to breed a diſtruſt in him of Saint *John*, in ſuch a manner as that he conſented that he ſhould be apprehended and put in priſon under colour, as *Joſephus* ſaith, that he went about to change the peoples minds, and to embroil the State. This detaining of a man ſo holy and ſo renowned made a great noyſe through all Judea, but the wicked woman had this maxime, That one ought to take ones pleaſure to content nature, and little to trouble ones ſelf at the opinions of the world below, nor at the complaints of honeſt men, judging that all mouthes ought to be ſtopped by the rigour of puniſhments, and that ſhe ſhould be innocent when no body durſt any more find fault with her actions.

She ſlept not one good ſleep with her *Herod* as long as Saint *John* was yet alive, but fearing alwayes either that her pretended husband whom ſhe thought light enough, might be ſoftned with compaſſion to releaſe him, or that the people that held him for a Saint, might break open the priſons to take him thence, ſhe reſolved to ſee the end of him to give all liberty to her unbridled paſſions.

She watches the opportunity of *Herods* birth-day, on which he was accuſtomed to make feaſts and to intertein the principall Officers of his Kingdome. This crafty woman tampered with all the wills of thoſe that had any power over his ſpirit for this deſign, and ſeeing that her daughter was a powerfull inſtrument to move that effeminate Prince, and that he was extraordinarily pleaſed to ſee her dance, conjured her to employ all her genius and all her induſtry, all the baits, allurements, and gentileſſes that ſhe had in dancing, to gain the Kings heart, and that if ſhe ſaw him very freely merry, and on terms to gratifie her with ſome great advantage, ſhe ſhould take heed of asking any thing but the head of *John*, and that he was neceſſarily to fall, if ſhe would not ſee her mother periſh and all her fortunes overthrown.

The daughter obeyed, and fits her ſelf even to perfection to pleaſe the Princes eyes; ſhe enters into the banqueting houſe richly deck'd, and makes uſe of a dance not vulgar, whereat he was raviſhed, and all the Gueſts (that were perhaps hired by *Herodias* to commend her) made a wonderfull recitall of her perfections. There was nothing now remaining but to give her the recompence of her pains. This daughter of iniquity and not of nature, ſayes *Chryſologus*, ſeeing that every one applauded her, and that the King, that was no longer his own man, would honour her with ſome great preſent which he would remit to her own choyſe, even as far as to give her the moity of his Kingdome, if ſhe would have deſired it, made a bloudy requeſt, following the inſtructions of her wicked mother, and required that inſtantly S. *Johns* head ſhould be given her in a plate.

Herod felt his heart pricked with a repentance piercing enough, but becauſe he had ſworn in preſence of the Nobles of his Kingdomes to deny nothing that ſhe ſhould ask would not diſcontent her, but gives command to the Maſter of his Houſe to go to the priſon and to cut off S. *Johns* head, to put it in the hands of this wanton wench. As ſoon as the word was pronounced, her mother was not quiet till ſhe ſaw the execution of it; to Priſon they run; every one thought that it had been for ſome grace, ſince that it was upon the nick of the feaſt of the Nativity of the King; but they quickly ſaw an effect quite contrary to that thought, when S. *John* was called for and told that he muſt reſolve to dye..

What, think we, did this divine forerunner do at this laſt moment that remained to him of ſo innocent a life! but render thanks to God that made him dye a Martyr for the truth, after he had inlightned his eyes with the viſible preſence of the Incarnate Word which permitted him not to have any thing left in this world to be deſired. He exhorted his diſciples to range themſelves about our Saviour, who was the Way, the Life, and the Truth. He prayed for his perſecutours, and for the eaſing of the miſeries of his poor people; afterward having a reliſh of the firſt contentments of his felicity by the tranquility of his ſpirit, he yielded his neck to the hangman. His body was honourably buried by his diſciples, and his head brought in a plate to that cruell feaſt, put into the hands of that dancereſſe, who preſented it to her mother; and the mother, according to S. *Jerome*, made a play-game of it, pricking the tongue with the needle of her hair.

All that one can ſpeak is below the horrour of its ſpectacle, ſayes S. *Ambroſe*, The head of S. *John*, of the Prime man of the world, that had ſhut up the Law, that had opened the Goſpel, the head of a Prophet, of an Angell, is outrageouſly taken off and delivered for the ſalary of a dancereſſe. The ſobereſt of men is maſſacreed in a feaſt of drunkards, and the chaſteſt, by the artifice of a proſtitute. He is condemned on an occaſion and on a time in which he would not

even have been absolved, as abhorring all that proceeded from intemperance. O how dangerous is it then to offend a woman that hath renounced her honour! *Herod* gave her an homicide for a kisse. The hangmen wash their hands when they are ready to sit down at table, but these unhappy women pollute theirs in the banquet with a Prophets bloud; The righteous slain by adulterers, the innocent by the guilty, the true judge by criminall souls. This banquet that should have been the source of life brings an edict of death. Cruelty is mingled with delights, and pleasure with funerals. This horrible plate is carried through all the table for the satiating of those unhumane eyes, and the bloud that drops yet from his veins falls upon the pavement to be licked up with the ordures of that infamous supper. Look upon it, *Herod*, look upon a deed that was worthy of none but thy Cruelty; stretch out thine hand, put thy fingers in the wound that thou hast made that they may be again bedewed with a bloud so sacred. Drink, cruell man, drink that river which thou seest glide to quench thy thirst. Look upon those dead eyes that accuse thy wickednesse, and which thou dost wound again with the aspect of thy filthy pleasures. Alas! they are shut not so much by the necessity of death as by the horrour of thy luxury.

The vengeance of God delayed not long to fall upon those perverse souls that had committed so enourmous a crime. *Arethas* King of the Arabians, resenting the affront that had been given to his daughter by those Adulterers, enters in arms upon the lands of *Herod*, who bestirrs himself but weakly to resist him. Pleasures held him so fast chained that he had not the boldnesse to go to his frontiers in person to oppose his adversary; but contented himself with sending a Colonell that lost the battell hazarded against the Arabian; and this miserable King was in the way to have been deprived of all his Kingdomes, if the Romans had not intervened, who would not permit *Arethas* to make himself great in their vicinity. Some while after happened the passion of our Saviour, who as we know, was presented to this *Herod*; but by reason that there was no *Herodias* to urge him then to murther, he contented himself with the mockeries and derisions of his person. He thought from that time forward to enjoy a great quietnesse, but the justice of God that punishes exemplarily the violences that are committed against his servants raised him up a strange Catastrophe.

His wife that spurred him incessantly with ambition perswaded him to take a journey to Rome to make himself great by the favour of the Romans, and to bear openly in his Titles the name of King. But he was much amazed that young *Agrippa* his Kinsman had supplanted him, and found so much favour with the Emperour *Claudius* that he gave him the Kingdome of *Herod Antipas*, with the other of *Philip* that was now deceased, and sent him into Judea with the name of King, and with good Patents to authorize his Election. And forasmuch as concerns this murtherer of the Prophet, having been accused of much insolencie and cowardise, the Edict of the Prince banished him to Lyons, so that he was like the Cammell in the fable, that for having asked for horns of *Jupiter* lost his ears. The Emperour let *Herodias* know that he intended not to comprehend her in the Edict, but that he permitted her to stay in the Countrey. Yet she was so constant in a wicked friendship, that she answered, That since she had been a companion of her husband in prosperity, she would by no means abandon him in adversity, and that she had rather be banished with him then have a Kingdome with another man that should not be according to her heart. She was left to do after her own head, and both of them set forth to go to exile, accompanied with that little wanton, which, according to *Nicephorus*, passing over a frozen River fell in before she was aware, the Ice melting under her feet. She hung a long time in this snare, moving her self up and down as if she would have danced, in such a sort as that her neck was cut off by a razour of Ice, and her life stifled under the waters, to make an honorable revenge to the holy forerunner of *Jesus Christ*. *Herod Antipas* and his *Herodias* were overwhelmed with poverty, with misery, and with ignominy in a strange land, offering up a long sacrifice of their pains to divine vengeance without ever recovering either liberty or safety.

S. PAUL.

Saint PAUL and SENECA In the COURT of NERO.

BEhold here a theatre and a ſpectacle worthy of Saints, of Philoſophers, and of Kings; the meeting of *Paul* with *Seneca* in the Court of Ceſar. The Doctour of the Nations with the moſt knowing man in the Univerſe. The wiſdome of the Croſſe with that of Philoſophy. The birth of the Roman Church in the Bloud and in the Flames of Martyrs. The Goſpel preached in a City which was the gulf of corruption; and which is more admirable, the Habitation of Chriſtians in the Palace of *Nero*. To underſtand aright the greatneſſe of our Chriſtianity, the force of the Goſpel, the combats of Saint *Peter* and Saint *Paul*, the Triumphs and the Majeſty of the Church; It is needfull to repreſent unto you an Idæa of the eſtate of this chiefeſt City of the world, and the wicked manners which thoſe two great Apoſtles obſerved in it, to root them out, and to cauſe a people to be born anew, regenerate in the Bloud of their Saviour.

It ſeemeth, that S. *Paul* in his Epiſtle to the Romans hath undertaken to deſcribe the inordinate life of *Nero*, and of thoſe in his Court who did conform themſelves to his example to partake of his favours. He ſpeaketh of ſome men who were faln into a reprobate ſenſe, and who had changed the order of nature, and their ſex, by moſt infamous luſts, being filled with all Iniquity with Riot, Covetouſneſſe, Detraction, Envy, Murder, Debate, Deceit, and Malice, Whiſpering, Deſpitefull, Curſing, Proud, Arrogant, Inventers of evil things, Diſobedient to their parents, without Underſtanding, without Order, without Affection, without Fidelity, without Compaſſion: And this moſt clearly is manifeſted in all the deportments of this moſt infamous Emperour, who was the monſter of men. And we of neceſſity muſt affirm, that it is the manifeſt choler of heaven, and a ſcourge, enough to exterminate mankind from the earth, when a wicked and a licentious life is joyned with the heighth of Power, which giveth as much force to wickedneſſe as it takes off from the ſtrength and execution of the Laws. It is not my deſign to ſtretch forth that in words which might be ſpoken of *Nero*, but to make a ſhort Collection of the manners of his own perſon and his Court, that the Readers might obſerve on what ſtuffe *Seneca* and S. *Paul* did work, and what were their proceedings and ſucceſſe.

The eſtate of Rome and the Court of Nero when Paul came to it.

In the ſeven and thirtieth year of our Saviour, this Prince (fatall to the ruine of the Empire) was born on the fifth of *December*, betwixt ſeven and eight of the clock in the morning; he came into the world with his feet foremoſt, contrary to the order of nature; he took all the vices of his anceſtours, and did partake of none of all their virtues. On the fathers ſide he was deſcended from the *Domitians* ſirnamed *Barbaroſſa*, whom the Romans vulgarly called *Braſſe-beards*; and it was one of his anceſtours unto whom the Oratour in choler did reply, That it was no marvel that he had a Beard of Braſſe, ſince Nature had given him a Mouth of Iron, and a Heart of Lead. His grandfather was a fiery man, cruel, and prodigall, and ſo amorous of Playes, that he cauſed the Ladies of Rome to aſcend the Theatre, and to act the Comedies themſelves. He gave alſo the combate of the Gladiatours, performed with ſo much cruelty, that *Auguſtus Ceſar* was conſtrained to ſtop it by his Edicts. His father *Domitius* was deteſtable over all his life, inſolent, furious, who with his own hand did ſtab one of his Free-men to death, becauſe he would not be drunk; and in the pride of heart made his caroach to paſſe over a little child in the ſtreet; and quarrelling with a Knight of Rome, he cauſed one of his eyes to be pulled out. Beſides his cruelty, he was a man without faith, without probity, without honeſty, who deceived all his creditours, mocked all the world, and ſecretly abuſed his own ſiſter. His wife was named *Agrippina*, ſhe was daughter to *Germanicus* of the Bloud of the *Ceſars*, but of an evil ſpirit, and proſtituted to all manner of vices. And it is no marvel, that *Domitius* father to *Nero*, (when much joy was wiſhed him on the birth of his ſon) did make anſwer, that there needed not ſuch acclamations, for nothing could be born from him and *Agrippina*, but what ſhould be pernicious to the Empire. Not long after, this unfortunate man did die, conſumed with diſeaſes that attended his filthy life, and left behind him his ſon three years of age, who ſaw his mother baniſhed, and being deſtitute of means was brought up in the houſe of his Aunt *Lepida*, under the diſcipline of a dancer and a barber who did corrupt his ſpirit with the firſt impreſſions of vice, which from his birth he was too much diſpoſed to receive. The times changing, his mother returned into favour, and by her charms prevailed upon the ſpirit of the Emperour *Claudius* the ſucceſſour of *Caligula*, a ſimple and a ſtupid man, who eſpouſed this dangerous woman, who afterwards poiſoned him by a potion, and ſo placed her own ſon on the Throne of the *Ceſars*. And although the Aſtrologians had fore-told her that he ſhould be Emperour and withall the murderer of his mother, ſhe made nothing of it, and thought it no hard bargain to buy the Empire with her own bloud, ſaying, Let him reign, and let him kill me.

The birth and education of Nero

The perfidiouſneſſe of his mother.

By the artifice of this wicked woman, *Nero* was ſaluted Emperour in the ſeventeenth year of his age with a marvellous applauſe, and in the publick acclamations honoured with all great Names and ſpecious Titles, all which he received, ſaving onely that of *Father of his Countrey*, ſaying, He was too young to have ſo many children. He was very tractable in his youth, upright, gentle, diſcreet, well-ſpoken, and demean'd himſelf for the firſt five years very worthily under the conduct of *Seneca*. But when he approached to the one and twentieth year of his age, the ingredients of vice, which, with his birth he brought into the world, the baſe education in his infancy, the heat of his youth, the delights of the Court, and (which is the greateſt of all temptations) the Power to do all, did weigh down the Philoſophy and the Inſtructions of *Seneca*, who proved by experience, That there is nothing more difficult then to perſwade thoſe to virtue whom too much Power had put in the poſſeſſion of all vices. His deboiſtneſſe began by the ill examples which he learned in his infancy, which were altogether unbeſeeming his perſon: he became a Tumbler, a Puppet-player, a Comedian, a Waggoner, a Songſter, and a Minſtrel, not for Recreation but to make a publick Profeſſion of it, to diſpute with the Maſters of thoſe Faculties, and to abandon all the affairs of Peace and Warre to be vacant to thoſe exerciſes, inſomuch, that he made it more to out-act a Comedian on the ſtage, then to gain a Battle in the field. He was alſo a night-walker, and gave,

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and ſometimes received many ſore blows which did not permit him to paſſe unknown.

From hence he laid himſelf open to moſt extravagant profuſeneſſe, inſomuch, that he gave to Tumblers the patrimonies of Conſuls, and made the funeralls of ſome inconſiderable men to equall the Magnificence of the Obſequies of Kings; he never did wear the moſt gorgeous garments longer then one day. He did build his Palaces with ſo much coſt, as if he would diſpend on them onely all the wealth of Rome. When he travelled, he would be followed with a thouſand caroaches, and his mules were all ſhod with ſilver. He made his halls after the form of the firmament, where the vault being of gold intermingled with azure, and illuminated with counterfeit ſtarres did roul continually over his head, and rained on him ſhowers of flowers, and waters of a moſt exquiſite ſmell. There would he dine from noon till midnight in the riot of execrable ſervices. He had a touch in his tender age of the vices of wantonneſſe, luxury, avarice and cruelty, but being in the beginning it was with ſome ſhame concealed in private.

But in the end he took off that mask by an open and inordinate diſſoluteneſſe, which knew no reſtraint. He was of belief that there was not one chaſte perſon in the world; and took great pleaſures in thoſe who did repeat their filthineſſe to him. There was never man more abandoned to all manner of uncleanneſſe without diſtinction of kindred, ſex, time, place, or man-hood. There was not one part in all his body that was not ſacrificed to diſhoneſty: his polluted ſpirit made him invent thoſe abominations which are not to be indured by chaſte ears, and with which I will not defile my paper.

The exceſſe of his inſolencies did at laſt render him odious to thoſe who were moſt near unto him, and when they gently told him of his extravagancies, he would leap into a fury, and made a crime of their virtue who did beſt adviſe him. He filled up the apprenticeſhip of his enormities with the death of *Britannicus*, a young Prince the ſonne of the Emperour *Claudius*, and brother to his wife *Octavia*, in which he imployed the moſt famous Sorcereſſe of Rome named *Locuſta* who prepared the poyſon, and made an aſſay of it before him on a ſucking pig who died immediately: now finding it for his turn, cauſed it to be ſerved to his brother as he dined at the table with him. The malignity of the poyſon was ſo piercing, that in an hour after, he fell dead at the feet of his mother and his ſiſter, who were both preſent at this tragick ſpectacle. *Nero*, to excuſe himſelf, ſaid, That it was the effect of a great ſickneſſe to which he had been ſubject from his cradle, and that they ought to be of comfort. But the Princeſſes concealing their imagination for fear of provoking his rage, did manifeſtly perceive that he ſowed thoſe ſeeds of his murder which he would afterwards continue in his Family.

His cruelty towards Britannicus.

The love to his mother degenerated to miſpriſion

It is almoſt impoſſible to believe the tender affection with which he proſecuted his mother *Agrippina*. He ſometimes did give to the ſouldiers that did guard his body for their word, *The good Mother*. He could not live without her. He did put into her hands the moſt delicate intereſts of all his Affairs, and deſired that all things ſhould ſtoop to her Authority. The mother alſo did indeavour by all poſſible artifices to tie her ſelf unto his perſon, even unto the uſing of Charms; for it is moſt certain that ſhe gave him the skin of a ſerpent incloſed in a bracelet of gold, which he carried ordinarily about him, and afterwards in deſpite did lay it by, and did look for it not long before his death but could not find it. The endearments of this *Agrippina* were too fond, and her kiſſes more hot then belonged to a mother.

Seneca was amazed at the horrour of it, and to avoid a greater evil, he procured a young maiden named *Acta*, who otherwiſe was a ſlave that came from Aſia, but very beautifull, to ſerve as a Love for *Nero*, and to divert him from that infamous paſſion towards his mother, in which he demean'd himſelf as *Lot*, who preſented his daughters to the Sodomites to avoid the greater fury of their brutiſh luſt. This *Acta* played her part ſo well by the counſel of *Seneca*, that mingling with her familiarities the conſiderations of State, ſhe gave *Nero* to underſtand that his great privaces with *Agrippina* would render him contemptible to the great ones of his Empire, and to all his Subjects, and would alſo give an advantage of power to his mother, which ſhe would abuſe to his own deſtruction.

Seneca by a leſſe evil diverts a greater.

He believed her, and became very amorous of her, and that ſo furiouſly, that he intended to prepare a Genealogy for her, in which, he would make her to be deſcended from the Kings of Aſia, and afterwards would marry her. His mother was as much in rage on the other ſide, that a ſlave was become her rivall, her choler did ſo much boil over, that ſhe made horrible threatnings what ſhe would ſay, and what ſhe would do: She would go to the Army, ſhe would complain to the Senate, ſhe would diſcover the diſaſtres of her infortunate houſe, and the empoyſonings by which ſhe had raviſhed the Diadem which belonged to the ſons of *Claudius* her husband, to put on the head of ingratefull *Nero*.

His mother inraged

Nero, whether he would appeaſe her or elſe deride her, did ſend her a gown of the antient Emperours which was very rich, but quite out of faſhion; at which ſhe was much incenſed, and ſaid ſhe was no Comedian to be dreſt in ſuch habiliments as thoſe; and that he ought not but give one part to her from whom he received the whole, ſhe would ſee ſhe ſaid if ſo poor a fellow as *Burrus* was, or ſuch a pedantick as was *Seneca*, ſhould govern the world at their pleaſure in the diſgrace of the bloud of the *Ceſars*. Sometimes again ſhe would diſplay her ſelf ſo weakly, that ſhe would offer her ſelf to be a procurer of Loves for her ſonne, and to hide in her own cabinet, nay, in her own breaſt, whatſoever he would keep ſecret.

Nero's preſent to his mother.

Behold how God doth puniſh all fond affections and wickedneſſes by thoſe themſelves who have received the profit from their poyſons! What ſhall this miſerable mother do? She is no more in a condition to give content, if there came by the by any ſmall re-accommendation in their friendſhips, it was but languiſhing and of a ſhort continuance. *Nero* deſired nothing more then to eſchew her company, and if he was obliged to ſee her, it was with a Complement as cold as ice; he would kiſſe her indeed, but rather out of ceremonies then out of love, and would immediately forſake her.

The fond love of parents chaſtned by God in their children.

It is recorded, that beholding her ſelf altogether miſpriſed, her fury provoked her to love a young Prince (on his mother ſide of the bloud of *Auguſtus*) named *Plantius*, whom ſhe ſerved for the ſatisfaction of her deſires, and to find a ſubject to imbroil the ſeat. This was brought to the ears of the Prince, who began to ſtartle at the apprehenſion of it, and could not be at reſt untill he was rid of them both. He killed *Plantius* having firſt violated his body, and took a diſmall reſolution to infold his mother in the ſame calamity.

Suet. ca. 35. in Nerone.

After a faint reconcilement which continued for a few dayes, he ſent her a letter full of fine Compliments, inviting her to Bajæ where he then took his pleaſure.

The horrible attempt of Nero upon his mother.

pleasures. *Aristotle* saith, That women are naturally credulous, especially when they have something sent them to amuse their passion. She immediately prepared to come to him, who was as ready to entertain her, and brought her to Baula where was his house of pleasure. He had a desire to poyson her as he did his brother *Britannicus*, but he knew she had an eye always open for her own preservation, and had with her antidotes to divert the operation of any poyson.

Therefore he consulted to put her to death on the sea, which is the field of dangers, where there is more of the effect and lesse of the suspicion. To accommodate her on her return, he caused a pompous vessel to be prepared, the deck whereof was to fall down by artifice, and charge was given to disloyall *Anicetus*, who was to conduct it, to put the device in practise, and to drown the barge. In the mean time he entertained the Queen in his Palace of delight with incomparable chear. He would place her at the table above him; he would comport and comply with her in a gallant and gracefull posture; sometimes he would whisper some soft words in her ear; sometimes he would openly renew the tenderesse of his first love and antient confidence; he served her both with the gentle and with the serious, to give her full satisfaction: she poor woman in long draughts drank deeply of the sweets of those poysonous indearments, and found her heart much inlarged at so unexpected a change. At the hour of her departure he would conduct her to the boat, and entertain her with suger'd words, telling her, that he would not live but onely for her love, and that the greatest and the most acceptable office that she could do him, was to be chearfull, and to have a particular care of her health. He seemed to look upon her with ravishments, whether it were to put the better countenance on his perfidiousnesse, or whether he were touched in mind at the near misfortune of his mother, who being made a lamentable sacrifie was going now insensibly to her death. At parting, he was not onely content to kisse her mouth, but taking her in his arms, he in a lovers complement did embrace her, and omitted nothing to cover his horrible design.

She entred into the barge in the evening: The sea was calm, the winds had faln asleep upon it. The sky was full of stars, as if it had opened all its eyes to behold the spectacle which it ought to revenge upon the Authour. *Agrippina* had two Gentlemen which sate on each side of her, and a Lady on whom she much relyed, named *Acroceraunia*, who was placed at her feet, who entertained her with the rehearsall of many of the late passages at Court, and the obligations and the protestations of her sonne, when (behold) the sign being given, the roof of the cabbin in which they were being covered with weights of lead (with which their treason overcharged it) did fall down, and killed one of the Gentlemen, and wounded *Agrippina* on the shoulder. The Ingineers who undertook the charge that the deck should fall directly down (being troubled in their consciences, or counterchecked by those who knew nothing of the game they were to play) did not perform it with that dexterity as was pretended, but gave leisure to those whom they would destroy to provide for their safety. *Acroceraunia* beholding her self in that danger, cryed out that she was the mother of the Emperour, and that they should make haste to preserve her which was the occasion of her death, for immediately on those words she was killed with the blows of the poles and oars.

Agrippina beholding this goodly pageant, and being most assured that it was a design of her sonnes, had yet such a command over her passion that she spake not one word, and was saved by the swimming of one of those who were not of the Conspiracy. The Frigots made haste to receive her, and to convey her to her own house which was not farre off. The amazement of the accident did not so abate her spirits, but she sent to *Nero* to acquaint him, That the Gods and the good Fortune of her Sonne had delivered her from a great danger, but she desired him not to take the pains to visit her, nor to send any of his servants to her, because she desired to take her rest.

The amazement of Nero.

The dismall Prince who every moment attended the issue of this most execrable enterprise, was much amazed to understand that she had escaped the danger, and counterfeited that the messenger whom his mother had sent was an Assassinate imployed to murder him. He awaked *Seneca* and *Burrus* to demand their counsel, and did remonstrate to them the danger in which he was, if he should not throughly accomplish what he had so ill begun. These two great personages did look on one another, being unwilling to dissuade him without effect, or to consent unto it by reason of the horrour of it: *Seneca*, to whom the fluencies of Language were never before wanting, held his eyes fixed on *Burrus* Captain of the Life-guard, as if without speaking to him he would ask him if he had not souldiers enough of his company to execute that which should be conceived to be expedient: but *Burrus* did prevent him, and told the Emperour that the men under his command were too much affectionated to the Bloud of the *Cesars* to undertake so hardy an enterprise. They both had a desire to divert him from so bad a deed for the want of an undertaker.

The death of Agrippina.

But the detestable *Anicetas*, Admirall of the Fleet, did again present himself to put the last hand unto the massacre. He immediately with some souldiers did transport himself to *Agrippina*'s castle; he broke open the gates, and found her in bed forsaken of all the world. Assoon as she beheld three frightfull faces to enter her chamber, she spake courageously to them, and told them, if they came to give her a complement, that she had no need of it, and if they had any other design, she believed her son was not so wicked as to command her murder. These villains without answering one word, did begin the assassinate; one struck her with a truncheon, another had his sword at her bleeding breast, to whom she cryed out and onely said, *The Belly, Souldier, the Belly that did bear the monster*: after which she gave up the ghost, her body being hacked with many wounds. Her corps was burned that very night, and one of her servants killed her self before the funerall pile, either for fear of the sonne, or for grief of the mother. Howsoever, *Nero* caused a Declaration to be published, in which, not without horrour to the Readers he laid all the fault upon his Mother; and after this, he had never any rest, for he dreamed almost every night that he saw his mother calling him down to hell, and beheld unnumbred Furies tormenting him in the flames thereof.

Nero continueth his cruelties.

For all this, he desisted not from the nature of a Tygre, but to the massacre of his mother he added the murder of his wife *Octavia*, the most innocent Princesse on earth. The cause of it was, one *Otho*, a companion of his deboistnesse had taken from *Crispus*, a man of quality, his wife *Poppea*, and in a fury (such as *Nero*'s himself) had espoused her. He told *Nero* so many wonders of the pleasures of his marriage, that he gave him a desire to taste them, thinking it would

would be a means to raiſe him to a higher dignity; but the event was, that the Lady perceiving her ſelf to be beloved of the Emperour, did totally devote her ſelf unto him, and did adviſe him to ſend her husband into Portugall under the colour of Ambaſſadour.

He falls in love with poppea, and eſtrangeth himſelf from his wife Octavia

This cunning woman had a commanding beauty, a ſweet and pleaſing voyce, and incomparable attractions and allurements. She did leade *Nero* as a child, and obſerving him ſo violently inamoured of her, ſhe would be his Miſtreſſe without a Paramour, and would not permit his own wife to partake of his bed. For which purpoſe ſhe contrived a deteſtable plot, and cauſed the virtuous Empreſſe to be accuſed for proſtituting her ſelf to a player on the Flute, who by his birth was an Alexandrian; an accuſation which could not be ſpoken without the abſolute diſlike of all good men, nor believed by any but ignorant and depraved perſons.

Nevertheleſſe, *Tigillinus* the moſt intimate with *Nero*, who was a great ſtickler in the marriage with *Poppea*, cauſed the men and maid-ſervants of the Princeſſe to be examined; ſome of whom being torn upon the rack, did in the extremity of the torment let fall ſome untruths to deliver themſelves from the intollerable pain: others continued conſtant, and there was a maid-ſervant of that courage, that being in the midſt of all her torments, ſhe ſaid to infamous *Tigellinus*; *Know, Executioner, that there is not one part in all the body of my Miſtreſſe, but is more chaſte then thy mouth.*

There being not proofs ſufficient to deſtroy her, *Nero* was content to ſend her away into one of his houſes, and to be divorced from her under the pretence of barrenneſſe. Not long after, ſhe was removed thence and kept under guard, and was afterwards called back to Rome to appeaſe the trouble which the abſence of ſo illuſtrious and ſo virtuous a Lady had cauſed. She was received with great applauſe of all the City, which ſo alarm'd the ſpirit of *Poppea*, that ſhe threw her ſelf at *Nero*'s feet, and did remonſtrate to him, "That he ſhould take no more care for his "loves but for his life, and that this return did "tend to nothing elſe but to ruine him with her "ſelf, and to make them both fall under the fury "of the people. That this was not it which ſhe had "deſerved of his friendſhip; and if he had rather ad-"vance in his palace the child of a player on the "Flute, then to have from her a legitimate heir, that "would give her leave to depart in a good hour, "and that ſhe would look out her husband *Otho* "in whatſoever place of the world ſhe could find "him.

A horrible calumny.

She uſed ſuch and ſo many attractions, ſo many counterfeit tears, ſuch ſweetneſſes, and ſuch rigours of love, that ſhe prevailed with deteſtable *Nero*, who (by *Anicetus*, the ſame man who before killed his mother,) did raiſe a horrible calumny againſt the honour of his wife, and cauſed this inſtrument of the devil to affirm, that he had played with the Empreſſe; on which he cauſed her to be baniſhed, and poor *Octavia*, as a guilty perſon, did ſuffer under that wicked ſentence, and was baniſhed into the Iſle of Pandaluria: and becauſe *Poppea* could not ſleep in quiet with *Nero* as long as *Octavia* was alive, he filled up his cruelty, and by a moſt unworthy death he ſacrificed her to the appetite of that moſt bold woman, whom afterwards he killed with a ſpurn of his foot on the end of his life and of his Empire.

My pen is weary to deſcribe ſo many horrours, and doth go over them as on ſo many burning coals, but (my Reader) it is to repreſent unto you, that this pernicious caitiffe cauſing the poyſon of his evill actions to diffuſe it ſelf into the veins of all the city of Rome. The world was in its heighth of iniquity, when S. *Paul* and *Seneca* (meeting together at one time) did endeavour to cure the maladies of this wicked Court, the one by Philoſophy, the other by the Goſpel. Behold here the manners, learning, abilities, and the ſucceſſe both of the one and of the other.

Johannes Sarisburienſis.

Who hath not *Seneca* in veneration (a good Authour ſaith) hath not the underſtanding of a reaſonable man. He is known by all knowing men in his Writings, and miſ-known by ſome in his Manners and his Life. *Suillius*, a Roman Advocate, accuſed for corruption, and baniſhed by the counſell of *Seneca* at what time he was imployed in the government of Affairs, did write a defaming Book againſt that great perſonage, which two Greek Hiſtorians, but men of ſmall judgement, *Dion* and *Xiphiline* have followed, and in many things have blamed him with as much paſſion as impertinence. This Opinion hath infected divers ſpirits, who, either for want of capacity or application, do diſcourſe unto us of *Seneca*, as of a man quite contrary to his Books, which hath made me diligently to examine his Life, to take away the abuſe, and to give you an Idæa of that puiſſant Genius with as much cleameſſe as ſincerity.

From whence proceeded the calumnies againſt Seneca.

His birth.

Know then that he was a Roman by his Extract and Bloud. He was born at Corduba a city in Spain, which was then under the Empire of Rome, and full of Italians, who being born almoſt in all the parts of the world, were yet born within the Circle of their Empire. His father was of an ordinary family, a Gentleman of no great account, removed from the obſervation of the world, and as farre from command as from ambition, addicted above all things to the ſtudy of Eloquence, reaſonably learned, but of an admirable memory, for having but once heard them, he would readily rehearſe two thouſand names, and two hundred verſes. His mother was named *Helvia*, one of the moſt beautifull women in the Empire, full of underſtanding and judgement, of a high virtue and a rare modeſty; ſhe had ſome knowledge in letters, and an extraordinary capacity to increaſe that knowledge, if time and cuſtome had given her leave to take an advantage of it. His elder brother was called *Novatus* or *Gallion*, and had a great command in the Empire. His younger brother was named *Mela*, a man farre from ambition, who lived in the houſe, and ſtudied Eloquence with his Father, who in that regard did preferre him in his own judgement above his brothers.

His Education and Spirit.

But *Seneca* was nouriſhed and advanced in Rome in the time of *Auguſtus Ceſar*; he received his firſt elements of learning under the Diſcipline of his father, and afterwards ſtudied Philoſophy under *Attalus* and *Socion*. In his firſt years he made the vigour of his Spirit, the force of Eloquence, and the abundance of Learning to appear ſo fully in him, that he was admired by the moſt knowing men. But that great ſpirit did by degrees conſume his body which was lean and thin, and troubled with defluxions and the ptiſick, which would have brought him to his grave, if the cruelty of *Nero* had not prevented it.

The fury of Caligula againſt him.

He was obliged to make an Oration in publick before *Caligula* the Emperour, concerning which that monſter in nature who could not endure any thing that was great and praiſefull, and by a malignity of manners, envied all profeſſours of Learning, did pronounce aloud that he had too much ſpirit, and that they muſt kill him, which had preſently been put in execution, if one of the Miſtreſſes of the Emperour, who knew *Seneca*, and favoured him for his Eloquence, had not perſwaded him, that he was not worth killing, a lean

poor

poor fellow, and one whom death would ſuddenly of it ſelf take away from the world. Howbeit, he lived many years afterwards, and increaſed in knowledge as in age, and as much in Eloquence as in them both, attending a more favourable time to make a manifeſtation of it.

Claudius ſucceeded the Emperour *Caligula*, who was not a man for *Seneca*, and though he was indued with extraordinary qualities for a Courtier, yet the favour of the times did not much ſmile upon them. His clear ſpirit and his brave works made him to be known in the houſe of *Germanicus*, a Prince of the Bloud, who was poyſoned in the flower of his age, and left behind him children of great conſideration, namely, two Princeſſes, who made themſelves diverſly talked of in Rome; the one was *Julia*, the other *Agrippina*, the mother of *Nero*. This *Julia* took an affection to *Seneca*, being much pleaſed with the beauty of his ſpirit, and the grace of his diſcourſe. He daily frequented the houſe of *Germanicus*, being no leſſe in diſcretion then in favour, and wiſely judged that theſe two high-born Princeſſes might one day contribute to the making of his fortunes.

Dion doth diſtinguiſh them in his 9. Book, and Suetonius chap. 29.

But the Court is an uncertain ſea where ſometime a tempeſt doth ariſe when a calm is expected. The favour of *Julia*, in the ſtead of advancing *Seneca*, did ſuppreſſe him, and did almoſt overwhelm him without any hope of riſing again, although in the end it was in effect the cauſe of all his reputation. It came to paſſe that *Meſſalina* the wife to the Emperour *Claudius*, the moſt inſatiable woman in her luſts that Nature ever produced, did conceive an enraged hatred againſt the houſe of *Germanicus*, and eſpecially againſt the Princeſſe *Julia*, becauſe ſhe was highly eſteemed for her rare beauty; and the high ſpirit of *Meſſalina* could not endure that any Lady ſhould be praiſed at Court, for her beauty, but her ſelf. Beſides, ſhe perceived that her husband, whom ſhe abſolutely governed, did make very much of that young Princeſſe, ſhe therefore cauſed her to be falſly accuſed for proſtituting her honour, and procured her to be baniſhed the Court. An inquiry was made after thoſe who did frequent her houſe: *Seneca* was named amongſt the foremoſt, and by calumny invelopped in the ſame accuſation, whether it was ſuſpected that he had treated of love with her, or whether it was thought that he was an accomplice in her exceſſes, and had flattered her in her paſſion without giving her advice.

Calumny againſt Julia and Seneca.

It is true that our *Seneca* was then in the flower of his age, and was none of thoſe ſullen and ſtern Stoicks that had put the world into a fright: He had a gentle ſpirit, diſcreet, and agreeable to women, but he was too adviſed to let his paſſions flie ſo high as to commit any looſe act in the houſe of the *Ceſars*. *Dion* his greateſt enemy doth juſtifie him in this buſineſſe, and doth confeſſe that all this accuſation was moſt unjuſtly grounded, and that *Meſſalina* was ſo depraved and ſo corrupted with the inordinateneſſe of filthy luſts that no credit was to be given to her.

Nevertheleſſe, ſhe ceaſed not to bear down the innocent with the weight of her power; ſhe condemned the Princeſſe to baniſhment, and afterwards to death, as *Dion* and *Suetonius* do affirm: It did much afflict her that *Seneca* was alive, who by divers ſentences in the Senate was allotted to death: but the good Emperour *Claudius* was moſt unwilling to extinguiſh in that Spirit, the Glory of Eloquence, and of the Empire, deſired his life of the Senate, and was contented that he ſhould be baniſhed into the Iſle of Corſica, where at the beginning he was touched with a melancholy amazement to find himſelf ſeparated from the pleaſures of the Court to live amongſt the rocks, and people as ungentle as the rocks; but he imployed all his Philoſophy to comfort himſelf, and to temper the eagerneſſe of his fortune with the tranquility of his mind.

Here his ſpirit being delivered from the noiſe and the tumults of Rome, and the ſervitudes of the Court, did altogether reflect upon it ſelf, and found there thoſe Lights and thoſe Treaſures which before lay undiſcovered to him. Tribulation is to men as a ſpurre to incite them to the production of brave works and of generous actions; and this appeared in *Seneca*, who in this place of baniſhment did write moſt excellent Treatiſes, neither did his converſation with thoſe rude inhabitants alter the graces or the beauty of his language. He treated there with the Intelligences, and dived into the Contemplation of the World: He took off the vail from Nature that ſhe might the better be ſeen in her majeſty. Howſoever in that ſolitary place he had ſometimes his hours of affection, beholding himſelf ſevered from his mother whom he tenderly loved, and whom, in that affliction, he comforted with a letter which might paſs for a good book. He paſſionately deſired the company of his brothers and ſome perſonages of Honour who loved him with as much ſincerity as profeſſion.

Seneca baniſhed to Corſica where he compoſed excellent works.

There was ſome that think it ſtrange in *Seneca* that he ſhould deſire and endeavour his return, and that in his conſolatory letter to *Polybius* he did write the praiſes of the Emperour *Claudius* who did baniſh him. But have not they ſomthing to do who exact more perfection in *Seneca*, a man at that time of the world, then is required in a Prophet: where is the bird that doth not ſometimes beat his bill againſt the cage to find out the door to his liberty? *Jeremy* was exceeding patient, and yet he humbly beſought K. *Zedekiah* to draw him out of priſon where he had ſuffered much, and much feared that he ſhould be committed again unto it. Doth not S. *Paul* ſay that liberty is better then ſlavery, & that one is to be ſupported by neceſſity, and the other to be procured by reaſon. What fault hath *Seneca* done, that in his exile he wrote unto *Polybius* (a great favourite) a letter conſolatory on the death of his brother, and inſerted in it a few good words to appeaſe the Emperour. Should he have ſpared a period or two to deliver himſelf from a baniſhment where he had continued for the ſpace of eight years? I ſhould no way approve him for beſtowing flatteries on a wicked man, which ſhould be an act unworthy of a Philoſopher; for a generous ſpirit had better to endure the extremity of evil then praiſe a tyrant, and give applauſes to his perſon. You may obſerve how carefull he is in that Tract to give not ſo much as one Complement to *Meſſalina*, who was a very bad woman, although ſhe had the command of all; he onely praiſed an Emperour who in that time wherein he wrote his Conſolation to *Polybius*, was in good reputation, and made the face of the Empire look farre otherwiſe then it did in the Reign of *Caligula* his predeceſſour. He is ſo diſcreet, that all the praiſes he doth give him are no more then wiſhes.

Seneca did well to deſire and procure his liberty.

"Let the Powers of Heaven preſerve him long on "earth; Let him ſurmount the years and the acts of "*Auguſtus*; and as long as he ſhall be mortall, let "there not any die in his houſe. Let him give us a "long ſonne to be Maſter of the Roman Empire, ha-"ving approved him by his long fidelity; And let "him have him rather for his Colleague then for his "Succeſſour. (Afterwards he addreſſeth himſelf to "Fortune, & ſpeaketh unto her,) Take heed, O Fortune "how thou makeſt thy approaches to him. Let not "thy power be ſeen in his perſon but by thy bounties. "Let him redreſſe the calamities of mankind, and re-"eſtabliſh all that which the fury of his Predeceſſour "hath ruined and made deſolate. Let that fair Starre "which is riſen when the world was falling into the

The excellent Complement of Seneca.

" Abyſmes, continue alwayes to illuminate the Uni-
" verſe. Let him pacifie Germany, and let him open
" England. Let him gain and ſurmount the Tri-
" umphs of his Father. His Clemency, which is the
" firſt of his Virtues, doth promiſe that I ſhall not be
" a Spectatour onely, and that he hath not caſt me
" down, to raiſe me up no more. But why ſay I,
" caſt down? he hath upheld me from the hour that
" I fell into my misfortune; when they would have
" thrown me headlong down, he interpoſed; and by
" the moderation of his divine hands he laid me
" gently on the earth. He hath entreated the Senate
" for me, and not content himſelf to give me life, he
" hath deſired it of others that I might enjoy the
" Grant with more aſſurance. Let him deal with
" me as he pleaſeth, I aſſure my ſelf that his Juſtice
" will find my cauſe to be good, or his Clemency
" will make it ſo. It is all one to me whether I am
" judged not guilty by his Equity, or whether I am
" made innocent by his Bounty. In the mean time,
" I rejoyce in my miſeries with a ſenſible conſolation
" to ſee the courſe of his Mercy which goes through
" the Univerſe, and which every day doth call forth the
" Baniſhed from this little corner of the earth in which
" I am buried alive. I have that hope that his Mercy
" will not come to me, to go beyond me, and to leave
" me to die in this place. He knoweth the time in
" which he will relieve thoſe whom he pleaſeth, and
" I muſt leave that to his Diſpenſation; onely I ſhall
" endeavour not to render my ſelf unworthy of his
" Benefits, and I will provide in ſome ſort that his
" Goodneſſe ſhall not bluſh to have made its ap-
" proaches to me. How happy, O *Ceſar*, is your
" Clemency! under whom the Baniſhed do live
" more contented, then Kings did heretofore under
" your Predeceſſour.

Behold here the fineſt Complement that ever proceeded from the mouth of man, and he who well obſerves it, will find nothing of ſordid flattery in it. And that the Reign of *Claudius*, compared to that of *Caligula*, doth go ſo farre beyond it, as ſilver ſurpaſſeth lead. Yet for all thoſe fair words, *Claudius* did nothing for him as long as *Meſſalina* did manage the heighth of the Affairs, and till after his *Polybius*, who ſuffered himſelf to ſink into that infamy, as to be numbred in the Liſt of the Adulterers with the Empereſſe, was diſgraced, and condemned to death: not long after which this proſtituted Woman having wearied both heaven and earth with her filthineſſe, did inceniſe her husbands Patience into a Rage, who cauſed her to paſſe under the edge of the ſword.

The revolution at Court, and the return of the baniſhed.

Agrippina, widow to *Domitius* the father of *Nero*, returned then to the Court, having abſented her ſelf long from it by reaſon of the misfortune of her ſiſter *Julia*; ſhe knew ſo well to cajole the Emperour, that he eſpouſed her as I have mentioned before. The firſt action ſhe did, and for which ſhe was praiſed by all the world, was her revoking of *Seneca* to Rome from the Iſle of Corſica: immediately afterwards, ſhe committed the charge of her ſon *Nero* into his hands, who was then eleven years of age, and finding him to be a man of a choice ſpirit, ſhe took a reſolution to make one day uſe of his ſervice in the management of the affairs of State.

Seneca returns into high repute.

To ſpeak ſincerely of the manners of *Seneca*, he had a great and a gallant ſoul, and diſpoſitions to a high virtue; he was neither guileſull, nor wilfull, nor malicious, nor cruel, nor voluptuous, and I do ſtrongly believe, that of a Gentleman he was the beſt man of that Age. Alſo *Cornelius Tacitus*, who conceaſeth no evil that he knows, and oftentimes doth divine on that of the which he is not throughly informed, doth never ſpeak of *Seneca* but with honour, as a wiſe and ſober man, and moderate in his paſſions. And Saint *Hierome* himſelf doth witneſſe, that he was a moſt continent perſon, which may ſuffice to diſabuſe thoſe who ſuffer themſelves to be amazed with the Rapſodies of *Dion*.

The manners of Seneca.

Without all doubt he had ſomething in his ſoul as religious as it was great, which did not contentent it ſelf with words but did proceed to actions; And this did eaſily appear in his youth, for when ſo many gentlemen of Rome did reſort to the Univerſities of the Philoſophers, ſome for the wantonneſſe of ſporr, others to ſee faſhions, others to carry away ſome fine ſentence in their Table-book, and by that means to get ſome eſteem in converſation, *Seneca* addreſſed himſelf unto them to learn and to practiſe virtue. When he intended to ſpeak of Riches, of Solitude, of Chaſtity, of Sobriety, he found his heart inflamed, and he would have lived altogether a retired life, if the great qualities wherewith God had indued him had not imbarked him in the Affairs of the Court.

It is a wonder that amongſt ſo great a confluence at the Court, he alwayes obſerved that auſtere life which he practiſed in his infancy. He did never eat of any delicacies which do ſerve onely to flatter the appetite, and did content himſelf with the moſt ſimple viands. He never drank any wine, he uſed altogether cold baths, he did not care for perfumes, he oftentimes would lie on the ground upon a poor matteras, where no print of his body was to be ſeen, ſo hard it was. He alſo ſometimes did abſtain from food, and he found it good for him, and all his life time he had practiſed it, if his father had not expreſly commanded him to the contrary, becauſe in the Reign of *Tyberius* Epiſt. 108. there was a ſect of ſtrangers condemned at Rome who made a profeſſion of certain Abſtinences. Some are of opinion that he did ſpeak of Chriſtians, but they were neither known nor perſecuted under the Emperour *Tyberius*. For the reſt, all his Train were carried in one caroach which oftentimes was out of order; and inſtead of lovely Pages and Minions, he was ſerved by men onely, and ſmall was the retinue that attended on him.

He received all things that were given him with facility, and complained not of any thing: He took no offence at the reports and ſlanders of men, and pardoned many other inconveniencies, he had an honeſt heart and full of love to thoſe to whom he profeſſed love; he was tender of compaſſion on the behalf of the poor, and a hater of covetouſneſſe. After he had ſatisfied the Affairs of the Empire, he took no pleaſures at all but in Contemplation and Study, Books being unro him as neceſſary as his bread. His table was moderate, his diſcourſe affable, his life innocent, and his converſation moſt attractive. Amongſt other things, he would be angry with himſelf for not having profeſſed Virtue openly enough, and for reflecting his thoughts on the conſiderations of the world: and in modeſty he would ſay, that he aſpired alwayes to the heighth of Virtue, and nevertheleſſe he ſtill found himſelf to be in the centre of Vices. Thoſe who condemne him without knowing what he was, would think that they themſelves did great penance if they ſhould live after the manner of *Seneca*. He was with *Nero* five or ſix years before he was made Emperour, and formed his Infancy with excellent Inſtructions: in the mean time *Agrippina* did the fatall act, as I have ſpoken, and poiſoned *Claudius* her husband to devolve the Empire on her ſon, who was elected by the generall conſent of all the States.

It is too true that *Seneca* found himſelf overcharged with joy at ſo great a change, and at that time a little

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forgat the ſeverity of a Philoſopher, when he compoſed a railing Book on the death of *Claudius* which he called *Apocolocynthoſis*; as if he ſhould have ſaid, Divinity acquired by the means of a Drug, alluding to that he was numbred in the catalogue of the Gods, being preferred to heaven by poyſon. Some believe that he compoſed that Book as well to revenge himſelf for the death of his dear Benefactour *Julia*, and for the affliction of his long baniſhment, as to tejoyce his Scholar *Nero* who took great pleaſure in it. But in my opinion, it is unworthy the gravity of ſo great a perſonage; and I know not to what purpoſe it is to revile the Aſhes of the Dead, although it is not forbidden to write a true Hiſtory to leave a horrour to poſterity in recording the lives of the wicked. This, howſoever, may ſerve for inſtruction not to play with waſps or incenſe thoſe who have the pen in their hand, and can eternally proſcribe their Adverſaries.

Seneca made a Libel againſt Claudius.

After this ſport he was imployed upon the Earneſt, and *Agrippina*, mother of the young Emperour, deſiring to confirm her ſelf in the Monarchy, and to govern by her ſon, did ſupply him with two creatures, men of great capacity and fidelity, *Burrus* for Arms, and *Seneca* for Laws. The firſt was ſevere in his converſation, the other was of a mild and pleaſing diſpoſition. They both agreed even to their deaths in the government of the Affairs of State. Then it was that *Seneca* did enter into thoſe great imployments, and exerciſed that high wiſdome which he had acquired for the Government of the Empire. He began with his Prince, who was the firſt and the moſt amiable object of all his troubles; and although at the firſt he did expreſſe himſelf very tractable and agreeable to all the world, yet *Seneca* perceived in his infancy the marks of a cruel and bloudy nature; and told to his intimate friends that he nouriſhed a young lion whom he endeavoured to make tractable, but if he ſhould taſte once of the bloud of men, he would return to his firſt nature. And this was the occaſion that at that time he did write for him the two Divine Books of Clemency, where, with variety of remarkable proofs he doth eſtabliſh, the Excellency, the Beauty, and the Profit of candor of Spirit, and the advantage which redounds unto a Prince to govern his Subjects with Bounty and Love. On the contrary, he remonſtrates the horrour and diſaſtres of Tyrants who would prevail by Cruelty in the management of their Eſtates. All his endeavour tended that way, wiſely foreſeeing that *Nero* would fall into extreme Cruelties, and for that cauſe he did willingly give way that he ſhould delight himſelf in Comedies, in Muſick and ſuch Exerciſes of ſoftneſſe, hoping that in ſome manner it would make more civil his ſavage nature. He alſo compoſed for him many eloquent Orations, which the young Emperour would pronounce with great grace to the generall admiration both of the Senate and the people.

He is made Miniſter of State.

His judgement on Nero.

He made alſo many excellent Ordinances, ſome whereof, by the report of *Dion*, were engraved upon a pillar of ſilver, and were read every year at the renewing of the Senate. He hated all the inventions, the deceits, and tricks of State as a trade of iniquity, and did ground himſelf on the eternall principles of Juſtice, by which he kept the Empire in a profound peace, in great abundance, and a ſure felicity. So that in a manner *Frontine* makes a true narration, he ſaith that *Seneca* had ſo redreſſed all abuſes, that it ſeems he had brought goodneſſe into the Empire, and called the Gods from heaven to be converſant again with men. In which he made uſe of the Philoſophy of the Stoicks, not that which is ſo rigid and ſo ſullen, but that which he had tryed and ſeaſoned for that deſigne to give to the world a taſte thereof. His opinions for the moſt part are Rationall, Sacred, and Divine.

He put his State in good order.

The Maximes of Seneca.

If he ſpeaks of God it is in the ſame ſenſe as the Saviour of the world did diſcover to the Samaritan. He profeſſeth openly that God is a Spirit, and that the difference betwixt God and us is, that the better part of us is Spirit; but that God is all Spirit, moſt Pure, Eternall, Infinite, the Creatour of the great works of Nature which we behold with our eyes.

Of God.

If he ſpeaketh of true Worſhip and the moſt ſincere Religion which we ought to imploy to honour and adore the ſovereign King of the Univerſe; he doth ſufficiently declare, that the worſhip of God ought to be in Spirit and in Truth, as our Saviour hath preſcribed. When you figure God (ſaith he) repreſent a great Spirit, but peaceable, and reverend by the ſweetneſſe of his Majeſty; a friend to men, and who is alwayes preſent with them, who is not pleaſed with bloudy Sacrifices, for what delight can he take in the butchery of ſo many innocent creatures. The true Sacrifice of the great God, is a pure Spirit, an upright underſtanding of him, and a good Conſcience. We ought not to heap ſtones upon ſtones to raiſe a Temple to him, for what need hath he of it: the moſt agreeable Temple that we can build for God, is to conſecrate him in our hearts. *Lactantius* hath ſo much eſteemed of this paſſage, that in the ſixth Book of his Inſtitutions he doth oppoſe it to the Gentiles as a buckler of our Chriſtianity.

Of Religion

Lactan. div. Inſtit. lib. 6. cap. 25.

If there be a queſtion about the Preſence of God, which above all things the maſters of ſpirituall life do commend in their Inſtructions, he ſaith, That it is to no purpoſe to conceal ones ſelf from man, and that there is nothing hid from God who is preſent in our hearts and in our moſt ſecret thoughts.

Of the divine preſence Epiſt. 83.

If we reſt in the Contemplation of the Divine Providence, which is the foundation of our life, he believeth a Providence which reacheth over all. And in a Tract which he hath compoſed, he pertinently doth anſwer thoſe who are amazed, why Evil arriveth to good people, ſince ſo great and ſo good a God hath a care of their wayes. He ſaith, That it is the chaſtiſement of a Father, an exerciſe of Virtue, and that what we take to be a great Evil is oftentimes the occaſion of a great Good; that ſuch is the courſe and order of the world according to the Divine diſpenſation, to which we ought to ſubmit our ſelves.

Of Providence.

If we conſider the Immortality of the Soul, which is the foundation of our Faith and of all virtuous actions, it is certain that he had a good opinion of it, and profeſſeth in his 102. Epiſtle, That he delighteth not onely according to Reaſon to ſearch after the Eternity of the Soul, but to believe it; and he complaineth that a letter received from a friend did interrupt him in that Contemplation, which ſeemed to him ſo palpable, that it was rather to him an agreeable Viſion that he had in a Dream then any Diſcourſe in Philoſophy. And in the end of the Epiſtle he ſpeaketh of wonders, of the originall of the Soul, and the return of it to God. And in the Preface of the firſt Book of Naturall Queſtions, which he did write ſome few years before his death (which makes the truth more remarkable) he ſpeaketh clearly, that the Soul returneth to heaven, if it be well purified from its commerce with earth; that heaven is its true Countrey and Element; and that it is a great proof of its Divinity that it delighteth to hear of heavenly things as being the affairs proper to it ſelf.

Of the Immortality of the Soul.

Juvat de æternitate animarum quærere, imò credere, Epiſt. 102.

We muſt take care not here to judge and condemn *Seneca* on a doubtfull word, as when in his Conſolation to *Martia* he ſaith, That all end by Death, and by Death it ſelf. He onely there toucheth of Goods

and Evils, of Honours, Riches, Pleasures, Troubles, and the Cares of this present life. It is most clear, that there is nothing in that Sentence which derogates from the Immortality of the Soul, because he concludes that Treatise with the joyes which a happy Soul receiveth in the other life. And it is not from our purpose to consider, that *Seneca* sometimes in disputing speaketh by supposition, according to the Idæa of others and not according to his own. We cannot know better the opinion of an Authour then by his Actions and his Practise; and we observe that *Seneca* hath not onely professed the Immortality of the Soul by words, but believeth the effect in secret; for he reverenced the Souls of great Personages, and did believe them to be in heaven, which he testified before he received the Christian Faith, when being in a countrey-house of *Scipio* of *Africa*, he rendred divine honours to his Spirit, prostrating himself at the Altar of his Sepulchre, and perswading himself (he said) that his Soul was in heaven, not because that he was Generall of the Army, but because he lived an honest man, and having infinitely obliged his ingratefull countrey, he retired himself in a voluntary solitude to his own house to give no fears and jealousies of his greatnesse.

Epist. 86.

His opinion of the sovereign good.

If we demand where he placed the sovereign good and the end of Man, we shall find that he established the felicity of this present life to live according to Reason; and that of the life to come in the re-union of the Soul with its first beginning which is God. From this foundation he hath drawn a rule and propositions which he hath dispersed over all his Books, and these are to despise all the goods of the world, Honours, Empires, Riches, Reputation, Pleasures, gorgeous Habiliments, stately Buildings great Possessions, Gold, Silver, precious Stones Feasts, Theatres, Playes, and to take all things as accessory, and to regard them no more then the moveables of an Inne where we are not but as passengers. And above all things, to esteem of virtue, of the mortification of loose desires, of contemplation of eternall virtues, of Justice, Prudence, Fortitude, Temperance; of Liberality, Benignity; of Friendship; of Constancy in a good course of life; of Patience in Tribulation; of Courage to support injuries; of Sickness, Banishment, Chains, Reproaches; of Punishments, and of Death it self.

We may affirm that never any man spoke more worthily then he of all these subjects. Never Conquerour did subdue Nations with more honour, then this great Spirit with a magnificent glory at his feet hath levelled and spurned down all the Kingdomes of Fortune. All that he speaketh is vigorous, ardent, lively. His heart when he did write did inflame his style to inflame the hearts of all the world. His words followed his thoughts. He did speak in true Philosophy but as a king, and not as a slave to words and periods. His brevity is not without clearnesse. His strength hath beauty, his beauty hath no affectation: he is polished, smooth, full, and entire; never languishing, impetuous without confusion; his discourse is diffused, yet nothing unmasculine; invincible in his reasoning, and agreeable in all things. Howsoever, we ought not to conclude by his Books that he was a Christian, because he wrote them all before he had any knowledge of Christianity, and therefore it is not to be wondred at, if sometimes he hath Sentences which are not conformable unto our Religion.

The answer to the calumniatours of Seneca.

Some one will object that he is admirable in his Writings, but his Works carry no correspondency with his Pen. This indeed is the abuse of some spirits grounded on the calumnies of *Dion* and *Suillius*, which those men may easily see confuted, who without passion will open their eyes unto the truth. He reproacheth him for his great Riches, in lands, in gold and silver, and sumptuous moveables, and layeth to his charge that he had five hundred beds of cedar with feet of ivory. It seems that this slanderer was steward of *Seneca*'s house, so curious he was in decyphering his estate. But all this is but a mere invention, for how is it possible that he who according to *Cornelius Tacitus* did not live but onely on fruit, and bread, and water, and who never had any but his wife to eat with him, or two or three friends at most, should have five hundred beds of cedar and ivory to serve him at his feasts. It is true that he had goods enough, but nothing unjustly gotten; they were the gifts and largesses of the Emperour. And because he had sometimes written that Goods were forbidden to Philosophers, he therefore was content to hold them in servitude and not to be commanded by them. He was overcome by *Nero* to carry some splendour in his house, as being the chiefest of the Estate, and it was put upon him as a sumptuous habit upon some statue. We cannot find that he had ever any children but his Books, or that he made it his study to enrich his Nephews or his Nieces, or to raise a subsistence for his house from the charges, greatnesse, and riches of the Empire. He had the smallest train and pomp that possibly could be, and when he had the licence to be at liberty from the Court, he lived in an admirable simplicity; and which is more, he besought *Nero* with much importunity to discharge him from the unprofitable burden of his riches, and to put severall stewards into his houses to receive his revenues: but he made answer to him that he did a wrong unto himself to demand that discharge, for he had nothing too much, and that he had in Rome many slaves enfranchized who were farre more rich then *Seneca*.

Yet for all this Reproach is proved to be unjust, *Dion* proceeds further in his slander, and alledgeth, *That he indeared Queens and Princes to him, for he wrote their Papers, and professed himself a friend to the richest Favourites.* What is this, but to reproach a Courtier with his Trade, his Discretion, his Civility, his Affability which this great personage made very worthily to comply with his Philosophy. *He married an illustrious Lady and of invaluable wealth.* What! should he being in that high dignity to please *Suillus*, become suitor to some chamber-maid, or for mortifications sake, court some countrey girle? ought he to bring such a reproach after him to the Court of the Prince, what sinne hath he committed to espouse the most honest Lady in Rome called *Paulina*, and to have lived with her in the condition of a good husband, and in a perfect intelligence. *But he made love to the mother of the Emperour.* This slander never came into the thought neither of *Tacitus*, nor *Suetonius*, nor any other Historian who was a man of judgement. It was onely the invention of an Impostor infected with poyson that dreamed of any such thing. *Agrippina* had other manner of gallants and servants then *Seneca* in her Court: she sought not after bodies made thin with abstinence, and manners quite removed from such commerce. In a Court so clear-sighted there could never be discovered any familiarities which might give the least impression of such a thought, and which would have removed both the one and the other; no, *Seneca* did rather encline too much unto severity then to give any allurements to *Agrippina*.

His falling off from Agrippina.

The Glosser yet goes further and saith, *That he was ungratefull to her.* What ingratitude? he alwayes endeavoured to tie the spirits of the mother to the son in a perfect friendship, and did not cease to redresse all breaches that might give occasion of offence. But

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when he obſerved that *Agrippina* did mount upon the Throne of her ſon, did give audience to the Ambaſſadours of the Nations, did viſit the Armies; and when he heard her vaunt that the Empire came unto him by her means, and that ſhe would take it away from him when ſhe thought good, he could not digeſt it. He preſerved himſelf in that fidelity which he had ſworn unto the Emperour, but he never counſelled him either to remove *Agrippina* or to diſpleaſe her. When *Nero* very warmly called him and *Burrhus* together, and in a great fright told them that his mother had conſpired againſt his life, and that he was but a dead man if he did not prevent it. *Seneca* remained ſo loſt in amazement, that in all his life he was never dumb but at that inſtant. And *Cornelius Tacitus* makes no mention of the leaſt word he did let fall that might witneſſe his conſent to ſo horrible a deed. It is true that he compoſed the Declaration of *Nero* after his mothers death, but it was by a rigorous neceſſity. He found himſelf betwixt two deſperate extremities, either to leave the whole Empire at randome, to forſake the Helm and the Veſſel in the tempeſt, and tender his neck to *Nero*, or to find ſome lenitive to eaſe the calamities ſo full of virulence. Some there are that do thus excuſe him for it, and ſay, It was no marvel that he did deport himſelf in this faſhion, becauſe he was near to Princes, and that thoſe who even make a profeſſion of virtue, do ſtudy their own preſervation, and oftentimes conceal thoſe affairs which they cannot redreſſe.

He is excuſable for making the Declaration

For my own part, I am of judgement, that great men being in a place where they are obliged to ſpeak, if they ſhould wilfully or timerouſly hold their peace, do grievouſly offend God by their ſilence, and that *Seneca* ſhould rather have died then have adhered to *Nero* polluted with his mothers bloud, and execrable to all the world.

He had before demanded leave to be gone from Court, wiſely foreſeeing the tempeſts that follow, but he could not obtain it, nor reſiſt *Nero*, without putting himſelf in danger of his life. You ſee there may be a time when an honeſt man ſhould rather venter his life then give a ſcandall unto Virtue. But his diſſimulation could not help him from being made at laſt a ſacrifice to his moſt cruel Scholar, as we anon ſhall declare unto you.

Why Seneca having ſo many gallant qualities did perform ſo little in the reformation of Manners.

But for the preſent let us demand and examine the cauſe, why *Seneca* with ſo much Power, Authority, Eloquence, Philoſophy, and humane Wiſdome did effect ſo little for the reformation of manners in the Court of *Nero*, and in the City of Rome? It is without all doubt that the wiſdome of Books was too low for ſo high a deſign. We muſt make uſe of the grace of Redemption, and the Bloud, and the Goſpel of Jeſus to redreſſe ſuch lamentable confuſions. Let us then behold S. *Paul*, who at the ſame time did come to plant the Faith in Rome, and talked with *Seneca*, and made him to behold more excellent Light in the purity of his Life and Doctrine.

Serrar. Baran. Cornel.

It is not my intention in this place to write at large the life of S. *Paul*, which is already ſufficiently known, but particularly to touch on thoſe things which he did at Rome when *Seneca* was in the government of the Affairs of the Empire. Nevertheleſſe, it is expedient to make a ſhort recapitulation of the Times and the Voyages of this great Apoſtle, to underſtand the occaſion that did bring him to Rome, and what he there did practiſe for the advancement of the Faith.

S. Paul came to Rome.

S. *Paul* being born in the ſecond or third year of our Saviour, was miraculouſly converted to the Chriſtian Religion in the three and thirtieth year of his age. By his Extraction, he was a Jew born in the city of Tarſus, in the Province of Cilicia, where was a flouriſhing Univerſity, from which came *Antipater*, *Archidemus*, *Artemidorus*, *Diogenes*, and *Diodorus*. But S. *Paul*, although he took his birth in the air of the Philoſophers, and had ſome tincture of their Principles, did not amuſe himſelf on the Philoſophy of the Gentiles, but retiring to Jeruſalem he ſtudied at the feet of *Gamaliel* a great Doctour of the Moſaick Law. The zeal which he had for his Religion made him furiouſly to perſecute Chriſtianity from his birth unto the time that he was ſubdued by the Spirit of God; and of a ravening wolf was made a lamb of the Fold. *Saul* fell (ſaith S. *Auguſtine*) and *Paul* did riſe, the Interpretation of which name according to *Heſychius* is admirable, to ſhew unto us, that all things are marvellous in him, even his name it ſelf.

S. Paul falſly accuſed.

After his Converſion, he preached in Arabia and in Damaſcus for the ſpace of three years, and did powerfully convince the Jews on the verities of our Faith, who to divert the courſe of his Miniſtery in the imbroilments which then were raiſed between the King of the Arabians and the Romans, did accuſe him for having moved in the favour of Rome againſt the Arabians and their King *Aretas*, who at that time held the city of Damaſcus, and had placed in it a Governour of his own faction. This Barbarian made an exact inquiſition, and would have apprehended S. *Paul* who was then in the ſame city. But his brethren the Chriſtians were very carefull to deliver the Innocent from the hands of the guilty; and ſhewing themſelves neither ſlothful nor fearful in a buſines of that difficulty, (although he who had in his hands the Government of the City did threaten to deſtroy them if they delivered not *Paul* unto him) they cauſed him to eſcape out of a window, and to come down all along the Ramparts thereof in a panier which had a cord faſtned to it.

Baron. Chriſti. Anno 39 Cornel. in 2. apud Corin. cap. 11.

His converſation with S. Peter.

From thence he tranſported himſelf to Jeruſalem, where he ſaw S. *Peter*, and continued with him fifteen dayes in one lodging, not without joyes and raviſhments that cannot be expreſſed. We ought to content our ſelves with that which the Doctour of the Nations ſaith in his Epiſtle to to the Galathians, where he aſſureth us, That he did hiſtorize the Prince of the Apoſtles: that is to ſay, He did contemplate on him as an Hiſtorian doth on a Prince whoſe Hiſtory he hath a deſign to write. He regarded not (ſaith S. *Hierome*) whether he were fat or lean, or whether he were bald or had a Roman noſe, he onely dived into his ſpirit and his heart, and there he diſcovered all the treaſures of wiſdome.

Gal. I. 18. ἱστορῆσαι πέτρον.

After this moſt pleaſing Colloquie he retired himſelf into the city of Ceſarea, from whence he paſſed to Cilicia the place of his nativity, which he made fruitfull with his Inſtructions for the ſpace of four years. From thence S. *Barnabas* did leade him into Antioch, a famous city, where were a great number of Chriſtians, who in that place were firſt called by that moſt glorious Name, and which hath ever ſince continued with all thoſe who have made Profeſſion of our Faith.

He preacheth the Goſpel.

Having there ſojourned one year, he was deputed with S. *Barnabas* to carry the Charity of the Faithfull in Antioch unto Jeruſalem, which office he moſt worthily diſcharged, and they both taking *John* and *Mark* into their company, did travell into divers cities of Greece, and gave the Light of the Goſpel unto the Nations, which is at large deſcribed in the Acts of the Apoſtles, which ſeems almoſt to be onely written for S. *Paul* his ſake.

On the end of this long Voyage he came unto Jeruſalem at the firſt Councel held by the Apoſtles for the aboliſhing of Circumciſion, and other Jewiſh Ceremonies, to which certain Jews would oblige the

Gentiles who were converted to the Faith, which Saint *Paul* could not endure, and what in him lay, did endeavour to chase away the shadows of the Old Law to make place for the Light of the Gospel; which was the reason that the Jews stirred up great Persecutions against him, and caused him to be apprehended in the fourth journey he made unto Jerusalem, and were resolved there to put him to death.

A great persecution against him.

As he entred privately into the Temple with *Trophimus* his Disciple, to discharge himself of some legall Ceremonies, the Jews that were come from Asia did descry him, who could not be ignorant of his conversation with the Gentiles, and began to cry aloud against him, saying, That he was an enemy of the Temple and the Law, which he endeavoured to destroy both by words and deeds, and that it was not fitting he should live. On this cry, a mutiny of enraged people did advance their fury, who did throw themselves upon S. *Paul* to stone him, and to tear him in pieces. The noise was brought to the Roman garrison in Jerusalem, and the news thereof came to Colonel *Lysias*, informing that all the City was in a confusion. He presently marched thither with the most resolute of the Souldiery, and plucked the Innocent from their hands to hear his Defence at their leisure. But these insolent Jews ceased not to follow him to the *Corps de Guarde*, where he was so invironed with them that he was carried by force on the Arms of the Souldiers into a place of safety.

When he saw himself within the power of the Romans he demanded of the Collonel the permission to speak to appease the people, which being obtained, he began to make an Oration to them in Hebrew, to inform them of his life and condition, and of the zeal which he had to the Religion of the Jews, and of his miraculous Conversion from it, as also of his Orders which he received from God to preach the Faith unto the Gentiles. When they heard these words, they believed what was told them of him, and they did deal with him as a friend of the Heathen, and an enemy of their Law. They began to lay down their garments to stone him, and to throw dust in the air, and to make a horrible tumult, whereupon Colonel *Lysias* who understood not the Hebrew tongue was amazed, and conceived S. *Paul* had been some felon, and guilty of some hainous crime. He took him to be the Egyptian who a little before had raised a great Sedition, and had drawn after him four thousand men into the wilderness; and to give consent to the wild multitude, he did command that he should be scourged.

S. Paul condemned to the whip, did divert that punishment.

They proceeded to the execution of this Injustice, and now S. *Paul* was bound by the hands of the executioners, who prepared themselves to put him into bloud, when he advised with himself to acquaint the officer who was to begin the punishment that he was a Citizen of Rome, in regard that those of the city of Tarsus did enjoy the priviledge of being Burgesses of the principall City of the world. The officer made haste unto the Tribune, and informed him with the quality of the prisoner, advertising him, that if they proceeded further on him they might be questioned for it. This was the occasion that the punishment was forborn, and the Tribune (to understand what he could plead for himself, being unwilling to trust unto the people) did assemble the Priests and Scribes with the chief of the Jews to hear his Apology.

His Addres

S. *Paul* did here use great discretion, and observing that the Assembly were composed of Sadduces and Pharisees who were counterpointed in the question of the Resurrection, he did cast them on it, and publickly acknowledging the Resurrection, he cryed out, that the Dead should rise again, and held it as an inviolable Article of his Faith. On this, the Doctours of the Law did enter into a hot dispute, and there was a great debate amongst them without making any examination at all concerning the fact of the prisoner. *Lysias* did very well perceive that all the contention was concerning some questions of the Jewish Law, and knowing that *Felix* Governour of Judea was then at Cesarea, he resolved to send *Paul* to him with a strong and a safe guard, because there were fourty Jews so obstinate, that they had made a vow neither to eat nor drink untill they had massacred S. *Paul*.

He is committed into the hands of Felix the President.

Felix, who was a man of a delicate ambition and jealous of his Authority, was well satisfied with what the Tribune had done, and did resolve to examine the Processe himself. The Saint was presented before one of the most corrupt Judges under heaven; he was brother to *Pallas* (a servant infranchized) who in the Reign of *Claudius* was the God of the times: and *Felix* (as *Cornelius Tacitus* doth affirm) being covered with the great power and favour of his brother, did usurp the Authority of a King, which he managed with a servile spirit, making Cruelty and Lasciviousnesse to reign with equal power in his Government. He was the husband, or rather the adulterer of three Queens, and she who then possessed him was called *Drusilla*, who was the daughter of that *Agrippa* who was in chains by *Tiberius*, of whom I have made mention in the Tome of the *Maximi*, and descended from the bloud of *Mariamna*. She was married to one named *Azizus* King of the Emmessæans, but because that Royalty was of no great extent, she preferred the President above the King, so that *Felix* courting her for her rare beauty, she did willingly forsake her husband to espouse the brother to the great Favourite *Pallas*, who lived then under a most high consideration. She conversed with him according to the Law of the Jews, and was almost as nice in the curiosity of Religions as of her beauties, which was the reason that (the more to gratifie her) *Felix* did cause S. *Paul* to be brought before him.

S. Paul before the Tribunall of Felix.

He was brought in chains before the President, and the Prince of the Priests failed not to make his appearance at Cesarea, with the Antients of the Jewish Nation, who brought with them an Advocate, named *Tertullus*, to plead against S. *Paul*, which he performed coldly enough. But the great Champion of Jesus Christ did defend himself with so great a vivacity of spirit, that the Judge did clearly discover that he was not guilty of any fault, which was the occasion that he used him with the more humanity, and told him, that at leisure he would decide that businesse himself; in the mean time he permitted him to live at more liberty, not hindering any to come unto him and administer things necessary for his life; yet for all this he was still under a guard of Souldiers.

Drusilla comes to hear him.

Not long after *Felix* called for him, and his wife *Drusilla* (who was the cause of his more gentle usage) did speak unto him in the presence of her husband, and desired to hear him on his discourses of Faith, which gave a fair occasion to our Apostle to speak, who driving on his Discourse with vigour, did so enlarge himself on the subject of Justice, of Chastity, and of universall Judgement, that *Felix* was much afraid, and interrupted his Discourse, fearing that he should leave some Scruples on the conscience of his wife concerning their marriage. It is easie to conjecture that this poor Princesse was much shaken at it, although the chains of Love and of Ambition did so link her to the world that we do not reade that she was absolutely converted to the Faith and number of the Christians. *Felix* stopping his ears to Judgement, did open his eyes to money, and having learned that S. *Paul* had brought great

great ſums of Charity unto Jeruſalem, he oftentimes ſpoke with him, and ſeemed to make much of him, hoping to gain ſomething from him, but when he perceived that there was nothing to be had, and that the time of his Commiſſion was expired, he left Saint *Paul* to the diſcretion of *Feſtus* his ſucceſſour, deſiring in that to gratifie the Jews, and to divert the accuſation which they intended at Rome againſt him.

Feſtus renews the Proceſſe: S. Paul appealeth to Rome.

Feſtus being arrived at Jeruſalem was invironed by the chief of the Jews, who with importunity did demand that *Paul* might be ſent to Rome to be judged there, having a deſign to kill him by the way. But the Preſident did deny them, and did command them to come to Ceſarea, where he would continue in the expectation of them. Thither they did tranſport themſelves violently to follow their Accuſations, which were all effectually anſwered, and confuted by S. *Paul*, who did demonſtrate that he had offended neither their Law, nor the Temple, nor Ceſar. *Feſtus* to content the importunity of the Jews, did demand of him if he would go to Jeruſalem to decide the controverſie there, but he refuſed the Juriſdiction of thoſe perverſe people, and ſaid, That he ſtood at the Tribunall of Ceſar, and would have no other Judge, and that he appealed to the Emperour. The Judge had ſome debate thereupon, and it was reſolved that he ſhould be ſent to Rome.

The young Agrippa King of Judea, with his ſiſter Bernice aſſiſt at the judgement of Paul.

In the mean time the young King *Agrippa* the ſon of that *Agrippa* before ſpecified, came to Ceſarea with his ſiſter *Bernice* to complement the new Governour, who received them with great courteſie, and amongſt other things he made a relation to them of his priſoner, which poſſeſſed them both with a great curioſity to ſee him. *Feſtus* did invite them to the Audience, at which on the next morning they appeared with great pomp. This was a great Theatre which God had prepared for the publiſhing of the Goſpel, where were preſent, a King, a Queen, the Governour of the Romans, the principall of the Nation of the Jews, and an infinit number of people who did attend the ſucceſſe of that action.

S. *Paul* having received commandment to ſpeak, made a long diſcourſe couched in the *Acts of the Apoſtles*, where he rendred a reaſon of his Faith, and ſpake moſt worthily of the Reſurrection of the dead, of his Converſion to Chriſtianity, of the Apparition of Jeſus, of the Publication of the Goſpel, and of the Prophecies that did forego it. He declared himſelf with ſo much ardency, that *Feſtus* the Preſident, who was a Heathen, and found his Pagan conſcience wounded by his truths, was conſtrained to interrupt him, and to tell him, That *much learning had made him mad*; but S. *Paul* replyed to him, *That he ſpoke the words of Truth and Sobriety*; and turning from him to King *Agrippa*, he took him to witneſſe it, as being one who was not ignorant of the Prophets.

Feſtus touched with the words of S. Paul.

This young King was ſo raviſhed at it, that he profeſſed publickly to the Apoſtle, that he had felt him in his heart, and that he had almoſt perſwaded him to be a Chriſtian; whereupon S. *Paul* made a great acclamation of joy, wiſhing him that happineſſe to be like him in all things, his Bonds excepted, not judging that this Prince was yet an object capable of the Croſſe. He was of a ſweet condition, but he had then great obſtacles which hindred him from embracing the ſaving Truth. *Bernice*, who aſſiſted at that Audience, was a moſt lovely Princeſſe, the ſiſter of this *Agrippa* and *Druſilla*, but not ſo happy in the reputation of her Honour as of her Beauty. She was married firſt unto her uncle, and it is affirmed that ſhe was taken with the love of this her brother *Agrippa*, and that moſt paſſionately ſhe did affect him, nevertheleſſe to divert the fame and ſuſpicion of the world, finding her ſelf courted by *Polemon* King of Cilicia, ſhe conſented to eſpouſe him, on that condition that he ſhould be circumcized, to which the Prince was preſently reſolved, being overcome by the temptation of her Beauties and the exceſſe of Love to which ſhe had enflamed him. She remained a certain time with him, but her high and wanton ſpirit did diſtaſte him, and ſhe returned into her own countrey to the Embraces of her brother, who lived with her, and entertained her in his palace without regarding of the ſcandall.

I leave you to judge, my Readers, how the matter was diſpoſed to receive the fire which proceeded from the mouth of S. *Paul*. All that he could do was to imprint in the ſoul of the Prince and Princeſſe a good opinion of the Chriſtian Religion, and a good reſpect for his own perſon; for at the riſing of this Seſſion they told the Preſident, that there was nothing in that man, that deſerved either impriſonment or death, but becauſe he had appealed to Ceſar, it was neceſſary that he ſhould be ſent to Rome.

S. Paul imbarked for Rome.

After this, S. *Paul* was imbarked under the conduct of the Centurion *Julius*, who did uſe him with great humanity, and in the end, after a laborious voyage and ſhipwrack, they arrived at Rome. He made his coming known to the chiefeſt of his Nation, who then reſided in the capitall City of the world, and did inform them of his good Intentions, proteſting to them that he was not come to accuſe his Nation, but having done nothing againſt their Law or their Religion, they had delivered him over to the Infidels, who having found his cauſe good, were ready to clear him, had not the clamours and the oppoſitions of ſome of the Jews obliged him to that voyage; and as concerning the reſt, he was in chains (he ſaid) for the hope of the ſalvation of Iſrael. They made anſwer to him, that they had underſtood nothing of him in particular, but knew very well that the Sect of the Chriſtians which he had imbraced was contrary to all the world, and that they ſhould be glad to underſtand by what Arguments he could pretend to juſtifie them.

He arriveth there, and treateth with the Jews.

To which S. *Paul* conſented, and there were great Diſputations amongſt them concerning the myſteries of our Faith. S. *Luke* doth couclude his Hiſtory on theſe conferences, and ſpeaketh nothing of the Triall of S. *Paul* before the Magiſtrates of Rome; but we may learn it from the Epiſtle which the Apoſtle did write to his Diſciple *Timothy*, and from that which he adreſſed to the Philipians, where he declareth, that on the firſt action of that Triall he was forſaken of all the world, but ſingularly aſſiſted by God; and that the carrying on this affair did much improve it ſelf to the advancement of the Goſpel, his chains being known in Jeſus Chriſt to all the *Prætoriums* in Rome, and to all the world: as alſo, that at laſt he was delivered from the mouth of the lion, by whom he underſtood the Emperour *Nero*.

2 Tim. 4. Phil. 1.

S. Paul undoubtedly known unto Seneca.

From this, and from that which the holy Fathers and Interpreters have delivered, we may collect that Saint *Paul* came to Rome in the third year of the Emperour *Nero*, when as yet he was not depraved, and when *Seneca* was in the heighth of his reputation, and the management of the publick Affairs. We ought not to doubt that what is reported by the Pope S. *Linus*, concerning the knowledge which *Seneca* had with S. *Paul*, is true, ſeeing that great Miniſter of State who had his eye over all, and who was extremely curious to underſtand the diverſity of Sects and Religions, and to be informed of extraordinary Cauſes to make report thereof unto the Emperour, could no wayes be ignorant of ſo famous a thing which was made known in Rome both to the great and ſmall. Beſides, it is very probable that

that *Seneca* assisted at the Triall, and heard the Reasons of S. *Paul*. We may also easily conjecture the Discourse which he made before the Priests and the Senatours of Rome by the Apologies and Defences which he used before *Felix*, *Festus*, King *Agrippa*, *Bernice*, and all the Assembly of the Jews; and by what he spake to the Senate of the city of Athens. He then declared himself to them much after this manner.

S. Pauls Oration to the Senate of Rome.

"I think my self this day happy that God hath "granted me the favour to justifie my self in your pre- "sence on all those Articles with which they of my Na- "tion have accused me, being throughly possessed of the "great sufficiency and the integrity of this Senate to "decide all differences in the Empire. For this, I do "begin to breathe again after my long and heavy voy- "age, and after a thousand troubles, beholding my "self now at the Tribunall of Cesar which I have im- "plored; and I beseech you to attend me with that "Patience and Equity which you never refuse to those "who are oppressed.

"My accusers know very well what hath been my "life from my youth, and how by the pleasure of God "being born at Tarsus a city in Cilicia, which is ho- "noured by the priviledge of Burgesses to this Capital "City of the world, I have followed the Religion of "my Fathers, conversing with a good and an upright "conscience before God and before men, without of- "fending any.

"I do avow, that according to the most perfect Sect "amongst us, I have always conceived assured hopes "of our Immortality, and of the universall Resurre- "ction of men, which is established by the the invio- "lable promise of the living God to whom nothing is "impossible; and that I have been most curious to "observe all the Ceremonies of our Law. The zeal "which did inflame me for it, did make me conceive "that I had reason to persecute the Christians, and ha- "ving received a Commission from the chiefest of the "Priests, I made an exact search to surprize, imprison, "and torment those who made profession of it.

"The fury did so farre transport me, that not con- "tent to prosecute a violent warre against them in Ju- "dea, I passed into strange Cities into which they were "fled to relieve themselves from punishment; it came "to passe, that going to Damascus (a city famous "enough) as I did breathe forth nothing but fire and "threatnings, I saw my self suddenly invironed with "a light so glorious, that it did surpasse the brightest "rayes of the Sun, and from that Splendour there "did proceed the voice of a man, who called me by "my name, and demanded of me wherefore I did per- "secute him. I speak (Sirs) before God and before "you with all sincerity, that I felt my self strongly sur- "prised, and I demanded of him that spake unto me, "who he was? to which he made answer, That he "was called Jesus, and that it was difficult for me to "strike my heels against the sharps of the spurre. And "immediately, as I lay in amazement prostrate on the "ground with those that were with me, he commanded "me to rise, and said unto me, That he would make "choice of me for his people, and for the Nations of the "earth, to give a testimony of him and to draw them "from the power of wicked Spirits to come unto the "Light, that they may obtain remission of sins and the "inheritance of Saints by the means of Faith, which "subsisteth in Jesus Christ.

"Sirs, For this I was not rebellious to the heavenly "Vision, but incontinently I set my self to preach the "Word of God, and to exhort all the world to con- "vert themselves unto him by the works of Peni- "tence. Behold all my fault, having done not any "thing against the Law, the Temple, or against Cesar; "having always counselled all the Subjects that ever "heard me in the Empire, to render unto him perfect "obedience. Nevertheless, certain of the Jews caused "me to be apprehended in the Temple, and excited "the people against me, who had torn me in pieces, if "I had not been succoured by the Armies and the Legi- "ons of the Empire. God hath preserved my life until "this present, to discharge the Ministery and the "Commission that he hath given me, which is, to "deliver to the Nations the news of eternall Sal- "vation.

"Sirs, I do observe you to be great observers of the "Religion of the Gentiles; you have Idols, and Tem- "ples most magnificent, but we ought not to imagine "that God who is a most pure Spirit, the Creatour of "heaven and earth, is inclosed in Temples built by the "hand of men, or that he stands on need of their "works for the accomplishment of his Glory. It is "he that giveth life, breath, wealth, honour, profit, and "all that we can hope for in this world. It is he who "from one man hath derived the vast multitude of the "people, who by a continuall succession do inhabite "the roundnesse of the earth. It is he who giveth "measures unto Times, and bounds unto Empires, and "who inhabiteth a Light unapproachable. It is he "who inspires us all with a generous curiosity to seek "him, and to do our endeavours to find him, and to "touch him with fingers if his condition render him "palpable. But he is not farre from every one of us, "*For in him we live, we move, and have our being*: "and to speak according to your own Poet, *We are of "the generation of God*.

"It is not then permitted to vilifie the Divine na- "ture beneath us, and to make it like unto things in- "sensible: as, to gold, silver, precious stones, and other "materials, elabourate by art, and by the invention of "men. And certainly, God from on high hath with "compassion beheld this ignorance of men, and hath "given them his Sonne the substantiall Image of his "Beauties, and the Character of his Glory; true God, "and true Man, who is dead for our sins, to wash us "and regenerate us in his Bloud, whose Words are "Truth, and whose Life a miracle, even to the triumph- "ing over Death by his Resurrection. It is by him "that the eternall Father will judge at the last both "the quick and the dead, and we all shall be represent- "ed before the Throne of his Majesty, to receive the "salary of the Good or Evill which in our bodies we "have done.

"This sovereign Monarch of Angels and of Men "suffers not himself to be taken by the flesh or the "bloud of bullocks, or by the perfumes of incense, but "by the exercise of Justice, and by the purity of our "bodies in all sanctification. Therefore (Sirs) as he "hath advanced you in Dignity above other men, "so he hath more particularly obliged you to acknow- "ledge and serve him, and to adore him in Spirit and "Truth, and to render Justice according to the Com- "mission which you have received from Cesar; which "is, to deliver the innocent from the persecution of the "insolent, that so being true imitatours of his Ju- "stice and Mercy, you may be one day partakers "of his Glory.

The effect of his Oration.

This Discourse was well received by divers of them, and a day was appointed for another Appearance, where he so much explained and enlarged himself, that he was sent back and pronounced guiltlesse; and permitted to preach the Gospel in Rome with all liberty, which gave much encouragemt to all the faithfull, and even those who had before forsaken him, did now re-assemble themselves, preaching in the Name of Jesus, and

Phil. I. 13.

and exhorting all the world to Repentance. *Cornelius* reports the opinion of ſome men who affirm that Saint *Paul* was expreſly delivered by the advice and the authority of *Seneca*, who at that time began miraculouſly to delight in his converſation. And although they could not ſee one another as often as they would by reaſon of the conſiderations of State, yet they mutually did write to one another, which hath given occaſion to ſome weak men who have not their ſpirits to counterfeit their letters ill imitated, and which all knowing men are aſſured, to be not of the ſtrain either of S. *Paul* or *Seneca*. Howſoever the fiction of the ſtyle doth no way hinder the truth of the antient Deed, ſeeing that S. *Hierome* doth cite the true Letters which were in his time, and doth alledge the Texts which are not now to be found in the Libraries of the Fathers. Saint *Paul* continued at Rome two years after his firſt voyage, where he gained many Chriſtians to the Faith, and ſome of the Court of *Nero*, as is declared in his Epiſtles. *Seneca* was amazed at the Authority which he had, and deſired that he might enjoy amongſt his the like opinion of Belief as S. *Paul* had amongſt the Chriſtians; but there was a difference in their ſpirits, and their proceedings were from divers Methods. *Seneca* was a man, and S. *Paul* a demy-God. The one ſtudied with *Attalus* and *Socion*, the other had the Word for his Doctour, and the Angels for his Diſciples. The one ſought after Nature, the other found out the God of Nature. The one laboured after Eloquence, the other ſtudied Silence which is the father of Conceptions. The one pleaded the Cauſes of parties, the other pleaded the Cauſe of God. The one governed the Republick of men, the other laid open before us the Hierarchy of Angels. The one was in the porch of *Zenon*, the other in the ſchool of Jeſus. The one laid the world low at his feet with his golden words, and when he pleaſed did carry it on his head, the other ſubdued it with mortification and the arms of the Croſſe. The one was full of good Deſires, the other of great Effects. The one ſought for himſelf in himſelf, the other found himſelf altogether in God. The one was a Miniſter of State, the other of Heaven. The one promiſed much and performed little, the other promiſed nothing of himſelf and gave all things. The one lived in the Court of *Nero*, the other in the Courts of Jeſus Chriſt. The one defied Perſecutions in his Diſcourſe, the other did bear them engraven in his Body. The one had a conſiderable eſtate, the other had nothing yet poſſeſſed all things. The life of the one was expoſed to Honours and the Delights of the world, the Life of the other was altogether compoſed of the Croſſe.

The parallel betwixt S. Paul and Seneca.

To conclude all in few words, *Seneca* had excellent Precepts of Virtue, but he derived them from an evill Principle, which was, to hold faſt to himſelf, and to conceive that by his own power he was ſufficient of himſelf without any need of aſſiſtance from above, inaſmuch that we may imagine that we hear him ſpeak, That a Wiſeman may paſſe by God and take no great notice of him, and live without him as contentedly as himſelf. From this great Illuſion proceeded Arrogance, from Arrogance, Ignorance of the Truth; from Ignorance, Feebleneſſe; from Feebleneſſe, a Confuſion both in the life and in all the wiſdome of the Stoicks.

The evill opinion of the Stoicks to truſt altogether to themſelves, without acknowledging the Grace and the aſſiſtance of God.

From hence it came to paſſe that having braved it on the paper, they found themſelves too ſhort for great actions, and had their pens farre longer then their hands. They made a flight but without one wing to virtue, contenting themſelves to have brought ſome weak lenitives to their malady, and not endeavouring to rout it out.

And although that *Seneca* did live uprightly according to the Morall Virtues, yet being forcibly tied to the world by his Honours, Dignities, Riches, the Cares of this life, and his indeavours to preſerve himſelf at Court, he could not diſpenſe any ſtrong influence on the body of the Eſtate, by reaſon of the defect both of Example and Practice. The Sun and the Moon may both make a Rain-bowe in the front of heaven, but that of the Moon will be feeble and obſcure in compariſon of that of the Sun, which will be all luminous and immailed with Emerauds and with Rubies. *Seneca* did make at Rome a Rain-bowe of the Moon which had in it much imperfection, and clouds, and darkneſſe. But S. *Paul* made the Rain-bowe of the Sun viſibly, producing the brightneſſe and the beauties of the eternall Wiſdome.

Wherefore Seneca prevailed ſo little for the reformation of Manners at the Court.

As the Principles therefore of the Philoſophy of *Seneca* were to reduce all to himſelf, and to ſtudy his own particular conſent; ſo the Principles of S. *Paul* were quite contrary to attribute all to the Grace of Jeſus Chriſt, and in the imitation of him, to love, deſire, and ſeek after the Croſſe, and the Perſecutions attending on it. In thoſe two Maximes, he doth eſtabliſh all the Greatneſſe and the Glory of the City of God, which he doth prove, deduce, and preſſe with inſtant importance in all his Epiſtles. As for that which pertains to the Grace of Redemption, never man before him ſpake more clearly or more divinely then he hath done in his Epiſtles to the Romans, to the Galathians, and to the Hebrews. He is the thundering and the lightning Cherubin on the chariot of the God of Hoſts, who ceaſeth not to ſhoot forth his inevitable and his flaming arrows againſt the head of the pompous Wiſdome of this world.

The Grace of Jeſus, and the Croſſe, are the two Principles of S. Paul.

He makes it apparent how all the antient Philoſophers who were thought to be the Gods of Sciences and Letters, do vaniſh away in their proud imaginations, and how they are faln into a Reprobate ſence: blind and ignorant, who have transformed the Divinity into hideous forms of ſerpents and monſters: feeble and caytiffe, who having filled their books with Precepts, have abandoned themſelves to baſe and ſhamefull actions, and have overthrown all the order of Nature. From hence alſo he makes another Battel againſt the Jews, who tied their happineſſe and ſalvation to a dying Law, to feeble Elements, to Shadows flying before the firſt Rayes of the law of the Goſpel. He priſed nothing but the Incarnate Word, he breathed forth nothing but his Jeſus, who is the Deſire of the eternall Mountains, the Splendour of the Glory of the celeſtiall Father, the Character of his Subſtance, who by the virtue of his Word doth ſupport the Univerſe, who is our Wiſdome, our Juſtice, our Sanctification, and our Redemption; there being no Name either in heaven or earth, or on or under the waters by which we may be ſaved, but the Name of Jeſus.

His ſecond Principle is the love of the Croſſe, and he doth publickly and loudly proteſt both to the great and to the ſmall, to the proud and to the humble, that there is no Knowledge but in the crucified Jeſus; and that he is not come to preach him to them with painted Words according to the Wiſdome and the Eloquence of men (fearing by that means to make void the myſtery of the Croſſe) but with the Virtue, and the force of the God of the afflicted. He eſteems of Sceptres, of Empires, of Nobility, of Beauty, of Strength, of Valour, of Wiſdome, of Induſtry, of Eloquence, of all things in this world from Heaven unto the Deeps but as dung, in compariſon of the Croſſe of his beloved Jeſus, on which by love he had aſcended, and there did reſt as on a Throne, from whence he condemned whatſoever this world did honour.

By theſe two Principles, he arrived unto a moſt

S. Paul his Perfection.

great Perfection which did fill him as well in the Intellectuall part as the Affective. As for that which concerns the former, he was enlightned with a moſt high and a moſt excellent Wiſdome, with the knowledge of all Nature, with all the myſteries of our Faith, with whatſoever is in Man, with whatſoever the World locks from him in her Treaſuries, with Grace in all her Virtues, and with Time in all the Turns and the Revolutions of his Being.

His high knowledge.

According to the heighth that the river Nilus riſeth, the other rivers do decreaſe; and accordingly as Saint *Paul* did increaſe in the Wiſdome of God, all humane Science fell down before him even into the Abyſme. It is he who with all humility can ſpeak

Ezek. 28. that which *Lucifer* did uſurp by pride, *I ſit in the Chair of God, I have been in the heart of the Deeps.* He was in the Chair of God when he ſpake as if he had been incloſed in the Word, as the Vicar of his Powers; the Diſpenſer of his Myſteries; the Oracle of his Thoughts; and the Interpreter of his Will. He was in the heart of the Deeps when he was abyſmed in the profound knowledge of the Beauties and the Perfections of the Incarnate Word, of whom he never did loſe the ſight.

Dion. de Divin. Nomin. S. Hierom. Epiſt. 6. ad Pammach.

What an Abyſme of Patience was he? what a Trumpet of the Goſpel ſaith S. *Dennis*? What a roaring of the Lion ſaith S. *Hierome*? What a Flow of Learning, what a Torrent of Eloquence? who makes us to underſtand the Myſteries unknown in all Ages, and that as much by his Admiration as his Words. He wrote his Epiſtles with his Ear in Heaven, and with a Style in the School of Paradiſe. The feebleneſſe of humane Words could not ſuſtain the force of his Spirit.

His Love.

In the Affective part, he was filled with a Seraphick Love, with a fire drawn from the moſt pure flames of Heaven, which was ſhut up within his heart and within his bones, and did unceſſantly burn him without conſuming him. On his mortified fleſh he did bear the Characters of a ſuffering God, which were his deareſt Delights. He was no more himſelf; he was all and altogether transfigured into that amiable Word by a Deifick tranſanimation. He lived on his Bloud; he breathed not but by his Spirit; he ſpake not but by his Words; he thought not but by his Meditations: yet nevertheleſſe, in ſome manner he did leave God and the delicious School of Paradiſe, to run unto his Neighbour to ſave his Soul; and in this exerciſe of Charity, he defied Tribulation, Anguiſh, Hunger, Nakedneſſe, Dangers, Perſecutions, and bloudy Swords, and burning Fagots, and boiling Caldrons. If Hell it ſelf were portable he would adventure to have carried it on his back for the love of his Neighbour.

He looked upon the world as if every mothers ſon were of his begetting; he carried in his heart Europe, and Aſia, and Africk, and all the Provinces of the Earth, to communicate the Light of the Goſpel either by himſelf, or by his children whom already he had begotten in Jeſus Chriſt. Nothing rebated him, nothing hindred, nothing ſtopped him. He gave no bounds to his Love ſince God had given no limits to his Spirit. With theſe fair and extraordinary qualities, God gave him Succeſſe in the preaching of the Goſpel, which did draw upon him the admiration of all the Apoſtles.

He marched in triumph through all Provinces; and God was on his heart. He was like unto that Ark of

Apoc. 11. the Teſtament which is ſpoken of in the Revelations, which at the ſame time that it was perceived did cauſe a Lightning to be ſeen, a Voice to be heard, the Hail to rattle, and the Earthquakes to roar; ſo, whereſoever S. *Paul* did paſſe, there were the Light of Learning, the Oracles of Wiſdome, the impetuous Tempeſt of words of fire, which made the Philoſopers and Kings to tremble, and even removed Nature it ſelf. Behold here the difference which was between S. *Paul* and *Seneca*, which being well conſidered we ſhall forbear to admire, wherefore one was ſo fruitleſſe in the Court of *Nero*, and the other had ſo great ſucceſſe in Rome, and amongſt ſo many Nations.

Saint Paul leaves Rome. Nero grows worſe and worſe.

After that *Paul* was for a ſeaſon retired from Rome, leaving unto *Seneca* a ſtrong tincture of the Chriſtian Faith, *Nero* did every day grow worſe and worſe, inſomuch, that having killed his brother, his wife, his mother, this ſcourge of mankind in the wicked jollity of his heart had a plot in his head to ſet the City of Rome on fire, which was almoſt wholly conſumed with it, whiles he from a high tower did behold it, and laughing at the calamity, did ſing the burning of Troy the great; which did ſo exaſperate the ſpirits of his Subjects, that on the year following, the chief of the Empire did enter into a conſpiracy againſt him, in which were compriſed, Senatours, Captains, Colonels, Citizens, Ladies, and all the choiceſt perſonages in Rome: but misfortune ſo would have it, that the ſecret being diſperſed amongſt ſo many people, it did not anſwer the event to which it was deſigned, but being diſcovered, it occaſioned a bloudy butchery in Rome, *Nero* like an enraged Tygre deſiring nothing more then to bathe himſelf in bloud.

Anno Neron. 10. Chriſti 66.

The Conſpiracy againſt him detected.

The conſtant and the famous death of Seneca.

Seneca's name was entred at the laſt in the liſt of the Conſpiratours, whether his Scholar had conceived a jealouſie againſt him, miſtruſting his high Virtue, and fearing leſt he ſhould tear the Diadem from his head, or whether the inſolence of his deportments had put him into that condition as not to indure the very ſhadow of a Tutor. It was now a long time ſince this great perſonage overcome with grief at ſo many tragicall accidents did leade a retired life in his Countrey-houſe not farr from Rome. There was not againſt him any manifeſt conviction to rank him amongſt the Conſpiratours, as *Tacitus* hath obſerved. It is onely ſaid that one of that number named *Natalis* did depoſe before *Nero* that he was ſent to *Seneca* by *Piſo*, who was the chief of the Conſpiratours, to complain that he would not ſuffer him to give him a viſit, and to meditate an enterview to which *Seneca* made anſwer, that ſuch a meeting in ſo dangerous and ſo fatal a time could be profitable neither to the one nor to the other, and as for the reſt, that his life ſubſiſted not but in the ſafety of the life of *Piſo*.

On this, the Tribune of the Emperours Guard was diſpatched to *Seneca*, to underſtand what anſwer he could make to the Depoſition of *Natalis*. On the evening he arrived at *Seneca*'s houſe, which he ſuddenly inviroued with a troop of Souldiers. He was no ſooner entred, but he found him at ſupper with his wife and two friends, he preſently acquainted him what he had in Commiſſion from the Emperour; on which, *Seneca* confeſſed that *Natalis* indeed was ſent unto him by *Piſo*, to intreat him to receive a viſit from him, but he excuſed himſelf by reaſon of indiſpoſition and retirednеſſe, without ſpeaking one word more unto him; adding, that he had never ſo high an eſteem of *Piſo*, as to judge that the ſafety of his life did depend upon him, that ſuch flattery was not ſuitable to his diſpoſition, and that *Nero* knew it very well, who by experience had alwayes found in *Seneca* more of Liberty then of Servitude.

The Tribune made a faithfull report of *Seneca*'s anſwer in the preſence of *Poppea* that impudent woman, and *Tigillinus* that execrable villain, who in thoſe cruel deſigns were the onely two that were now of his Ma-

jeſties

jesties sacred Counsel. This barbarous Prince who had promised his Tutor that he would rather die then permit that any offence should be done unto him, did bear that respect unto him as not to question him on that Conspiracy amongst so many other Senators; peradventure he had not a brow of brasse enough to outface the reproaches of so eloquent a mouth. He demanded of the Tribune if he did not prepare himself to a voluntary death, who made answer, That he observed not the least sign of it, either in his countenance or discourse; whereupon he was commanded to return to *Seneca*, and to signifie unto him that he must die. The Tribune, whether in reverence to the man, or for fear to precipitate the death of such a Minister of the State by too hasty an execution, demanded counsel of *Fannius* his Captain what in this case he ought to do, who did advise him to execute the command of the Emperour; and this was done by a sloth fatall to all of the Conspiracy, some Ladies onely excepted, who shewed themselves more courageous then the Senatours and the Cavalliers.

Howsoever, he having not the heart to carry these heavy tidings, did deliver his Commission to a Centurion, who informed him with the last of all necessities. *Seneca*, without troubling himself, desired so much liberty as to make his Will, which was refused him: On which, he turned to his friends and said, That since it was not permitted to him to acknowledge their merit, that he would leave unto them the very best of all he had, which was the Image of his Life; in which, if they would please to call to mind how he had passed it in so many commendable Exercises, they should enjoy for their recompence the reputation of a faithfull and a constant friendship. And this he spake not out of arrogance, but as it were by the authority of a Father when he bids his last Farewell unto his Children, recommending to them to imitate him in what he had done well; and so said S. *Paul* to his Disciples, *Be you imitatours of me as I am of Jesus Christ.*

This made their hearts to melt, and they began all to weep, but he did endeavour to wipe away their tears, mingling sweetnesse with reproaches. What do you mean, he said? where are the Precepts of Philosophy? where is that Reason so long prepared against all the chances of humane Life? who is he that can be ignorant of the cruelty of *Nero*? and who did not see that after the death of his mother and his brother, there nothing remained but to adde unto it the murder of his Master and Governour.

After this Discourse which served for them all, he embraced his wife, gave her his last farewell; and having fortified her against the terrours of the present dangers, he did intreat and conjure her to moderate her grief, and to sweeten the sorrows of her dear husband by the consideration of his life which was without reproach. He loved most tenderly that virtuous Lady, and did not cherish his own life but for her sake; saying sometimes, That he would spare himself a little the more, because in an old man there lived a young woman, who deserved that he should take care for her, and being not able to obtain from his dear *Paulina* that she should love him more fervently, her love being in the highest degree of perfection, she should obtain from him that he should use himself for her sake with the more indulgence.

This fair Lady observing all that had passed, said, That there was no longer life for her after the death of him whom she loved above all things in the world, and that she would keep him company in the other world. On that word he stood a little in a pause, and would not contradict her, as well for the glory of the action, as for the love which he did bear her, and for the fear he had to leave so dear a person to the affronts of an enemy, he therefore said unto her, My dear Love, I have shewed you the sweetnesse and the allurements of life, but I see you preferre unto it the honour of a generous death. I will not envy the example of your Virtue, and although the constancy in our death shall be equall in us both, yet yours shall be alwayes more glorious then mine, for you contribute unto it a courage which is above your sex. Having said this, they caused their veins to be opened by one hand in the presence one of the other; and because the body of her husband was attenuated by great abstinence, and the bloud did issue but slowly from him, he gave order that there should be a new incision made in the veins of his legs and of his feet. The poor old man did endeavour to put himself all into bloud, and indured cruel dolours, but more in the body of his dear wife then in his own, which was the reason that he caused her to be conveighed into another chamber to mitigate a little the sorrows which one had for the other in beholding themselves to die with so much violence.

It is a wonderfull thing that this great man had so untroubled and so ready a spirit in so fatall an act. He called his Secretary to whom he did dictate his last Thoughts, which were full of a generous constancy. In the mean time, *Nero* having no particular hatred against *Paulina*, and considering that the death of so innocent a Lady would but render himself and his cruelty more abhorred, did command that her veins should be stopped, and the bloud stanched, which it appeared, that she suffered to her greater grief, both by the short time that she out-lived her husband, and by the inviolable faith which she did bear unto his ashes; and she looked ever after as she were some prodigy, such abundance of bloud and so much spirits she had lost.

Seneca was yet remaining in the tedious pangs of death, when upon advice he demanded poyson of his Physicians, which had no operation at all, his members being already cold, and his body shut up against all the forces of the poyson. He caused himself therefore to be carried to a Bath, and taking some of the warm water, he sprinkled his servants with it that stood about him, saying (according to *Cornelius Tacitus*) That he offered that water to *Jove* the deliverer; after which words he entred into the stove, and was stifled with the vapour that did arise from it.

Many grave Personages have conceived that he died a Christian; and though it is no easie matter to perswade those to this opinion who are possessed with another, and who speak but with little consideration on this subject, yet there are not wanting grounds to prove the truth thereof.

Flavius Dexter a most antient Historian, who hath composed a small Chronicle from the Nativity of our Saviour unto the fourth Age, affirmeth in expresse terms, that in the sixty fourth year, *Seneca* entertained good thoughts of Christianity, and that he died a Christian, although not a declared one.

S. *Hierome* in the Book of Ecclesiasticall Authours doth put him in the number of Saints, that is to say, of those who acknowledge and confesse Jesus Christ.

Tertullian, a most grave Authour saith, that he was one although not openly. S. *Augustine* in the City of God, alledgeth many excellent passages of a Book which *Seneca* undoubtedly did write against the Superstition of the Pagans, in which, he overthrows all the Heathenish Religion of Rome, although he doth not vigorously perswade them to change it, for fear of troubling the Estate. This Book was afterwards condemned and burned by the Enemies of our Religion. The holy Doctor doth observe, that he never spake ill of the Christians, although he hath violently inveighed against the Jews, which testifieth that he was endued with some good thoughts in the favour of it. His brother *Gallio* being Proconsul in Achaia, would never judge S. *Paul* for any fact of Religion, although the Jews did presse him to it with much importunity.

Adde to this, that our *Seneca* two years before his death did live a retired life, under the colour of indisposition of body, and would no more frequent the Temples of the Heathen; as also that he would not procure his own death before the Emperour expressly had commanded it, as being then of the opinion of the Christians, who did forbid self-murder, and also that at last, that he did forbid the vain pomp and the vain ceremonies at his Funerals.

These Reasons being weighed do draw unto this Conclusion, That it is more beseeming our Religion to conceive well of the Salvation of *Seneca*, then to condemne him. The strongest Objection which can be made against this Opinion, is, That at his death *Cornelius Tacitus* doth make him to invoke on *Jove* the Liberatour. But no esteem ought to be given to this Argument, for *Tacitus* could not understand that which was altogether out of his knowledge, seeing that *Seneca* did never make open profession of Christianity, but kept that thought totally concealed from

Nero and all the Heathen. And we ought not to be amazed that he was not compriſed in that ſearch which was made for Chriſtians, it being ſufficiently manifeſt, that many illuſtrious Chriſtians have lived in the Courts of the Heathen Emperours, and diſſembled their Religion, they being not bound in conſcience to declare it at all times, to run wilfully into Martyrdome. Moreover, this Hiſtorian above named, hath written divers things very lightly, eſpecially when he maketh mention of the Religion of the Jews and Chriſtians, which he deſcribes rather according to his own Idæa then any wayes according to the truth; inſomuch, that when *Seneca* at his death implored *Jeſus* the Deliverer, he did not forbear to tranſlate *Jeſus* into *Jove*. As raſhly as this, he leaves recorded to poſterity, that the Jews are deſcended from the hill Ida, the name of which he ſaith the Jews do bear; and that they worſhip the head of an Aſſe; as alſo, that the Chriſtians confeſſed that they were Incendiaries, and that they burned the city of Rome under *Nero*.

But we find by S. *Paul* himſelf in his Epiſtle written from Rome unto the Philippians, that he had many Chriſtians in the houſe of *Nero*; and *Linus* the ſucceſſour of S. *Peter*, who was there preſent at that time, doth rank *Seneca* amongſt them with an high title of commendation: and though his Hiſtory hath been corrupted by the Hereticks and the Ignorant, it is never the leſſe received in thoſe Points which are comformable to the other Fathers of the Church, ſo that *Tacitus* in this ought not to be conſidered.

This Name then of Redeemer or Deliverer whereof *Tacitus* maketh mention, and this ſprinkling of the water which the Faithfull were accuſtomed to preſent to God in the manner of Libation, doth imploy ſome ſecret of which he never heard. And as for that Objection, that there are ſome opinions in *Seneca*'s Books which are not conformable to the Chriſtian Religion, it is of no value, ſeeing thoſe Works were compoſed before his Chriſtianity.

And to that which others do alledge, that he himſelf was the authour of his own death, it is moſt manifeſtly falſe, ſeeing he did not ſuffer a vein to be opened before the expreſſe commandment of the Emperour, who had pronounced againſt him the ſentence of Death, as I have ſaid already, which was afterwards executed according to the faſhion of thoſe times; in which, by the permiſſion of Magiſtrates, the houſhold-ſervants of the party condemned performed that office which belonged to the publick executioner of Juſtice. Beſides this, in the beginning of Chriſtianity, *Seneca* who had but a light tincture of it, could not yet know that it was not allowable for him to aſſiſt his at his death, ſeeing that many Chriſtian Virgins have killed themſelves to divert the violations by their deſigned raviſhers, and yet have not been condemned for it.

S. *Paul* returning to Rome, according to the Calculation of *Baronius*, did find that *Seneca* was dead, and that he was deprived of a great help in the propagation of the Goſpel. Howſoever he deſiſted not with all his endeavour to advance with S. *Peter* the Chriſtian Religion, which by and by they ſhall both bedew with their bloud.

For *Nero* to fill up the horrour of his crimes, did begin the firſt Perſecution againſt the Chriſtians. And it is our glory, ſaith *Tertullian*, that he was in the head of our Perſecutours. The wicked Prince perceiving that he could not wipe away the evill reputation with which he was defamed for the burning of Rome, did cauſe the Chriſtians to be accuſed; and did torment them with outrageous and inhumane puniſhments. Some were nailed to Croſſes, diſtilling their bloud drop by drop in extremity of pain. Others by cruel inventions were covered with the skins of ſavage beaſts and expoſed to bandogs, who would fly upon them with a moſt violent rage and tear them in pieces. Others being faſtned to blocks, were burned by degrees by fire, with Diabolicall art and ſport, inſomuch, that in the Evening, when the Sun made haſte to bed, to be no longer polluted with ſuch horrible ſpectacles, the bodies of the Faithfull being all on fire did ſerve as torches for the reprobate joyes of the Heathen. *Nero* would be then in his gardens to glut his barbarous eyes with the Torments of thoſe innocent Souls. Happy ye Stars, who in the combats of that laborious night did behold ſo many victorious Souls aſcend from the midſt of the flames to take poſſeſſion of the Temple of eternall Lights. The Infidels themſelves had compaſſion on them, knowing that it was an artifice of *Nero*'s to ſacrifice thoſe poor Victims to his brutiſh cruelty.

Not long after, S. *Peter* and S. *Paul* did find themſelves to be involved in the ſame Perſecution; for as they endeavoured themſelves to perſwade Chaſtity to ſome Chriſtian Ladies againſt the allurements and ſurpriſals of the Emperour, he grew enraged at it, and commanded them to be locked up in cloſe priſon, from whence ſome few dayes after they were taken forth to go to their Execution, where S. *Peter* was crucified with his head downwards, and S. *Paul* was beheaded, after they had converted many Souls, and even the Executioners themſelves. They kiſſed one another with tears of joy, and with an aſſured pace they marched to their place of torment as to a garden inamelled with the moſt delightfull beauties of Nature. At every minute their ſacred mouths did call upon the name of their moſt beloved Maſter; and the pleaſures they reſented to excommunicate with him in his Sufferings, did not permit them to have the leaſt fear of that which of all fears is the moſt horrible in Nature. The Chriſtians followed them melting into tears, calling them their Fathers and their Paſtours, and beſought them not to abandon their Flock. But they with countenances as clear as are the ſmiles of the faireſt morning, did comfort them, and did promiſe not to forget them in the other life. They did exhort them to ſhew themſelves courageous in Perſecutions, aſſuring them that they were the places of Pleaſure, where even the Thorns ſhould grow into Crowns. They both looked back upon Rome, and beheld it as the field of their deareſt Conqueſt. And God did diſcover to them the effects of their Bloud, how that Infidelity was ſubdued; the Church was eſtabliſhed in the capitall City of the Univerſe; the Croſſe was planted on the root of the Capitoll, where they died as amongſt palms, and the odour of their Sacrifice did aſcend to heaven.

As long as there ſhall be Intelligences and Stars above; as long as there ſhall be Ages and Men below, theſe two Apoſtles ſhall be beheld as the two Eyes of the Chriſtian world. The Fathers and the Doctours of Mankind; the Gates of Heaven, and Triumphers over unbelieving Rome, which they have now converted into Rome the Holy. At their Palmes all the Laurels of the Conquerours ſhall fade, and the inſtruments of their Puniſhments ſhall obſcure their Trophies. The tongues of men can pronounce nothing more pleaſing then their Name. The Church hath nothing more precious, then their Virtues; nor more powerfull, then their Examples; nor more honourable, then the Veneration of them. The deteſtable *Nero* the year after theſe Martyrs ſuffered, finding himſelf tormented with Furies, inveſted with infernall Shades, torn in his conſcience by Vultures, and wounded with ſharp Razors, being abandoned both by God and men, underſtanding that *Vindex* from France, and *Galba* was marching againſt him from Spain, to revenge his Sacriledges, he did fly away, and killed himſelf; it being impoſſible for him to die by a more polluted or a more execrable hand.

MARY STUART.

The most excellent Princesse Mary Queene of Scotland and Dowager of France.

IN the last place, I will produce the History of the incomparable Queen, *Mary Stuart*, where in the height of its lustre, I will represent unto you Innocence persecuted, as much by the jealousies of love, as State, and that by a general combat of all passions, on which she hath raised a Trophey, by the invincible constancy at her death.

I have taken delight to peruse many Authours on this Subject, and to draw out the truth from a confused Chaos, where the malice of many passionate Historians had extreamly perplexed the Story; and I have done it the more willingly, because it is a service which I render to the first Truth which I adore: To *France*, which nourished and advanced that great Spirit; To the King of *Great Brittain*, who is honoured for his Bloud and Royal Virtues; To *Scotland*, who brought her forth; and to *England* it self, the founder part whereof have alwayes detested the attempt which was committed on her person.

I must intreat the Reader to believe, that there was never History more disguised by a knot of Hereticks, never wickedness did carry more artifice, nor calumny more fables, or fables more colours, or impiety more strength, to crie down a poor Princess. And this hath made so bold a noise, that some Catholicks, either too ignorant or too negligent, not taking the pains to read and examine the reasons alledged, were betrayed themselves to an indifferent belief of the defaming Libels of the Enemies of our Religion, as if they would believe the History of *Jesus Christ*, compiled on the reports of the Scribes and Pharisees. A Calvinist of late, the Authour of a Spanish History, hath thrust into his Book many outragious reports against the Memory of *Mary*, Queen of *Scotland*, by a Digression stale enough, which doth eclipse the light of the History, and the Day of her passion. If that man had any modesty, he would have acknowledged his small abilities to be seen in print. If he had any reverence, he would have spared the person of a Queen. If his heart had been touched with any pietie, he would have pardoned the Dead. If he had in his soul any sence of honour, being in the service of the King of *England*, he would never have printed such insolent things, to the disadvantage of his Majesty, he would never have barked at the ashes of so great a Ladie.

Reader, to make you the better to understand with what equity I will proceed in this Narration, I will not alledge unto you either *Sanders*, or *Bosy*, or *Florimond* of *Raymen*, or Father *Hilarius*, of the Order of the right reverend Fathers of the *Minims*, who have all wrote very worthily concerning this Subject. I will derive the principal truths I shall produce from *Cambden* a Hugenot, Historiographer of the Queen of *England*, who hath wrote this Story, not in Pamphlets running without authority, but in authentick Memorials. It hath pleased God that this person, having a generous ambition to speak the truth, should search into the Records, and produce papers that had been buried, which sufficiently do make appear the artifices of *Elizabeth*, & the innocence of the Queen of *Scotland*. Reader, Behold whither the abundance and the force of Right and Truth doth carry us, that we take even our enemies for our Judges and Witnesses in this cause.

The Birth & Education of this Queen *Mary Stuart*.

MARY STUART, the onely Daughter of *James* the Fifth, King of *Scotland*, and *Mary de Lorain*, Grand-child to the thrice virtuous *Antonietta* of *Bourbon*, was a Queen, who in my judgement, hath equalled the excess of her disasters, with the height of her glory, and it seems her whole life was no other than a Theater, hung round with blacks, and covered with bloud, where the revolution of humane affairs did act unheard-of Tragedies. Never did Nature produce more beauties, nor Grace more wonders in a personage of that high condition. Never did Fortune deal more rigorously with a head, which Heaven had made to support three great Crowns.

She was born in *Scotland*, she lost her Father eight dayes after her birth, she was brought into *France* at the age of five yeares, and was nourished in the

In the year 1542. on the 13. of December, on S. *Lucies* Day.

Court of *Henrie* the Second, and *Katharine de Medicis*, who did love her moſt entirely. She was yet but as the Bud of a Roſe, which within her firſt infancy did preſerve her Graces undiſcloſed. But as ſhe began to lay them more open by the increaſe of age, we might then behold a Princeſs, deſcended from the bloud of a hundred Kings, who had a body formed and faſhioned by the hand of Beauty, a fine and a clear ſpirit, a deep and a ſound judgement, a high Virtue, and an incomparable Grace in her expreſſions. All which, made *Henrie* the Second reſolve to give her in marriage to his ſon *Francis*, to whom ſhe was eſpouſed about the fifteenth year of her age, being himſelf not much more indebted unto yeares than ſhe was. All things laughed at the beams of this bright Morning, and it ſeemed that Felicity her ſelf had with full hands poured down her favours upon a Marriage which had been made in Heaven, to carry along with it the approbation of all the earth.

Her marriage and widow-hood.

But who can dive into the ſecrets which Providence hath in her own breaſt concealed from us? Or who is he that hath tears enough to deplore the condition of great Fortunes, when they are abandoned to the pillage and plunder of deſtruction? This young French King, having in his way but ſaluted Royalty, after his reign but of ſix moneths, was taken out of the world by an Impoſtume in his ear. All *France* did groan under this loſs, by reaſon of the excellent inclination of that Prince, but ſhe was more touched with the impreſſions, which in her heart her moſt dear Spouſe received, who deſired to ſacrifice the reſt of her dayes unto the aſhes of her husband. Nevertheleſs, as the tenderneſs of the Kings age who was troubled beſides with divers indiſpoſitions of body, and the ſhort time they were married together, did not permit that any iſſue ſhould be left behind him, there did ariſe upon it a report, that the young Queen ſhould return into her own Countrey, where two Crowns did attend her, the one in *England*, the other in *Scotland*, ſhe being the true Inheritreſs of them both, of one of which ſhe took poſſeſſion, and was deprived of her rights in the other, by the injuſtice of Uſurpation.

The inconſtancy of humane affairs.

Her return into *Scotland*.

3. *Elizabeth* of *England* now began to torment her ſelf with a furious jealouſie againſt her, and had already laid the Deſign to ſtop her in her return to *Scotland*, but God was pleaſed that ſhe was gallantly accompanied with a great part of the moſt generous of the Nobility of *France*, and did paſs the ſeas very fortunately, and arrived ſo ſuddenly in *Scotland*, as if ſhe did flie in the Air; there ſhe was received of all the good Catholicks, with wonderfull entertainments of applauſe and joy. *Elizabeth*, who did ſwell with deſpite, that ſhe failed in her deſign, covering her artifice with the vail of friendſhip, did ſend a ſolemn Embaſſage with Preſents, to congratulate her arrival, and to give her the aſſurances of an eternal Alliance. The good Princeſs, who had a heart as credulous as generous, was paſſionately taken with this friendſhip, and diſputed with her ſelf how ſhe ſhould overcome her in honour and in courteſie. She took from her Treaſurie a Diamond, of which ſhe made a Preſent to her. It was cut in the manner of a heart, and enriched with a verſe of *Buchanans*, who had not as yet his ſpirit infected with Treaſon. In the mean time *Elizabeth*, not unlike thoſe Sorcerers, which from the faireſt mornings do produce the fouleſt weather, did not ceaſe under-hand to ſow troubles and diviſions in the Realm of *Scotland*, endeavouring to deſtroy her Couſin by the fines of policy, whom ſhe durſt not attach by the force of Arms.

The firſt fire of the jealouſie of Eſtate.

On the firſt arrival of Queen *Mary* into *Scotland*, ſhe found the Kingdom overſpread with the factions of the Calviniſts, which at that time troubled all the Eſtates in Chriſtendom. And ſeeing that the youth and inexperience of her widow-hood was not compatible with the great undermining, which her Enemies did daily form againſt her State, ſhe began, after the ſpace of five years, to think of a ſecond Marriage. The ſmall ſucceſs in her firſt marriage, made her ſuſpect an alliance with ſtrangers, and thoſe who were moſt near unto her, did diſſwade her from it. She did caſt her eyes on her Couſin *Henry Stuart*, the young Earl of *Lenox*, who for the comelineſs of his perſon, was one of the moſt remarkable in the Kingdom of *Scotland*, and having procured a Diſpenſation from the Pope, ſhe married him. This affection, although moſt innocent in it ſelf, being not managed with all the conſiderations of State, did bring upon her the jealouſie of other Princes, and was in the end attended with great diſaſters.

Her ſecond marriage.

The ſeed of the jealouſie of love.

But to ſpeak the truth, the Earl of *Murray*, natural brother to the Queen, a pernicious and luxurious man, who under-hand was the Inſtrument of *Elizabeth* of *England*, did ſow the firſt ſeeds of all theſe Tragedies. In the beginning of theſe troubles he was called, *The Prior of S. Andrew*, as being ordained by *James* the Fifth, to Eccleſiaſtical dignity, but having drunk the air of a turbulent and furious Ambition, which *Knox* the Patriarch of the Hereticks in *Scotland* had inſpired in him, he did not ceaſe to affect the Quality of Regent, and of King, nor ſparing any wickedneſſes to arrive to the butt of his deſires.

As he obſerved that the Queen his ſiſter, being yet very young, and very beautifull, was ſought for in marriage by the King of *Spain*, to be married to his Son, and by the Emperour, to be maraied to his Brother, he uſed the utmoſt of his power to divert that Deſign, politickly fore-ſeeing, that ſuch alliances would tend to the diminution of his power, and he failed not with moſt violent perſwaſions, to repreſent unto her, that ſhe ſhould enjoy neither peace nor honour in her Kingdom, if ſhe were eſpouſed to a forreign Prince; and the better to divert her from it, he ceaſed not to advance the perfections of young *Lenox*, which he did rather to amuſe her, and to poſſeſs her with thoughts of love, than in earneſt to bring the marriage to accompliſhment.

Ambition the beginning of all evils.

The generous Princeſs, who underſtood not yet what Diſſimulation meant, gave ear unto him, and overcome by his counſel, ſhe proceeded to the effects of the marriage with the Earl of *Lenox*, who was indeed accompliſhed with all excellent endowments both of body and of mind, but being very young, had not the qualities requiſite to ſerve him to ſecure himſelf. This *Murray*, who thought he ſhould reign in him, and by him, and that having advanced him to the Royal Dignity, the King ſhould be but as the inſtrument of his will, did find himſelf much deceived, when he obſerved the King to grow cold in his behalf, and to reign with an Authority more abſolute than he intended. His fury did proceed to that height, that he drew into the field to make war againſt the King, but having bad ſucceſs therein, he was conſtrained to retire himſelf into *England*, where he began his deſigns to deſtroy his Siſter. He had in the Scotch Court the Earl of *Morton*, who was unto him as his other-ſelf, to whom he gave Commiſſion to throw the apple of Diſcord on this marriage of the King and Queen. This he performed with incredible cunning, and finding ſome diſpoſition by the cooling of his affection, he perſwaded *Lenox*, That he was a King in Name onely, and that the Queen ſigned firſt in all the Declarations, and did not permit that any Effigies ſhould be ſtamped on the moneys, but her own; That of neceſsity he muſt diſcharge himſelf from the tutelage of that Imperious woman, and teach her to ſubmit to the law of Nature, which allows not that Sex to command their husbands. On the other ſide, this Forger of iniquity heating two furnaces with one fagot, ceaſed not by his complaints

The effects of Envy and Ambition.

The pernicious language of an Incendiary.

to

to set on fire the heart of the Queen, telling her, That she must chastise the rash young Man, and retain the Sovereignty entire on her own side; otherwise his unruly passions attempting to part the Crown betwixt them, would take it away from them both, and put all things into a confusion. This was the occasion that *Mary*, arming her heart with a manly courage, would enjoy the Rights and Prerogatives of her birth, and did afterwards reign in full authority.

The jealousie of King *Henry Stuart Darley.*

4. This young Husband, who of a Subject was become a Master, could not with moderation endure his change of fortune but daily endeavoured to hold more of command than of compliance. The Queen also, who desired to be known the sole efficient Cause of his preferment, being unwilling to lose the name of Mistress in taking that of wife, did distast his importunity, deferred his Coronation, and did allow him but a little part in the affairs of the Kingdom. She ordinarily did confer much with *David Riccius* her Secretary, an old and a discreet man, who with great honour possessed her ear and her good opinion, for she cherished him rather for the necessity of her affairs, than for any attractive qualities that were in him, for he was but of a deformed body as they who have seen him, do affirm. But the calumny of the Puritans, who know of every wood how to make an arrow, did not forbear in their bold discourses, to reflect upon the honour of Queen *Mary* concerning that subject, although it was the most incredible, and the most ridiculous thing in the world.

The Book of the death of the Queen of *Scots*, printed in the year 1587.

Cambden also, the most sincere of all Historians of the pretended Religion, and *Monsieur de Castelnau*, have disdained to speak of it, as being an out-rage, which had no foundation at all of truth, although the Earls of *Morton* and *Lindsey*, two execrable Incendiaries, who had undertaken the divorce of the Royal House, following the spirit of Heresie most impudently to breathe forth the greatest lies, did work a great alteration on the King, in the cooling of his affections to his wife.

A spirit tormented with two great devils.

The spirit of *Henrie* now became furious, and did perceive it self to be possessed on by two fiends: The one, the Jealousie of Love; the other, of Estate, which both at one time did commit a prodigious Ravishment on his heart. They made him believe that he passed for a King in fansie onely, and that his Throne was no more than a meer picture, whilest another was made a Partner in his bed. In effect the excellent Beauties of the Queen which had given him such heats of love, did now raise his jealousie to the height of those flames. He was all on fire perpetually night and day, and being tormented with shadows, suspitions, and rages, with choller, frenzies, and with terrours, he lived as on the wheel, not knowing which way to turn himself.

A tragick remedy by the death of the Secretary of the Queen.

His passion did suggest unto him a bloudy remedy, which was to draw the Secretary from the Cabinet of the Queen at the hour of supper, and under colour of communicating some affair unto him, to stab him with a ponyard in the Presence-Chamber. The body being all bloudy by threescore wounds which it received, fell down just at the door of his Mistress, imploring Heaven and earth against those, who by so black a treason, had ravished his life from him in the flower of his hopes. The Queen being frighted at the noise, did run to the door, and with his bloud, received the last breathings of his soul, some drops of the bloud falling on her outward garment. She startled at the horrour of the sight, and believed, that some sprinklings of the bloud had painted on her face the opprobriousness of the act.

The passion of diveliſh fury.

But as she made her complaint, the Murderers presented a pistol to her, without any regard to the brightness of her Majesty, or the bigness of her womb, desiring nothing more, than at one blow to destroy both the Tree and the fruit. They locked her up in a chamber of the Palace, taking from her all her ordinary servants, and putting a Guard on her of four-score souldiers.

On this the Estates met, and the pestilent Councel were assembled, where, with mouthes full of fire, the Hereticks ceased not to breathe forth Rebellion, Bloud, and Butcheries. They gave it out aloud, That they ought not by halfs to do a work of so great importance, and since the Queen, who was a Pillar of the Papists Religion in *Scotland*, was already shaken, they ought to lay her low as the earth, and utterly destroy her, in giving allowance to the Libels and the Calumnies which were published against her. They had attempted to have seduced the spirit of the young King, promising him to put the Crown in peace upon his Head, if he would maintain and support their Design, to which, as he shewed an inclination, they began to weave an horrible conspiracy, to take from him all the most eminent persons of the State, and imbarque the innocence of the Queen in the common shipwrack.

The horrible attempt of Heresie.

The Earl of *Murray*, who fled into *Englana* for having raised Arms against their Majesties, returned back, and came into *Scotland*, rather as a Triumpher than a guilty person. They made him an overture of their pernicious counsels, which he entertained with horrour; for as yet he was unwilling that the Affairs should be carried on with such an extremity of violence; wherefore in private he repaired to the Queen, demanding pardon for his offences past, and promising all obedience for the time to come. He counselled her to recollect and rouze up her spirits, and pardon the injuries passed, and to take away from the Conspiratours all the apprehensions of Despair. The Queen bending her spirit to the necessity of the time, and her present affairs, did receive him with all courtesie, and told him, that she was ready to perform all as he pleased. She assured him, that he was not ignorant that her heart was without gall, having always pardoned offences even to her own destruction, by her too much clemency. And though she had been used by him with too much rigour for a Brother, that she would not cease to cherish him, and to gratifie him above all other, to give him the best testimony of full satisfaction.

Love and Piety.

As he departed, the King came in, and then it appeared how Grace and Nature wrought their effects, for the innocent Queen fashioning her countenance and her words to the most sensible pasion, spake thus unto him:

Alas, and wherefore thus, SIR, *Is this that I have deserved for loving you above all the men in the world? Must I be forced from your friendship, to adhere to my most cruel Enemies? If I have deserved death for doing you all the good that lay in the possibility of my power, what hath this little Innocent in my Womb commited, whom I do not preserve, but onely to increase your power. The Excess of these violent proceedings will tear away the life both from the Mother and the child, and then I am afraid you will too late discover the violence and rage of those, who perswade you to destroy that, which you should hold most dear, and to bury your self in my ruins.*

The King reconciled with the Queen.

As she spake these words, and mixed them with her tears, the Kings heart was softened into compassion; Upon his knees he demanded pardon, breathing forth many sighs, accompanied with groans and tears of love. And having declared to her the conspiracy that was plotted for her ruine, he told her, That he now came either to live or to die with her. This confidence did greatly rejoyce her, and having exhorted him above all things, to appease the anger of God, and particularly to have recourse unto his

mercy, she gave him instructions necessary for him, she counselled him to dissemble this their love, and make not the least discovery of it to the Conspiratours, but onely to represent unto them, that he had found the Queen very ill, and that the violence of her malady might be as strong as poison or steel, to take her out of the world; That there was now no more need of keeping any Guard upon her, for in passing affairs according to their advice, he would answer for her, if God should not otherwise dispose of her.

This counsel was followed, and after the King had perswaded the Rebels, to what he had desired, he returned to his dear wife, and about midnight both of them saved themselves, nine or ten thousand armed men being drawn together by the diligence of the Earl of *Bothuel*, who in one morning made the whole rebellion to vanish with the Rebels.

Choller and Vengeance prejudicial.

Now the Earl of *Murray* had re-possest himself of the favour and good opinion of the Queen, but the King, who well understood the pernicious counsels, of which he was the Authour, and that he made him serve to be his instrument at the death of the Secretary, could by no means endure him, and though the good Queen, who would have nothing done violently, had expresly charged the contrary, he was resolved to seize upon him. But *Murray* apprehending the ill intent of the King towards him, did by a most detestable crime prevent it, by drawing to him the Earl of *Bothuel*, a man bold of spirit and of hand, and prevailing on him to massacre the King, assuring him that he should marry the Queen, if ever he arrived to the end of his fatal Enterprize. This miserable King, whom Jealousie had transported to the cruel murder of the Secretary, was now again fully reconciled to his wife, and loved her most tenderly, and conceived an extream pitie, to see her youth intangled among such pernicious counsels of her enemies. He was then at *Glasco* sick of the Small-pox, which the Queen understanding, she immediately repaired thither, to bring him unto *Edingborough*, where were better accommodations for him. At the same time the Conspiratours assembled themselves to accomplish their Design, and moreover they had a desire to involve the Queen and her Son in the same ruin, but they feared that it would be too apparent, and it would be more expedient for them, to bring all the Envy of the death of the husband, upon the head of his wife, whom they conceived to be still highly offended for his ill demeanour towards her. To which purpose they undertook to torment her spirit, and prompt her to thoughts of vengeance, which they never could effect, so strong was the new knot of their reconciled love. They deliberated amongst themselves to put this miserable Prince to death by fire, and because it was inconvenient to perform it in the Palace, they entered into counsel amongst themselves, to remove him into a fair house, which was at the upper end of the Citie, where they had prepared a fatal Myne for his destruction. His sickness being such, the Queen accorded to his removal, and very innocently did take her husband by the hand, and did conduct him to the Entery of his Lodging, where, with a singular prudence, she disposed of every thing which concerned the recovery of his health. And not contented with that, she stayed with him without the apprehension of any danger of infection, which put the Plotters of this delicate conspiracy into fear, but she seemed to be nothing troubled at it, and staying with him until midnight, she entertained him with all the satisfaction that he could expect from so bountifull a Nature.

Horrible inventions of Envy and Vengeance.

The death of *Henry Stuart*.

As soon as she was retired; behold by the secret artifice of the powder, to which fire was given, under the lodging of the King, the chamber was blown into the Air, and the bed all on fire. He found himself to be desperately inwrapped in this calamity, and the Authours of the Mischief, conspiring with the Elements, did dispatch him outright, having found him half dead in a Garden, into which place the violence of the fire had thrown him. The Queen hearing of it, was possessed with a wonderfull amazement, and lost in the depth of sorrow, she feared every thing, and knew not what to do, or what to hope, every hour attending to see the end of that Tragedy, to be the beginning of another on her own life.

The malicious Earl of *Murray*, who now had given the blow by the instrument of his wickedness, as he had spoken a little before to those that were nearest to him, that the King should die the same night, did cunningly retire himself. The people murmured, and knew not what to take to, but the clearest sighted amongst them perceived, that it was a work of this pernicious Brother, who had a desire utterly to destroy the Royal Family, to mount himself upon the Throne.

And this is that which *Cambden* assureth us, in the first part of his History, who, though by Religion he was a Calvinist, and by profession the Historiographer to the Queen of *England*, yet he hath not dissembled the truth; in confirmation whereof, he produceth proofs as clear as the day, with the attestations of the Earls of *Huntley* and *Argathel*, two principal Lords of *Scotland*, who by a writing signed under their own hands, have authentically protested to the Queen of *England*, that the Earls of *Murray*, *Morton*, and *Lidington*, were the Counsellers and Authours of the horrible Parricide committed against the King; the good Queen always professing, that she did forbid them to do any thing whatsoever, that might any way reflect upon her honour, or offend her conscience. Also this unfortunate Earl of *Morton*, who was afterward convicted and executed for this murder, did totally discharge the Queen from having any hand in the Kings death, and named the Conspiratours, who by writing had obliged themselves one to another, to defend the murder of his Royal Majesty. *John Hebron*, *Paris*, and *Daglis*, who prepared the Myne, being put to the Rack, to accuse the Innocent Queen, did absolutely discharge her, protesting before God and his Angels, that she was free from all fault, and that *Murray* and *Morton* did give them commandment to perform it. *Buchanan*, a Pensionar of *Murrays*, who cried down this Queen by his venemous pen, being touched at last with the remorse of conscience, with tears demanded pardon of her Son, King *James*. And being sick to death, desired that his life might be prolonged, either to clear the integrity of Queen *Mary* by the light of Truth, or by his own bloud to wash away the stains of his reproches. Some Protestants being amazed to hear him speak in this manner, in the apprehension he had of Gods judgements to fall upon him, did give forth, that his old age had made him to doat. This which I now write, was afterwards acknowledged, as we shall see anon by a publick and solemn sentence of the principal Nobility of *England*, who although Lutherans and enemies, being chosen to examine the business, did highly publish the Innocence of this Queen.

Cambden in the first part of his History in the year 1567.

Cambden part 3. pag. 336.

Cambden pag. 128. an. 1567.

Cambden pag. 105.

And now Detractours, what have you to say, Do you not behold wherewith to make your shame to blush, and the despite of so many infamous Historians to increase, who have made black her whiteness. Nay, some of the Catholicks themselves, being but little versed in the discerning of History, having suffered themselves to be surpoized concerning this subject, not considering that all this calumnie is derived from the Book of *Buchanan*, being corrupted to it by the bastard *Murray*, who promised to make him Patriarch of *Scotland*, if ever he should come unto the Crown. And this is it which made this Apostate to write a detestable libel against the honour

nour of this, Queen which was condemned afterwards by the Estates of *Scotland*, and retracted by the Authour himself. But some Hugenots of the Consistory, who are the most pettilent slanderers that ever the earth brought forth, have not ceased to give some countenance to this fable and illusion of mankind, although it was legally condemned of falshood by the most apparent of all their party. It is an unhappiness of most men, that they are wilfully given to believe the worst, whether by an inclination they have unto it, or whether by a difficulty to forsake and to put off that, which first they entertained in their belief. The most virtuous Queen *Dido* doth pass perpetually through the world for a woman lost in love, although indeed she died in the defence of her chastity, chusing rather to be devoured by the flames of fire, than to be given in marriage, as *Tertullian* doth affirm.

The rash love of the *Earl* of *Bothuel*.

6. But to take into my hand again the thread of my discourse. Some time after the Kings death, *Bothuel*, who was one of the most powerfull Earls of *Scotland*, did prevent to court this Queen in the way of marriage, and the rather, because the Earl of *Murray* had promised her unto him for the recompence of this treason. This motion came directly cross to her heart, although as yet she did not know that this pernicious man had imbrued his hands in her Husbands bloud, having always found him most faithfull in his service. But as the report thereof increased, she grew very angry with all those who offered to renew the motion to her, alledging, that there was no apparance that he should be propounded for a husband to her, who is suspected for so detestable an act, no, although he indeed were innocent. Besides that, she urged that he was already tied in marriage to another woman. But *Murray* the Bastard and other of the conspiratours, who with an obstinate resolution had undertaken this business, did justifie this Crime by the Judges of their faction, and gave the Queen to understand, that his first wife was not lawfully contracted to him, and therefore she was removed from him.

All this was not able to perswade her, who was wonderfully troubled with the dismalness of these late events, which was the occasion that *Bothuel* being transported with love, and assured of the high reputation which he had in the Kingdom, did draw forth into the fields with five hundred horse, where corvetting before them, a wild presumption did invade him to take away the Queen as she returned from *Sterlin*, to which place she was gone to see her Son, and to bring him with her to her Castle at *Dunbar*, At which place having with strange submissions demanded pardon for his boldness, He represented to her the contract of his marriage signed by the Earl of *Murray*, and the principal of the Nobility of the Kingdom, who thought very well of it, by that means to remedy the publick calamities of the Kingdom. Moreover he protested to her, that he would never over-value himself for the Honour he should receive from her Majesty, nor for the greatness of his unexpected fortune, with which the greatest Monarch on the earth might proudly content himself, but that he would always continue her most humble and most obedient servant. In this manner did this Philistine adore the Ark in its captivity.

But she moderating her passion, did represent unto him, that to proceed in this nature was to overthrow the whole business before it was established, that she would be absolutely brought to *Edinborough*, the chiefest Citie of her Kingdom, where she would take a resolution to do that which should seem good unto Her.

On this occasion it came about, that the Earl of *Murray*, who had removed himself a little, to be the less suspected of the murder, did return to Court, and brought with him the Suite of the Assassinate rewarding him for it with the obtainment of the bravest Lady in the world, as the recompence of his murder. He ceased not to importune her to take *Bothuel* for her husband, declaring his innocence, publickly avouched the splendour of his house, the exploits of his courage, the proofs of his fidelity, which did render him most worthy of her love. He added, that being alone and without assistance, she was no way capable to appease the troubles, prevent the ambuscadoes, or sustain the great charges of the Realm. Therefore she ought to receive him for her husband, and the Companion of her Fortunes and designs, having both power, will, and courage to defend her in all conditions, and that he would never suffer her to be in quiet, but onely by the consummation of this Marriage. This wicked man by this Counsel did promise to himself, either to reign with him being his familiar friend, or by this action, to crie down the Queen and overthrow her Authority, as afterwards it came to pass.

Cambden part 1. pag. 3. doth shew that this marriage was brought about by the fraud and the pressing solicitations of the Earl of *Murray*.

The Marriage is now to be accomplished, and the Importunities of the Earl prevailed on Maries heart, who married him in the face of the Church with all the ceremonies requisite to it. Some have written, that this virtuous Lady by reason of her beauties, was strongly persecuted by diverse with daily motions concerning marriage, And that the easiness of her nature (which could not resist the great importunities and continual battels, which love stirred up against her) did bring upon her a deluge of misfortunes; likewise her neighbour Princes, who knew not the Artifice of her enemies, did in the beginning blame her for having so easily adhered to a man, who was so dangerously suspected concerning that she ought to clear her reputation from the least shadows of suspition, wherewith Envy began to cloud it: But who shall well consider a young widow of seventeen years of age, placed in the furthest part of all the world, where Heresie had over-turned all order, and let loose the blackest furies of Hell for the dissolution of the State. Who shall contemplate her alone, as the morning Star in the midst of so many clouds without assistance, without forces, without Counsel, persecuted by her brother, outraged by the Hereticks, betrayed by the Queen of *England*, under the colour of good will, sought for in marriage by force of Arms by the Princes of her own Realm, he shall find, that she hath done nothing improvidently in chusing those by friendship which necessity did give her by forces, and whether that there are times and revolutions of affairs so dangerous and remedies, in which we have no other power left us but onely to destroy our selves.

The persecution of the Queen of *Scots* by the Protestants.

7. In the mean time the Lutherans and the Calvinists did not cease to cry out, and to bray against their Princess, and having begun by infamous libels, they prevailed so much by their Trumpets of Sedition, that they kindled a war under the pretence of revenging the Kings death, whom they had caused to be pourtrayed dead in a bloudy Standard, with his little Son at his feet who demanded vengeance. *Bothuel*, who as yet was drunk with the sweetnesses of affection which he received from his new spouse, was altogether amazed when he saw an Army marching in the field against him. And that the clamour of the people did charge him aloud with the death of the King. The Queen was struck into such a horrour at the report of the Crime, that forthwith she commanded him to withdraw himself, and never to see her more, and although she was ignorant, that his Courage and Valour were able to secure her from the tempest which was falling on her, yet she chose rather to abandon her self as a prey to all the fury of her Enemies, than to keep but one hour that person near her, which she then onely knew to have had

some ill designs on the person of the King. He fled from *Scotland* into *Denmark*, where after ten years tedious imprisonment, he living and dying did protest that Queen *Mary* did never know of the conspiracy against her husband, & that those who gave the blow, having demanded some Warrant from the Queen for their discharge, she made answer, that it was sacriledge to think of it, so innocent a Soul she had. This protestation which he made at his death, before the Bishop and other Lords of the Realm, was afterwards sent to diverse Princes of *Europe*, and to *Elizabeth* her self who did dissemble it. In the mean time the Rage of the Infidels did seize on Mary, and did constrain her with execrable violence and treasons plotted under hand by the Agents of the Queen of *England*, to resign the Kingdom to her son, whom these seditious people caused to be Crowned at one year of age, to put all the Authority into the hands of *Murray* in the quality of Regent. Not content with this, they surprized her in a morning as she was putting on her cloathes, and taking from her all ornaments worthy of her quality, they cloathed her in a sordid habite, and having mounted her upon a horse, which by chance passed through a Meadow, they brought her into a place out of the way, and confined her to a Castle, scituate on the lake of *Lenox*, under the guard of the Earl of *Douglas*, Brother by the mothers side to the *Vice-Roy*, using her as a lost creature, and with horrible boldness accusing her for the death of her husband, and a design to invade his Kingdom.

The fury and infidelity of Ambition.

In this captivity she was charged with contumacies by the Concubine of her Father, a most insolent woman, to whom the keeping of her was committed, and by a disrobed Prior who did visite her, and tendered her some Remonstrances to assist her as her Father Confessor. And at that time some black and butcherly spirits did take a resolution to strangle her, and to publish to the world, that she had done it of her self, being overcome by dispair.

What an indignity was this, and what a confusion in nature and the laws of the world, to behold that excellent Lady, to whom grace and nature had given chains to captivate the hearts of the most barbarous. That great Princess, whom the sun did see almost as soon to be a Queen as a living creature. She that was born to Empires, as all Empires seemed to be made for her; to be deprived of her sweet liberty, to see herself severed from all commerce with mankind, to be banished in a desart, where nothing but rocks were the witnesses of her sufferings. Nay, which is more, she is now become the captive of her own subjects, and a servant to her slaves. The poor Turtle ceased not to groan, and often through the grate would look on the lake, wherein every wave she conceived, she beheld the waving image of her change of fortunes.

Not long after she entered into a deep melancholy, when the evil spirit that fisheth in troubled waters did tempt her into thoughts of despair, representing to her, that since the air, and the earth were shut from her, she should make choice of the water, into the which she should throw her self, and end the languishment of her captivity, by burying her self in a moment with her afflictions.

But as her pious soul was fastened unto GOD by chains not to be dissolved, she fervently besought the Divine bounty, that he would vouchsafe to comfort her, and confirm her spirit, which was descended into the bottom of the Abyss of the miseries of this world. Her prayer being ended, she was inspired with infusions of love towards her Creatour, and armed with a noble confidence, she in this manner did express her self.

She comforteth her self in prison.

Wherefore art thou so sad my soul, if GOD *permits this for thy sins, shouldest thou not kiss the Rod that strikes thee, and adore that infinite mercy who doth chastise thee by temporary punishments, not willing to make thee an object of that choler, which is kindled by an eternity of flames, and if this comes unto thee to approve thy virtues, dost thou fear to enter into the furnace, where that great Workman will consume the straw onely that burns thee, and will make thee to shine as gold; wherefore art thou so sad my heart? To be deprived of liberty and the delights of the Court, take unto thee the wings of contemplation and of love, and fly thou beyond these waters, fly thou beyond the seas which inviron these Islands, and understand, that there is no prison for a Soul which* GOD *doth set at liberty, and that all the world doth belong to him, who knows how to misprise it.*

1. Hope against all hope.

In these considerations she took incomparable delight, and as well as she could did charm the afflictions of her imprisonment, when behold a blind felicity which made her to see unexpected events. GOD stirred up a little *Daniel* to deliver this poor *Susanna*, a little Infant, the son of the Earl of *Douglas* did feel his little heart touched with the miseries of this brave Queen, and had the hardiness to speak thus unto her. Madam, if your Majesty will understand a way to your deliverance, I can give it you. We have here below a Gate, at which we sometimes do go forth to delight our selves upon the water, I will bring you the key, and have the Boat ready, in which, fearing my fathers anger, I must save my self with you. The Queen, extreamly amazed at the discourse of the child, made answer. My little friend your counsel is very good, Do as you speak, and acquaint no man with it, otherwise you will ruine us; if you will oblige me for so great a favour, I will make you a great man, and you shall have content all your dayes. In the mean time for want of pen and paper she wrote on her hand-kerchief with a coal, and found a means to advertise the Viscount of *Selon* touching that design, assigning both the day & the place where he should attend her, to which he disposed himself with so much activity, as if he had rather wings to flie, than paces by foot to measure. The child failed not to put in execution what he promised, The Queen took the key in her hand, opened the Gate, and nimbly leaped into the Boat with this little Companion of her fortune, she took her self the pole into her hand, seeing the young child had not force to steer the boat, she began to guid it and to save her life by the favour of her arms. One of her maids, named *Queneda*, seing her Mistress in this difficulty, did leap into the water out of a window of the Castle, and abandoned her self to the mercy of the waves, to joyn herself unto the fortunes of her Mistress.

Her departure.

O good GOD, How may the stars in the greater silence of this world, with admiration behold so great a Queen, to sit at the stern of a boat, with oars in her hand, and practising a trade of life, which necessitie doth teach her, and felicity doth govern. The waters stroaked into a calm, did perceive the effects of her fair hand, and gently opened themselves to make a passage for her. At last, she arrived at the bank on the other side, and found there the Viscount, who received her with all reverence and joy. She retired her self into a place of safety, and thought on the means to re-establish her self, to which she found her good subjects well disposed, and in a short time, raised an Army of about seven thousand men. At which the Enemies being inraged, drew up against them in great bodies, and giving them battel, they over-powered them in number, and obtained the victory. The encounter was bloudy, to which one part did contribute courage, and the other fury. Seven and fifty personages of Honour of the House of *Hamilton*, which is next unto the King, did with their dead bodies cover the field, where the battel

Battel was fought. The Queen, who with horrour entertained the apprehenſion of ſo many maſſacres, did prefer an innocent Retreat before an uncertain Victory. Her baſtard Brother the chief of the Rebellion, of an imaginary King, did now make himſelf an abſolute Tyrant, and as much as in him lay, he endeavoured to root out the reſt of the true Religion in *Scotland*, by the perſwaſion of *Knox* and *Buchanan*, he ſtripped the Churches naked to cover himſelf, he oppreſſed all honeſt men, and let himſelf looſe unto all manner of inſolence.

Her Retreat into *England*, where her enemies accuſed her.

8. The deplorable Queen is conſtrained to depart out of her Kingdom, to fall no more into ſuch cruel hands. She took ſhipping, having a deſire at firſt to ſail into *France*, where her Memory was ſtill preſerved in ſingular Reputation; but having a lofty heart, though excellently well tempred, ſhe was aſhamed to tranſport her ſelf, & to be ſeen in the condition of a baniſhed woman, in a place where all the graces and virtues had given her ſo many tropheys. She cõceived, that concealed Miſery was the more ſupportable, and that it was more expedient for her to live in an Iſland, which was an out-corner of the world, than in the ſplendour of *France*. Beſides, ſhe conceived that ſhe ought to continue within the Neighbour-hood of her own Kingdom, the better to facilitate her Return unto it. The Archbiſhop *Hamilton*, a moſt wiſe old man, did diſſwade her from that reſolution, underſtanding very well the Deportments of *Murray* with the Queen of *England*, and becauſe ſhe made apparence to give but little heed unto his counſels, he threw himſelf at her feet with tears in his eyes, and beſought her not to follow the greatneſs of her mind, as to make choice of that place, which would be her certain deſtruction. On the other ſide, *Elizabeth* did ſollicite her again and again, and did importune her by a thouſand courteſies to repair into *England*, to which at laſt ſhe condeſcended, as if Neceſſity had prepared links of Diamonds to chain her to her miſfortunes.

A civil ſhame doth hinder good deſigns.

The innocent Dove, in endeavouring to eſchew the nets of the Fowler, did fall into the talons of the Hawk. She came into a Kingdom, from whence Juſtice and Religion were baniſhed, by the horrible factions of the Hereticks. She put her ſelf into her hands, who had uſurped her Scepter, and who made uſe of all Intereſts to procure her death. Inſtead of coming to the Court to be received there according to her birth and merit, ſhe found her ſelf to be confined into a corner of a deſart Iſland, where in a new captivity, ſhe moſt unworthily was detained. Her diſloyal Brother, the Vice-roy, ſeeing her eſcaped from his bloudy hands, did promiſe to himſelf to oppreſs with much eaſe, by the circumventions of the Proteſtant Judges. He laid anew for her the nets of his old Accuſations, and made uſe of all the falſities which had been invented to eclipſe her honour.

Queen *Elizabeth*, inſtead of ſuppreſſing the unnatural inſolence of her ſubjects, gave them Commiſſions and an Order, that a Proceſs ſhould be made againſt her. The Puritans and the Lutherans, the mortal Enemies of Queen *Mary*, are now her Accuſers, her Judges, and her Witneſſes. The number of honeſt men was here very few, and the apprehenſion of the danger did ſtop the mouthes of thoſe men, which underſtood the truth, but had not the courage to defend it. Nevertheleſs, amongſt others, there was a Scotch Gentleman, the Viſcount *Herrin*, worthy of eternal Memory, who preſented himſelf to *Elizabeth* for the defence of his own Queen, and ſaid unto her:

MADAM,

An generous Compaſſion.

THE Queen my Miſtreſs, who is nothing ſubject to you, but by misfortune, doth deſire you to conſider, that it is a work of an evil Example, and moſt pernicious Conſequence, to give way that her rebellious Subjects ſhould be heard againſt her, who being not able to deſtroy her by arms, do promiſe themſelves to aſſaſsinate her, even in your own breaſt, under the colour of Juſtice. Madam, Conſider the eſtate of worldly affairs, and bear ſome compaſſion to the calamities of your poor Suppliant: After the moſt horrid attempt on the King her huſband, the murder of her ſervants, the cruel Deſigns on her ſacred Perſon: After ſo many priſons and chains, the ſubjects are heard againſt their Queen, the Rebels againſt their lawfull Miſtreſs, the guilty againſt the Innocent, and the felons againſt their Judge. Where are we, or what do we do? Though Nature hath planted us in the further parts, and the extremities of all the earth, yet ſhe hath not taken the ſenſe of humanity from us. Conſider ſhe is your own bloud, your neareſt kinſ-woman, ſhe is one of the beſt Queens in the world, for whom your Majeſtie is preparing bloudy Skaffolds, in a place where ſhe was promiſed and expected greateſt favours. I want words to expreſs ſo barbarous a deed, but I am ready to come to the Effects, and to juſtifie the innocence of my Queen, by witneſſes unreproveable, and by papers written and ſubſcribed by the hands of the Accuſers. If this will not ſuffice, I offer my ſelf (by your Majeſties permiſſion) to fight hand to hand for the honour of my Queen, againſt the moſt hardy and moſt reſolute of thoſe, who are her Accuſers. In thus I do aſſure my ſelf of your Equitie, that you will not deny that favour unto her, who will acknowledge her ſelf obliged to your bounty.

Elizabeth, who found her advantages in the miſfortunes of *Mary*, made no account of theſe remonſtrances, and commanded the Commiſſioners, who were the Dukes of *Norfolk* and of *Suſſex*, to proceed unto the Charge. But there is a God, who rules the Aſſemblies of men, and oftentimes doth turn their Advice againſt their own conſciences. The greateſt part of this Court were ſo tranſported, that they had a Reſolution to deſtroy Queen *Mary*: *Murray*, *Morton*, the infamous Biſhop of *Orcades*, and the pernicious *Buchanan*, with divers other Enemies of the Queen, were now come, and brought with them the moſt execrable inventions, and blackeſt calumnies, that ever were fetcht from hell, to charge the Queen with the death of the King her husband; nay Letters of love were produced, which had been invented by ſome Puritans, who with an inſupportable impudence affirmed, that they found them in a ſilver coffer of the Queens.

The inhumane cruelty of ambition.

The Earl of *Murray*, who in the beginning pretended to wiſh better to no man than to *Bothuel*, doth now declare himſelf the chief of this Accuſation, outragiouſly purſuing the death of his Siſter, alledging, That ſhe was the occaſion of her husband's death, in revenge of the murder of her Secretary, that ſhe never loved him afterwards, that ſhe never lamented his loſs, nor repented of her own ſin. That ſhe altogether abandoned her ſelf to the love of the Earl of *Bothuel*, whom afterwards ſhe married, although he was the murderer of her husband. *Leſley* the Biſhop of *Roſſe*, *Gordon*, *Gauvin*, *Baron*, and others, who were there on the behalf of the Queen (for ſhe was preſent her ſelf in perſon) knowing the whole truth of the buſineſs, and being incenſed at the heart, to ſee the foul treaſons of this *Judas*, did handle him according to his deſert, and did anſwer him by a very ſtrong Apologie, which was afterward preſented to the Judges, to conſider of it at their leiſure. I will in this place inſert the ſubſtance of it, having ſome years ſince found it amongſt the Acts of the Queen of *Scotland*.

MY LORDS,

IT is a great favour of Heaven to us, that the Earl of Murray *is an Accuſer in this Cauſe, ſince his name is able to juſtifie the greateſt crimes, much more to accuſe the Innocent, before perſons ſo approved for their juſtice,*

and

and their Wisdom. It is sufficiently known, that by the ignominie of his mother, he was the son of a Crime, as soon as a son of Nature, that he hath ever since lived by wickedness, and is grown great by insolence. The Queen his Sister, hath but one fault, which is, that she hath advanced him against the intentions of the King, her father, who designed to him no Crown, but what (when he was to take Religious Orders) the Barber should give him, and now he hath usurped the Crown of the Realm. His desire and endeavours are, that the Diadem should be taken from the head of Mary, in recompence to him, for having cried her down by his calumnies, dishonoured her by his outrages, imprisoned her by his fury, and dispossessed her by his tyranny.

Murray doth accuse the Innocent, for having contrived her husbands death, and he doth accuse her in a Court, where there are Witnesses unreproveable, that will presently be deposed upon Oath, that having plotted this horrible murder, he being in a Boat, did say, That the King should that night be cured of all his maladies. And surely it was easie for him to presage it, when he and his Accomplices had before decreed it, and he had assigned them the place, the time, and the manner of the execution. Murray hath made himself an Accuser, to ravish the Kingdom, and sway the Scepter, imbrued with the blood of the Queen his sister. And we are not so much amazed at this, for he hath sold his soul to work wickedness at a far cheaper rate.

Who had a deeper interest in the death of the King, than a Monk, for so was his condition of life assigned him from his nativity, but by this most detestable murder, he is now become the Regent of a great Kingdom. Who had a more labouring desire to see the King out of the world, than he, who daily expected from the hand of death, the just reward of his disloyalty.

We are here ready to represent unto him a paper signed with his own hand, and the hands of his Adherents, where amongst them all, they are obliged against all, to defend that person, who should attempt upon the person of the King. That execrable writing was intrusted in the hands of Bolfou, Captain of the Castle of Edinborough, whom at the first they had drawn unto their side, and being since incensed against some of the Conspiratours, hath discovered all the business. This is that which we now manifest with reasons, more clear than the day, and with assurances as strong as truth it self.

My Lords, We demand what is that which the Rebels oppose against all these proofs, nothing at all but frivolous conjectures, which are not sufficient to condemn the vilest creature in the world, although they are made use of, to overthrow the person and Majesty of a Queen. Ten thousand tongues such as Murrays are, and his Accomplices, ought not to serve to make half a proof against the honour of Mary, and yet you have the patience to hear them, rather than chastise them.

Her poor servants have bin examined again and again, they have been torn to pieces, and flead alive, to accuse the Queen, and could ever so much as one effectual word be racked from them, to stain her innocence? Have they not in the middle of their torments declared aloud, and before all the people, that she was ignorant of whatsoever was done, and that they never heard the least word proceed from her, which tended to the murder of the King.

All their Reasons are reduced into two Conjectures. The first whereof is, That the Queen committed the said Act, in revenge of the death of her Secretary. The second is, Her Love and Marriage with the Earl of Bothuel, the murderer of her husband, these two are the inevitable charges against her. But to answer to the first: I demand, If the Queen had any desires of revenge, on whom should she exercise that vengeance? Upon her husband, whom she loved with incomparable affection, whom in all companies she defended, as a young man, seduced by evil counsels, to whom she had given a full forgetfulness, and abolition of the murder of David Riccio, for fear that one day he should be called to an account for it, whom she very lately had received into favour, and the strictest friendship, to whom she had given the testimonies of a fervent love unto the last hour of his death. Is it on him that she would discharge her choller, or on those who were the Authours and Executioners of the act. If she hath pardoned the Earls of Murray, and Morton, her sworn Enemies, whom on a thousand occasions she could cut off: here is it to be believed, that a Lady, who had ever a most tender conscience, would destroy a husband so agreeable to her, and whom she knew to have never offended, but through the malice onely of these desperate spirits.

But why then hath she married him, who made this attempt against the King her husband? This is their second Objection, and to speak the truth, the onely one, which they so much cry up. For this it is that they have taken away her Rings and Jewels, and put in the place of them infamous letters, invented by Buchanan, or some like unto him, who treat of love, not as in the person of a Princess, but of a loose licentious woman. And these Letters, when they were produced, did appear to be never made up, or sealed, but exposed to all the World, as if so chaste and so wise a spirit as this Queen, could be so stupid, or so wicked, as to publish her own infamy to the face of all the world.

But in the end, they say, the Marriage was accomplished. And who did do it but these onely, who now do make it a capital Crime. These are they who did give advice to this match by reasons, did sollicit it by pursuits, did constrain it by force, and did sign it by continuance. Behold, we are here ready in your presence, to represent unto you the Contract, which doth bear their names and seals of Arms, which they cannot disprove. The Queen hath protested before God and men, that she had rather die ten thousand deaths, than to have married Bothuel, if she had thought he had been stained but with one drop of her husbands bloud, and if he had not been proclaimed to be innocent.

And now judge (My Lords) with what impudence they dare appear before you, and do believe, that the Queen of England hath sent you hither to serve their passions, and sacrifice so great a Princess to their vengeance. We do hope all the contrary, and do firmly perswade our selves, that the great God, the undoubted Judge of the living and the dead, will inspire you with such counsels, as shall give the Day to Truth, for the glory of your own consciences, and the comfort of the most afflicted of Queens, who desireth not to breathe out the rest of her life that is left her, but under the favour of your Goodness.

This in this manner being spoken, the Agents and Deputies for the Queen having aloud protested, that they here assembled not to acknowledge any power Superiour to the Crown of *Scotland*, but onely to declare in the behalf of their Queen, being unwilling to lose time in words, they came to the proofs, and did defend them with incredible vigour, making in the first place the falsifications, which were very ordinary with the Earl of *Murray*, to appear in full Councel. In the second place, representing the Contract of the Marriage with *Bothuel*, which he condemned, to be signed by him and his Adherents. Moreover, producing the instrument of the Conspiracy against the King, subscribed by their own hands, and signed by their own Seals. And lastly, reporting the Depositions of *John Hebron*, *Paris*, and *Daglis*, who being executed for this Act, did fully discharge the Queen at the instant of their death before all the people.

Her justification.

After that the Commissioners had judged the Queen of *Scots* to be innocent of all the Cases and Crimes, which falsely had been imposed on her by her traiterous and disloyal Accusers, and that the proceedings which they made, were for no other purpose,

purpose, but to exempt themselves from the crimes which they had committed, and to cover the tyranny which they had exercised in the Kingdom of *Scotland*. The Earl of *Murray* did flie away, filled with fear and with confusion, seeing that his life was in great danger, if he had not been secretly protected by the Queen of *England*.

The confusion of her Accusers.

In the pursuit of this Sentence, the most honest of the Councel did propose three Remedies to take away the differences, and to re-establish the true Queen in her Kingdom. The first was, That she should give assurances to the Queen *Elizabeth*, no ways to disquiet her in the Succession of the Crown of *England*. The Second was, That she should grant an Act of Pardon and Forgetfulness to her rebellious Subjects, for fear the punishment should otherwise extend to a number that was infinite. The third was, That the Marriage with *Bothael* being condemned to be unlawfull, she should consent to be espoused to some Illustrious Person in *England*, who should be answerable in all conditions, and maintain both Kingdoms in a perpetual friendship, to which Queen *Mary* shewed a singular inclination.

The labyrinths of the hypocrisie of *Elizabeth*.

9. But the Queen of *England* was wonderfully amazed at this Sentence and proceedings, and although in publick she seemed to be much contented at the justification of her Cousin, yet in secret she much raged at it, and encouraged the Accusers to prosecute their complaints in full Parliament, telling them, They were both lazy and impertinent to begin their Suit, and not to accomplish it.

The Process upon this, was brought again to the Councel of *England*, where the bastard *Murray*, armed with the outragious pen of *Buchanan*, used all his power, even to the affrighting of the Agents of Queen *Mary*, by the Authority of *Elizabeth*. But the best sort of people began to murmure, saying, that it was necessary that the Traitours should be taken off, and the innocent Queen re-established in her Kingdom. On the one side, *Elizabeth* ceased not to make delays, and on the other, she pretended that she would understand what should be the conditions of her Inlargement, whether it were to appear civil and humane, or whether she would sound the minds of those further, whom she thought did talk with too much liberty, concerning that affair.

Deceitfull hopes.

In the mean time, the Spirits which could not clearly enough discover the labyrinths of her dark heart, conceived that Truth had now prevailed to publish the innocence of the Queen of *Scotland*, that the Storm was grown into a Calm, and that she now began to arrive at her desired haven, she now was looked on by every one with another eye, and the greatest personages in *England*, did passionately desire an Alliance with her.

The Earl of *Liecester*, an intimate favourite of *Elizabeths*, observing that his Queen had no intention to be married, and that the Scepter of *England* did look upon this Prisoner, did entertain a delicate Ambition, to court her in the way of Marriage, but the Transalpine humour of his most jealous Mistress did so perplex him, that he durst not tell to his own heart, what his own thoughts were. He most passionately desired, that the Queen would make some overture to him of it, to submit all things to her discretion, and to make her understand, that this would be a happy means to take away all doubts, and misapprehensions that should arise from *Scotland*. But so it was, that he durst not proceed in it, so well he understood the spirit of *Elizabeth*, who was as apt to receive an evil impression, as she was cruel to revenge it.

Treason against the Duke of *Norfolk*, and his ruin.

The Duke of *Norfolk*, who was President at the Trial of Queen *Mary*, was advanced above all others in Dignity, and remarkable over all the Realm for his great and gallant qualities. The bastard *Murray* did flatter him with the hope of his Sisters marriage. The Earl of *Liecester* began to dive into his heart concerning that suit, and gave him some touches of it, whether it were that by that means he would know the pleasure of *Elizabeth*, or whether he were resolved to destroy the Duke, who onely was able to cast a shadow on his light. *Throgmorton*, who was a friend unto them both, did first carry the message, and acquainted *Norfolk*, that *Liecester* had a desire to speak with him on a business of high importance, which was concerning his marriage with the Queen of *Scotland*, he told him, That he spoke this unto him as of himself, but counselled him as a friend, to refer the further proceedings on that marriage to the Earl of *Liecester*, who, though it was thought did pretend himself to it, yet he desired that his modesty would give way that the Earl might advise him, because there was no great apparence of any thriving in that motion without his direction. He believed this counsel, and as soon as the Earl began to open his mouth concerning it, he did comply unto him with all honour and submission, and did express himself to be indifferent and cold enough concerning that marriage, although, to speak the truth, her Innocence so much persecuted, had kindled already the first fire of love within his heart. *Leiceſter*, touched with this courtesie, did increase his flame, and did remonstrate to him, that this Marriage would highly conduce to the benefit of the State, because it would prove a happy means to divert all strange Alliances, which might carry the Queen of *Scotland* to pursue her pretensions to the Crown of *England*, and serve absolutely to confirm her in the good opinion of Queen *Elizabeth*. The Duke, who was indued with a natural freedom of disposition, and knew not how to dissemble, beholding himself at one time betwixt two violent fires of Love and Honour, did entertain the heat, which too soon he did evaporate, and besought the Earl, since he pretended no more to that affair, and that he himself would not proceed in it without his assurance, that he would do him a courtesie worthy of the place which he had near the Queen, for which he never would be ingratefull. This the Earl did promise him, and, if men may judge by apparence, very heartily; which did so blow up the heart of the Lover, that in thinking of it, he did adore his own thoughts. It was indeed a strange temptation, to propose unto himself so accomplished a Beauty, and so eminent a Virtue, on whose trayn two Kingdoms did attend. The world is not capable to be governed by two Suns, and the heart of man suffers more than mortal Agonies, when it sustains the shock of two violent passions, who unite their forces and designs, to make a war upon him.

Great passions of Love and Ambition.

The Duke beholding himself flattered with these loves, by divers other Agents, did write unto the Queen of *Scotland*, with magnifick complements, and offers of unparallel'd service, with the greater pomp & sweetness to enter into the secrets of her thoughts. The Prisoner, who laboured for nothing more than to break her chains asunder, did desire rather to see the end of that affair, than to understand the beginning of it, but the experience which she had of the dissimulation and jealousies of *Elizabeth*, did make her to go upon these considerations, as on a fire covered with ashes. Wherefore, without being much moved at it, she made answer, That she must commit the whole Negotiation to the Queen, and trust to none to whom she had not spoken, and openly testified her desires.

In the mean time, the Earl of *Leiceſter*, who had promised to speak unto her, and who onely could give a fair colour to the estate of that Marriage, to perswade *Elizabeth* to incline unto it, did deferre to speak unto her from day to day, and being importuned to it, by the violent sollicitations of the Duke,

he counterfeited himself sick, and continued in a malignant silence.

The fury of *Elizabeth.*

He knew very well that to ruin a good busines, we must make use of an indiscreet tongue, he therefore permitted that some Ladies, who for the most part with curiosity enough do deliver the secrets of lovers, should report the first news of it unto the Queen.

This was to put her spirit upon the Rack, and to torment her in the most sensible part. She, who was extreamly jealous on any motions that were made unto her concerning the Queen of *Scotland*, and would grow into a fury upon the least discourse that did reflect upon her right unto the Crown, finding her self assaulted at one time by two strong passions, did enter into a rage that cannot be represented. Her spirit, which naturally was formed for dissimulation, could not now conceal it self, but she did let fall some words unto the Duke of *Norfolk*, telling him, *That although he slept softly upon a cushion, he should take care it was not taken from him*, And immediately upon it, leaving off these riddles, she sharply reproved him for presuming on the marriage with the Queen of *Scotland* without first acquainting her with it. The Duke made answer, That he never attempted any thing of himself, without attending her pleasure and commandement, and that he gave an expres charge to the Earl of *Liecester*, to acquaint her with it, and to desire her condiscent unto it, but perceiving her Majesty was averse unto it, he would willingly forbear any further suit, having no other aim, but to rule his life and fortunes according unto her intentions. On this promise, she departed from him, and went to look out the Earl of *Liecester*, who was the Master of the Guard of the chamber, who understanding that she was advertised that the secret of the marriage was deposed in his breast, he was suddenly possessed with a great fear, which made him look pale and tremble in the presence of the *Queen*, whom he prevented, and with tears in his eyes besought her to excuse him, that he had not acquainted her with it, because, he said, he waited an opportunity to find her in a good humour, to give the less trouble to her mind, which is found before to be too much disquited. His counterfeit sickness, his pale colour, but above all the inordinate affection which *Elizabeth* did bear unto him, did at that time save him from the thunder of her Choler: But poor *Norfolk* did presently behold himself abandoned by his friends, discountenanced by the *Queen*, followed, spied, persecuted, and at last confined to the Tower of London.

The horrible Catastrophe of the Duke of *Norfolk.*

Not long after, there were scaffolds made in the great Palace, a Tribunal was planted, and seats were made one both sides of it, for the Commissioners to sit, who were to be his Judges. He was brought to the Bar by two Knights, before whom an Ax was carried, the back whereof was turned towards the accused. The Earl of *Talbot*, was made President of the Court, and sate on the Judgement seat, and on both sides of him there were ranked a considerable number of Judges and Counsellours. After that their Commission was read, the Duke was cited, and accused to have endeavoured to dispossess Queen *Elizabeth*, and to set the Queen of *Scotland* on her Throne: To hold great intelligence with the Pope, and forreign Princes, enemies to the Crown of *England*, and with his possession to have assisted the enemies of the State, with many more particulars. The poor Duke was much amazed to see himself so suddenly invested, with so dangerous an accusation, and charged with so many Articles. He desired that he might be allowed Counsel to draw up his justification, but it was refused, and being demanded to answer readily to the Crimes of which he was accused, he replied very innocently.

„ I commend my self to God and to my Peers. „ The Atrocity of the Crimes do amaze me, but the „ Royal Clemency of her Majesty, which hath con„ ferred favours on me beyond my hope, doth again „ incourage me, I beseech you my Lord President, „ that I may have right done unto me, and that my „ memory may not be too much oppressed with the „ variety of confused complaints. I acknowledge „ my self happy to have you my Peers to be my „ Judges, and most willingly do commit my life „ to the integrity of the greatest part of you, assuring „ you on my innocence, that I will not faulter with „ you, and though I do ingeniously acknowledge, „ that I have not altogether directed my actions ac„ cording to an exact rule of Justice, yet so it is, that „ I have not offended her Majesty.

At that time there was one *Barret*, Advocate General to the Queen, a violent man, bold against those who were fearfull, and fearfull of those who were bold, who to shew his abilities, and the zeal which he did bear to the service of his Mistress, did vigorously proceed against the Duke, and did perplex him with multitudes of words: The good Duke, who knew better how to handle his sword than his tongue, and had withall but an uncertain memory, did defend his honour and his life as well as he could, but his party was no way equal, so much Authority, perfidiousnes, and malice did pour down upon him, that he was not able to wade through it. At the last, he was commanded to withdraw, that they might advise upon his sentence, and on his return they shewed the edge of the Ax towards him, to carry him before hand the sad news of the sentence of his death, which condemned him to be drawn upon a sledge unto the Gibbet, to be there hanged, drawn, and quartered. This sentence did startle him at the horrour of it, and produced from him these expressions. „ Sentence is here pronounced against me as a Trai„ tour, but I do trust in God & the Queen, & I hope, „ though I am deprived of your company, I shall re„ joyce in that which is in Heaven, in that assurance „ I will prepare my self for death. I desire nothing „ of the Queen but onely that she will be favourable „ to my Children and my servants, and that there „ may be care taken for the discharge of my debts.

Some moneths afterwards the sentence of death being a little moderated, he was brought to the place of execution, where he died like a Divine rather than a Souldier, preaching to the people, and accusing himself, that he treated on the marriage with the Queen of *Scotland*, without acquainting his own Queen with it. He also accused himself of having seen letters written from the Pope, to which he said, he never condiscended, and withall that he had maintained servants affectioned to the Religion of the Church of Rome, in which, if he had offended God, the true Church, and the Protestants, he demanded pardon. A new Dean, A Heretick, who had taken a wild possession of his afflicted Soul, being present at his death (according to the Order he had received) did perswade him to speak any thing in the favour of his own party, after which he prostrated himself on the earth, and having pronounced a prayer or two, he laid his head upon the block, which the Executioner with one blow divided from his body.

Gods judgement on wicked *Murray.*

The Earl of *Murray*, who was the creature of Queen *Elizabeth* for the ruining at once of this Commanders life and his sisters hopes, being returned into *Scotland*, where after so much perfidiousnes, he resolved to triumph in the bloudy spoils of his nearest kinswoman, was killed by a Pistol bullet, shot by the hand of one *Hamilton*, who was one of the chiefest of the Nobility of that Kingdom, and now at last that uncontrouled Ambition, which did blow up so many storms, is extinguished in its own bloud, he not witnessing at his death any Act of Christianity.

ty. His good ſiſter did much lament his deſpoiled body, but above all his ſoul, which being snatched away by ſudden death, had not the leiſure to repent the actual Crimes of his life, nor the blaſphemies of his mouth.

The Queens languiſhments in priſon.

10. Nevertheleſs, ſhe found her ſelf faſt bound with the chains, which this malicious contriver had linked for her deſtruction, and under the ſhadow of this pretended marriage with the Duke of *Norfolk*, although ſhe deported her ſelf in it with all diſcretion, yet ſhe was perſecuted again, ſo abſolutely reſolved were *miſchief* and *misfortune* to purſue her to her grave, and at the ſame time, when ſhe thought to have ſeen the beams of her dear liberty, ſhe had double guards ſet upon her, to afflict her with all the rigour that was poſſible.

Of the four and fourty years of her life, which God had diſpenced to her, ſhe ſuffered almoſt the half of them under the cruelty of a tedious impriſonment, where ſhe had a thouſand times been overcome with melancholy, were it not for the conſolations which ſhe did draw from the fountain of true piety. Pope *Pius* the fifth, underſtanding that ſhe was denied the aſſiſtance of Prieſts, did permit her to communicate her ſelf unto him, which oftentimes ſhe did, and oftentimes the conſecrated Hoſt was privately ſent unto her by thoſe whom he intruſted. Beſides this, ſhe being a moſt knowing Princeſs, who had her education in *France* from five years of age, and always loved good letters, and underſtood and ſpoke ſix languages, did improve her underſtanding and her time, by the aſſiduity of reading, which did much ſweeten the afflictions of her captivity.

During the time of thoſe perſecutions, ſhe received the comfort of benediction from divers Popes, who ſecreetly did ſend ſome Fathers to her, who being as induſtrious as couragious did find out a way to ſee her, and to fortifie her in the true Religion, and to diſcourſe with her on heavenly things, which was the ſweeteſt Manna which ſhe taſted in that wilderneſs. She always proteſted, in the ſingular confidence which ſhe had in God, that no violence ſhould ſeparate her from the ancient religion, and that it ſhould be unto her a peculiar gift from heaven, to ſeal her confeſſion with her bloud.

Henry the third of *France*, honouring her dignity and alliance, forgot not to ſend divers Ambaſſadours to comfort her, although for certain reaſons of State he did never act effectually for her deliverance. We have yet living in *Paris*, a venerable man of four-ſcore years of age, full of Virtue, Honour and Merit, who did viſite her in her captivity by the commandment of the ſaid *Henry*, and who oftentimes hath aſſured me, that no man could ſee that excellent Queen without raptures of celeſtial joy. She loved the *French* naturally, and was magnificent in her gifts, and finding her ſelf at that time unprovided of thoſe things, which ſhe deſired not to enjoy, but onely to diſtribute amongſt her friends, ſhe did take a Ring of Diamonds, which was left her, and her own Table-book, which ſhe gave to this good Gentleman, who ſhewed them to me for the rareneſs of the work. It is true indeed, the book was very rich, being covered with crimſon Velvet, and garniſhed with clapſes, and on the corners with plates of Gold, but ſhe did guild it far more with her royal words, telling him, that it was one of the misfortunes of her impriſonment, that ſhe was not able to preſent a gift unto him, that was worthy of his merit: Howſoever ſhe would tender to him that ſmall gift, which would be the more obſervable for the profit it ſhould bring him, having written in it ſome few, but remarkable obſervations, which ſhould conduce much to his advantage, and, but little to her own.

In the mean time this great ſoul paſſed many years weeping on the banks of this cruel Babylon, where ſhe heard nothing ſpoken, but what carried the ſounds with it of chains and priſons, and the maſſacres of Catholicks. She was perpetually ſick in body, and overwhelmed with the bitterneſs of mind, but amongſt all the cares of her cruel and tedious impriſonment, nothing came more near her heart, than the danger of her ſon, a young Prince in the hands of Hereticks, and abandoned to their Doctrine, receiving his firſt principles from their errours, and expoſed as a prey to their conſpiracies. This was the occaſion that ſome years before her death, ſhe wrote a long letter to the Queen of *England*, in which behold ſome notable expreſſions.

MADAM,

A pithy and couragious letter to the Queen of *England*.

COncerning what is brought to my knowledge, touching the late conſpiracies executed in Scotland againſt my poor Son, finding by my own example, that I have a juſt occaſion to fear the ſad conſequence, it is moſt neceſſary, that before I depart this world, I ſhould imploy all the ſtrength and life that is left me, to diſcharge my heart plainly to you, by my complaints, which are as juſt as they are lamentable.

I deſire that after my death, this letter may ſerve you as a perpetual rememberance, which in the deepeſt characters I would imprint in your conſcience, as well for my diſcharge unto poſterity, as to the ſhame and confuſion of all thoſe, who under your Warrant have ſo unworthily, and ſo cruelly uſed me: And becauſe their deſigns, their practiſes and proceedings (though never ſo deteſtable) have always prevailed on your ſide, againſt my moſt juſt Remonſtrances, and all the ſincerity of my deportment; and the force which you have in your hands warp and byaſs the common capacities of men, I will therefore have my recourſe to the living God, our onely Judge, who under him hath equally and immediately eſtabliſhed us, for the Government of his people; I will invoke him in this extremity of my afflictions, to render both to you and my ſelf what is due, either to our Merits or Demerits. Remember, Madam, *that he is the onely Judge, a Judge whom the painting and policie of this world can no way diſguiſe, although men for a time may obſcure the truth, by the ſubtility of their inventions.*

In his name, and being, as it were, both of us before him, I muſt remember you of the ſecret practiſes you have uſed to trouble my Kingdom, to corrupt my Subjects, to forſake their allegiance, and to attempt my perſon. I ſhall repreſent unto you the unjuſt diſmiſſion, which by your Counſel I was overcome to ſign, when my enemies held their ponyards at my throat, in the priſon of Locklevin, *you aſſured me that the Diſmiſſion ſhould be of no force, although ſince, you have made it as effectual and powerfull as you could, aſſiſting thoſe by your forces, who were the firſt Authors of it. You have transmitted my Authority to my Son, when he was but in his Cradle, and was not able to help himſelf, and ſince I have by law confirmed the Crown on him, you have intruſted him in the hands of my moſt capital enemies, who having forced from him the effect, will alſo take away the title of a King, if God doth not preſerve him.*

I will profeſs unto you, before the moſt impartial Judge, that beholding my ſelf purſued to death by my Rebels, I ſent unto you expreſly by a Gentleman the Diamond Ring which I received from you, with an aſſurance to be protected by your Authority, ſuccoured by your Arms, and received into your Realm with all courteſie. This promiſe, ſo often repeated by your mouth, did oblige me to come to throw my ſelf into your Arms, if I could be ſo happy to approch them. But indeavouring where to find you, behold I was ſtopped in the way, environed with Guards, detained in ſtrong holds, confined to a lamentable captivity, in which I do at this day

die, without numbering a thousand deaths, which already I have suffered.

After that the Truth hath laid open all the impostures which were contrived against me, that the chiefest of the Nobilitie of your Kingdom have acknowledged in publick, and declared my innocence. After that it hath been made apparent, that what passed betwixt the late Duke of Norfolk *and my self, was treated, approved, and signed by those, who held the first place in your Councels. After so long a time, that I have always submitted to the Orders which were prescribed for my captivitie, I do behold my self to be daily persecuted in my own person, and in the persons of my servants, and totally hinders, not onely from relieving the pressing necessities of my Son, but from receiving the least knowledge of his condition.*

This is that, MADAM, *which makes me once more to beseech you, by the dolorous Passion of our Saviour and Redeemer* Jesus Christ, *that I may have permission to depart your Kingdom, to assist my dear Son, and to find some comfort for my poor bodie, travelled with continual sorrows; and, with all libertie of conscience, to prepare my soul for God, who hourly doth call for it.*

Your Prisons have destroyed my bodie, there is no more left for my Enemies to satiate their vengeance. My soul is still entire, which you neither can, nor ought to captivate. Allow it some place to breathe more freely after its own safety, which a thousand times I do more desire, than all the greatness in the world. What Honour can you receive to see me stifled in your presence, and to fall at the feet of my Enemies? Do you not consider, that in this extreamity, if by your means (although late) I shall be rescued from their hands, that you shall oblige me, and all mine, and especially my Son, whom most of all you may assure your own.

I must beseech you, that I may understand your intentions concerning this, and that you will not remit me to the discretion of any other, but your own. In the mean time, I shall demand two things; the one, That being readie to depart this world, I may be suffered to have with me some man of honour of the Church, to instruct and perfect me in my Religion, in which I am resolved to live and die. The other, That I may have two maids in my Chamber, to attend me in my sickness, protesting before God, they are most necessary for me, to keep me from the shame of the simple people. Grant me then these Petitions, for the honour of God, and let it appear that my Enemies have not so much credit with you, as to exercise their vengeance and crueltie in a thing of so small a consequence.

Reassume the marks of your ancient good nature, Oblige your own to your self. Grant me that contentment before I die, as to see all things remitted betwixt you and my self, to the end that my soul, being inlarged from my bodie, it be not constrained to lay open her groans before God, for the injuries which you have suffered to be done unto me upon earth; But on the contrary, that departing from this captivity in peace and concord, it may with all content repair to him, whom I most humbly beseech to inspire You, to condescend to my most just Requests.

Sheffeild: November 28. 1581.

Your most desolate, most near, and
most affectionate Kinswoman,
QUEEN MARY.

II. May we not affirm that these Remonstrances, and that these words were of power to soften the heart of a Tyger, and yet they made no impression on her barbarous soul, who being born by a crime, could not afterwards live but by iniquity.

A parallel on both Queens.

Dear Reader, it is true, that we are possessed with an amazement on the consideration of the particulars of this History; And it may be you have the curiosity to draw open the curtain of the Sanctuary, and enter into the secrets of the Divine Providence, and in the travers of so much shade and darkness, to discover, why two Queens of so different qualities, were so indifferently handled, as it were, by the blind conduct of Chance. How came it about, that nothing but calamity did follow the good Queen, and all good fortune seemed not to be, but onely for the bad one? I will parallel the one with the other, and although Queen *Elizabeth* be dead, out of the communion of the true Church, and in many considerations had extreamly undervalued and offended *France*, yet I will not so rudely speak of her, as she hath been charactered by the eloquent pens of *Monsieur*, the Cardinal of *Peron*, and *Monsieur du Vair*, but content my self to speak of that onely, which may be collected from the History written by *Cambden*, her own Historiographer.

Queen *Mary* was high and glorious in her birth, both by the Father and the Mother. Queen *Elizabeth* did come into the world by a crime and a scandal, who made all Christendom to groan. It is true indeed, she was the daughter of a King, but of a licentious King, and of a wanton mother, whose head the King did cause to be cut off, for her unchastness. The one from five years of age was brought up in *France*, with so much piety, gravity and honour, that nothing more could be added or desired. The other had a licentious Education under the bad Example of her licentious parents. The one had an excellent, an active, and a clear spirit, resembling the quality of the Sun. The other was of a crafty, malignant, and a sullen Nature, resembling the condition of a Corner. The one was experienced in the knowledge of tongues and sciences, as much as was necessary for an honest Lady, who ought not to appear too learned. The other gave her self to such a vanity of study, that oftentimes she committed some extravagances; as when she undertook to translate the five books of the Consolation of *Boëtius*, to comfort her self on the Conversion of *Henrie* the Fourth. The one did speak and write with an extraordinary clearness, and an accurate smoothness. The other in her expressions was harsh, and did much perplex her thoughts, as may appear in a subscription of a Letter, written with her own hand, and directed to *Henrie* the Fourth, after his Conversion. *Vostre sœur, ſice soit a la virille, avec novelle, Je n'ay que faire, Elizabeth R.* which is in English, Your Sister, if it be after the old fashion, with the new, I have nothing but to do, *Elizabeth R:* I leave to the most liberal Interpreter, to divine what she meaneth by it. The one had a generous, free, and a credulous heart. The other was malicious, obstinate, and deceitfull. The one loved honour, to which her condition had obliged her. The other had a furious and bloudy Ambition, and spared none, to improve the interest of her Greatness. The one retained an admirable constancy in her ancient Religion, by reason whereof, though she was outragiously persecuted, yet she omitted nothing in her devotion. The other did put on Religion as she did her mask, making her self a Heretick amongst Hereticks, and a Catholick amongst Catholicks, for when in the reign of her sister *Mary*, she made a high and solemn profession of the Roman Faith, she afterwards counterfeited her belief, and betrayed that character to authorize heresie and rebellion against the Church. The one feared God, and finding her self the Relict of *Francis* the Second, at seventeen years of age, she had rather stoop to the marriage yoke, to give life unto a King, than to live inordinately, and under the veil of widow-hood, to conceal her secret wantonness. The other, who had not so strict a conscience, did find a way to reconcile Ambition and Love, and lived not married, and not a maid, and though I am unwilling

willing to believe, that ſhe lived ſo falſe and melting a life, as ſome have affirmed, yet I cannot deny but that ſhe had her Favourites and her Minyons, which *Cambden* her own Hiſtoriographer doth not conceal. The one ſtudied for the advancement of Virtue. The other for the advancement onely of vain Reputation. The one held forth a generous liberty in all her actions. The other painted her life, and covered her vices, with great pretences, ſhe extreamly feared the cenſure of Poſterity, which made her with ſo much artifice to indeer unto her the ableſt men of forreign Countreys, and entertained mercenary quills, to increaſe her glory, thinking by that means to conceal her Defects, and blind the eyes of mankind. Wherefore we ought not to give too much belief to ſome Hiſtorians, though otherwiſe men of eſteem, who deliver many and great praiſes, having received many and great Preſents. Men of that quality are always credulous enough, and are not accuſtomed to bark at thoſe who do feed them with bread. The one was very religious in her promiſes, the other was captious and inconſtant, and this moſt viſibly ſhe made apparent to the Duke of *Alencon*, Brother to *Henrie* the Third of *France*, who was come into *England* to eſpouſe her and though the Contract of the Marriage was confirmed, both on the one ſide, and the other, and though the Marriage-Ring was given, yet ſhe broke all, for the Caprichiouſneſs of one night, and to obey the cries of ſome Maids of Honour, who beſought her that ſhe would not marry. The one was full of bounty to her poor Subjects, to whom ſhe could not do all the good ſhe deſired, by reaſon of the Rebellions that were ſtirred up in her Kingdom. The other was carefull enough, not to tax her Subjects with Impoſts or with Subſidies, which cauſed her to be beloved of her people, who in all the virtues of a Prince, do cheriſh nothing more than a moderation in their Subſidies: The one was indued with an extream ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, which ſometimes did ſeem to lie too open and defenceleſs, as when without ſeeing juſtice done, ſhe pardoned great Crimes, which tended to the diminution of her Authority. The other was naturally cruel, a lover of bloud, and one who horribly tormented the Catholicks, and too eaſily would bring the Heads of her Great-ones upon the Scaffold, to obtain the honour and title of being juſt, among popular Spirits. To conclude, one reigned like a Dove, and the other like a Bird of prey. It is a horrible thing to read the Hiſtory of her Reign, written by her Admirers, where in ſtead of the Contemplation of Virtues, and of Beauties, you ſhall obſerve in every page the Rages of Accuſers, bloudy Judgements, Proſcriptions, Maſſacres, which I alledge not in any diſparagement to the Nation, which I love with a true Chriſtian charity, but to the ignominie and the ſhame of Hereſie. It ſeems to me when I read the Life of *Elizabeth*, that I enter into the Countrey of the Anthropophagi, where I behold nothing but men drawn upon Sledges, Hang-men tearing out of bowels, and dividing carkaſes into quarters, which are ſtill dropping bloud, and hanging in the moſt remarkable places of the Citie, as the tapeſtry of the ancient cruelty of the Puritans. I aſſure my ſelf, that thoſe who are now in authority under ſo gracious a Prince, do reflect upon it with as much horrour as my ſelf, and by their moderation will endeavour to wipe away the ſtains of ſo bloudy a Time.

Who is he then that is not amazed to ſee Virtue ſo forſaken, and the beſt Queen in the world to lead ſo tempeſtuous a life, perſecuted in her eſtate, in her body, in her honour, in her own perſon, in the perſon of her friends, deſpoiled, outraged, diſhonoured, torn by bloudy calumnies, drawn to unjuſt Tribunals, locked up in ſo many priſons, abandoned by thoſe moſt near unto her, and ſacrificed by her kinred, to the vengeance of her enemies, and that in ſo tragical a manner, and by ſo barbarous a hand? And how comes it to paſs, that the other, being laden with crimes, did mount on the Throne by ways unexpected, and did continue there by uncontrouled power, and reigned, as if ſhe had all good Fortune at her own commandment? Wealth and Honour were always on her ſide. Delight and Joy ſeemed onely to be ordained for her. Whatſoever ſhe undertook, did thrive, all her thoughts were proſperous, the earth and the ſea did obey her, the winds and the tempeſts did follow her Standards. Some would affirm, that this is no marvel at all, but onely the effect of a cunning and politick Councel, compoſed of the ſons of darkneſs, who are more proper to inherit the felicities of this world, than the children of the light; But we muſt conſider, that this is the common condition both of the good and the evil; to find out the cauſe in which the Underſtanding of man doth loſe it ſelf. *David* curiouſly endeavouring to diſcover the reaſon, in the beginning did conceive himſelf to be a Philoſopher; but in the end acknowledged, that the conſideration thereof did make him to become a Beaſt. The Aſtrologers do affirm, that *Elizabeth* came into the world under the Sign of *Virgo*, which doth promiſe Empires and Honours; and that the Queen of *Scotland* was born under *Sagitarius*, which doth threaten women with affliction, and a bloudy Death. The Machivilians do maintain, that ſhe ſhould accommodate her ſelf to the Religion of her Countrey, and that in the oppoſing of that torrent, ſhe ruined her affairs. The Politicians do impute it to the eaſineſs of her gentle Nature. Others do blame the counſel which ſhe entertained, to marry her own Subjects. And ſome have looked upon her, as *Jobs* falſe friends did look on him, and reported him to lye on the dung-hill for his ſins. But having thoroughly conſidered on it, I do obſerve that in theſe two Queens God would repreſent the two Cities of *Sion* and *Babylon*, the two wayes of the juſt, and the unjuſt, and the eſtate of this preſent world, and of the world to come. He hath given to *Elizabeth* the bread of dogs, to reſerve for *Mary* the Manna of Angels. In one he hath recompenſed ſome moral virtues with temporal bleſſings, to make the other to enter into the poſſeſſion of eternal happineſs. *Elizabeth* did reign, why ſo did *Athalia*. *Elizabeth* did perſecute the Prophets, why ſo did *Jezabel*. *Elizabeth* hath obtained Victories, why ſo did *Thomyris* the Queen of the *Scythians*. She hath lived in honour and delight, and ſo did *Semiramis*. She died a natural death, being full of years, ſo died the *Herods* and *Tyberius*, but following the track that ſhe did walk in; what ſhall we collect of her end, but as of that which *Job* ſpeaketh, concerning the Tomb of the wicked? *They paſs away their life in delights, and deſcend in a moment unto hell.*

Now God being pleaſed to raiſe *Marie* above all the greatneſs of this earth, and to renew in her the fruits of his Croſs, did permit that in the Age wherein ſhe lived, there ſhould be the moſt outragious and bloudy perſecution, that was ever raiſed againſt the Church. He was pleaſed by the ſecret counſel of his Providence, that there ſhould be perſons of all ſorts which ſhould extol the Effects of his Paſſion. And there being already entered ſo many Prelates, Doctours, Confeſſours, Judges, Merchants, Labourers, and Artiſans, he would now have Kings and Queens to enter alſo. Her Husband, *Francis* the Second, although a moſt juſt and innocent Prince, had already took part in this conflict of ſuffering Souls. His life being ſhortened (as it is thought) by the fury of the Hugonots, who did not ceaſe to perſecute him. It was now requiſite that his dear Spouſe ſhould undertake the myſtery of the Croſs alſo. And as ſhe had a moſt couragious ſoul, ſo God did put her in the front of the moſt violent perſecutions, to ſuffer the greateſt

The great ſecret of the Divine Providence.

torments and to obtain the richeſt Crowns.

Elizabeth's hatred to the Queen of Scotland.

The Prophet ſaith, *That man is made as a piece of Imbroidery, which doth not manifeſt it ſelf in the lives of the juſt*: for God doth uſe them as the Imbroiderer doth his ſtuffs of Velvet and of Satin, he takes them in pieces to make habilements for the beautifiing of his Temple.

12. Elizabeth being now tranſported into Vengeance, and carried away by violent Counſels, is reſolved to put *Mary* to death. It is moſt certain that ſhe paſſionately deſired the death of this Queen, well underſtanding, that her life was moſt appolite to her moſt delicate intereſts. She could not be ignorant that *Mary Stuart* had right to the Crown of *England*, and that ſhe uſurped it, ſhe could not be ignorant, that in a General Aſſembly of the States of *England*, ſhe was declared to be a Baſtard, as being derived from a marriage made & conſummated againſt all laws, both Divine and humane. She obſerved that her Throne did not ſubſiſt but by the Faction of Hereſie, and as her Crown was firſt eſtabliſhed by diſorder, ſo according to her policie it muſt be cemented by bloud. She could not deny, but that the *Queen of Scotland* had a Title to the Crown, which inſenſibly might fall on the head of the Priſoner, and then that in a moment ſhe might change the whole face of the State. She obſerved her to be a *Queen* of a vaſt ſpirit, of an unſhaken faith, and of an excellent virtue, who had received the Unction of the Realm of *Scotland*, and who was *Queen Dowager* of the Kingdom of *France*, ſupported by the Pope, reverenced throughout all Chriſtendom, and regarded by the Catholicks as a ſacred ſtock, from which new branches of Religion ſhould ſpring, which no Ax of perſecution could cut down.

The Hereticks in *England*, who feared her as one that would puniſh their offences, and deſtroy their Fortunes, which they had builded on the ruins of Religion, had not a more earneſt deſire than to ſee her out of the world. All things conſpired to overthrow this poor Princeſs, and nothing remained but to give a colour to ſo bold a murder.

It ſo fell out, that in the laſt years of her afflicting impriſonment, a conſpiracy was plotted againſt the Eſtate, and the life of *Elizabeth*, as *Cambden* doth recite it.

Ballard, an Engliſh Prieſt, who had more zeal to his Religion, than diſcretion to mannage his enterprize, conſidered with himſelf how this woman had uſurped a Scepter, which did not appertain unto her. How ſhe had overthrown all the principles of the ancient Religion, How ſhe had kept in priſon an innocent *Queen*, for the ſpace of twenty years, uſing her with all manner of indignity, how ſhe continually practiſed new butcheries by the effuſion of the bloud of the Catholicks, he conceived it would be a work of Juſtice, to procure her death who held our purſes in her hand, and our liberty in a chain. But I will not approve of thoſe bloudy Counſels, which do provide a Remedy far worſe than the diſeaſe, and infinitely do trouble the Eſtate of Chriſtendom.

Nevertheleſs, he drew unto him many that were of his opinion, who did offer and devote themſelves to give this fatal blow. The chiefeſt amongſt them, was one *Babington*, who was deſcended of an Honourable family, of a great ſpirit, and of a knowledge above his age, and very zealous on the Catholick Religion. His example made many others to imbark themſelves in that ſame dangerous deſign. Some propounded to themſelves the hopes of a great reward, others were carried on by glory, and ſome were tranſported to it by a hate to evil doers. It is no way to be believed (as I ſhall make it appear) that the Queen of *Scotland*, had any hand in the deſign. For, beſides the tendernes of her conſcience, ſhe had a wiſdom exerciſed by long experience, which made her eaſily to apprehend the weakneſs of that party, who were young men, heady, and inconſiderable, who had not learned to conceal a ſecret, which is the firſt knot that confirmeth great affairs. They carried their hearts on their lips, and being not content to make a noiſe of their deſign in Taverns, they cauſed it to be painted in a Table, with deviſes to it, as the Authours of liberty, and in fooliſh vanity did ſhow it to one another. *Babington* could not contain himſelf from writing to the Queen in priſon. And the letter being brought to the hands of her Secretaries, *Nau* and *Curles*, they did not communicate it to their Miſtreſs, well knowing, that the witneſs of her unblemiſhed ſpirit, would never ſympathize with ſuch violent Counſels. But when they perceived that *Babington* in the ſaid letter had given information of the conference he had with *Ballard*, and that ſix Gentlemen were choſen to put the Tragical deſign in Execution, and that one hundred more were to releaſe the Queen from her impriſonment, they thought they would not neglect the occaſion, and therefore they wrote an anſwer to the letter, making uſe of the Queens name, ſhe having no knowledge of it: In this letter they praiſed *Babington* for his zeal to the Catholick religion, and to the ſacred perſon of their *Lady*, who was the ſupportreſs of it. They did advertiſe him to take conſideration with him in this enterpriſe, and to make a ſtrong aſſociation amongſt them, who were to be the Actours and the Authours, and to attempt nothing before they had aſſurance of aid from forreign parts, and withall to ſtir up ſome new troubles in *Ireland*, before they gave this blow in *England*. They adviſed him to draw unto his party the Earl of *Arundel*, and his Brothers, and others named in the letter, they did alſo preſcribe a means for the deliverance of the Queen, either by overturning one of her Caroaches at the gate, or by ſetting on fire ſome Rooms belonging to her Querries in the Caſtle, or to take her away, when ſhe took horſe to refreſh her ſelf, in the concluſion, they did exhort him to promiſe great rewards to the ſix Gentlemen, and to all the reſt.

Babington, preſuming it was the Queen, who by this letter treated with him, became moſt vainly glorious, he incouraged his Companions, ſhewing the letter to the moſt apparent of them, and was inflamed with a deſire to execute the deſign. They were ſo tranſported with the vanity of it, that though they did ſhut their eyes againſt the danger, yet they did open their mouths to diſcover the ſecret, which was communicated to ſo many of their accomplices, that the multitude of the conſpiratours did make abortive the conſpiracy. They declared it to one *Gifford*, a pernicious and a luxurious man, who being charged with a Commiſſion to keep ſafe their letters, did carry them all to *Walſingham*, the Secretary to the Queen of *England*, who opened them, and ſounding the whole progreſs of their deſigns, did with much dexterity make them faſt again. The laſt written by *Babington*, with the anſwer of the Secretaries, in the name of Queen *Mary*, was carried to *Elizabeth*, and to her Counſel who ſhewed an exceeding joy for the diſcovery. She cauſed the conſpiratours to be apprehended, and *Babington* amongſt the foremoſt, who being demanded the Queſtion, did immediatly confeſs that he had treated with the Queen of *Scotland* on that ſubject, in which he ſpoke truly as he thought, though he did not ſpeak the truth.

After they were all examined and condemned, they were executed with moſt cruel puniſhments, the extremity whereof did ſtrike a horrour into thoſe who did condemn them.

The Proceſs againſt the Queen of Scotland.

13. It was ſo decreed, that a paſſage muſt be made through the entrails of many bodies, to come unto Queen

Queen *Maries* bloud. She that knew of nothing what was done, did continue very quiet in the languishment of her captivity, when behold, she suddenly found her self confined to a close imprisonment, her Guards doubled, her Secretaries apprehended, her papers taken away, and her Coyn confiscated, with a labouring expectation she did attend to know the reason of it, when behold a letter from the Queen of *England*, which imparted that she had given a Commission to her Counsellers of Estate, to hear her in judgement upon Fact, with which she was accused. Having read it, with a Majestick countenance, and a spirit full of the height of understanding, she spake to those that gave it her.

I Am much afflicted that my most dear Sister the Queen, hath been so ill informed of me, and that having been so many years most strictly guarded, and withall nummed in my limbs, the many fair conditions which I have offered for my liberty, have been always neglected, and my self abandoned. I have sufficiently advertised her of diverse dangers, and yet she never would believe me, but hath always undervalued me, although I am most near unto her in bloud. I have too truly foreseen that any accident that did arrive, either within or without this Kingdom, would be interpreted to proceed from me, and that I should be made guilty enough, because I am so miserable. As for his letter, I do look upon it as a strange thing, that any Queen should command me, as her Subject, to appear in judgement. I am of my self an absolute Queen, and will do nothing to the prejudice of Royal Majesty, my courage is not yet abated, nor will I ever stoop unworthily under my calamity.

Her answer was drawn up in writing, which in these terms she had pronounced, and the same day the Chancellour, and the Treasurer came to her, and declared what power they had given them in their Commission, and desired her gently to hear the Facts with which she was charged, otherwise they both could, and would proceed against her for contempt. To which she made answer, That she was no Subject, and that she had rather die a thousand times, than by such an acknowledgement to bring a prejudice to Royal Majesty. She admonished them, if after having condemned her before hand, they came now unto her to make a semblance of observing some formality in Justice, to consult with their own consciences, and to remember, that the Theater of the world is of a larger extent than *England*. The Commissioners did not cease to insist, and represent unto her the Tenour of their Commission, with their own Names. On which she demanded by what Law they would proceed against her, the Canon Law or the civil Law, and because she knew very well that they were no great Lawyers, she conceived it would be requisite that some should be sent for from the Universities in Europe. They replied, That she should be tried by the civil Law of *England*, in which they were sufficiently experienced. But she, who well observed, that they would intangle her with a new Law on purpose against her, made answer; you are gallant Gentlemen, and can make what Laws you please, but I am not bound to submit unto them since you your selves in another case refuse to be subjected to the Salick Law of *France*. Your Law hath no more of Example, than your proceeding hath of Justice.

On this, *Hatton*, Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen of *England*, advanced himself, and said unto her: you are accused for conspiring the ruin of our Mistress, who is an anointed Queen. Your degree is not exempted to answer for such a Crime, neither by the Law of Nations nor of nature. If you are innocent, you are unjust to your Reputation to indeavour to evade the judgement. The Queen will be very glad that you can justifie your self, for she hath assured me, that she never in the world received more discontent, than to find you charged with this accusation. Forbear this vain consideration of Royalty, which at this present serves for nothing. Cause the suspitions to cease, and wipe away the stain, which otherwise will cleave for ever to your reputation. She replied, I refuse not to answer before the States of the Realm being lawfully called, because I have been acknowledged to be a presumed Heir of the Kingdom. Then will I speak, not as a subject, but in another nature, without submitting my self to the new Ordinance of your Commission, which is known to be nothing else but a Malicious net, made to inwrap my innocence. The Treasurer on this, did interrupt her, and said: we will then proceed to the contempt, to which she made answer: Examine your own consciences and provide for your Honours, and so God render to you, and your children, as you shall do in the judgement.

The next morning she called one of the Commissioners, and demanded if her Protestation were committed to writing, And if it were, she would justify her self without any prejudice to the Royal dignity. Whereupon the Commissioners did presently assemble themselves in the Chamber of presence, where they prepared a Scaffold, on the upper end whereof, was the seat Royal under a Cloath of State, to represent the Majesty of Queen *Elizabeth*, and on the one side of it a Chair of Crimson Velvet prepared for her. The courageous Queen did enter with a modest and an assured countenance amongst the stern Lords, thirsting after her bloud, and took her place. *Bromley* the Chancellour, turning towards her, did speak in these words.

The most Illustrius Queen of *England*, being assured, not without an extream Anguish of spirit that you have conspired the destruction of her, of the Realm of *England*, and of Religion, to quit herself of her duty, and not to be found wanting to God, herself, and her people, hath without any malice of heart established those Commissioners to hear the things, of which you are accused, how you will resolve them, and shew your innocency.

This Man who had spoken ill enough, had the discretion to speak but little, And immediately as he had given the signal, the perverse Officers, who were more than fourty in number, did throw themselves upon her like so many mastives on a prey, propounding a thousand captious questions to surprize her, but the generous AMAZA did shake them off with an incredible vivacity. In the end, all things were reduced to the letter of *Babington*, in which he gave her notice of the conspiracy, and to the answer which she made to it, exhorting him to pursue his design, but most of all to the depositions of her own Secretaries, who gave assurances that she did dictate the said letter, as also other letters to forreign Princes, to invade *England* with arms. They did press her on these falsities, which seemed to carrie some probability with them, but she did answer invincibly to them, as most clearly may appear by those terms, which I have drawn from her several answers, and tied them together to give more light to her Apology, wherein the clearnes of her understanding and her judgement is most remarkable.

The invincible Apology of the Queen.

IF the Queen, my Sister, hath given you a Commission to see Justice done, it is reasonable that you should begin it, rather by the easing of my sufferings, than by the oppressing of my innocence. I came into *England*, to implore succour against the Rebellion of my Subjects. My bloud, alliance, Sex, Neighbourhood, and the Title which I bear of a Queen, did promise me all satisfaction, and here I have met with my

my greatest affliction. This is the twentieth year that I have been detained Prisoner, without cause, without reason, without mercy, and (which is more) without hope. I am no Subject of your Mistresses, but a free and an absolute Queen, and ought not to make answer but to God alone, the Sovereign Judge of my Actions, or bring any prejudice to the Character of Royal Majesty, either in my Son, the King of *Scotland*, or his Successours, nor other Sovereign Princes of the earth. This is the Protestation which I have made, and which I repeat again in your presence, before I make any answer to the Crimes which are imposed on me.

The blackest of all the Calumnies, do charge me for having conspired the Death of my most dear Cousin, and after many circumventions, all the proofs are reduced to the Letter of *Babington*, the Deposition of my Secretaries, and my sollicitations made to forreign Princes to invade *England* with Arms. I will answer effectually to all these Articles, and make the justice of my Cause most clearly appear to those, who shall without passion look upon it. And in the first place, I swear and protest, that I never saw this *Babington*, who is made the principal in this Charge, I never received any letter from him, neither had he any letter from me. I have always abhorred these violent and black counsels, which tended to the ruin of Queen *Elizabeth*, and I am ready to produce letters from those, who having had some evil enterprize, have excused themselves, that they have discovered nothing to me, because they were assured, that my spirit was opposite to such Designs. I could not know what *Babington* or his accomplices have done, being a Prisoner, he might write what he pleased, but I am certain that I never saw nor heard of any letter to me. And if there be found any Answer written by me to those things, which never so much as came into my imagination, it is an abominable forgery. We live not in an Age, nor a Realm, that is to learn the trade to deceive. I am informed that *Walsingham*, one amongst you, who hath conspired my death, and the death of my Son, doth make use of such artifices, and hath counterfeited a letter from me, in answer to that of *Babington's*, which he intercepted. The other innocently believed it, and took his oath that it came from me, but all this is no more than one simple conjecture. There should be a million of witnesses, more clear than the rays of the Sun, to impeach a Sovereign Queen, who comprehends within her Authority so many millions of lives. And a man unknown, a man half dead, is believed against me, who spake all that he knew, and that he knew not, to deliver himself from the horrible cruelties of his Examiners. Let them produce but one letter of my hand, one shadow of the crime, and I will yield my self convinced. I speak it in the sincerity of my heart, and of the tears of my eyes, I would not conquer a Kingdom with the bloud of the vilest person, picked out of the scum of the people, much less with the bloud of a Queen. I will never make a shipwrack of my soul, in conspiring the ruin of a person, to whom I have vowed so much honour and friendship.

For my Secretaries, I did alwayes take them for honest men; if they do charge me, and accuse me in their Depositions, to have dictated an Answer to *Babington's* letter, they have committed two great faults, the first in violating the Oath which they have made to be secret and faithfull to their Mistress: the second, in inventing so detestable a Calumny against her, to whom they ow all Reverence and Fidelity. In a manner all the belief that you draw from them, doth amount to more, than that it comes from perfidious men. O good God, In what a desperate condition is the Majesty and the safety of Princes, if they depend upon the writings and the witnesses of their Secretaries, in affairs of so high a consequence. How many are of them, who prostitute themselves to the uncertainty of riches? How many of them for fear onely, do comply with the menaces of the great ones. They are men of Fortune, who follow the ebb and flow of Inconstancy. If those poor men have taken their Oaths, as you say, it was onely to deliver themselves from the horrour of your torments, and put all upon the crowned head of a Queen, which they thought was inaccessible to your Commissions.

But what Lawyers are you, to put *Babington* to death without bringing him before me face to face? To open his mouth by torments to tell a lie, and then to shut it up for ever against the Truth? If my Secretaries are yet alive, let them come into my presence, and I assure my self that they will not persist in that Deposition, which you object against me. Doth it not easily appear, that you proceed here on a bad belief, and that you borrow these poor Formalities, to give some slight tincture to your prejudgings?

I never did dictate any thing to my servants, but what Nature did suggest unto me, for the recovering of my liberty. This is the third Objection of your Proces. And I demand of you, if I have not committed a great crime, to desire a benefit which every common voice doth teach us, which the laws do approve, which all men do practise, which Nature prompts the Nightingales, and every little Bird unto, that are imprisoned in their Cages: what can he do less that sees himself in irons, but implore the assistance of his friends, and desire, that some strong hand of mercy might open the prison for him. I confess I have had the desire of liberty, but I deny that I sought the effect thereof by that means which you alledge. It is a strange thing that a Prisoner, all whose actions are spied into, and every step she treads is counted, should do the affair which great Sovereigns, though of a free and most absolute power, could not remove. So many years are now passed, since I have been, as it were, in the chains of miserable captivity, yet neither the offers which I have made, nor the assurances which I have given, nor the increase of my sickness, nor the declining of my age, could move my Sister to my inlargement. Have I not offered to contract a strict Friendship with her, to cherish her, to respect her above all the Princes in Christendom, to forget all offences, to acknowledge her the true and legitimate Queen of *England*, submitting all my Rights to the benefit of her peace, neither to pretend to, nor take any part of the Crown during her life, and to remove both the Title and the Arms of the Kingdom of *England*, which I did attribute to my self by the commandment of *Henrie* the Second, King of *France*. And yet all these submissions have prevailed nothing for my Deliverance. Am I so much to be blamed, if I have desired forreign Princes, my Friends, and my Allies, to draw me out from the depth of these miseries? And yet I neither have, nor was ever willing to confirm into the hands of the King of *Spain*, the Right which he pretended to the Crown of England, although he hath been angry with me concerning it, but I have given respect unto my Sister so far, that I have neglected both my life and liberty, to satisfie her interests, and have delighted my self with the prayers of *Esther*, and not with the sword of *Judith*. But I now speak and declare, that since *England* is inequitable and so unkind unto me, that I neither ought, nor will mispriſe the aid of other Kings.

I have here sincerely declared my thoughts and my counsels to you on this Accusation, and if Right and Equity must give way to Power, and Force must oppress the Truth amongst men, I do appeal to the living God, who hath an absolute Empire of command over *Elizabeth* and my self. I swear unto you by God, and protest unto you on my honour, that

for

for this long time, I have had my thoughts on no Kingdom, but onely that of Heaven, which I look on as the haven after my long sufferings. I believe I have now satisfied all your Objections; And you know indeed in your own conscience, that nothing doth charge me, but my birth, nor render me guilty but my Religion. But I will not deny, that to which by Gods goodness I am born, nor remove the character which I received in the day of my Baptism. I have lived, and I will die a Catholick. It is the crime alone, for which I need no Advocate to defend me, in which I desire all the world to be my witness, and fear not the severest Judges.

The poor Princess did mingle these words with her tears, fore-seeing the persecution of her friends, and considering how barbarously her Royal Dignity was exposed to the Advocates of the Palace, who did all seem to have sworn her death. Howsoever in their consciences they were touched to the quick, because that what she represented, was most true, even by the report of the Heretieks themselves, as it appeareth in the Book of *Cambden*, who hath wrote the Life of *Elizabeth*, and who doth not deny, but that *Walsingham* did open and make up the letters again, which *Gifford* brought him, counterfeiting in them what he thought good. And he himself confesseth, that it was the judgement of the most rational men, that the Secretaries of the Queen of *Scotland*, were seduced and corrupted with money. And it is certain, that they demanded a Recompence of *Walsingham*, who told them, that they ought to content themselves with their lives: And added, that in condemning their Mistress without producing the Witnesses, they had not proceeded according to the Rules of Justice. Observe here the judgement of the Hugenots themselves, her most cruel Enemies: I speak of those who have some sparks of a good conscience, and not of those Incendiaries, who write Rapsodies full of ignorance and folly. All this may serve for an invincible proof of her innocence; but her evil Judges, who had sold themselves to iniquity, did not cease to proceed further, even to the Sentence of Condemnation, which they carried to the Queen of *England*, and was presented to the Parliament for the publication of it.

Cambden pag. 493.

Amanuensium absentium qui pretio corrupti videbantur, testimonio oppressa est.

The unjust Judgement.

Thither *Elizabeth* did come in person, with a studied Speech, where she gave thanks to God for the Deliverance from this danger, and thanks to her Subjects for the affection to their Queen. Afterwards, coming to the work in hand, she shewed her self to be extreamly afflicted for the Queen of *Scotland*, that a Person of her Sex, Estate, and Bloud, should be convicted to have conspired against her: Adding, that she was most willing to pardon her, and to abandon her own life, if it would render the affairs of *England* more flourishing; but in this effect she would neither prejudice her self, nor the good of her Kingdom.

In this action she came with a heart full of vengeance, however she would put upon it the reputation of Sweetness and of Clemency, imitating the *Herods* and *Tyberius Cæsar*, who never did worse than when they spake best, and laughed in their hearts, when they distilled the tears of Crocodiles from their eyes. With joyned hands she desired that her Parliament would but demand that thing of her, which most willingly she would not grant. Sometimes she would flatter them with the Respects and cordial Affections they did bear her, on purpose to incite them to pursue this business: Sometimes she seemed to be weary of their too much zeal: Sometimes she said, she would preserve her self: And sometimes she said, she would abandon her own preservation to exercise her clemency. Her spirit, which was greatly given to dissimulation, made never more leaps, nor daunced more Rounds, than in this business. And to speak the truth, she perplexed her self in her own labyrinth, and endeavouring too much to hide her self, she laid her self more open, saying unto those who demanded the death of the Queen of *Scotland*:

I pray and conjure you to content your self with an Answer without an Answer, I approve your judgement, and comprehend the reasons, but I pray you excuse the carefull and the doubtfull thought which doth torment me, and take in good part the gratious affection which I bear you; and this Answer, if it be of that worth as you esteem it for an Answer, If I say I will not do what you demand, peradventure I shall say more than I think: If that I will do it, I shall precipitate my self to my ruin, whom you are willing to preserve.

In the end, the Sentence of Death was confirmed by the Authority of Parliament, and *Beal* was sent to the Queen of *Scotland*, to carry her the news of her mournfull Condemnation, and to acquaint her, that the Estates demanded the Execution to be dispatched, for Justice, Security, and Necessity.

Her great heart was no way dejected at this so violent a Rigour, and damnable Injustice, but lifting up her eyes and her hands to Heaven, she gave thanks to God, demanding immediately a Priest to administer to her the Sacrament, and to dispose her to die. *Paulet*, who had the guard of her, did use her after this most barbarously, commanding the Officers of her house to beat down the cloth of State that was in her chamber, but when he observed that no man would touch it, and that they onely answered him by tears and lamentations, which would have softened the heart of any man, he performed the Execution by the Guard, and took from the poor Prisoner all the marks of Royalty, to make her behold her Funeral alive, and to make her heart to bleed with a mortal wound, before the bloud were drawn from the veins of her body by the hands of the Hang-man. But *Elizabeth* did yet deferre the Execution, whether it were for the fear of forreign Princes, being not able to see clear enough into their power and protection, or whether it were to gain the imaginary Reputation of Mercy, or whether by degrees she would consume this poor sacrifice by a small fire, prolonging the languors of her imprisonment. The other was resolved to write unto her, not in a base and begging stile, to crave her life, but to demand an honest Burial. Behold her letters to that effect.

Execrable indignity.

MADAM,

I Give thanks to God with all my heart, who by the Sentence of Death, hath been pleased to put an end to the tedious pilgrimage of my life. I desire not that it may be prolonged, having had too long a time to trie the bitterness of it, I onely beseech your Majestie, that since I am to expect no favour from some zealous Ministers of State, who hold the first place in your Councels, I may receive from You onely, and from no other, these following favours.

In the first place I desire, that since it is not allowed me to hope for a Burial in England, *according to the Solemnities of the* Roman *Church, practised by the ancient Kings, your Ancestours and mine; and that in* Scotland *they have forced and violated the Ashes of my Grand-fathers, that my Bodie (when my Adversaries shall be satiated with my innocent bloud) may be carried by my own servants, into some holy Land; and above all, if it may be, into* France, *to be there interred, where the Bones of the Queen, my most honoured Mother, are lodged, to the end my poor Bodie, which knew no rest, whiles joyned to my soul, might now find rest, being separated from it.*

Secondly, I beseech Your Majestie (in the apprehension which I have of the tyrannie of those, to whose power You abandon me) that I may not suffer in any private place, but in the view of my servants and other people,

who may give a testimonie of my faith, and of my obedience to the true Church, and defend the remnant of my life, and my last sighs, against the false Reports which my Adversaries may contrive against me.

In the third place, I require that my servants, who have attended on me with great fidelitie, during so many afflictions, may have free leave to retire where they please, and enjoy those small Legacies, which in my last Will my povertie hath bequeathed to them.

I conjure You, Madam, by the Bloud of Jesus Christ, by the nearness of our consanguinitie, by the Memorie of Henrie the Seventh, our common Father, and by the title of a Queen, which I carrie to my Grave, not to denie me these reasonable Demands, but by one word under Your hand, to grant me an assurance of them, and I shall die, as I have lived,

Your most affectionate Sister
and Prisoner,
QUEEN MARY.

It is uncertain whether this Letter came to the hands of *Elizabeth*, because no Answer can be found unto it, whether it were that those next unto her did conceal it from her, or whether through the hardness of her heart she did dissemble it.

The vain endeavour to delay her death.

In the mean time King *James* employed himself for the Deliverance of his Mother, the Ambassadours from *France*, *Monsieur de la Mote Aigron*, and *Monsieur del Aubispene*, were commanded thither upon that and other occasions, and *Monsieur de Belieurs* did there also carry himself with great wisdom, courage and fidelity, as may appear by his grave Remonstrance, which is to be read in the History of *France*. Howsoever, the Arrest of Death was suspended for three moneths, until such time that the clamours of the Lutherans and Puritans, did cause the Thunder to fall down upon that hand, which desired nothing more, than to strike home the blow.

The more advised did remonstrate unto her, That it was without example, to commit a Ladie, the Queen of *France* and *Scotland*, and the neerest Kinswoman she had in the world, into the hands of a Hang-man: A Queen, which was not her prisoner of War, but her Guest, whom she had called and invited into her Kingdom, and sent unto her assurances of her fidelitie. That she ought to consider, that what was done, proceeded from her Secretaries, and not from her. And if that after twenty years imprisonment, she should have consented to be taken from it by force, it did not deserve to be punished with Death. That if she should cause her to die, it would open a wound, from whence there would issue such abundance of bloud, that many Ages could not stanch it. That *Italie*, *France* and *Spain*, and all the Christian Kingdoms of the world would be offended at it, and that she should bring upon her Kingdom the Arms of Christendom, who would be glad of that pretence, to invade her Kingdom. That it would be a most remarkable affront to her Son *James*, and all his Race, who could not but be mindfull of it. That it would incense the Spirits of her Kingdom, and render them unreconcileable to her. And in the end, that it was to be feared that Heaven would arm it self against so bloudy a Design. That she should use the miserable (and especially a Queen who came into her Countrey for protection) with more Reverence. That she should hazard much in her death, but could lose nothing by her life, seeing she had so many Guards, Prisons, Bars, and Walls to secure her, if she had an intent to enterprize against the State.

But the insolent Ministers did incessantly crie out, That she must put an end to her Imprisonment, by putting an end unto her Life. That the Queen ought to remember, that she had usurped her Titles and her Name, and sometimes caused her self to be proclaimed Queen of *England*, and of *Scotland*, and that Sovereigns never pardoned those, who did so far intrench upon their Authority. That the life of *Elizabeth* and *Mary* were incompatible. That the onely means to take away all pretences from the Catholicks, was to cut off this Root, which would make all their hopes to perish. That King *James* was instructed in their Religion, and would rather look after the advancement of his own State, than take vengeance for the Death of his Mother. That forreign Princes were too much perplexed with the difficulties of their own Affairs, and took care, rather to defend their own, than to invade her Kingdom. That her Cousin, the Duke of *Guise*, was in a bad condition in *France*, and that *Henrie* the Third would be very carefull how he did espouse her quarrels. And if other Princes were so hardy to undertake it, they were to understand, that *England* had a deep ditch about it. That Queen *Elizabeth* was mortal, and if she should die, there was not that calamitie to be conceived, which both Religion and the State would not suffer under the reign of *Marie*, in the revenge of her Imprisonment, and other injuries she had received. That she could not but remember, that great personages did write things well done on the sand, but did engrave their Discontents in brass. The Preachers made it to be a work of Religion, with their absurd Allegations out of the Bible, which they did corrupt to their bloudy meaning. And the Lawyers, as ignorant as the Ministers, were absurd, did produce some Histories for the punishment of Kings, which were altogether impertinent.

But there needed not so much labour to perswade a Woman, who had in her so much vanity, as once in her life, to make a Princes head to fly upon a Scaffold, and who did not remember, that in the Reign of Queen *Mary*, being her self accused of offending the Estate, and expecting her sentence of death, she did so much fear the Axes of the Hang-men in *England*, that she was resolved to petition to her Sister to send for an Executioner to *France*, to cut off her head. Now was the Commandment given for her death, and it was signified to the poor Victim, who for a long time, was prepared for this Sacrifice.

Some passionate writers, do indeavour to divert this Crime from the reputation of *Elizabeth*, taking their ground on a Letter which she wrote to the Queen of *Scotland*, in which by a shamefull perfidiousnes, she doth write, *That her spirit was tormented with an incomparable Sorrow, by reason of the lamentable Event, which was arrived against her will, and that she had not a soul so base, as either by terrour to fear to do what was just, or by cowardice to denie it, after it was done.*

Elizabeth entirely culpable of the death of Queen *Mary*.

But who doth not see that this is to mock, and to traduce the Story, and the belief of mankind: *Davison*, her Secretary, who mannaged this sad affair, as the true instrument of her malice, doth express in his Attestation, reported in the most faithfull Memorials of *England*, by *Cambden*, that after the departure of the French Ambassadour, sent to prevent the Execution, she commanded him to shew the Instrument for putting the Queen of *Scotland* to death, which being done, she most readily signed it with her own hand, and commanded him to see it sealed with the Great Seal; and smiling, she added some few words, that she blamed *Paulet* and *Drury*, who guarded the Prisoner, for not delivering her from that pain.

It is true, that in the morning she sent one named *Killigrew*, to *Davison*, to forbid to put that command in Execution, whether it were that her Remorse of Conscience had put her into some frights, her sleeps being ordinarily disturbed with horrible Dreams, which

which did represent unto her the images of her Crimes, or whether it were an artifice to procure her the reputation of being merciſull, in killing with ſo much treachery. The Secretary came to her in the field, and declared to her, that the Order for the Queen of *Scotland's* death, was now finiſhed and ſealed, on which ſhe put on the countenance of diſpleaſure, and told him, that by the Counſel of wiſe men, one might find out other expedients, by which it is believed, that ſhe intended poiſon. Nevertheleſs, ſhe now was commanded that the Execution ſhould be delayed, And as *Davilon* preſented himſelf to her three dayes afterward, demanding of her, if her Majeſty had changed her advice, ſhe anſwered, No, and was angry with *Paulet* for not enterpriſing boldly enough the laſt of the Crimes; And ſaid moreover, That ſhe would find others who would do it for the love they did bear unto her. On which the other did remonſtrate, that ſhe muſt think well of him, for otherwiſe ſhe would ruin Men of great Merit with their poſterity. She ſtill perſiſted and on the very ſame day of the Execution, ſhe did chide the Secretary for being ſo ſlow in advancing her Commands, who as ſoon as he had diſcovered the affair, the evil Counſellours did purſue the expedition with incredible heat, for they ſent *Beal*, a Capital Enemy of the Catholicks, with letters directed to certain Lords, in which power was given them to proceed unto the Maſſacre; who immediately repairing to the Caſtle of *Fotheringhey*, where the Queen was priſoner, they cauſed her to riſe from her bed, where the Indiſpoſition of her body had laid her, and having read unto her their Commiſſion, they did advertiſe her, that ſhe muſt die on the morning following.

16. She received this without changing of her countenance, and ſaid:

Her death and miraculous conſtancy.

That ſhe did not think that the Queen, her Siſter, would have brought it to that extremity; But ſince ſuch was her pleaſure, death was moſt agreeable to her, and that a Soul was not worthy of celeſtial and eternal joys, whoſe body could not endure the ſtroke of the Hang-man. For the reſt, ſhe appealed to Heaven and Earth, who were the witneſſes of her Innocence; adding, that the onely Conſolation which ſhe received in a ſpectacle ſo ignominious, was, that ſhe died for the Religion of her Fathers, ſhe beſeeched God to increaſe her conſtancy to the meaſure of her afflictions, and to welcome the death ſhe was to ſuffer, for the expiation of her ſins.

After ſhe ſpake theſe words, ſhe beſought the Commiſſioners to permit her to confer with her Confeſſor, which by a barbarous cruelty was refuſed, a cruelty which is not exerciſed on the worſt of all offendours, and in the place, for a Director of her conſcience, they gave her for her comforters the Biſhop and the Dean of *Peterborough*, whom with horrour ſhe rejected, ſaying; That God ſhould be her Comforter. The Earl of *Kent*, who was one of the Commiſſioners, and moſt hot in the perſecution of her, told her: *Your life will be the death, and your death will be the life of our Religion.* Declaring in that ſufficiently the cauſe of her death, whereupon ſhe gave thanks to God, that ſhe was judged by her Enemies themſelves, to be judged an inſtrument capable to reſtore the ancient Religion in *England*. In this particular ſhe deſired, that the Proteſtants had rather blamed her effects, than her deſigns.

After the Lords were retired, ſhe began to provide for her laſt day, as if ſhe had deliberated on ſome voyage, and this ſhe did with ſo much devotion, prudence, and courage, that a Religious man, who hath had all his Meditations on death for thirty years together, could not have performed it with greater Juſtice; And in the firſt place, ſhe commanded that ſupper ſhould be diſpatched, to adviſe of her affairs, and according to her cuſtom, ſupping very ſoberly, ſhe entertained her ſelf on a good diſcourſe, with a marvellous tranquillity of mind. And amongſt other things, turning her ſelf to *Burgon*, her Phyſitian, ſhe demanded of him, if he did not obſerve how great was the power of the Truth, ſeeing the ſentence of her death did import, that ſhe was condemned for having conſpired againſt *Elizabeth*, and the Earl of *Kent* did ſignifie, that ſhe died for the apprehenſion which they had, that ſhe ſhould be the death of the falſe Religion, which would be rather her glory, than a puniſhment.

At the end of ſupper, ſhe drank to all her Servants with a grave and modeſt chearfulneſs, on which they all kneeled down, and mingled ſo many tears with their wine, that it was lamentable to behold. As ſoon as their ſobs had given liberty to their words, they asked her pardon for not performing thoſe ſervices which her Majeſty did merit, and ſhe (although ſhe was the beſt Miſtreſs that ever was under heaven) deſired all the world to pardon her defects. She comforted them with an invincible courage, and commanded them to wipe away their tears, and to rejoyce, becauſe ſhe ſhould now depart from an abyſs of miſery; and aſſured them, that ſhe never would forget them, neither before God, nor men.

After ſupper, ſhe wrote three letters, one to the King of *France*, one to the Duke of *Guiſe*, and the third, unto her Confeſſor. Behold, the letter in its own terms which ſhe wrote unto King *Henry* the Third.

A Letter unto *Henry* the Third.

SIR,

GOD, as with all humility I am bound to believe, having permitted, that for the expiation of my ſins, I ſhould caſt my ſelf into the Arms of this Queen, my Couſin, having endured for above twenty years the afflictions of impriſonment, I am in the end, by her, and her Eſtates, condemned unto death. I have demanded that they ſhould reſtore the papers which they have taken from me, the better to perfect my laſt Will and Teſtament, and that according to my deſire, my body ſhould be tranſported into your Kingdom, where I have had the Honour to be a Queen, your Siſter, and ancient Allie: but as my ſufferings are without comfort, ſo my requeſts are without anſwer. This day after dinner they ſignified unto me the ſentence to be executed on the next day about ſeven of the clock in the morning, as the moſt guilty offendor in the world. I cannot give you the diſcourſe at large of what is paſſed, It ſhall pleaſe your Majeſty to believe my Phyſitian, and my ſervants, whom I conceive to be worthy of credence. I am wholly diſpoſed unto death, which in this Innocence I ſhall receive with as much miſpriſion, as I have attended it with patience. The Right, which my Birth doth give me to the Realm of England, *and the Catholick Religion, are the cauſes of my condemnation, although they diſguiſe them, as much as they are able, by their calumnies. They have taken from me my Almoner, and deprived me of the conſolation of the Sacrament, which I intended at my death, preſſing me with all violence of importunity, to receive the aſſiſtance and the Doctrine of their Miniſters, but I will never do any thing that ſhall be unworthy of my Birth, or my Religion. Theſe, who ſhall conveigh unto you the laſt ſighs of my life, ſhall aſſure you of my conſtancy. It remains that I beſeech you (ſince you have always proteſted to have loved me) to render to me the proofs of your charity, to pray to God for a moſt Chriſtian Queen, who dieth a Catholick, as ſhe hath lived, and to command that ſome reward may be given to my dear Servants, for I depart this world, deprived of all worldly goods. As for my Son, I recommend him to you as far as he ſhall deſerve, for I can not anſwer for him. I have aſſumed the boldneſs to ſend you two ſtones, which are very rare for health, which I wiſh you may find perfect and happy in a long life, you ſhall receive them from your moſt affectionate Siſter in Law, who dieth in giving you the laſt teſti-*

testimonies of her heart. I recommend again my desolate Servants to you, and if your Majesty shall bestow on me, wherewith to found a little Covent, and Alms requisite to it for some who shall pray for me, you shall send my Soul unto God, enriched with more merits. Thus I beseech you for the honour of Jesus Christ, whom neer unto my death I pray unto for you in the quality

SIR,

Of your most affectionate

Sister in Law

QUEEN MARY.

I am of opinion, that the letter, which made its address to the Duke of *Guise*, was of the same substance. The letter to her Confessor did import the Combats she had suffered for Religion, and the zeal, which did transport her to die in the Catholick faith, and that most cruelly she had been denied to make her last will, or to have her body transported, or to have permission to confess her self. In defect whereof she doth confess her sins in General, as she had intended to rehearse them to him in particular. She desired him to pray and to watch that night in spirit with her, and to send her his absolution, and to prescribe unto her the prayers which he thought most proper for her for that night, and for the morning following, adding, that if she could see him at the hour of her suffering, she would kneel down and take her leave of him, with a desire of his Benediction. This being done, she took a Review of her Testament, and caused the Inventory of her goods to be read, and wrote down the Names of those, to whom she had bestowed her wardrope; she also distributed money to some with her own hand, afterwards being retired, she spent the rest of the night in watching and prayer. Others affirm, that having said her prayers, she threw her self upon the bed, and slept some hours very quietly, to make her self more strong for the next days conflict. Afterwards awaking, she began to enter into an agony, and her naked knees being humbled on the ground, she did read the Passion, to incourage her self to her last combat, mingling almost already her tears and her bloud, with the tears and the bloud of her best beloved: she passed many hours in meditations, untill she had wearied two of her servants, whom she commanded to take their rest.

Her last day, which was on the twenty eighth of February, in the year 1587, and on the eighteenth of February according to the English account, the sun beginning to rise, she did put on those habiliments, which she did usually wear on Festival dayes, and having again assembled her Servants, she caused her Testament to be read unto them, and desired them to take in good part the small Legacies which she had given them, because the condition of her Estate did not permit her to bequeath them greater. She gave them all her last Farewell, exhorting them to the fear and love of their Creatour, to the preservation of their Religion, and of concords amongst themselves, and desired them to pray for the safety of her poor Soul. In the end, she kissed all the women, and permitted the men to kiss her hand. The Hall was filled with cries, and lamentations, and sighs, and sobs, and followed almost with an inundation of tears, which they could not wipe away. But as she had all her thoughts advanced to Heaven, she retired her self again into her Oratory, where she continued a long time, imploring the Grace of God with sighs, and with the groanings of a Dove, until that *Thomas Andrews* Lieutenant of that County, did signify unto her that it was time to come forth.

She suddenly obeyed him, and came forth in a posture full of Majesty, and with a joyfull Countenance. Her habit was most modest, her head was covered with a veyl, which hung down beneath her shoulders; She had a Chaplet at her Girdle, and an Ivory Crucifix in her hand. The Commissioners received her in the Gallery, where they did attend her: And Melvin *her Steward did present himself before her, and weeping, fell on his knees to understand her last commands.*

Weep not, she said, but rather rejoyce, for this day you shall see Mary Stuart *delivered from all her sorrows. I conjure you to acquaint my Son, that I have always lived, and do die in the Catholick Religion, and that I do exhort him with all my heart, to preserve the faith of his Ancestors, to love Justice, and to maintain his people in peace, and to enterprize nothing against the Queen of* England. *I have committed nothing against the Realm of* Scotland, *and I have always loved the Kingdom of* France. *God pardon those who do thirst after my bloud, as the Hart panteth after the fountain of waters. Thou, O Lord, who art truth it self, and soundest the deepest secrets of my heart, thou dost know how much I have desired peace, and the Union of the two Realms of* England *and* Scotland.

Her Royal heart growing tender, on her Son, on the consideration of the cruelties, and the persecutions of the Catholick Church, and on the Indignities which most innocently she suffered, her eyes poured down some tears of compassion, which she suddenly wiped away. Then turning to the Lords, she desired that her poor Servants might, after her death, be used with humanity, that they might be suffered to enjoy those poor Legacies which she had given them in her Testament, that they might be suffered to assist her at her death, and afterwards be sent safe into their Countreys upon the publick faith. The Inhumanity of the Earl of *Kent* would not permit that her own Servants should assist her, and said, They would but serve to increase Superstition, but she replied; Fear it not, these poor miserable creatures desire nothing more than to give me my last Farewel, and I am confident my Sister *Elizabeth* would not have refused me so small a courtesie, seeing the Honour of my Sex demandeth that my Servants should be present. I am her neat kinswoman, Grandchild to *Henry* the eight, and Queen *Dowager* of *France*, besides I have received the Unction of Queen of *Scotland*, if you will not grant this courtesie to one of my quality, let me have it at least for the tenderness of the heart of men. On this consideration five or six of her ordinary Servants, were permitted to accompany her to the place of Execution, to which she now was going.

This Divine Queen, whom *France* had seen to walk in such state and Triumph at the pomp of her marriage, when she was followed with all the glory of that Kingdom, doth now alas go with this poor train to render her neck unto the Hangman. She came into the Hall hung round about with blacks, and ascended the Scaffold, which was covered with the same livery, to accomplish this last Act of her long Tragedy. What eyes of furies were not struck blind at the aspect of this face, in which, the dying Graces did shoot for the last light of their shining Glories.

As soon as she was sate in a chair prepared for that purpose, one *Beal* did read the Command, and the outragious Sentence of her death, which she heard very peaceably, suppressing all the strugglings of Nature, to abandon her self to Grace in the imitation of her Saviour. At last *Fletcher*, the Dean of *Peterborough*, one of her evil Counsellours did present himself before her, and made a Pedantical Discourse, on the condition of the life passed, the life present, and the life to come, undertaking, according to his power, to pervert her in this her last conflict. This was the most sensible to her of all her afflictions, at the last minute of her life to hear the studied speech of an impertinent and audacious Minister, where-

fore

fore she oftentimes interrupted him, and besought him not to importune her, assuring him, that she was confirmed in the faith of the ancient Catholick and Roman Church, and was ready to shed her last bloud for it. Nevertheless, this infamous Doctour did not cease to persecute her with his Remonstrances, unto the shades of Death.

She looked round about the Hall, if she could discover her Confessor, to demand of him the absolution of her sins, but he was so busie that he could not be found. A poor Maid belonging to her, having thrust her self with all her force into the Croud, as soon as she was got through them, and beheld her Mistress between two Hang-men, did break forth into a loud crie, which troubled those who were about the Queen to assist her. But the Queen, who had a spirit present on all occasions, made a sign unto her with her hand, that she should hold her peace, if she had not a mind to be forced thence. The Lords then made a semblance as if they would pray for her, but she thanked them heartily for their good will, saying, that it would be taken as a crime to communicate in prayers with them. Then turning to the multitude, who were about three hundred persons, she thus expressed her self:

It is a new spectacle, to behold a Queen brought to die upon a Scaffold. I have not learned to undress, to unveil my self, and to put off the Royal Ornaments in so great a Companie, and to have two Hang-men in the place of the Grooms of my Chamber. But we must submit to what Heaven is pleased to have done, and obey the Decrees of the Divine Providence.

I protest before the face of the living God, that I never attempted against the Life or Estate of my Cousin, neither have I committed any thing worthie of this usage. If it be imputed to my Religion, I esteem my self most happie to shed even the last drop of my life for it. I put all my confidence in him, whom I see represented in this Cross, which I hold in my hand, and I promise and assure my self, that this temporal Death suffered for his Name, shall be a beginning to me of eternal Life, with the Angels and most happie Souls, who shall receive my bloud, and represent it before the face of God, in the Remission of all my Offences.

There was now a floud in every eye, and amongst all her Enemies, there were not above four who were able to contain their tears. The Hang-man, clothed in black velvet, fell down on his knees, and did demand her pardon, which she most willingly granted, and not to him onely, but to all her persecutours.

After these words, she kneeled down her self, praying aloud in Latin, and invoked the most holy Mother of God, and the triumphant Company of Saints to assist her. She repeated her most fervent prayers for the Church, for her Kingdom, for *France*, for her Son, for her cruel murtherers, for *England*, for her Judges, and for her Executioner, recommending into the hands of the Saviour of the world, her spirit, purified as well by love, as by affliction. The last words of her Prayers were these, *As thy arms, Lord Jesus, were stretched forth on the Cross, so receive me into the stretched forth arms of thy mercie.*

She uncessantly kissed a Crucifix which she had in her hand, whereat, one that stood by, being offended at the honour which she gave unto the Cross, told her, That she should carry it in her heart, to whom she suddenly made answer; *Both in my heart, and in my hand.* After this she disposed her self to the Block. The Executioner would have taken off her Gown, but she repelled him, and desired, that that office might be performed for her by her own maids, who approched to her, to prepare her for the stroke of Death. And she her self did accommodate them in it, as diligently as she could, and laid open her neck and throat, more white than Alabaster, and too much alas discovered for so lamentable a Subject. This being done, she signed her own Attendants with the sign of the Cross, kissing them, and with a short smile, did bid them farewel, to shew, that she died as comfortably as constantly, making no more resistance, than the flower doth against the hand that doth gather it.

Those poor creatures did weep most bitterly, and with their sighs and sobs could have cleaved the rocks, when the Queen reproved them, saying: *Nay, What do you mean? Have I answered for your constancie, and that your grief should not be importunate, and do you suffer your selves to be thus transported with lamentation, when I am going to exchange a temporal Kingdom, full of miserie, for an everlasting Empire, filled with felicitie?*

It was discovered that she had a Cross about her of great value, which she intended to have bestowed on one of her neerest friends, promising the Executioner to recompence him some other way; but this enemy of the Cross did force it from her, to satisfie his avarice. And as she had her eyes blinded, and was applying her self to the Block, she began the Psalm *In te, Domine, speravi.* In thee, Lord, have I hoped: and amongst those sacred words, *In manus tuas*, into thy hands, which she again and again, and divers times repeated: the Executioner trembling and indisposed, made one stroke with his Ax, and in stead of her neck, the Ax fell higher, and cutting off some part of her Coyf, it made a grievous wound on the hinder part of her head, whereupon readily dispatching two strokes more, the Executioner took up the head from the body, and shewed it openly, all pale and bloudy, as it was, yet still carrying in her eclipsed eyes the attractives of that brave Soul, which now did cease to animate her body, and with a horrible voice he pronounced, *Long live Queen* Elizabeth, *and so let the Enemies of the Gospel perish*, which word the Dean repeated, and the Earl of *Kent* applauded, when all the world besides them were in tears.

The bloud was collected in silver Basons, and the Corps was laid forth on the Scaffold. Her poor Maids drew near unto her, desiring that they might be permitted to divest her, and to bury her with their own hands. But the furious Earl did drive them out of the hall, and caused the sacred body to be carried into a Chamber of the Castle, where it was locked up. He also ordered, that the Cloath and boards should be burnt, that were purpled with the bloud of this Martyr, as if there were any Element in the world that was able to take away so celestial a tincture. These two Virgins did not cease to follow with their eyes the body of their Mistress, looking upon her as well as they could, through the clefts of the door, as she still lay bloudy, and but half covered. They waited there like two *Magdalens* at the Sepulcher, until such time as she was interred in the Cathedral Church of *Peterborough*, where all the best sort of men, as long as it was allowed, did repair to let fall their tears, and lay forth their sighs upon her Tomb. The news being brought to *London*, all the Bells did ring for joy, to convey the tidings of it to cruel *Elizabeth*, who did conceal her self, rather for shame than grief, although she counterfeited to be extreamly touched for the Death of her Kinswoman. And in effects she often felt the Remorse of Conscience, and had horrible Dreams, which did make her to cry out in the night, and to wake her Maids of Honour with her affrights.

17. As long as Truth, or Virtue, or Men shall continue upon the earth, that wound shall bleed, as long as there shall be Eyes or Tears in this Vale of misery, there shall be tears distilled on these Royal Ashes, and the piety of the living, shall never cease with full hands to strew Lilies and Violets, and Roses on her Tomb. *Marie*, whom Heaven absolves,

doth now commence an eternal Proceſs againſt *Elizabeth*, ſhe ſhall be brought before as many Tribunals, as there are reaſonable Spirits, and ſhall daily be condemned, without ending of her miſery, becauſe ſhe put no end to her injuſtice.

It ſeemeth that God did expreſly give her a long life, as to *Cain*, to *Herod*, to *Tyberius*, and other Tyrants, to fill up the meaſure of her iniquity, to poſſeſs a bloudy Scepter amongſt Jealouſies, Affrights, and Defiances, and to ſee her hell alive, whom at laſt, ſtooping unto the impotency of age, and ſlighted by her own creatures, ſhe would often complain, that all the world did abandon her, and that ſhe had not one left, in whom ſhe might repoſe her confidence.

God hath dried up her root on Earth, and made her die childleſs: He hath placed on her Throne the bloud of *Mary*, who at this day doth hold the Crown of *England* and of *Scotland*.

Great God, if it be permitted to enter into the cloud of thy great Myſteries, and the Secrets which thou haſt concealed from our Eyes, Is it not from this bloud we ſhall one day ſee a flower to ariſe, the moſt illuſtrious of the Poſterity, who between his hands ſhall bring forth the Golden Age, who ſhall make the Ancient Piety to triumph, and on his Royal ſhoulders ſhall carry it even into the Throne of Glory, who ſhall render divine honours to the aſhes of his Mother, and about her Tomb ſhall make the Cypreſs trees to grow, that ſhall advance unto the Stars her honoured Name, which they ſhall wear engraved on their leaves?

Elizabeth ſhall then be but a Spector of horrour, and her pernicious Councellers ſhall appear round about her, as the pale ſhades in the center of Darkneſs.

England ſhall awake from her long Lethargie, and with veneration ſhall look on her whom ſhe hath diſhonoured with ſo much fury.

Incomparable *Marie*, we ſay no more that Providence hath been a Step-mother, and that ſhe hath uſed you with too much rigour and violence. She hath cauſed you to enter in a garden, covered with palms and laurels, which you have bedewed with your tears, manured with your afflictions, enobled with your combats, and honoured with your bloud. She hath mounted you on a Scaffold, where you have acted the laſt and moſt glorious Tragedie, that was ever repreſented in the world by your Sex, or in your condition. The Angels (O Divine Princeſs) from the portals of Heaven did with admiration contemplate your Combat, they encouraged your Conſtancy, they ſang your Praiſes, and with emulation they prepared for you your everlaſting Crowns.

The heart of a woman againſt a hundred leopards: The heart of a Diamond againſt a thouſand hammers, which never turned for all their violence, which never could be tempted with the glitterings of honour, which always did temper with gall the moſt delicious contentments of this life, to follow he JESUS, her wounded JESUS, her JESUS crucified for her.

The moſt Catholick Queen in the world, who honoured nothing more than Churches, and Prieſts, and Altars, to live twenty years, as it were, without a Church, without a Prieſt, and without an Altar; to make in her ſelf a Temple of her body, an Altar of her heart, and a Sacrifice of her bloud; nay, what ſhall I ſay in a Death ſo abandoned, to be her ſelf the Altar, to be her ſelf the Prieſt, and her ſelf the Sacrifice? What Virgin hath ſeen the twentieth year of her captivity? What Martyr hath ſanctified ſo many priſons? Who hath ever made experience of ſo many Deaths in one? Who hath ever ſeen Death to come with a more willing foot? And who hath indeer'd it with a greater joy? who hath mannaged it with wiſdom? and who hath accompliſhed it with greater glory? Your fair Name, O *Marie*, borne on the Wings of Triumph and Renown, doth paſs through Sea and Land, is an object of Veneration to the people, and of Ornament unto Heaven, where your Soul with advantage doth rejoyce in the pleaſures of eternal happineſs.

Look down, fair Soul, and behold your Iſlands and your Realms, with thoſe eyes enlightened with the Beams of the face of God. Conſider the waves of the Ocean, which ceaſe not to carry the Memory of your Deeds unto the ends of the earth, pardon your Subjects, and waſh away the ſtain, which the effuſion of that generous bloud hath made, ſince you had rather be a Meſſenger of Reconciliation, than to be the Bearer of Vengeance.

O great and illuſtrious *Brittanie*, Is it poſſible that this bloud hath yet wrought nothing on the hardneſs of thy heart, and that thou doſt ſtill delight, by force of Arms, to fight againſt Heaven, to oppoſe thy own ſafety, and to ſhut the gate againſt thy own happineſs? Where is that glory of thy Chriſtianiſm, which heretofore did make thee to be lookt upon, as on a land of Benediction, which opened her liberal breaſts, to give ſo many Doctours to *Europe*, ſo many Lights of learning to the Church, ſo many Examples of piety to all Chriſtendom, and ſo many Confeſſors unto Paradiſe? Thy Kings, by a pious violence, have forced their way to Heaven, and their people have followed their foot-ſteps. There was nothing ſpoken of thee, but obedience to the Church of *Rome*, of Saints, of Reliques, of Piety, of Combats, of Virtue, and of Crowns. And ſince the devil of luſt and rebellion, raiſed from the moſt black Abyſs, hath ſeized on the ſoul of a miſerable King, thou haſt ſullied thy perfection, thou haſt deſtroyed thy Sanctuary, the lamentable Reliques whereof, are now ſpread over all the world, and the ſacred ſtones of thy Temples, groaning amongſt the Nations, do attend the day of the Juſtice of God, and the Reunion of the hearts of thy people, in the performance of his ſervice. What haſt thou done with the cradle of *Conſtantine*, and of S. *Helena*, who were born with thee, to give Laws unto all Chriſtendom? What haſt thou done with thoſe precious ſtones which compoſed that Diadem, the beams whereof did ſparkle with admiration in the eyes of all the people in the world? Return, O *Sbunamite*, return: Return, fair Iſland, to thy firſt beginning, the hand of God is not ſhortned, his arms all day are ſtretched forth to receive thee. If the inſolent hands of Hereſie have made them bars, which have been planted for ſo many years, do not think but the hands of true piety will tear away the diſorders, which protect themſelves in the night of ſo corrupted an Age. Feign not to thy ſelf imaginary horrours, and overthrowings of Eſtates by the Inquiſitions and Thunders of *Rome*. The beams of the Sun will make the Manna to melt, which no Power can deſtroy. The bloud of this immortal Queen, ſhall break the Diamond in pieces, and one day work thoſe great effects, which we our ſelves cannot believe, nor our Poſterity ſufficiently admire.

It is in your veins, moſt mighty Monarch of *Great Brittain*, where ſtill her bloud doth run. That cruel Axe which made three Crowns to fall with one head, hath not yet poured it all out, it doth preſerve it ſelf in your body, and in the body of your Poſterity, animated with the Spirit of *Marie*, and imprinted with the image of her goodneſs. It is ſhe who hath given you ſo temperate a ſpirit, ſuch attractive inclinations, ſuch royal Virtues, and ſo triumphant a Majeſty. It is ſhe who uniteth you with the Queen, your dear Spouſe, with a will ſo cordial, and with a love ſo perfect, and makes your marriage as a continual Sacrifice of the Ancients, whoſe offerings that were preſented, had no gall at all in them. The Queen of *Scotland*, your Grand-mother, was given

unto

unto *France*, and *France* hath rendered you a Princess according to the heart of God, and according to your own heart, a Blossom of our Lilies, the Daughter of a King, the Sister of a King, the Wife of a King, Royal in her bloud, Royal in her Religion, Royal in her Piety, in her Prudence, and Royal in her Courage. She enters into your cares, she partakes of your troubles. She conspires with your Designs, her spirit turneth unto yours, and yours continually is ready to meet with hers. They are two clocks excellently ordered, which at every hour of the Day do answer one another.

Great Majesties of *Britannie*, carry the same yoke in the service of God, and the piety of your Ancestours, and as you have but one heart, maintain also but one Religion. Establish that which your Grand-mother of everlasting memory, hath practised by her Virtues, demonstrated by her Examples, honoured by her Constancy, and sealed with her Bloud.

CARDINAL POOL.

NExt unto *Boëtius*, I will insert *Cardinal Pool*, one of the most excellent Men of the Age before us, who being chief of the Councel in the Realm of *England*, under Queen *Marie*, did know so well to marry the Interests of the State, to the Interests of God, that rendering himself the Restorer of Religion, he repaired the Ruins of the Kingdom, which were fallen into a horrible desolation.

His birth and Education.

His Birth most high and illustrious, made him a near Kinsman to the King of *Great Brittain*, as well by the Fathers side, as by the Mothers. His spirit did equal his Nobility, but his Virtue did exceed them both, and proved him to be the wisest and the most moderate person in all the Clergy. The care of his good Mother, did with great advantage improve his more innocent and tender years, and omitted nothing that might either enlighten his understanding in the knowledge of learning, or inflame his heart with a generous heat after gallant actions.

His love of solitude.

In his most tender age, he testified a Divine Attraction, which made him to eschew all commerce of company, and secretly did inspire him with the love of Solitude. He did delight in the Countrey life, where the pureness of the Air, the aspect of the Stars, the enammel of the Meadows, the covert of the Woods, the veins of the Waters, and other objects, did prepare him as many Degrees to mount up to God, as he did there behold Beauties in the discovered breasts of Nature.

It was for this, that he made his first studies near unto the House of the reverend Fathers of the Charters, whose conversation he loved more than all the pleasures in the world, which occasioned a certain tincture of Devotion, and of probitie to pass into his manners, which continued with him all his life. From thence he removed to the Universities in *England*, where he gave most admirable proofs of his Capacity.

His Travels.

On the approach of the twentieth year of his age, he travelled into *Italie*, where he beheld the wonders of *Rome*, and had a tast of the rarest spirits in that Age, some whereof did afterwards live with him, and did much conduce to fill his spirit with the height of learning, which made him to be admired by all, and the rather, because it no way diminished the holy heats of his Devotion.

Having travelled into forreign Countreys, for the space of five years, he returned into *England*, where he was lookt upon as a man slid down from Heaven, whose excellent Qualities did promise him the fullness of glory.

His return to *England*.

But he suddenly observed the Affairs of the Kingdom to be greatly perplexed, by reason of the horrible Divorce,

divorce, which *Henry* the Eight resolved on, who indeavoured at once to separate himself from his wife, and from the Church of God. He much desired that *Pool*, who was Famous for knowledge and integrity, should approve his intention, to the end that finding no assistance from Truth, he might beg some apparence from the opinions of men.

The Combat in his spirit.

This was no small temptation to this young Prelate, who was not altogether so austere as to distast all honour of preferment, nor so little versed in Court, as not to look on the King, as the Original from whence it flowed. He a long time consulted with himself to find a mean, which might make his conscience to accord with the will of the King. His integrity which was to him as another Birth, did dispute in his heart with the Interest of his Fortune, and he sought after the means to temper them into one. One day he thought he had found it, and addressed himself to the Court, to expose his advise unto the King, which was an advise more pleasing than just, and he had then a care that the liberty of his words, should not hinder the pretences to his dignity.

O who is he that is able to Counsel a King in his passion: If you alledge unto him too much of Justice, you hazard your Fortune. If you comply unto him with too much Gentleness, you do betray your heart. The words of a Prince are the fumace which doth prove you, where you may behold some to burn and consume away like straw, and others to come forth purified like Gold.

The spirit of God did seize on the heart and the tongue of this wise Councellour, he forgot all the worldly and flattering reasons he had prepared, to open onely his eyes unto the Truth.

He took part with God.

How Sir, (said he unto the King) to labour a divorce from Queen Katharine, *after so many years of your marriage, who hath brought you issue to succeed you in the Crown. It is true, that she was given a spouse to your elder Brother, but he died in his youth before his marriage was consummated. And you have espoused the Queen in the face of the Church, with a dispensation as authentical as the Pope could give, and which he granted, with your consent, at the request of the King your Father of glorious memory; And since your Majesty hath had a secret Repugnance, caused by a respect to him, to whom you ow your Birth, that can bring no prejudice to the publick Faith, nor to the consummation of a marriage followed by such fruits and Benedictions, as ordinarily do attend that mutual commerce.*

Alas Sir, your Majesty hath consecrated its Reign by so many Royal virtues, and excellent Examples, which have acquired you the love and admiration of Christendom, will it now eclipse so pure a life, and so Triumphant a reputation, by a stain which cannot be washed away, but by the effusion of the bloud of all your Realm. Your Majesty hath sacrificed both its Scepter, and its pen, by the obedience which it hath rendered to the holy Sea, and by the book which it hath made in the defence of the Church. Cannot it honestly cast off those Laws, which it hath authorized by a publick Testimony? What will your people say, who have so just an apprehension of Religion? What will forreign Princes say, who have conceived so high an opinion of your Merit? Those who do Counsel you to that divorce, are the most capital Enemies of your glorie, who do draw upon you the indignation of God, the censure of the Sovereign Priest, the arms of a great estate, who being offended at this affront, will censure your ruin.

That which hath droven you to it, is onely a passion of youth, which ought to be moderated, it is bad Counsel, from which you should retire your self, it is a mischief, which you should labour to avoid. In this case, the advice which doth least please you, will be the best. The precipitation of so hazardous an Act, can bring nothing but repentance. This I speak unto your Majesty, being driven to it by the fervent zeal which I have unto the safety of its Soul, and by the tender respect which I have always born to your Royal Person. I must beseech it that I may not be surprized in so important an affair, as this marriage is, which had his Ordinance in heaven, and its happiness on earth.

This was boldly spoken by a Man, who saw that in accommodating his humour to the King, he incontinently entered into the possession of the richest benefits of the Kingdom, and that crossing his design, he exposed his liberty, his Estate, his life to most apparent danger. Nevertheless, he had the constancy to make him this grave Remonstrance, without following the Example of those, which flatter all evil actions, and make Divinity to speak that, which the interest of their Fortunes doth suggest unto them.

Henry the Eighth grown more hardened.

Henry the Eighth was no way softened at this so grave an Oration; but on the contrary, he had a most earnest desire to arrest his Cosin *Pool*, and to put him to death, which had been put in Execution, if the hand of God had not withheld the blow.

He very well observed, that the heart of the King was impoysoned with lust and choler, even to the despair of all remedy. Wherefore not long after, finding his opportunity, he asked leave of the King under some pretence to go out of the Kingdom, and did abandon himself to a willing banishment, because he would not offend his conscience. He came into *France*, and stayed sometime in *Avignon*, from thence he traveled to *Padua*, and from *Padua* to *Venice*, where he was acknowledged and esteemed for one of the chiefest men of Christendom, and renowned for excellent quallities.

Pool banished himself.

Pool made Cardinal.

In the end, God being pleased to demonstrate that there is nothing lost in serving him, and that honours are not onely for them who by a politick suppleness do accommodate themselves unto the Times, and the lusts of great men, he stirred up the spirit of *Paul* the third a great lover of learned men, who made him Cardinal, with approbation of all the world. So that forsaking a Bishoprick in *England*, for the satisfying of his conscience, and the defence of the truth, he obtained by his merit so high a place of Eminence in the Church, which all the Crimes of a conscience prostituted to evil, could never procure unto them.

Henry, who had already declared war against God and all his Saints by his divorce, was inflamed with choler by reason of the retreat, and the promotion of this holy man, causing him to be proscribed over all *England*, and promising fifty thousand Crowns to him who should bring him to him, and having understood that the Pope had made him his delegate into *France* and *Flanders*, he did importune the French King, by all manner of Sollicitation to deliver him into his hands. But the brave Prince, although it was directly against his Interest, would do nothing that was against his generous mind, and received the Cardinal with all courtesie and fidelity, because he would not offend the Pope, howsoever he would not suffer him to continue long in *France*, because he would not exasperate the King of *England*, for he had great use of his assistance in the war which he made against the Emperour.

Pool was then constrained to repair to *Flanders*, where he was charitably received by Cardinal *Everard*, Bishop of Cambray, and he continued there sometimes, attending the disposition of the Pope. But *Henry* understanding that he was retired into that Province, did again kndle his choler, and that in so violent a heat, that he promised the *Flemmings* to entertain four thousand men in pay for ten Moneths in favour of the Emperour against the *French*, if they would abandon the Cardinal to his discretion. Howsoever, he found none that would favour his violence, which did so incense him, that he caused the Countess of *Salisburie* to be arrested. She was mother to the Cardinal, and daughter to the

Duke

Duke of *Clarence*, brother to *Edward* the fourth. She was accuſed for having received a letter from her Son, and for having worn about her neck the figure of the five wounds of our Saviour, on which he commanded that a Proceſs ſhould proceed againſt her, which was performed accordingly, and the perverſe and abominable Judges, who made all their proceedings to comply with the mercileſs fury of their Prince, did condemn her to death, and cauſed her head to be cut off upon a Scaffold, where ſhe gave incomparable demonſtrations of her piety and conſtancy. Her dear Son, who did love and reſpect her with all the tenderneſs of affection, was extreamly afflicted at it, and could find no comfort but in the order of Gods providence, and in the glory of her death, which was pretious before God.

After this the Legate was called back to *Rome*, and after he had informed *Paul* the third of the miſery of the people of Chriſtendom, who inceſſantly groaned under the calamity of war, kindled betwixt the two principal Crowns, he did contribute the uttermoſt of his indeavour to provide a remedy for it.

This good Pope was courteous, liberal, magnificent, well verſed in letters, and above all, a great lover of Aſtrology. It ſeemeth that the Harmony of celeſtial bodies, with which his ſpirit was ſo delicately tranſported, did touch his Soul with a deſire to make a like harmony on earth. He was paſſionate for the Peace of Chriſtian Princes, and as he well underſtood the great capacity of Cardinal *Pool* joyned with the Royal bloud, which gave him a more full Authority, he did not delay to ſend him with a moſt Authenticall Commiſſion to mediate an accord betwixt the two Kings.

The holy Prelate undertook this buſines with great courage, being carried to it as well by his own inclination, as by election. He failed not to repreſent unto their puiſſances all reaſons both Divine and humane, which might move them to an accord for the glorie of God, for the glory of their own Monarchies, and for the ſafety of their people. But as he found in the ear of *Henry* the Eighth a Devil of luſt, which obſtructed all the force of reaſon which was preſented to him to divert his paſſion, ſo he found in the ſpirit of theſe two Monarchs a horrible jealouſie of Eſtate, which ſtopped all enterance to his ſaving Counſels. The time was not yet come, and it was to row againſt the wind and tide, to preſs that buſineſs any further. He was conſtrained to return to *Rome*, where the Pope gave him Commiſſion to go to *Wittimbergh*, where he continued certain years, delighting in the fruits of a ſweet tranquillity.

In the end, the Councel of *Trent* being already aſſembled to extirpate Hereſies, and remedy the diſorders, with which its venemous *Contagion* had infected the breſt of Chriſtendom, he was choſen to be preſident thereof, which place for ſome time he executed, to the admiration of his knowledge, and the univerſal approbation of his zeal.

He is conſidered on to be Pope.

But when *Paul* the third, having exceeded the age of four-ſcore years, did pay the Tribute common to the condition of the living, he was obliged to return to *Rome*, where all the world did caſt their eyes on him to make him the head of the Church. All things ſeemed to conſpire to his Election, his age, his bloud, his virtue, his knowledge, his great experience in affairs, the general affection of all, which did paſs almoſt to veneration. It was onely himſelf that reſiſted his own Fortune, becauſe he would not aſſiſt himſelf, and permitted nothing of a ſubmiſs ſoftneſs, to over-act his generoſity, neither in that nature would he be a ſuppliant, although it were for the chiefeſt Miter in the world. The Nephews of *Paul* the third, who as yet poſſeſſed the moſt high Authority of affairs, conſidering the faithfulneſs of the great ſervices which he had rendered their uncle, did perſwade him with importunity to this chief Biſhoprick of the world. And as the *Conclave* was aſſembled, and the Deciſion of the great buſineſs did approch unto maturity, they came at night into his Chamber to ſpeak with him concerning his promotion, and to offer themſelves to his ſervice to prefer unto him that Sovereign dignity: But he ſhewed ſo little complacence to their diſcourſe, that in ſtead of making indearments and ſubmiſſions, of which they who pretend to honour, are always exceſſively prodigal, he made anſwer to them. *That God was the God of light, and that the affair which they came about, ought not to be treated on in darkneſs.*

That one word did rebate the edge of their ſpirits, and on the morning following, the good Fortune, which for two moneths together did look directly on Cardinal *Pool*, did ſlack its foot at the diſmiſſion of the Nephew Cardinals, and *Julius* the Third was choſen Pope, a perſon of much renown, and a great Lawyer.

He retireth again into ſolitude.

Pool his Competitor, well underſtanding that it was not expedient to reſide under the eyes of a Potentate, to whom the power over Chriſtendom was ſecretly preferred, retired to *Mentz*, into a monaſtery of Saint *Benets*, where he enjoyed the delights of reſt, to which his inclinations carried him, exerciſing his devotion to the height, and recreating himſelf with good letters, which he always loved.

But God, who by his means was pleaſed to bring about the greateſt revolution of Eſtate, as *Europe* ever ſaw, did cauſe occaſions to ariſe to draw him from that ſolitude to return again to his great imployments.

It is neceſſary in this place, to make mention of the condition of the affairs in *England*, to behold virtue in the day of its own brightneſs, & to conſider how Providence, guarding her dear *Pool*, as the apple of her eye, did reſerve him for a time, which made him the true Peace-maker of that nation.

The Eſtate of England.

For this effect it came to paſs, that *Henry* the Eighth having reigned eighteen years in ſchiſm, leading a life profuſe in luxury, ravenous in avarice, impious in Sacriledge, cruel in maſſacres, covered over with ordures, bloud, and Infamy, did fall ſick of a languiſhing diſeaſe, which gave him the leiſure to have ſome thoughts on the other world.

The death of *Henry* the Eighth.

It is true, that the affrighting images of his Crimes, and the ſhades of the dead, which ſeemed to beſiege his bed, and perpetually to trouble his repoſe, did bring many pangs and remorſes to him. Inſomuch, that having called ſome Biſhops to his aſſiſtance, he teſtified a deſire to reconcile himſelf unto the Church, and ſought after the means thereof. But they, who before were terrified with the fury of his actions, which were more than barbarous, fearing that he ſpoke not that, but onely to ſound them, and that he would not ſeal to their Counſels, which they ſhould ſuggeſt unto him, peradventure with the effuſion of their bloud, did gently adviſe him, without ſhewing him the indeavours, and the effects of true repentance, and without declaring to him the ſatisfactions which he ought to God, and to his Neighbours for the enormities of ſo many Crimes. He was content to erect the Church of the *Cardeleirs*, and commanded that Maſs ſhould there be publickly celebrated, which was performed to the great joy of the Catholicks, which yet remained in that horrible Havock. To this Church he annexed an Hoſpital and ſome other appurtenances, and left for all a thouſand Crowns of yearly Revenue.

As he perceived that his life began to abandon him, he demanded the Communion, which he received, making a ſhow as if he would riſe himſelf, but the Biſhop told him that his weakneſs did excuſe him from that Ceremony, he made anſwer, That if he ſhould proſtrate himſelf on the Earth, to receive ſo

Divine a Majesty, he should not humble himself according to his duty. He by his Will ordained that his Son *Edward*, who was born of *Jane Seimer*, should succeed him, and in the case of death, that *Marie*, the Daughter of Queen *Katharine*, should be the inheritress of the Crown, and if that she should fail, that his Daughter *Elizabeth* (although a Bastard) should fill her place, and possess the Kingdom. On the approches of death he called for wine, and those who were next unto his bed, did conceive that he oftentimes did repeat the word *Monks*, and that he said, as in despair, *I have lost all.*

This is that which most truly can be affirmed of him, for it is a very bad sign to behold a man to die in the honour of his Royal dignity, and by a peaceable death, who had torn in pieces JESUS CHRIST, who had divided the Church into schisms, who of the six Queens that he espoused, had killed four of them, who had massacred two Cardinals, three Archbishops, eighteen Bishops, twelve great Earls, Priests, and Religious Men without number, and of his people without end; who had robbed all the Churches of his Kingdom, destroyed the Divine worship, oppressed a million of innocents, and in one word, who had assasinated mercy it self.

Howsoever he wanted not flatterers, who presumed to say and write, that his wisdom had given a good order to his affairs, and that he happily departed this world, not considering what S. *Austine* doth affirm, That all the penitencies of those who have lived in great disorders, and who onely do convert themselves at the end of their life, being pressed to it by the extreamity of their disease, ought to be extreamly suspected, because they do not forsake their sins, but their sins do forsake them.

It was observed indeed, that at his death this King did testifie a repentance of his savage and inordinate life, but we cannot observe the great and exemplary satisfactions which were due to the expiation of so many abominable sins. King *Antiochus* made submissions of another nature, and ordered notable restitutions, to recompense the dammages which he had caused to the people of the Jews, nevertheless he was rejected of God, by reason of his bloudy life, and the Gates of the Temple of mercy were shut against him for all eternity. The foundation of a small Hospital which *Henry* caused at his death, was not sufficient to recompense the injuries, of so many Churches which he had pillaged, nor of so much goods of his Subjects as he had forced from them, seeing we know by the words of the wise man. *That to make a benefit of the substance of the poor, is to sacrifice a Son before the eyes of his Father.* Eccles. 34.

The Reign of *Edward*. His Uncle *Seimer* spoileth all.

He had by his Testament ordained many tutors to his Son, who were able to have made as many Tyrants, but *Seimer*, Uncle by the mothers side to the deceased King, gaining the favour of the principal of the Lords of the realm, whom he had corrupted with mony and great presents, did cause himself to be proclaimed Protector and Regent. He took a great possession on little *Edward*, the Son of *Henry*, heir to the Crown, whom he brought up in schism and Heresie, against the intentions of his Father. This furious man immediately began his Regency with so much insolence, that he almost made the reign of *Henry* the Eight to be forgotten, he fomented the poison, which he had conceived under him, he did use the Catholicks most unworthily, and did cut off the head of his own Brother, by a jealousy of women. But as he had made himself insupportable, so it came to pass, that the affairs of war, which he had enterprized against the *French*, did fall out unfortunately for him. *Dudley*, one of the chiefest of the Lords, drawing a party to him, did accuse him of Treason, and caused his head to be cut off on the same Scaffold, where before he had taken off the head of his own Brother. This death was followed with great fears, and horrible commotions for the Regency, which presently after was extinguished by the death of the young King *Edward*.

The Qualities and death of King *Edward*.

This poor Prince was rather plucked with pincers from his mothers womb, than born, and he could not come into the world without giving death to her, who conceived him. He was said to have none of the comeliest bodies; He spake seven languages at fifteen years of age, and in his discourse did testifie a rare knowledge of all those sciences, which were most worthy of a King. It seemeth that death did advance it self to ravish his spirit from his body, which did awake too early, and was too foreward for his age, for he died in his sixteen year, having not had the time throughly to understand himself, and to see by what course he should sway his Scepter or his life.

Cardan, who was imployed no less than one hundred hours to make his Horoscope, did easily observe in the stars, the incommodities of his body, and disasters of his person; but he could no way attain to the period of his life, which is of the secrets reserved in the knowledge and in the method of God.

All *England* was extreamly corrupted in her faith under the Regency of this *Seimer*, and the Ladies of the Court were enveloped in the errours of the time. He found none but the Lady *Marie*, daughter to *Henry* the Eight, and *Katharine*, which continued in the Religion of their Grand-Fathers, and though she was tempted and sollicited on all sides, yet she would not suffer her self to be surprized with a new Faith, but with a vigorous force, did roar against all the torrents of Opinions, and the overflowing disorders which reigned in that age.

It was for this, that God did cause her to mount on the Throne of his own Tower, and gave her the grace to be both the restorer of Religion, and the State, by the assistance of this Cardinal.

Mary the lawfull heir is troubled, and *Jane* is chosen Queen by Faction.

As soon as *Edward* was dead, not without suspition of poison, *Dudley*, Duke of *Northumberland*, who was then most mighty in power, and had newly married his Son to the Lady *Jane*, issued from the bloud Royall, conceived himself strong enough to begin the Regency of *England*, the better afterwards to usurp the Crown. He caused his Daughter-in-Law to be proclaimed Queen of *England*, and seized on the Tower of *London*, and gave order for the apprehending of Queen *Mary*. But the generous Princess, being advertised of the attempt, did take horse in the time of night, and secured her self in a place of strength, and conjured all her good Servants to assemble themselves, to defend her person and her right.

It is to be admired, that persevering in the true Religion, contrary to that of the great ones of the Kingdom, at the same time when she conceived her self abandonned, and her cause most deplorable, that she should behold the principal of the Nobility, and Gentry, and Commonalty, to fall down before her, and to offer her their obedience and their Arms, to take the possession of the Crown.

She marched immediately to *London*, in the middle of her Army apparelled in a Gown of Velvet of a violet colour, and mounted on a white horse. She entered into the Citie with great applauses of her Subjects, and surprized the Duke, and caused him to deliver his Daughter in Law into her hands.

It was a spectacle worthy observation, to consider the Inconstancy of these worldly affairs, and to look on that person, who but yesterday promised to himself to force the whole Kingdom under the power of his Laws, to tremble now at the fear of death pronounced by his Judges, who condemned him to be drawn upon a Hurdle, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. The Queen sent him Catholick Divines to convert him, to whom he gave ear, and abjuring Heresie, he imbraced the Catholick Religion, which

was the occasion, that the Queen did moderate the Sentence of the Execution, and was contented, that his head onely should be cut off with his sons, who was the husband of *Jane*. This miserable Lady from a high Tower, where she was prisoner, beheld the body of her dear husband without a head, at the sight whereof, she fell down into a swoun, and being a little recovered, she melted into tears, and did fetch from her heart so many, and so deep sighs, that they seemed to be able, not onely to mollifie the hearts of men, but to cleave the Rocks asunder.

The Execution of the Lady *Jane*.

There was a long Deliberation concerning her Fact, because the Queen had an inclination to pardon her, observing her to be both young, fair, knowing, and of a delicate temper, and one who had not offended, but by the violent suggestions of her Father-in-law, and of her Husband, who had put the Crown upon her head. But the Judges did remonstrate, that it was of a most dangerous consequence, to suffer that person to continue alive, who had carried the Title of a Sovereign, and that one day it might give a new fire to the enterprizes of the Remainder of her Faction. On these Considerations the Sentence of Death was pronounced, which she received with a Constancy admirable in her Sex and age. A Doctour was sent unto her, to reduce her to the Catholick Religion, which at the first she refused, alledging, That she had too little time to think on an Affair of that importance. Which being reported to the Queen, she deferred the Execution for certain dayes, to instruct her at more leisure, so that she was gained to God, and continued to the the last hour of her life in such tranquility of mind, that a little before she came out of prison, to go to her Execution, she wrote divers Sentences in Greek, Latine, and English, on the contempt of Death, and when on the Scaffold it was represented to her, that she should die by the sword, which (according to the custom of that Countrey) is accounted a nobler kind of Execution, than to die by the Axe: she said, *That she would die by that Axe which was yet discoloured with her husbands bloud*, and couragiously she tendered her neck to the Hang-man, drawing tears from her self, and the hearts from all those that did behold her. O most unfortunate Ambition, that hast made so young a Princess a sacrifice of Death, who for the excellency of her spirit, might have been another *Minerva*, or at least the tenth of the Muses.

Behold the strange Revolutions, which did prepare the way to Cardinal *Pool*, for the performance of those high Designs, which God had committed to his Conduct. Queen *Marie* did incontinently make void all the Sentences which had been pronounced against him, and called him back into *England*, to which place in a short time he came, as if he had been carried on the shoulders of all honest men. The Pope made him his Legate and gave him full power to ordain and execute all things, which he should conceive necessary for the glory of God, and the establishment of the true Religion.

Pool travels to the Reducement of *England* to the ancient Faith.

He travelled to this Work with incomparable wisdom, and with a zeal invincible. He well perceived, that to restore Religion by arms, was to undertake a most laborious, if not an infinite work, which would open all the veins in *England*, and draw drie as well their purses, as their bloud, and cover the Kingdom with the calamities of civil wars, which would continue for many Ages. He resolved to put his good Counsels in execution with gentleness, which others propounded to perform with all violence.

The course he held.

And in the first place, he had recourse to Prayers, to Mortifications, to Vows, and to Devotions, which he performed in secret, and which he particularly recommended to all holy minds, who breathed after the restoring of the ancient Religion.

In the second place, he entered into the heart, and possessed himself with the inclinations of Queen *Marie*, whom he found throughly disposed, and animated by a generous spur, for the glory of God, and the felicity of her Kingdom, which kept her alwayes exercised on that high thought, and comprehended in it the safety of all that Nation.

In the last, he more and more encouraged all the Catholicks, by the desires of their repose of conscience, and by the liberty of their functions, in the exercise of spiritual things.

In the third place, he treated with those who were in an errour, with the Spirit of Compassion, of Sweetness and of Bounty, complying with them in what he could in civil affairs, and endeavouring to take from them the apprehension which they had conceived to themselves, that the Change of Religion would ruin their fortunes, and the establishment of their houses. He caused a report to be spread by many remarkeable and grave Personages, that he came not to take away their temporal goods, but to give them spiritual blessings; And as concerning the Goods of the Church, which many Great men had usurped in that general Confusion of Affairs, he said, he would compose it in the best way that Love and Candor could prescribe him.

Fourthly, He did wisely fore-see, that with sweetness he should also bring in Authority, which might ruin the resistences of those men, if any should appear to oppose so saving a work. On which he had recourse to the greatest Potentates in *Europe*, whom he secretly affected to this Enterprize. He had been before employed on the Peace between *Francis* the First, and *Charls* the Fifth. He did apprehend, and attract the spirits of them both with wonderfull dexterity, for having dived into the heart of the Emperour, and finding the seeds of the Design, which afterwards did discover themselves, having been dismissed of the Empire, and embraced a solitary life, he wrought upon him with the recital of his great actions, and the Conquests he had obtained, and told him, That all those strong agitations of his spirit, were but as so many lines which ought to tend to the center of Rest, that he ought not to weary and torment his good fortune. That it was a great gift of God, to confine his thoughts on true glory, without attending the tide of the Affairs of the world. That it was the duty of an Emperour, to endeavour the Peace of Christendom, and an incomparable honour to accomplish it. He touched his heart so directly with these Demonstrations, that he opened it, and the Emperour declared to him, *That he had a great desire to that divine Peace, and would embrace all reasonable Conditions that should conduce unto it.*

After that he had effected this, he made no delay to address himself to the Most Christian King, and knowing that he was puissantly generous, he wrought upon him by the glory of the great Wars he had sustained, and the immortal actions of valour, which he produced, that by his invincible courage he had at the last wearied the most puissant Potentate in *Europe*, who had him in admiration, and desired nothing more than to hold a fair correspondence with him. That a fair Peace should be an inestimable benefit to them both, which should give rest unto their Consciences, and pull down a blessing from on high upon their persons, and be a great comfort to their Subjects, who were overcharged with the continuation of the war. In the end, he did demonstrate to him how extraordinarily he was beloved of his people, who did attend this Effect of his goodness, by which he should crown his Valour with all happiness and abundance in his Kingdom. The King took fire at this Discourse, and the Cardinal most vigorously did blow it up; and did remonstrate, That two so great Monarchs, who were made for Heaven, ought not so greedily to hold unto their interests on

earth, and that they had nothing now to wish, but to part their affairs, and to save their honour. And this indeed they afterwards performed, restoring willingly on both sides, all that they had conquered since the ordinance of Reconciliation made by *Paul* the third, who some years before did transport himself to *Marseilles* (although he was of a very great age) to pacifie the Affairs of Christendom.

This Accord being so happily atchieved by Cardinal *Pool*, he gained by it the approbation and applause of all Princes, who favoured the Catholick cause. He observed that the Emperour had his son *Philip* to marry, and that there was nothing more expedient for the advancement of Religion, than to allie him to Queen *Marie*. He carried this affair with such secrecie and dexterity, that the King of *Spain* was in *England*, and the Marriage published, before the plot was discovered. By the counsel of *Charls*, Cardinal *Pool* did deferre his entery into the Realm, until the Marriage was concluded, and then he entered with all assurances. The King himself came to meet him, and Queen *Marie* with all her people, received him with extasies of joy.

He incontinently did draw unto him the affection of all the principal Lords, and not long after, he counselled the King and Queen, to call an Assembly of the most remarkable persons in the Kingdom, to whom he spake thus in presence of their Majesties.

MADAM,

His speech to the States.

SInce it hath pleased God, after the Confusions of the late times, to shine upon us with his eyes of Mercie, and at last to place upon the Throne, the true and faithfull Inheritress of the Crown, who is so worthily espoused to one of the greatest Princes in all Christendom, we have a great subject to satisfie our Discontents, and advance our hopes.

This Realm at this day doth imitate the Creation of the world, coming forth from its Chaos, and dark Abyss, to receive the favourable influences of the light. The day which by all good men hath been so passionately desired, so suspected by the wicked, so unlookt for by the incredulous, and so attended by the afflicted, is at length arrived to destroy our death, and to make us new born in the life of the children of God.

Behold the true Religion, which entereth with triumph into all the Cities of this Kingdom, from which Impietie and Furie had dispossessed her, she holds out her arms unto you, adorned with the Palms and the Crowns, with which your Ancestours have honoured her, she demands again the place, which from the first conversion, until the furie of these later times, she held with so much honour and satisfaction.

Will you yet banish her? Will you yet continue to persecute her? Can you endure that she should present before God her torn and her bloudie Robe, and complain again of the outrages of her children?

My Brethren, *There is neither life nor salvation, but in this Faith, which shineth and speaketh in S.* Peters *Chair; It is that which God hath given us by our glorious Father, S.* Gregory the Great; *it is that which our Fathers have embraced; it is that which they have defended by their Words, their Arms, and their Bloud, which they have shed for the Honour of it. Nothing is left for those to hope for, who are separated from it, but the tempests of darkness, and the everlasting chains of hell.*

It is well known, that the change of Faith proceeds from an infectious passion, which having possessed the heart of a poor Prince, hath caused these reprocheable furies, and the inundations of bloud, which hath covered the face of England. *He hath at his death condemned that which before he approved. He by his last Testament destroyed that which before he had chosen, wherefore those who have followed him in his Errour, may also follow him in his Repentance. The Peace, the Safety, the Abundance, the Felicity of the Kingdom, are ready to re-enter with the true Faith; which if you refuse, I see the choller of God, and a thousand calamities, that do threaten you. Return therefore, O* Shunamite: *Return, O fair Island, to thy first beginning; feign not to thy self imaginary penalties, terrours, and punishments, which are not prepared but for the obstinate. The Sovereign Father of Christendom, doth continually stretch forth his arms to thy obedience, and hath delegated me, as the Dove out of the Ark, to bring unto thee the Olive Bough, to pronounce Peace and Reconciliation to thee. This is the acceptable Hour, this is the Day of thy salvation. The Night, which hitherto hath covered thee, is at the end of her Course, and the Sun of Justice is risen, to bring light unto thee. It is time to lay down the works of darkness, and to take up the Armour of Light, to the end that all the earth inhabited may take notice, that thou abhorrest what is past, embracest what is present, and dost totally put thy self into the hands of God, for the time to come.*

This Oration was attended with a wonderful approbation of all the assembly, and the Cardinal being departed from the Councel, the King and Queen commanded that they should debate on this Proposition, which was presently taken into consideration, and it was resolved, That the ancient religion should be established. The Chancellour made this resolution known unto the people, and did powerfully exhort them to follow the examples, which were conformable to the advice of the King and Queen, and the most eminent personages in the Kingdom. This discourse was revived with a general applause for the advancement of the Catholick faith. In the end, he demanded that they would testifie their resolution in a Petition to the King and Queen, and mediate for a reconciliation to the Cardinal, Legate of the holy See, which incontenently was done, the paper was presented, and openly read, their Majesties did confirm it, both by their authorities, and their prayers, and humbled themselves on their knees with their Grandees, and all the people, demanding mercy; whereupon an authentick absolution was given by the Legate, the bels did ring in all the Churches, *Te Deum* was sung. All places were filled with the cries of joyes, as people infranchised, and coming out of the gates of hell. After this, King *Philip* was obliged to go into *Flanders*, by reason of the retreat of the Emperour his father. *Pool* was left chief of the Councellours with Queen *Mary*, who did wonders for the good of Religion, & of the State. It is true that *Cranmer*, and other turbulent and seditious spirits, were punished; but so great a moderation was used, that the Benefices, and the Reveneues of the Church, did continue in the hands of those who did hold them of the King, without disturbing them on that innovation: all things were continued that might any way be suffered, not so much as changing any thing in marriages, because they would not ensnare their spirits. The heart of the Queen, and of her ministers, did think on nothing more, than to establish Religion, to entertain the holy See, to render justice, to comfort the people, to procure peace and rest, to multiply the abundance of the Kingdom.

They did begin again the golden age, when after the reign of five years and odde moneths, they were both in one day taken out of the world by sickness, which did oppress with grief all honest men, and did bury with them in one Tomb, the happiness and safety of that Kingdom.

O providence! not to be dived into by humane reason, what vail hast thou cast on our Councels, and our works?

works? What might we have not hoped from ſuch beginnings? What wiſdom would not have concluded, That felicity had crowned for ever the enterprizes of this Cardinal? An affair ſo well conducted, a negotiation ſo happy, a buſineſs of State, and the greateſt that was ever in any Kingdom whatſoever, ought it not to carry his progreſs unto eternity? Where are the fine plots of policy? Where are the Arms that in ſo ſmall a time have ever wrought ſo great an effect? The Chariots of the *Romans*, which covered with Lawrels, did march on the heads of Kings, did not make their wayes remarkable, but by ſtornings of Towns, by Flames and Maſſacres. But behold here many millions of men ſtruck down, and raiſed again, with one onely ſpeech, ſo many legions of ſouls converted with a ſoft ſweetneſs, the face of a kingdom totally changed in one Moment, and made the happieſt that any Ages have ſeen. And after all this, to find the inexoarble Trenchant of Death, to ſap in one day the two great pillars of Eſtate, and ruinate the houſe of God, which ſhould have reached to the imperial heaven.

O how true is it, that there are the ſtrokes of Fate! that is to ſay, an order of the ſecret purpoſe of God, which is as concealed as inevitable, nothing can divert, nothing can delay it. The counſels of the wiſe are here blinded, their addreſſes are loſt, their activity troubled, their patience tried, and all their reaſons confounded.

Poor *Brittain*, God gave thee theſe two Great Lights, not to enjoy them, but as they paſſed by, to behold them. Thou art ſoiled with ſacriledges and impieties, thou art red with the bloud of the Martyrs. The ſins of *Henrie* are not yet expiated, and the ignominious paſſions of his life, are puniſhed by the permiſſion of the Errour. The Powers of darkneſs have their times determined by God, they will abate nothing of their periods, if the invincible hand of the Sovereign Judge doth not ſtop their courſes by his abſolute Authority. It pertaineth to God onely, to know and appoint the times of puniſhment, and Mercy; and there is nothing more expedient for man, than to ſubmit to his Laws, to obey his Decrees, to reverence his Chaſtiſements, and to adore the Hand that ſtrikes him.

FINIS.

THE ANGEL OF PEACE TO ALL CHRISTIAN PRINCES.

Written in French by N. Caussin, S. J.
And now translated into English.

Printed in the Year of our Lord, MDCL.

The Angel of Peace to all Christian Princes.

IF it be lawfull (greatest Princes) to interrupt your Highnesses, I will appear for the Cause of God, the Angel of Peace, the Minister of Concord and Union, the Interpreter of Truth, the Mean and Solicitour of Salvation. I am not that terrible and dreadfull messenger who injected terrours and scourges into *David*, astonished with Divine Prodigies. I am not lifted in that number which utterly overwhelmed the City of Pentapolis, almost drowned before in the inundation of their impieties. I rain not sulphur, I do not brandish flames, I dart no thunderbolts; but with a mild, temperate, and gentle amenity, I exhibit those olive-branches which the direfull contagion of Warres hath not yet blasted. I come from the conversation of those who at the Nativity of our Jesus sang Anthems of Peace to Good-willing men. Despise not the Augur of Glad-tydings, contemne not the Hyperaspist of Truth, who speaketh unto you before God in Christ.

It is the concernment of the whole Christian world, most pious Princes, which I addresse unto you; it is your interest which I urge and inculcate both by wishes and writings; it is the Profession of God which I require; and indeed of great importance, as having diverse times summoned, yea enforced the Priests from the Altars, the Virgins from the Monasteries, and the Anachoretes from the Woods, that of the mute it might make Oratours and Agitatours of the retired. God the Arbitratour and Accomplisher of all things, who calleth those things which are not as if they were; he formeth and prepareth the mouths of infants, giveth wisdome to the impudent; to yield to him is victory, to contest with him is succesless opposition. Appetite infuseth Eloquence, and necessity not seldome makes a souldier. To be silent amidst the articulated movings of the oppressed is unlawfull, and to sit still amidst the wounds of Military men as unconcerned, is highly and justly reproveable. That hand that is not officious to the suffering world deserves an amputation.

I shall not disoblige the supplicated engagement of your patience (excellent Princes) with unimporting reasons. I shall not abuse your senses with unappertaining figments, but by a pleasant prospect I shall shew you that Glory which you aim at thorow fields flowing with bloud, thorow the flames of collucent Cities, and thorow many doubtfull circulations and diverticles. Condescend therefore to give me an allowance of discourse concerning the nature of Warre and Peace, and of the Right of Christian Princes in each of them. For upon this foundation I conceive I can build firm and satisfactory Arguments whereby to secure your Dignity, and to settle the Peoples safety.

It was a speech well becoming the wisdome of the Ancients, that this world, in whose circumference all things are contained, is as it were a great volumn of the Deity, wherein life and death are as the beginning and the end: but the middle Pages are perpetually turned over backwards and forwards. That which Life and Death bring to passe in the nature of things, the same doth Peace and Warre in the Nation of all Kingdomes and Empires. And indeed Life is a certain portion of the Divine Eternity, which being first diffused in the Divine Nature, and afterwards streaming into the sea, and penetrating into the earth and our world, doth contemperate by an espousall and connexion of bodies and souls wonderfull and almost Divine Agreements. But when there is a solution of this undervalued continuity, when this harmony is disturbed and broken, it suddenly vanisheth by the irresistible necessity of death, greedily depopulating all things under his dominion.

In like manner Peace, the greatest and most excellent gift of the Divine indulgence, reconciles and apportions a kind of temperature in the wills of men, from whence floweth the most active vigour of all functions in the Body Politick; as, the alacrity of minds, the rewarded sedulity of Provinces, the faithfull plenty of the Countrey, the security of travelling, the opulency of Kingdomes, and the accumulation of all temporall blessings. But when Concord is dissipated, and the alarms of Warre besiege mens ears, presently there insueth a convulsion and direfull decay of all the members, and Audacity finding it self disingaged from the mulcts and penalties of the Laws, runneth headlong into all variety of mischief; the most Sacred things are violenced, and the most Profane are licenced, the nocent and the innocent are involved in the expectation of a sad and promiscuous catastrophe, and bonefires are made of cities not to be quenched but with the bloud of miserable Christians.

He that will tax his own leisure but with the cheap expence of considering our mortality, will so much scruple these effects to be the actions of men, that he may be easily seduced to believe that Hell hath lost some prisoners, or that some troops of Furies have broken the chains of darkness, and in a humane shape deluded men with such enormous villanies.

My highest obedience (most excellent Princes) is due to truth, and that obligation prompts me to proclaim this judgement, That Contentions and Warre have not had any ingresse into the Church of God, but by clandestine and undermining Policies, Discipline resisting, and Conscience standing agast at the monstrous object. And indeed *Paul* exclaimeth against contentions; *Brother* (saith he) *goeth to law with brother, and that under Infidels: Now therefore there is altogether an infirmity in you, in that you go to Law one with another. Why rather suffer you not wrong? Why rather sustain you not fraud? But ye your selves do wrong and exercise fraud and that to your brethren.*

What do we hear? an Edict published by an Apostle invested with thunder and lightning. I beseech the revisitation of your thoughts; what would he imagine were he lent again unto the world by providence, that then wanted patience to see a controversie about a field perhaps, or a house, and should now behold, among those that claim the title of the Faithful, Ensigne against Ensigne, Nation against Nation, and not a House, not a city, not a Province, but the whole Christian world precipitated into slaughters, rapes, and priviledged plunders; would he countenance such an inhumane spectacle with a Declaration of allowance? or would he perswade men to the violations of the Law of Nature, and dictate encourgement to ruine and rapine?

But *Tertullian* also is very strict in this point, and peradventure too rigid, whilst he saith that our Lord, by that injunction to *Peter* to sheath his sword, disarmed all Christian Souldiers. This in my judgement deserves a censure of extream severity, if he conclude all warfare to be criminall: this were to destroy the innocent in a detestation of the guilty, should we perpetrate corrupt actions upon the order of the cruel, and the petulancy of luxuriant villains. What would Christianity then be, but a prey to the insatiable, and a laughing-stock to the insolent? if it were not lawfull

to revenge unfaithfull injuries with a juſt retaliation? If it were not lawfull to defend Churches from Sacriledge, Widows and Orphans from oppreſſions, and diſintereſſed perſons from ruine? 'Tis a raſh determination that bloweth off the victorious laurels of ſo many Chriſtian Kings with ſuch a blind and precipitate whirlwind of words. Juſtly therefore are the Manichees obnoxious to a ſpirituall Outlawry from the Church, whilſt I know not whether they more impudently aſſert innocence, or more blameably diſarm it.

All Ages concurre in the juſtification of Warre againſt Infidels, but the intermingled contentions of the Faithfull have been alwayes reprehended, and never impartially tolerated. Be pleaſed to take a review of an old inſtrument; There were many and bitter diſcords among the Jews, many tumults, many warres, but ever againſt thoſe that had abandoned the true Religion, and collapſed into foul Idolatry, and the worſhip of the Gentiles. The Iſraelites indeed upon the diviſion of the Tribes fought againſt the Benjamites with a fierce warre, and an infinite deſtruction, but this was rather the fury of grief, ruſhing into arms for the revenge of a woman violated with prodigious luſt, then any deſtinated oppoſition, or juſt controverſie for the enlargement of their territories. The magnanimity of *David* could ſcarce be induced to a juſt reſiſtance of his ſonne *Abſolon*, forcing his way unto his Fathers Throne thorow the bloud and carkaſſes of many Citizens, till *Joab* had obſtinately diſſipated that languidneſſe of his gentle mind, ſo deteſtable an undertaking was it for thoſe who were brethren by the bonds of Nature and Religion to forfeit all civill reſpects to the rage of warre.

If you pleaſe to conſult the firſt times of the Chriſtian Emperours, you ſhall find *Conſtantine* oppoſing his forces againſt *Julian*, but not till he became the deſertour of Chriſt, and the Standard-bearer of impiety. You ſhall alſo find *Theodoſius* the Great levying his utmoſt ſtrength againſt *Maximus*, *Eugenius*, and *Arbogaſtus*: but his quarrel was with moſt perfidious Tyrants, who under the veil of Religion laboured to hide flagitious and damnable exceſſes. You ſhall ſcarce meet with any Prince in the more innocent times, who took up arms to be embrewed in Chriſtian bloud but upon the moſt deliberate and important cauſes. And indeed *Baronius* doth excellently obſerve, that the Croſſe was firſt oppoſed to the Croſſe in arms in the Warre which *Conſtantius* raiſed againſt *Magnentius*. A horrible wickedneſſe (ſaith he) and not to be attempted but by a Chriſtian Tyrant, a diſſembler of Religion, and an Hereticall Emperour.

I am not ignorant that *Auguſtine* hath handled this ſubject and queſtion againſt *Fauſtus*, and that he hath eſtabliſhed the equity of Chriſtian arms upon the foundation of the Goſpel, becauſe *John* in ſo exemplary a rigour of life perſwaded not the ſouldiers, enquiring after the means of their ſalvation, to caſt away their weapons, but to be contented with their pay, and to ſtrike no man. Becauſe alſo the Apoſtle not without cauſe ſaith, *That Princes bear not the ſword in vain.* But if it be lawfull to yield our aſſent to the approbation of his judgement, we ſhall find that all thoſe darts were ejaculated againſt the mad phrenſies of the Manichees, who would have Chriſtians to abſtain from the ſword, and to bear the moſt cruel injuries of treacherous Infidels unrepelled, unrevenged. He would not therefore either cheriſh the ſeverity, or irritate the power of Chriſtian Princes in an unlawfull Warre againſt their brethren; for in the ſame place he exclaimeth: a deſire of doing violence, a cruel preparation of mind to revenge, an implacable mind, a barbarous luſt to rebel, a ſecret ſpeculation of Lordly dominion, and other ſuch as theſe are the cauſes which are juſtly culpable in the Warres.

Now who are they according to the opinion of S. *Auſtin*, that conſociate themſelves and their adherents in an unjuſt Warre? Firſt, they that are hurried into Arms by a blind violence of ſpirit, not ſo much for love of Juſtice, as a greedineſſe of revenge. Who being provoked by ſome injury, inhumanely and unmeaſurably rave and rage, abhorring all attonement, and refuſing by the authority of an incenſed reaſon to chide out their Paſſions, thoſe petulant and contentious inmates: In the ſecond place, they who endeavour a Rebellion againſt their lawfull Sovereigne, and caſting off the yoke of their Allegiance, precipitate themſelves into all licencious enormities. Finally, they who out of a ſole deſire of Ruling involve and mingle the Kingdomes of their neighbours in commotions and inteſtine diſcords, and that they may extend their Empire, open a paſſage to their ambitious expectations by all deſignes either violent or fraudulent.

Conſider now (beſt Princes) what a proclivity there is in ſuch to boil with indignation and diſpleaſure, to burn with paroxiſms of envy and exacerbations of revenge; yea, and to be tickled with an apprehenſion of purchaſing or amplifying a Kingdome. How obvious it is the reins being let looſe to tranſcend the juſt limits, how eaſie a matter to counterfeit Juſtice, to pretend neceſſity, and now to trample upon thoſe Laws which before were ſo much outwardly reverenced; you will undoubtedly find it true, that it is more eaſie to take up, then to moderate and temper Arms.

But that I may not detain you long, *Aquinas* requireth three things to the juſtification or legitimation of a Warre: the Authority of the Prince, a juſt Cauſe, and a right Intention, whereunto other Divines have added warrantable Reaſons to obtain the end; it is abſolutely unlawfull therefore for private men to appear in Arms for the proſecution of their own right though in judgement. This God hath delegated unto Princes, that that might happen ſeldome which muſt needs be violent. To the Lords of the earth we may ſay with *Seneca*, I am he that God hath choſen out of ſo many men that I might be his Vicegerent upon earth. I am the ſupreme Arbiter of life and death unto the Nations. It is in the hand of my power to diſpoſe the lot of their conditions to all my people. Theſe millions of ſwords that guard my peace, ſhall at the leſt intimation of my pleaſure be all unſheathed. What Cities ſhall periſh, and which ſhall flouriſh, is my juriſdiction.

To be able to put all theſe things in execution is indeed a great matter, but to forbear the purſuance of them, unleſſe neceſſity require it, is farre more divine. It is a lawfull wiſh, that he to whom all things are lawfull, would confine his will to the practice onely of lawfull things. The right of the Sword is not extended, when it devolveth into the Protection of one, but is rather reſtrained. One hand is ſtretched forth, that all may be bound; affairs are managed by the wiſdome of a paucity, leſt the temerity of the whole multitude ſhould precipitate them into a promiſcuous deſtruction. The parſimony even of the meaneſt bloud is to be praiſed. No man is more unjuſtly inveſted with a ſuperiority over others, then he that is prodigall of their lives though in a juſt emergence. Thoſe thunderbolts muſt be ſlowly ſhot, which the wounded perſons can reverence. Let Kings therefore beware leſt they gloriſie themſelves by that faculty wherewith God hath entruſted them, and abuſe it to outward pomp, rather then exerciſe it to the advantage of good men. Let the fear of miſdemeanours and obliquities

liquities baniſh all fierceneſſe from them, and let them eſteem it the greateſt impotence to boaſt a Priviledge of Injuſtice, or a Power to hurt.

The cauſe of the Warre muſt firſt be balanced by an accurate examination, leſt the affections obtain precedence over Equity and Reaſon, leſt iniquity be predominant in the better part, and force and fury comply to cheat the world under the ſpecious title of Injuſtice. I am both ſad and aſhamed to conſider with my ſelf what frivolous occaſions have prevailed with many whereon to ground a Warre. The Trojan Warre that common Sepulchre of Aſia and Europe flamed out from the impetuous flagrancies of a noble Whore. By a thouſand ſhips ſhe was re-demanded, and for her that had loſt all modeſty, vaſt numbers of gallant Hero's loſt their neglected lives. So many chaſte lay open to the luſt of the enemies, that an unchaſte might be reſtored. *Alexander* being yet a child, was reprehended by his Tutour for his profuſion of Frankincenſe in his Sacrifices to the Gods, but being arrived to mans eſtate, that he might waſh away this admonition of his maſter, he invadeth Arabia, and there the ſecond time offereth up Sacrifice for the conqueſt of the Countrey. The Egyptians for a ſlain Cat roſe up in arms againſt the Romans, and fourty deſtroyed many thouſand men. *Caligula* with a mighty noiſe of armed men, and a great preparation of all Military ornaments haſteneth to the Ocean, there to gather cockles. The Romans being contumeliouſly upbraided with this ridiculous Expedition, conſpired, and almoſt effected the utter ruine of the ſcoffing Tarentians. The people of Alexandria rebelled againſt *Galienus* becauſe of a ſottiſh contention between the Maſter and the Servant concerning the elegancy and neatneſſe of a pair of ſhoes. And to omit many examples which I could commemorate, *William* of England ſirnamed the Conquerour, who was victorious over all men but himſelf, revenged a pleaſant conceit of *Maximus* the Prince with innumerable deſtructions. The Conquerour was of a corpulent habit, and his belly was ſomewhat prominent thorow a plenty of Hydropick humours, wherefore when *Philip* the King of France heard of the nature of his diſeaſe, We will allow him time (ſaith he) to provide for his lying in, which by the bulk of his belly appeareth to be near at hand. The Conquerour being mad with fury replyed, That he would riſe up after his delivery and kindle five hundred fires in France to adorn his up-ſitting. Nor was he unmindfull of his reſolution, for preſently upon his recovery he entred France with a ſtupendious army, wholly addicting himſelf by fire, famine, and horrible ſlaughters, to the ſatisfaction of his revenge. Shall we ſuppoſe that he playes and trifles with the bloud of men, who upon ſuch ſlight provocations can enterprize ſuch mournfull Tragedies? May we ſuppoſe thoſe people miſerable with whom the ſcoffs of furious men muſt be expiated with ſuch a direfull deſtruction?

No man ought to believe himſelf or another concerning the cauſe of a Warre, but let him weigh it with the exquiſite prudence of the principall men, whoſe advices are the more fruitfull of truth, the leſſe they are eſpouſed to affection. A right intention muſt neceſſarily be coveted to a juſt Cauſe, and all theſe things are eſtimated by a ſober and moderate concluſion, or a juſtifiable end. Be ſuch a thought eternally baniſhed from the head and heart of a Chriſtian Prince, that he ſhould array himſelf in a Military poſture to oblige ſome light affections of a luxuriant mind; that he ſhould run on ſlaughters, command the burning of towns, proſecute and ſeem to rejoyce in devaſtations, that he ſhould deſtroy, he ſhould extinguiſh and bury his own glory in the overthrow of others. This is the indelible ignominy of Centaures and the Lapathæ, who in warring ſeek nothing but Warre. The wiſeſt Kings thorow tumults and inteſtine jarres have made a progreſſe unto Juſtice, Equity, and Concord, and being themſelves in Arms have ſacrificed undeſeigning vows to Peace. They think of an Enemy as a Phyſician ſometimes of his Patient, that he muſt be recovered by corroſives and ſharp remedies. Oh that he would have been cured with a diet, or aſſwaged with fomentations! But when againſt the Law and Right of Nations he hath perſiſted in his obſtinacy, and contemned the reiterated offers of compoſing the preſent differences, then you muſt bind, then you muſt cut, then you muſt burn him, yet all this to reſtore, not to exterminate him.

And all things compoſed, behold like the ſcourge of a deadly and deſtructive Warre, a Northern tempeſt rageth in the miſeries of Germany, there they wallow in bloud, and in their night-marches they are conducted by the hideous light of burning Cities, ſome few making a reſiſtance, and all men being aſtoniſhed at the ferall prodigy. The Altars are polluted with ſacrifice, Virgins with rapes, the chains of Church-men are heard louder and further then the drums of their perſecutours; holy things are profaned, and the abomination of deſolation is conſummated, their very King who had appointed them thither being either ignorant of thoſe outrages, or unconſenting.

Now can any man conceive that this was deviſed by a Chriſtian mind? Can it be imagined that he who hath any reverence unto, or ſenſe of Religion can give ſuch directions? It is not credible: ſuch a monſter could not have been brought forth had not hell conceived, the bottomleſſe-pit exhaling the fuliginous vapours, and the devils themſelves torturing mens minds into ſuch uncouth diverſities. All things cannot properly have a reflected reference unto men. The Privado's and Miniſters of Princes are not at all times to be accuſed, as though they had caſt off all humanity, and covered themſelves with brutiſh cruelty. There are certain vagabond and deceitfull ſpirits deſtinated to revenge, who being themſelves loſt in miſery, ceaſe not to comfort their malice by driving others into a participation of thoſe miſeries, which reaſon (greateſt Princes) ought ſo much the more to invite, yea to admoniſh you to leagues of Peace, becauſe our Omnipotent God in his ſecret counſel hath determined to ſubdue Satan by your hands, and to caſt him under your feet.

The higheſt circumſpection and vigilancy are therefore requiſite, leaſt matter be ſuppeditated to the Devil who altogether watcheth for deſtruction from the affections and vices of men. Jealouſie, that tinder of Kingdomes and Nations eaſily taketh fire, if it be fomented onely with an animal wiſdome, and be not mixed with the prudence of the Saints. They who are addicted to one part, ſay, that the Spaniards do too much expoſe their power to Envy, that it is hatefull unto equalls, terrible to inferiours, and if not prevented, deſtructive unto all. There is amongſt them (ſay they) ſuch an epidemicall itch after domination, ſuch intentive and indefatigable cares of their ambition, ſuch a luxurious wit to enlarge their Empire, ſo vaſt a catalogue of Kingdomes and Titles as provokes the emulous, terrifieth their neighbours, and pricketh even thoſe that are removed from them by intervals of diſtance. They apprehend the Dignity of one to preſage the danger of all. They conjecture that the extent of his juriſdiction bodeth an unattempted ſervitude to all Kingdomes: they fear whatſoever the land provideth, and whatſoever monſters the ſea nouriſheth. Greedy Domination that could never yet overcome it ſelf, when it

hath once been cherished by Fortune, it unlearneth nature, and forgetteth moderation. Moreover, the temperature of the Nations, as they report, is fiery, hot and dry, swelling with pride, patient of hunger and well enduring labour, thirsty after glory, prone to admire it self, and apt to continue the virtue and valour of other Nations. I produce not these things as the emanations of my own judgement, which for the present is addicted to no Nation but comprehendeth all in Christ, but I commemorate the vulgar reports, and such things as are openly bruted by many, which if they were suppresst by a removall of their Causes, it could cut off the occasions of many controversies.

The French on the other side, as they write who have had knowledge of them, although they are forward to dart reproaches against others, unable to endure them, and most impatient of contempt, yet they know they are of that Nation whereof it was said,

——— Animóque supersunt
Jam propè post animam.

They boast that they filled the world with the fame of their Arms, before the Spaniards could redeem themselves from the diuturnall servitude of the Goths and Vandals. That they have managed the Empire of the East and West, that they have vanquished Constantinople by assault, restored Jerusalem to Christ, and Rome to the Pope seven times deprived of it by his enemies. They affirm that the Gospel was first preached unto them, that the primigeniall adoption of the Sonnes of God was given to them, that they have advanced Learning in all Christian Kingdomes, the whole world almost becoming Students of our Academy at their Paris; in a word, they think they have nothing to be contemned; they are more apt to desire admirers, then able to dispence with contemners. From hence it comes to passe, that both the Nations being prodigall in the accumulations of their own, and envious of the others glory; such flames have of late been kindled, as will, it may be feared, become unquenchable. Would to God that that Charity which is diffused in us by the spirit, would suffocate these superseminated tares of contentions; Oh that it would cut off the occasions of these inhumane strivings! then should we have fewer anxieties, and more supportable labours of heart, knowing by what remedies we might resist so pestilent an evil.

This is frequently augmented by the servants and favourites of Princes, whilst with a familiar, but a direfull glory to the greatest Empires; they desire to boast the power of their Lords; they display all their offensive strength and ability to hurt; they presse a secret beneficence, and whilst they proceed in these ambitious circulations, nay, whilst they bewray a fear, and discover in themselves a caution, by that very sedulity and caution they provoke things not to be feared, and act things not to be tolerated.

Here I appeal to you great Masters of Policy and Participatours of hidden Councels. I speak more willingly to you then to your Fortunes. Consider how much God hath given you, and how much he requireth of you. You sit as Gods among men the Arbiters of mankind; what shall be each mans lot is the verdict of your Dispensations. What good things Felicity intendeth to each individuall person, she pronounceth by your mouths; what Navies must be prepared, what Warres must be prosecuted, what Cities destroyed, what Nations depopulated, are the ambiguous effects of your opinions. You are judges of the fortunes and bloud of men, and of your behaviours and existimation men are judges. God the discerner of all things judgeth of your head at the terrible and inevitable audit. Every one beholdeth many things by the deception of his own sense, uttereth many things from the dictates of affection. I cannot believe what is reported, that so eminent persons blest with such admirable wits, adorned with the glorious gift of prudence, and conscious of this frailty of humane affairs, can think themselves seated in that heighth, to measure all things by the circle of their own advantage, that publick plenty should quit the preheminence to their private profit, that all things should be serviceable to their amplitude, that they should dispose their trust according to the level coyl of love, hatred, and ambition, and that they should sacrifice the bloud of the people to their Fortunes: that they therefore love Warres, and are affected with Divisions and Confusion, hoping thereby to purchase to themselves more beneficiall or honourable commands, to close with an opportunity of treasuring up large summes of money, and by the necessity of their Ministration to wed themselves to a more faithfull office, or to leap into an Authority of a more hopefull permanency; but goodnesse forbid that such sordid, earthly, and narrow cares should be the dishonourable employment of such capacious souls.

I rather believe that you are incited by emulous anhelations after your Masters glory, whereof you have ever been most zealous; ever prepared to retaliate his injuries, to assert his Majesty, and to dilate his Empire, but I beseech you by the immortall God, and by so many beloved pledges of your Kingdomes, to take heed and diligently to beware, lest a supervehement appetite of Glory make them averse from the right pursuit of Glory. You follow Glory by a muddy search, but now all mortall men desire it by a clear acquist. Consider where there is the greatest splendour of celestiall virtues, either in the loud cracks of thunder possessing all men with sudden fear, and when fires and thunderbolts are promiscuously hurl'd about; or in a fair day the air being defecated and serene, and the pleasure of the light dispelling sadnesse from mens hearts? hitherto you have made the power of your Lords sufficiently fearfull, now render it sweet and make it amiable, for therein onely it is invincible. This is not the greatnesse of Princes to be alwayes encompassed with the terrours of his armed men, and busied in warlike preparations, with a fiery mouth to be alwayes denouncing the cruelties of torments and tortures, to condemne these men to fetters, those to the sword, perpetually to carry about him fire and darts, to make his progresse thorow smoaking Cities, over the trampled bodies of half dead men, and to exhaust all things lest they should be exhausted. How much more glorious is it like a fortunate Comet to prevent and exceed the hopes of all men with causes of rejoycing? To repair things ruinous and disordered, to conveigh glad tydings of consolation to the pensive soul, to recollect things scattered, and to reunite things divided. By this heavenly solicitude many Kings lending their succour, not sending their terrour unto the labouring world, have attained unto solid and unshaken honour. What forbiddeth you to follow? what retardeth your emulation? There is one rock which is often to be feared, unto which the cares and cogitations of some Politick men, who differ much from your Piety, do cleave. They think if the administrations of the Publick should be regulated by the law of God, and the judgement of pious men, they would become base, low, and unesteemed; they would be exposed to prey and direption, and is he penitent, I insult not; doth he crave audience, I grant accesse; doth he submit his neck, my mercy shall meet his submission. At the destruction of Cannæ, *Hannibal* was heard to say, *Miles parce ferro: Marcellus* wished he could quench the flames of burning Syracusa with his tears: *Titus* with erected hands and eyes to heaven

wept

wept over the prostrate carcasses of the Jews. What should be then the most decent and laudable behaviour of a Christian King towards a subdued and almost suppliant Enemy? Should he strut with pride? Should he inebriate himself with passion? Or should he strengthen his fury to an utter desolation? The more generous beasts abhorre this practice. Vast and inexorable wraths should not cohabit with royall mind; many things are to be pardoned to humane frailty, many things to ignorance, something truly to affection, but all things to repentance. It behoves him to preserve many, even to the prejudice of their obstinate or erroneous wit, neither are all those to be heard that are resolved to perish. Errour illaqueates some men, and Opinion sets the complection upon the procedures of most men; others are ensnared by the counsels of a treacherous vigilancy, and some there are who have no fault but their fortune. His pardon he will extend and communicate to many, whosoever can really desire to obtain from God his own pardon.

Further I adde, that those reasons which are produced as subservient to the attainment of a just end, ought themselves also to be legitimate, otherwise the foundations may be firm, yet the superstructures may totter. That is not good which is not well done, the means we use must be as innocent and unreproveable as our meaning. That which knoweth no mediocrity, I know not how to term a virtue. A depraved intention by a kind of contageous force ever infected the most austere and sacred conduct of affairs; subdolous inventions also and crafty artificers shade and eclipse the beauty of sincere intentions. Grosse and scandalous is their errour, who having proposed to themselves some laudable mark, are little sollicitous of the arrows they shoot. They who have trusted to this footing have (many of them) slipt, and dasht themselves against such a rock of absurdities as hath endangered their brains. I shall instance in those who have thought that health might be innocently purchased from the Devils themselves by the virtue of Magicall forms, and that this is the safety which the Divine Oracles pronounce we may acquire from our enemies. But *Paul* is peremptory in the confutation hereof, saying, That evil must not be done that good may come thereof. No man is mercifull by thefts, nor charitable by surreptitious gains; no innocent person seeketh convalescence by wicked accommodations. To go to War is lawfull, to kill is lawfull when you are backt with the Authority of your Prince, and seconded with a just Cause; but on the contrary, to do injustice is never not unlawfull. We may incline and bow the ears of the Deity to a condescendence, but we may not sollicit hell for Auxiliaries: we may not contemerate things sacred, nor violate the Divine Charters of the Church; we may not subvert Religion, nor contaminate Chastity; we must not attempt facinorous art, nor invade the lives of Princes with poniards or venomous potions; we ought not to destroy Military Discipline by transgressing the Rights of Warfare, nor adventure upon certain villains to promote a desperate ambition. That Warre ceaseth to be just (however pretended to have a just beginning) when the future events are intermixed with palpable injustice, and being well begun if they degenerate into evil progressions, they ought speedily to have an end.

We are faln by degrees (greatest Princes) upon the matter intended, of which it is your part to judge, and from sound deliberations to provide for the felicity of Christians both Temporall and Eternall. Your Authority is, or ought to be unquestioned, and your dispositednesse of mind and intentions, what can they be in good Princes, but unsuspected: but the Cause is perplexed and involved, yet the Reasons that seem to conspire the end are violent. A fierce and cruel Warre is carried on among you, exercised in the besieging of Cities, acquainted with destructions, terrible for its monstrous spreadings: under which the Church laboureth, the wishes of the oppressed evaporate into sighs, and the convulsed world mourneth; it hath not proceeded in an ordinary way, nor is it continued after a humane manner. Sift out (if you please) the causes, and weigh diligently with your selves the occasions of such an amazing tumult.

If at any time we behold things natural acting within the limits of their prescriptions, this doth not elevate our considerations to a wonder: but when we see them irritated by some vehement impetuosity, or the determined confinements of Natures Law to be perverted, we suspect some hidden force within, which suddenly bursteth forth and is circumfused, from whence such various motions do arise. As often as we see the winds to be ordinarily stirred, we either judge it to be some breath or exhalation, or we conjecture that the air hath a naturall faculty to move it self, lest it should become dull and torpid in an inagitable Globe; but as often as we behold boisterous tempests to arise by the sharp and violent conflicts of the winds, which compell vast trees from their roots, and level strong built houses with the ground, which devour whole navies, and shake the foundations of the world, we ascribe these to the aiery Principalities dissipated through the regions of the Earth. In like manner, when Warres are managed among men in their accustomed forms, we attribute these to the ambitious designs of men, to cholerick temperaments, and to the easie impatience of an objected contumely: but if they exceed proportion and example also, we suspect that there is some undiscovered origin of evils transcending our understandings and astonishing our senses.

He that will duly and sadly weigh the matter, will confesse this of such a cruel Warre; for it is not actuated with a civil mind, neither hath it those decencies and Military ornaments which are wont to accompany great minds, but it is tainted with a virulent malignity which devoureth both parts, and creeping as it were with a slow contabescence, it eats up all things; the Countreys are in a mourning estate, the Cities are dejected, the Bloud of gallant men is prodigally wasted, the choicest flowers of the Nobility are destinated to butchery and the shambles of prevailing Rebels, private Gentlemen are despoiled of almost all their goods, complaints are universall and daily multiplied against Taxes and Exactions, which are the aliment that pampers this prodigious pastime. But no force of treasure is comparable to the greedinesse of the exactours themselves, those gluttons of oppression. The riches of a few men causeth a penury amongst all men; the odious rejoycings of the unjust are saginated with the tears of the miserable. Who is the Architect, the Contriver, the Artizan of all these evils? King *Lewis* (say they) is the Authour of the Warre. But can a Prince so pious, so chaste, so perpetually cloathed with the fear of God, raise such storms, cause such tempests? Whilst he lived, he daily lifted up undefiled hands to Heaven, was frequently conversant in holy Mysteries, and a common Father of such an exemplary and chastised Conscience, that he could not forgive himself the least contamination, till he had craved mercy from his God, and washt away his pollution with the Sacramentall Bloud: he fought by necessity, he overcame by valour; he was magnanimous in Resolution, famous in Warre, and forward in Peace. Who therefore can conceive that horrid and bloudy Councels tending to the destruction of the whole Christian world,

could have had either a conception in, or a welcome into that religious sacrary of his heart? Who can imagine that hatred and grudges, that displeasures and revenge could find an entertainment in his breast. But perhaps the Emperour delights in dissentions, and nourisheth his fancy with the turbulency of Christian affairs. Judgement forbid that any man should believe this; for he is a Prince accomplished with the best endowments, and compounded of equity and ingenuity, vivacity of spirit, and solidity of wisdome. What can be more agreeable to him then with the gentle hand of a Pacificatour to quiet his Germany shaken with such a dreadfull inundation of Warres?

What? Is the King of Spain then the disturber? No man can prove that who hath the most intimate acquaintance with the sense and apprehensions of that great King. For (he if any other) hath a Christian mind, a pleasant wit, more prone to love and concord, then disposed to quarrels and controversies. There is nothing of fierceneſſe or immoderation in him, nothing of malevolence and despight; he is carefull to enjoy his own greatneſſe, careleſſe to exercise an unjust domination.

From whence then floweth all this sea of bloud, if no anger lodgeth in celestiall minds? Who seeth not, that it happens not by humane designment, but that it was hatcht in Tophet, and the *Mali Genii* of the Nations have cherisht it to this formidable growth, that they might blast our flourishing estate, abate our plenty, and undermine our happineſſe. The Affairs of Christendome were too potent, when the Factions of Hereticks were overthrown: it was their machination to turn our swords reaking with the bloud of our enemies into our own bowels. They raised the commotions in Italy at Mantua, and they broached all the Warres in Germany; they have engaged by a malignant enmity, the principall Crowns of Christian Fame in an implacable Warre, raging with ineffable destructions, the Church mourning, Infidels and carnall men rejoycing, and hell it self triumphing.

In the great vicissitudes of things there hath often intervened a bad mind, which vitiateth the counsels, or retardeth the good determinations of Princes, and diverteth them from taking a right aim at Glory. Scarce had they saluted the skirts of his Dominions, but, being exagitated by factious whirlwinds, the good King recrowned with triumphant Laurels is called into Italy; the Alpes must be penetrated in the depth of winter, a journey must be forced thorow rocks, concealed with snow and lined with armed men, the opposite forces must be intermingled, and battels fought upon all disadvantages; which difficulties being conquered by a wonderfull courage, and an equall felicity, and therefore they devise and trust to other arts of gubernation then God hath prescribed, as if he saw not enough or were careleſſe of his people. They excogitate new, subtil, and crafty wayes of procedure, whereby to augment their own, and entangle the estates of others, and if they can to intermingle and endanger all. They conceive it to be the part of a King to mind themselves alone, to guard and watch the safety of themselves alone, to referre all things to themselves, and to make their way to ample and royall profits, if any opposition come in their way, over the carcasses of their subjects. That truth and falshood know no distinction but with reference to our profit, unto which all the lives of all our actions must be concentrick, and that whatsoever is profitable is onely unlawfull among fools, that an humble and timorous conscience is too importunate in the method of high Counsels. That subjects should be taught to exercise Religion with a scrupulous tenderneſſe, that Princes must practise it, or upon it for advantage. That solid virtue is an hinderance if not lawfull, 'tis the shadow and resemblance of it that is commodious; that honesty is praised, yet freezeth; that nothing is unlawfull to Kings, that is magnificent for the Kingdomes.

This is not, that I may use the words of the Apostle, This is not that wisdom which descendeth from above, but earthy, carnall, diabolicall, which imposeth upon minds bewitched, and involveth Kingdomes in a miserable destruction. Farre different (Excellent Princes) is your reiglement, and vastly opposite is your understanding to these infernall notions. For were it committed to your care to manage the Affairs not of a Christian Empire, but to govern the Kingdome of the Sarazens; yet this Doctrine would occurre from the very Books and Institutes of Heathenish Legislatours, that craft is pernicious to those that turn the globe of Government: that this is humble, and base, and alwayes hatefull, seldome, and never long together advantageous. Whereupon *Thucydides* the most scientificall Politician, saith, That a Common-wealth is better governed and more prosperously by moderate men, and such as have an indifferent wit, then by the acute and such as are superabundantly industrious. But yet should you act the parts of men exiled from God, and lawleſſe in the world, yet according to humane sense and as is believed, no unprofitable craft, excuse were due to them who have the overseeing of many things, which concern all men. But now seeing that you perceive that your Empires are continued to you chiefly by those things by which they began, who seeth not that Christian Kingdomes are established in Faith, Justice, and Lenity, and that they are subverted by Impiety, Injustice, and Cruelty? Who observes not that those men who stray from the Canons of heavenly Wisdome precipitate themselves into devious enormities and caliginous observations?

Consult if you please the whole body of History, and consider what have been the exits of Tiberians and Herodians, you shall find this to be the pedigree of their everlasting reproach; first, a subdolous and wily mind, a life full of thorny cares and dawning jealousies, brittle and fugitive hopes, certain fears, uncertain counsels, deaths full of calamity, long punishments, fleeting pleasures, posterity, either none, or of no continuance. But on the other side if you please to contemplate the Records of Christian Princes, who have governed their Kingdomes with sincerity of mind, with gentleneſſe of hand, with a prudent moderation, and an invincible integrity, thorow so many crosse accidents, temptations, and discouragements of humane affairs, you may behold Hero's beloved of their own, feared by their enemies, to have lived safe in felicity and accumulated glories, and to have left behind them acceptable pledges of their own virtues for many generations. Therefore casting away the counsels of such an impious and execrable Warre, overcoming the charges of ambition with the comforts of a valiant modesty, and repressing irregular desires by charity, let us make our adresses to God the founder of Safety, and the reconciler of Divisions; for when we despair he can repair, our extremity is the crisis of his opportunity.

But what is it that hath disobliged the desires, frustrated the expectations of all men, and almost tired out the oppressive sighs of the mourning Church with such tedious disappointments? Is it Honour? Is it Wealth? Truly if Honour, it is that which hath ministred not the weakest influence unto the vehement inducements of this Warre; an opinion of contempt should now be cashiered, when the fierce oppositions of two potent Kingdomes are engaged. What affluence can out-age the plenty which either of them may justly

justly boast? What is more admirable then their Power? What more undaunted then their Valour? Fortitude, in a cause so miserable, is inded rather to be lamented then desired; worthy the compelled praises of an Enemy, or the dolefull experience of a Sarazen; but being exercised in a mutuall discord among Christians, most undervalued when best extolled, a Spaniard hath no reason to contemne a French-man, nor a French-man to despise a Spaniard; yet either of them hath his advantages whereon to build a wish, that their united strength might be exhibited in a more just contestation, and a better fate.

If the question be concerning your Propriety, it is a businesse so perplexed, that *Archesilaus* hath long agone determined, that it can never be determined; so that if we contend about the Rights of Kingdomes, Cities, and Families, we shall prove his words to be full of truth, who called it the confusion of things and fortunes, necessarily teeming with eternall jarres, and endlesse disagreements about the assertions. And if all things should be transacted according to the rigour of Justice, we should neither have a King, nor a rich man remaining. If any man therefore were possessed of whatsoever the sagacity of his wit could suggest unto his wishes; whatsoever opinion could fancy, or appetite imagine, let him plead that immense and perplexed Charter of Kingdomes from *Nembrotus* who first imposed the yoke upon free necks, let him derive it downwards thorow the labyrinthed Successions of so many Ages, or let him calculate upwards digging up his grandfather and great-grandfathers great-grandfather, till by the search of so many Sepulchres he hath wearied the tenacious memory of the desirous, and confounded the prudence of the skilfull: what will he meet with at length but a suppeditation of fresh discord, and fuell for new fires of tumult? Who can be the arbitratour, who the judge to compose such great differences as will result from such involved causes?

The Lord would not divide the inheritance between the Brethren: he that appointed measure to the Heavens, set bounds to the sea, and prescribed a proportion to all the Elements, even he refused to divide the Lamb between the kinsmen, being confirmed, that the avarice of men was contentious and implacable. Therefore if Christ himself should now descend from heaven, neither would he judge and determine your wealth, your interest, your propriety, and fortunes; neither if he would, should he by the umpirage of his impartiall equity define all things according to your sense and will.

What remaineth therefore, but that all Ages be worn out and wasted by infamous and degenerate Warre, the parts and factions being not unequally matched, and both sides most desirous of their ends and interests? But is it so glorious and worthy an enterprise for such great Princes, so pious, so majesticall, and such potent Lords of sea and land, to contend about one city, nay perhaps one castle, and that too almost battered down by the thunder-bolts of warre; nay about the very dust and rubbage, and all this with deadly enmity which can be profitable to none, but hurtfull to many?

I understand, O ye wise and intelligent Counsellours to Princes, what answer you will return to this, that your Interest is herein concerned, and your Honour engaged, lest the propriety of your Masters should be diminished by that League which the whole world expecteth. But I now leave that to be discussed by your prudence and equity, whether the whole Christian world should be endangered in their fortunes, lives, bloud, salvation, and destruction of all things, to give a minister of State, a Kings servant an assurance of some fethery and airy fame and perhaps deepest rooted in his own opinion? What should such elevated souls as yours have for the object of their wishes, but that all things should have a sweet and peaceable composure to the advantage both of Kings and Kingdomes? But if you please, ponder this choice, whether it be not farre better for the Princes Honour, and the utility of his State, to remit somewhat of that tenacity of spirit, and indeclinable rigour of mind, then to subject and expose all things to the violence of fire, and to the advantage of plunderers and murthering thieves? But perhaps you imagine that it is better for Kingdomes to suffer direptions and devastations, then ruine: but what else is devastation then a direfull perdition? 'Tis a miserable comfort to destroy, that you may not be destroyed, and to take the burning of Cities to be felicities compared with rapine; as if you should suppose it to be some goodly thing to die, to avoid death. That body is not lost that may be preserved by the sparing of a single nail. In a great and flourishing Kingdome, nothing doth perish if a small town or a castle be surrendred thereby to purchase a generall peace and lasting tranquillity. Ministers of State lose nothing of their fame if they be reputed the fortunate Peace-makers of the world, rather then the Fire-brands of a Kingdome, and State-barrettours. How many of this tenacious obstinacy and destructive circumspection have the unfortunate people blasted with execrations and defamed with reproaches, because by litigious juglings they had deluded the world into an universall equipage of sorrow and complaint, rather conniving at the destruction of all things, then that they, in the most speechlesse calamity, would part with a toy of Honour to revive a perishing State.

But if any among you shall lend an ear of favourable regard to the complaints of the whole Christian world, and shall stretch out a protecting hand, and shall immolate the resignation of a narrow interest to the Divinity of a generall preservation, doubtlesse heaven it self shall be besieged for an accumulation of blessings upon him. The present Age shall pay tributes of Benevolence to his Person, and posterity shall refresh the memory of his virtues with a reverentiall gratitude. The people will celebrate his praises, and look upon him as the saviour of their Countrey, a beneficent Patriot, and will flock to behold him as the salutary and propitious Planet of their felicity.

This glorious burthen (Greatest Princes) lieth upon your shoulders, you must command, act, enact, and perfect; you must use your servants as the instruments of their publick good. Truly, if you are at leisure to hear that, which without an indelible stain of negligence you cannot refuse to hear, I shall make it evident that the substance of my perswasions is but the Eccho of the voyce of God, indeed the Law and Commandment of God; that your preservation and propriety is comprehended in it, and that the edicts of heaven and the conflicts of all good mens hearts do wonderfully conspier & point to it. And first consider, whether you that have so long resisted Christ the Peace-maker, may not seem to warre against God, rather then to contend with men. For he is our Peace, and hath made of both one; in him he was pleased that all the fulnesse of the God-head should inhabit, and that all things should be reconciled to himself by him, and that through the Bloud of his Crosse our peace should be purchased. Upon his ingresse into the world he brought Peace, by his egresse out of the world he bought Peace. His flesh he suffered to be direfully and inhumanely rent and wounded, but his bones which by so many hidden and intricate connexions represent the Church, he would have untouched; intimating his most vehement desires thereby,

thereby, that his Elect ſhould be conſociated in an indiſſolluble tie of concord. And indeed in the Old Teſtament the high Prieſt went not into the *Sanctum Sanctorum* but with pomegranates faſtned to the skirts of his garments, which inſinuateth unto us that ſtrict ſociety and agreement of the Saints one among another.

When Chriſt had triumphed over Death he ſaluteth his Diſciples with that ſweet and amiable name of Peace; with this the Apoſtles beautifie the entrance into their Epiſtles; with this the juſt are delighted; this lapſed men implore, and by this the Angels triumph. For (ſaith S. *Auſtin*) Peace is the ſerenity of the mind, the tranquillity of the ſoul, the glue of concord, the cement of affection, the fellowſhip of charity: this is it which taketh away contentions, putteth an end to warres, trampleth down the proud, affecteth the humble, reconcileth the litigant, is delightſome unto all, full of benignity to all, cannot be extolled, cannot be puffed up, ſeeketh no unjuſt poſſeſſion, vendicateth no propriety, teacheth to love that which it knoweth not how to heal. And ſaith *Nazianzen*, *Ubi non eſt pax, non eſt mundus*: It is not a world without peace. For according to *Simeon* it conſiſteth in three things, or to ſay better, ſubſiſteth by three things, Verity, Juſtice, and Peace. *Bleſſed are the Peacemakers, for they ſhall be called the ſons of God*, ſaith the voyce of Truth. Behold the Adoption and the Name of the Sons of God, whereof ſo many Kings and Emperours have been competitours in deſire, is not promiſed to ſubdued Nations, not bequeated to ſtormed and burnt Cities, not legacied to a deſolate world, but to ſuch as reverence Peace and compoſe the variances of Princes by leagues and Treaties.

Are you not ſometimes poſſeſſed (Beſt Princes) with a trembling fear, when you reach out your hands at the Altar, when you appear at and participate thoſe holy Myſteries, leſt if you put not a period to theſe Wars; the Angels of Peace bitterly weeping ſhould divert their eyes from you, leſt the voyce of Chriſt ſhould cry aloud to you from the Temple, and as often as you ask Peace and pardon with the Church, ſo often he ſhould anſwer, What haſt thou to do with Peace? Thou kiſſeſt my Head and kickeſt my Members. You flatter me with Prayers and perſecute me with ſwords. You have the voyce of *Jacob*, but you have the hands of *Eſau*. While you kindle bonefires of outward congratulation and thankfulneſſe to me, you make bonefires of Cities, and exhibit ſad emblemes of your enflamed minds to the world. You ſmell of incenſe, and by your means whole towns are turned into ſmoak, and whilſt you preſent your ſelf a ſuppliant before me, you play the warriour before the world. Your weapons reak not with the bloud of Turks but Brethren. So many miſerable men are ſlaughtered by thy command, and the bloud of thoſe is ſhed by thee for whom I ſhed my bloud. Whilſt you cry to me, thouſands of widows and orphans cry to behold thoſe carcaſſes which now can no more anſwer to the names of husband and father. Whilſt you here erect Altars to me, you elſewhere offer your vowes to your own luſts; you do not ſacrifice but ſinne; whilſt theſe things are acted by your command, or tolerated by your connivence. Bend your mind and not your knees, deceive not the world with a laborious hypocriſie, and make no falſe boaſtings of the portion of my ſpirit, but manacle your own paſſions, and tame your own deceitfull ſpirits, and if you will have pardon, pardon.

Many things (Great Princes) at the beginning are to be pardoned to errour, and many things to a mind agitated with a ſhew or a gueſſe of injury. If ſome Warres be juſt, if ſome be neceſſary, yet whilſt they are protracted, they ceaſe to be what they were, they loſe their innocence by the very diuturnity, and whilſt they increaſe in fury, they decreaſe in cauſe and reputation. Take heed leſt our moſt merciful Lord be offended with the long continuance and the laſting malignity of your undertakings. You are not ignorant with what ſecurity our Saviour enjoyned, a removall of all ſcandalls from his Kingdome, dooming the authours of them to have a milſtone tied about their necks and their bodies caſt into the ſea. I ſhall not indeed be a rigid interpreter of Princes actions, or paſſe a ſpeedy condemnation upon them. But yet we muſt beware leſt ſo many calamities and funerals ſpread further by the very contagion of the hatred, leſt the minds of all pious people be offended, and the ſcoffing tongues of the wicked be ſharpened againſt our Religion. The Gentiles in time paſt were amazed at the Charity of the Chriſtians to ſee how they loved one another, to ſee how they had a mutuall contention of deſires to die for one another. They who wanted the advantage of Faith were allured with the admiration of their virtues. They expected not any profane mixtures nor baſe deſignes from him who had devoted himſelf to brotherly kindneſſe. But now ſhould the Heathen behold brother againſt brother, what elſe could be the ſad harmony of their jubilations, but, ſee how they deſtroy one another; ſee how they butcher one another; ſee how they proſecute and perſecute one another with endleſſe hatred. Either they are without Chriſt or Chriſt is without Peace. It is a hard ſaying, yet hath it more of truth then wonder. The Cauſe of God ſuffereth diminution in theſe diſcords; the Church mourneth for many and horrid things, either the Religion we profeſſe accuſeth our errours, or we the Profeſſours accuſe our Religion. By us Infidels inſult over the Elect, the Profane over the godly, the Jews over Chriſt, and Barbarians over the Church. If our honour be cheap in our own valuation, why do we betray the Honour of God? why do we batter his inheritance?

Moreover, to what ſhort conſideration is it not evident that Chriſtian diſſentions have been alwayes the occaſion of Heatheniſh rejoycings? Whilſt our own Armies are conflicting one with the other, the Turks have taken Rhodes from us, and uſurped Conſtantinople. May we not think it a miraculous indulgence of our mercifull God, to divert ſo potent and cruel an enemy from our deſtruction by engaging him in the Perſian Warre? But this is much to be feared, leſt if ſuch whirlwinds of wrath continue among us, he ſhould flie upon the torn and ſcattered remainder of our Kingdomes with fury and violence. It is alſo to be feared leſt the Providence being ſo often provoked by our renewed injuries ſhould caſt us out as a prey to the roaring and the ravenous lion. The greateſt Empires have been often loſt in ruine for the ſame cauſes, and the ſame offences, and the wicked Kings have been ſubjected to a forreign domination, their poſterity hath been cut off, and all their glories have vaniſhed into a reproachfull ſcoffe. What conſtant glories have they poſſeſſed, what dry deaths hath the check of Providence allowed them, by whoſe means it hath come to paſſe, that the Kingdome of Chriſt hath devolved into the hands and power of the Sarazens?

Adde to theſe things (O you Princes!) the unregarded grievances of your Subjects, and the laborious ſervitude of your people. Neceſſity compels you to devour your own members, that you get into your graſp the members of another. Such a numerous people as the omnipotent God hath delegated to your care and piety, that they ſhould be kneaded and compounded into one ſubſtantiall felicity by Peace and concord, by holy laws and religious adoration of the Deity, are either

either exposed as unfortunate and succourlesse oblations to the fury of their enemies, or groan under the pressures of taxations, and are tilted in their fortunes by the unappeased and insatiable avarice of exactours. Those who have escaped the Sword, Famine depopulates by lingring deaths, or else they live oppressed under some tyrannous calamity. They are sequestred from light and conversation; they have neither countrey, nor habitation, neither rest, nor food. Fecundity, the most desired blessing of their former hopes, is now both hated and feared, because they cannot leave an inheritance of good things to their children, they would not propagate them to become heirs of misery. That life which they have been carefull to preserve amidst so many dangers, they now detest, as unprofitable to you, uncomfortable to themselves. To be plundred of all things at once is their deliberate wish, lest every day they should be plundred. But in the mean time they are infested with a diversity of evils, the amission of all things, and the capitation of each particular thing: an Excise upon every thing, an undoubted property in nothing. They fall under the cruel command of necessity, where they are neither permitted to live with the honest, nor to die with the quiet: they are made gazing-stocks to others, and are formidable to themselves, whilst their estates perish to themselves, their affections are lessened to you, which formerly adorned and confirmed your Crowns with a loyall valour.

Consider (Greatest Princes) that next to the Honour and Worship of God, the most supreme Law that binds you, is the safety of the People. It was once the speech of a valiant Emperour, *Non mihi sed exercitui sitis:* You are not so much born for your selves as for your subjects. Their cares if you be wise must be your crosses, their oppressions your burdens, their miseries your infelicities, and their discouragements your complaints. What doth it advantage disconsolate men, to be defended from the expectations of a greedy enemy by being rifled and impoverished by those of his own Nation; He is a miserable Pastour from whom the tutelary Gods of the flock require more things then wolves can devour.

But this is the soul of misfortune, the estate being exhausted, the mind is dejected, and the virtues are disheartned; the Laws are silent among Swords, the Blasphemer and the Hypocrite have the uncontrolled liberty of speaking; Sword-men licenciously swagger, Robbers and Plunderers are the onely Ranters; Murderers are the merry-men, and all variety of lust is predominant; the beauty of Churches is disgraced and sullied with Sacrilegious hands; Altars are overthrown; Justice is vilipended, and Injustice blusheth in scarlet robes; Religion fainteth, Piety languisheth, Charity is counted scandalous; and not onely all things are perverted, but perverse things are neglected, as if it were expedient that things should be so, necessity that fruitfull mother of impieties so commanding.

And if you will reflect upon your own affairs, I beseech you (Princes) among so many funeralls of Warre, what can be pleasant to you? You must stirre the earth, adde disquiet to the sea, and by many dangers you must arrive at greater danger. Death that is obvious to every person must be sought for by hard labours; no erroneous or reproveable course indeed if a happy Peace were unfeignedly pursued. Many things are unfaithfull at home, infested abroad; great Armies are hard to raise, costly to maintain, easie to be destroyed; the fate of Battels is common, and the chance of Warre uncertain. Prosperity doth not satisfie, adversity striketh with a steep wounding dart, and pierceth the very heart. Many times victories themselves are the seeds of new contentions, the brooding of new sorrows. It is not lawfull for them that are up to keep their station, nor for those that were overcome to lie still. Discords increase with a prodigious fertility being once begun, and many times the conquered draw the Conquerours, and an inconcocted excesse of fortune obstructeth all their glories; all things are intermixt with fear that depend upon expectation. Many times fallacious events delude well-grounded hopes, and horrid Catastrophe's befall the desperate. The ingresses of Warre are troublesome, the progresses doubtfull, the egresses commonly deplorable. Many is exhausted to make good the baffles of force by underming fraud; lost Commanders are lamented, to whom nothing was wanting but immortality. Cyprus disappoints the Laurel, and Funerals are distinguished by Palms. The Conquerours stand over the ruines of the oppressed, being themselves wasted by the expence of bloud and strength, and nearer to their Tombs then Triumphs. You would believe that a Kingdome were destroyed, did you not believe that the enemies were destroyed. How much better were it for Peace-makers to make use of the indulgence of Fortune, rather then so often to provoke the departures of the Fates against your selves.

Certainly, if there be any consideration of the value of a Christian Title, if there be any commiseration of humanity, the afflicted condition of all Nations that fight for Christ ought to move you. And it must needs be an object full of bitter anguish to see a Nation worried to ruine by fraternall discords, which Christ hath espoused to himself by a peculiar Election. Germany, that mother of fruitfulnesse, that advancer of Learning, and shop of Warre, is now full of mourning, the countrey being unmanured, many gallant cities being to be sought where the cities themselnes flourished, so many men being slain, so much wealth consumed, so-many Churches demolished, is now the miserable mirth of Fortune dancing in her ashes. *Lotharingia* overcame Jerusalem with calamities, and brought upon her more then all barbarity could execute, or all misery could undergo. The Low-Countreys are alarm'd with an anniversary contention, and is drawing on among the slow Funerals. A hidden poison hath invaded England, and engaged her in a blind and unexpected Warre. Spain so long victorious, so long free from jarres and tumult, alwayes impatient of slavery, and a stranger to want, is assaulted to the very throat. Fear hath journied over the Alps and possessed Rome. Fury had disordered Italy, and unlesse the Princes by prudent Counsels and sagacity of wit had re-compoled the distractions, it was justly to be feared that when they had made a solitude, they would have called that Peace what is undisturbed? what is not miserable? *Si tu victrix provincia ploras:* If thou O France mourneſt which hast so often triumphed over thine enemies, and in a deep sense of misery groaneſt to feel the darts pulled out of thine own bowels which must be thrown against others. What do barren Laurels profit such as are sick and languishing among the rapines of their goods and estates? To what purpose is it to hold flowers to the nostrils when the body is wasted and parched with such violent fevers? It is a malignant kind of solace for one man to compute his felicity by the increase of anothers grief. Nothing is safe, nothing pleasant amidst such calamities, where the worst of evils is the rejoycing. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is heavy, from the sole of the foot unto the crown of the head, there is nothing whole therein, but wounds, and swelling, and sores full of corruption, they have not been wrapped, nor bound up, nor mollified with oil.

On that same man who is powerfull in the conduct

of this wotlds affairs, and can dive into the secret of these controversies, could in a clear prolpective behold the Christian world gasping under so many direfull perplexities, doubtlesse it would pierce his soul, and he would condemne himself of cruelty did he not procure her restauration. Hard are those ears that bow not at these considerations; harder are those eyes that can behold them without some moist testimonies of sorrow.

I shall tell you (Best Princes) that which chiefly concerneth your interest, I shall shew you that which comprehendeth both the augmentation and the glory of your Dignity. I wish your Kingdomes seted upon foundations as firm as rocks: I wish your Cities may continue obedient; all your Subjects obsequious; and all things calm and even in your domesticall negotiations. Yet it is well worth a serious fear, left those people who are apprehensive of their hard condition under Kings, and see the neighbouring Common-wealths enjoy so much lenity and freedome, do begin to hate Monarchy, and (which is absolutely unlawfull) conspire to withdraw their Obedience, that they may acquire a redemption from their evils by the temptation of Liberty.

The se things were writtenlong since, which of late have been verified by many sad events.

Certainly it is very unequall and unjust that at this day Common-wealths alone should inherit peace and plenty, and Christian Kingdomes should labour under generall convulsions, and be wasted with unheard of lacerations. The rigorous strictnesse of Empire, the tuning of the strings too high in Government doth sometimes crack them and dissolve great Empires, a hard servitude hath not seldome instructed a Nation into Liberty. When the inquinated times of the Hebrew Kings were past, and the Jews were now returned from a long Captivity, there arose in them an aversation to Kingly Government; and almost for five hundred years no man durst think of a Diadem before *Aristobulus*, who rather usurped then received it; neither was it established upon a firm basis, for his unfortunate posterity did not long enjoy it.

Cecrops reigned in Athens in the dayes of *Moses*, whom seventeen Kings succeeded; some grew insolent, some negligent, and these perpetuall Governours were dethroned: for when it was observed that the djuturnity of Regall Power flattered them into a security of their excesses, the Government was reduced to ten years continuance.

These were Magistrates in office like unto the Tribunes among the Romans, and the Spartans and Lacedemonians used to appeal from the King to them, as did the Romans from the Consuls to the Tribunes. At the first they were chosen like our Parliament men to be advisers about affairs and assistants to the King, but in a short time their authority overtopped the Kings power.

The Kings of Sparta also luxuriating in their glories, and made wanton by felicity, were soon dismantled of them both. *Lycurgus* tempered the Scepter by a wise institution of twenty eight men called Senatours. Afterwards to this number of the Senatours there was added the *Ephori* with too much priviledge against Kings, and hatefull to all men.

Rome from the beginning was governed by Kings, the last whereof (which were the two *Tarquins*) ruling that warlike Nation with pride and petulancy, by great force and perpetuall disgrace they were expelled from their Magistracy, leaving almost an everlasting odium against the Regiment of Kings.

It would be too impertinent to reckon up the Antient times, we our selves have seen in our dayes how many a rigid domination hath sacrificed to the Peoples fury, who having endured all things, have learned from thence to dare to attempt all things, and those Kingdomes which for a long time they suffered under, they have at length usurped by cruel and lasting Warres. Farre be it from your Subjects to entertain any such perversity of thought, and farre from you also be contempt and rigour, left the Divine hand bring to passe that which few fear, none dare attempt, and all abhor. Transmit therefore (O ye Princes!) comfort to the wearisome, and Peace to the troubled, upon which all wishes are bent, in which all people are blessed.

Behold at length there is given unto us by the singular gift of God a good Pope, a man of blamelesse life, of consummated understanding, of a great mind, and extremely zealous, he is as the Wise-man said as the rain-bowe that is bright in the fair clouds. This is he, whom after so many storms, so many tempests, and such a deluge of Christian bloud, God seems to exhibit as a restorer of things, a Peace-maker to the world, an avenger of evils, and a bestower of blessings. And indeed this is not done by humane counsel, but by the gubernative reason of God which is his Providence, that he might demonstrate to the world by no vain auguries, that to this man as to the Patriarch *Noah* the tops of the mountains should appear, the waters of strife and the flouds of contention being dried up. This I suppose is that dove with silver wings, and whose hinder parts glittered as the purest gold, whereof the Prophet spake.

Innocentius hath ever shined brighter then silver by the candour and uprightnesse of his mind, but now the latter parts of his life promise a golden Age unto the world. He doth not sit idle amidst the complaints and mournings of the Church, he doth not revel in an uncircumspect and lazy greatnesse, but with unwearied pains and a mind alwayes vigilant, he is intent upon illustrious cares for Christ and aimeth at the consolation of mankind, The amiable name of *Pamphilius* is delightfull unto all men, and delightfull is the name of *Innocentius* so often consecrated to the salvation of men.

Innocentius the first extinguished *Alaricus* boasting himself in the prey of the Roman Empire with his prayers, and by his splendour re-beautified the face of the eternall City when it was infuscated with the sooty vapours of a brutish Warre.

Innocentius the second dissipated the Schism of the counterfeit *Anacletus*, and with the co-assistance of S. *Bernard*, composed the Christian world when it was disunited with great discords.

A pure white dove fore-shewed the inauguration of *Innocent* the third by flying to his side; without doubt designing the solicitous endeavours whereby he laboured to consociate all Christian Princes by firm Leagues one with another, and to exasperate them against the common enemy of Religion.

Innocentius the fourth came to Lyons, that he might reconcile the irregular tumults in the Church, and that by his authority he might remove *Frederick* the Emperour that fomented many things and disturbed all things.

Innocentius the fifth was no sooner crowned, but presently he addicteth his mind to pacifie the Cities of Italy, and being by such pious determinations immortall in glory, he spent his short Pontificate in a fatherly care of his people.

Innocentius the sixth when the flame of a destructive warre devoured France and England, stood stoutly for the House of God, and with a great spirit laboured for Peace with *John* and *Edward* at that time the Kings of the Nations.

Innocentius the seventh mounted not otherwise to this pitch of supreme Dignity, but by a faithfull endeavour constantly transacted to reconcile the Princes and appease the cities of Italy, which a malignant force of discord had precipitated into imminent destruction.

Innocentius the eighth was most desirous of Peace among Christian Princes, and could not without some motions of impatience see any go to warre but upon the most important and importunate causes.

Innocentius the ninth when before his Pontificate he was the Apostlicall Nuntio of *Gregory* the fourteenth, staying six years among the Venetians, conjoyned

them

them both in Arms and Armies with the Pope, and *Philip* the second King of Spain, and irritated them against the Turk; whereupon that most famous victory of *Naupactus* broke the boldnesse of the Sarazens, and after a wonderfull manner improved the conduct of Christian Affairs.

Oh how is the name of the *Innocents* born and consecrated unto Peace! Oh joyful appellation unto Christians! The Tenth will accomplish what the nine have attempted, so much the greater, as this number is the more noble.

Go on thou dove of Innocence, display thy silver wings, flie over both earth and sea, view the world, shew forth in all places the celestiall olive, give Peace so ambitiously desired, and by such constant expectations wished, give Peace I say so often called for, and to be implored of thee the Anointed of the Lord, or else at this time it must be despaired of.

What remaineth (Greatest Princes) but that you grant that to our Petitions which you have hitherto denied to our Reasons: Whatsoever restraineth passion, whatsoever can appease an armed man in fury, doth now run towards you in one troop, that so it may be honourable for you to be thus intreated, and shamefull for you not to yield to these intreaties.

Behold the Pope the Pastour and Parent of the whole Church stretcheth out friendly hands unto you, and when he might command, intreats you; almost forgetting that he is the Pope, he becomes an humble suppliant: A man dear to heaven, and born for great enterprises: Worthy in all places to bear the felicities of the world about him, amidst all his exalted prosperities is your Petitioner, that Divine wit equall to his heighth, feels a colluctation with these burdens, and in a vigorous and circumspect old age is grieved by you. The bowels of a Father are urged, who is as often fruitfull in the generation of children, as he desires those children to be reconciled to Peace. Be ashamed not to hear him, whose predecessour *Attila* would hear. He is full of dayes, honour his grey hairs; he is a Father, acknowledge his Charity; he is the Pope, be observant of his Dignity. God forbid that he like meek *Jacob* should be compelled to say, *Simeon* and *Levi* are brethren in iniquity; Let not my soul participate of their counsels, and in their company let not my glory come: Cursed be their fury because it is obstinate, and their indignation because it is cruel.

The whole Church lamenteth with her Pope, in times past triumphing, now deformed, full of filth, now bedewed and almost drowned in tears, and tired under cares and sorrows. He beseecheth you, that you would not suffer the Ammorites and the Moabites to insult in your destructions. Prevent the petulancy of such an objection, that even Barbarians did reverence him, and yet he had Parricides to his sonne. How often have we seen the Priests at Jubilees prostrate in the Sanctuary with ejulations? How often have we beheld Religious persons wearying the Altars with unwearied prayers? How often have we seen the well-disposed Virgins imploring the aid of heaven by frequent sighs? How often have we gladly beheld the Devout multitude crouding the Church to pour forth their wishes? Of what quality and complexion is that rigour, that, which God avert, will not hear the whole world? How is the metall of their souls compounded, that would make heaven iron unto us, and almost noxious, whilst it either seemeth not to hear, or what it heareth to contemne.

To be never free from Warres they think is either for the publick profit or for their own: if for the publick, let them hear S. *Augustine* crying out, That felicity acquired by Martiall exploits is alwayes a brittle perishable beauty, and whether it receive the tincture and complexion from Civil or Hostil bloud, yet it is the bloud of man, which is alwayes mixt with a benighting paleneſſe, or darksome fear, and a cruel desire. And again, that all humane Affairs are then seated in the best station of felicity, when small Kingdomes are joyfull in Concord, Piety, and Unity of Religion. And in a third place he hath this excellent saying, Without doubt it is better to have the friendship of a good neighbour, then to subdue a contentious bad neighbour. They are evil wishes to desire to have whom you hate, or whom you fear, as he may prove whom you overcome. If they judge it profitable for themselves to prolong the Warre, truly they are most unjust, who place the tears of a torn and ragged world amongst their felicities; most miserable of all men are they, who cannot be happy but by the miseries of other men.

He must needs be (saith *Homer*) without friend, without affinity, without law, and without God who is a lover of Warre rather by choice then chance, rather by will then necessity. He is the most poor also who is rich by the calamity of all men. How many who have alwayes been of a froward, contentious, and fighting wit, have themselves been tortured with those pains and furies which they raised against others? *Achitophel*, that busie contriver of the Jewish warre between the Father and the Sonne, paid himself the just wages of his traiterous counsels with an infamous halter. The revenging hand of God fell upon *Alcimus* that traitour and fire-brand, and counterfeit Priest among the Jews. *Alexander* of Macedon whilst he makes the end of one Warre the beginning of another, being impatient of rest, and ever greedy after new bloud, whilst he thrusts his Souldiers into battels beyond the progresse of the sunne and the limits of the sea, he perished by poison given by his domesticks, to whom he began to grow odious for his excessive appetite to Warre. He was taken away (as they say) a green God, lest he should further vex the world with arms, who should have obliged it by benefits. *Hannibal* whilst he weaveth inextricable webs of Warre, a dishonourable old age surpriseth him, solitude rejected him, society shunn'd him, therefore to shorten the date of these contempts, he ends his dayes by voluntary poison. The Romans that were Conquerours of the world, alwayes full, yet alwayes covetous, whilst they remove the Temple of Peace without their gates, they felt the hands of all men conspiring against them, and seven times was this Mistresse of Cities taken whereof *Sybil* had said, ἔσσεται ῥώμη ῥώμη, Rome shall be made a Village.

Cardinall *Baronius* cites a little Book witten by *Carolus Crassus* the Emperour, of a Vision presented unto him three years before he reigned, wherein he declareth that he beheld in the infernall places many souls of Princes and Bishops, who had fomented controversies and fed the rage of Warres, to be tormented with most dreadfull pains. At the same time, as this most learned Cardinall writeth, Italy and France were agitated and afflicted with direfull factions, but what was worse, and indeed monstrous, the Bishops and Abbats went forth armed to the battels, which execrable custome when it long prevailed in France, from thence it came to passe that the most flourishing Provinces were all laid waste with externall and Civil Warres. But what was most detestable of all, these Churches warriours are commended by the Writers of those times for this Ecclesiasticall gallantry and Spirituall valour, when indeed they were rather to be abhorred as the vio-

latours of the ſacred Canons, deſpiſers of their Order, and deſertours of their Paſtorall duty: thus *Baronius*.

Likewiſe *Julian* a Clergy-man was the authour and promotour of that Varvenſian ſlaughter, which of all other was the moſt to be lamented by the Chriſtian world, who when he had contributed his perſwaſions for a countenance of the Warre againſt the League, he expoſed infinite companies of our ſide to the inſulting fury of the Turks, he himſelf being alſo ſlain with the young King of the Sarazens. Thus *Nemeſis* purſueth bloud-thirſty and contentious ſouls, not ſuffering thoſe to be at reſt, who ſollicited others into diſorder who would have been at reſt. A watchfull eye abides in heaven, ever active, never weary, who perpetually contemplates the deeds of men, and equally diſpenſeth to every one his deſervings. They that were long happy receive their portion, and they who ſeem to be diſmiſſed are onely dilated. Theſe things being put in ſo illuſtrious an example will they nothing move? will they effect nothing?

Will brethren ſuffer themſelves again to ruſh upon one anothers weapons? Or will you O Princes! and ye O Clergy-men! encourage brethren to pull down tottering Kingdomes with more deſtructions? Wo and alas! Will brethren forgetfull of their covenant, forgetfull of their name, and unmindfull of their relations thus rage beyond the world, and kill thoſe they cannot hate? But ſome will ſay, this reaſon of bloud and alliance is inconſiderable, and very unapt to procure a Peace: for Kings have Subjects, but kinſmen and conſanguinity they have none. O cruel ſpeech! O enemy of mankind! O parricide of nature! there muſt needs be a heap of groſſe impieties, where there is an oblivion of the greateſt Charities. Where Chriſt is baniſhed, and love finds no habitation, there is either no Government, or ſuch as borders upon ruine. The Turkiſh Empire that is eſtabliſhed upon wickedneſſe and cemented with bloud, may for a time ſubſiſt with wickedneſſe. God appointing them to be the rods of his fury for our chaſtiſement: Chriſtian Empires which were rooted in Faith and Piety, and wanting the ſap of Religion and Juſtice to nouriſh them, have abandoned themſelves to the infamous counſels of Machiavilians, muſt unavoidably periſh, ſo prepoſterous a mind lodgeth not in pious Princes; the voyce of nature ſometime or other will be heard, Chriſt will have a reſurrection in the minds of all men, Charity will revive, and at length ſome Peace-maker will ariſe and atone the labouring world.

Now there hath ſhined round about us a moſt fortunate King and a moſt ſweet Infant born for the Peace of Kingdomes, and the worlds advantage. By how many Prayers was he obtained? and with what vehemence of ſoul was he ſollicited? how often hath he provoked our deſires? how often hath he raiſed our hopes, and waſted them with delay when they were raiſed, and renewed them when they were waſted? Great things move ſlowly: He had done leſſe, had he made more haſte. He lay concealed from the inhabitants of the earth in the ſecret Majeſty of the Fates, but now by the Dictates of heaven he is known unto us. He was fore-ſhewed unto us long before he was, and not being yet conceived, he filled the world with Prophecies, and deſigned his approaches by a prevolant fame. At length the deſired Infant came forth in that moneth which they call the moneth of the Valiant, by the prerogative of a great mind. He was born when the Sun obtained the middle part of *Virgo*, or *Aſtræa*, for he was to govern the world with the moderation of Laws. He aſcended with *Lyra*, being to make a harmony and conſort of publick tranquillity. And if *Scorpio* did at the ſame time ſhew forth his ſting, he threatned the Sarazens, and promiſed the Idumean Palms to him that ſhould be born, ſo often dignified by the Valour of his Anceſtours. The heavenly habitations rejoyced at his birth, and the whole world welcomed the new-born Babe with joy. Now no man thought himſelf miſerable at this happy birth; now no man thought himſelf happy whom that birth did not make ſo. Upon that day France wiped away all the ſoot of Warre, and ſhined clearly with refulgent enſignes of Peace. We had that day as many proſperities as bone-fires, and as many bone-fires as there are ſtarres.

O *Lewis*, beloved of God, whom he ſeemeth to have regenerated in his ſonne that very moneth wherein he was born! O *Anne*! late indeed the mother of a ſonne, yet alwayes a fortunate mother, in bringing forth a ſonne not onely to her ſelf, nor ſo much to her ſelf as to all France. He hath much of his Father, and much of his Mother, and by this very confuſion he maketh the image of them both more grateſull and more amiable.

This new *Iſaac* will make thee laugh O France! and whom thou canſt ſcarce hear ſpeaking, hereafter thou ſhalt ſee comforting. How many chains will thoſe tender hands burſt aſunder? How many priſons will they open? How many obſcurities will thoſe little eyes enlighten? How many monſters will the feet of this Infant ſubdue and trample on? Be ſilent ye waves, be ſilent ye tempeſts and rages of the ſea at the beck of ſuch a gentle Prince, and reſtore unto the world that ſerenrty whereof you have deprived it. Ye heavenly Powers lend him long unto the earth, and whom you have made ſo healthfull to the Nation, make him alſo laſting. Ye Fates keep off your hands, and touch not this child but to aſſiſt him. Let him tranſcend the years and actions of his Anceſtours, and being born mortall may he apprehend nothing but what is immortall. May he love, and deſire to be beloved, ever fearing to be feared. Let the oppreſſed find him a deliverer; may the unjuſt feel him an avenger; may his enemies know him to be of a warlike ſpirit, and may his Subjects atteſt him to be of a peaceable mind. This Nativity raviſheth all my ſenſes which I foretell ſhall be the beginning of an eternall Peace unto us. Look down from above, O *Lewis* upon ſuch a ſonne! Look upon him all ye Chriſtian Kings as your little Nephew; give reſt to wearied things, let arms be ſilent at the command of ſo great a Prince, ſo potent an Oratour, nor let the tumults of Warre rock this royall cradle.

To you again, (Great Princes) I wholly turn my ſelf, by whatſoever is dear, I ask, by whatſoever is holy, I beſeech you, give peace to them that beg it, or muſt beg without it; give tranquillity to the world ſighing under ſo many feveriſh miſeries. Make it appear unto us that you choſe rather to be the Pacificatours of the world, then the Subverters of your own Kingdomes. There is a ſtory how in that fatall War between the Engliſh and the French, continued with laſting contentions and horrible ſlaughters, a pious Anachoret inſtigated thereunto by God, came unto the Courts of the two Princes, that he might compoſe theſe ferall diſcords between them. But being ſlighted in the Engliſh Court and negligently repulſed, this deſpiſed but not deſpicable Augur, pronounced many direfull accidents that ſhould befall that Nation. But travelling to *Charles* of France, and finding him to be a prince of a gentle wit, and inclined to conditions of Peace, he foretold, that the Kingdome being recovered he ſhould have the Dolphin to be his ſucceſſour, who, as he was the child of many hearty deſires, ſo he ſhould

prove

prove the instrument of many joyfull enterprises. The prophecy is inpartpart fulfilled with a prosperous event, so tenderly God loves the sons of Peace accumulated with a fluence of all good things.

Whoe're he be, let him beware that shall resist and strive against the peaceable wishes of all men: some grievous hand will fall upon him and his from heaven: he shall meet with unhappy events in all his undertakings, his life shall be certainly troublesome, his death doubtfull. Best and greatest Princes, consider and think with your selves that what losse soever can be pretended to happen by this league of Peace, whatsoever can detract from your Honour or your Empire, is recompenced unto you in the most fortunate advantages of the whole Christian world. This is rich indeed, this is magnificent, this truly Royal and to be propagated to the memory of all Ages.

Remember that you are Christians and govern Christians: be you propitious like Gods unto men, if you desire that God should be propitious unto you. Whatsoever you enjoy of life is slippery and uncertain, and your Dignities are full of frailty; it is your Justice that hath reference to your Felicity, and it is your Virtue that links you to Eternity. There is a great and conspicuous Tribunall that expects you, there sits a Judge cloathed with purest light to summon you, unto whom the most secret things are revealed, whom the most involved and disguised actions cannot deceive, nocan he be overcome by perversities. Before him must appear the souls of Kings devested of body, fortunes, Empires, and be they just or unjust they must be examinedby a most clear light. There you shall hear the Edicts of the supreme Deity, and the King of kings thundering in your ears: the groans of the oppressed shall cry against you; the tears of the poor shall speak against you; the tutelary Gods will plead for their Altars which you have broken down, and all the heavenly Militia will rise together against the contumacious. Endeavour ye pious, and alwayes invincible Princes. that those things which have been committed in prejudice of your willsby the uncontroulable licence of War, may be corrected by your Equity, that they may leave no aspersion upon your Reignes, no stain upon Reputations, no blot upon your Persons. Bring to passe that Justice and Peace may meet in mutuall embracements, let them be carried with triumphall pomp thorow your Kingdomes, and thorow your Cities, let them be born upon the shoulders of the whole world unto fixed and etemall seat, that it perpetually may be lawfull for us to worship and reverence them at the monuments of your goodnesse, and the pledges of our felicity.

Pax super Israel Dei.

FINIS.

AN ALPHABETICALL TABLE

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